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FRASER'S MAGAZINE

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THE DIAMOND NECKLACE.

CHAPTER I.

Age of Romance.

THE age of Romance has not ceased; it never ceases; it does not, if we will think of it, so much as very sensibly decline. "The passions are repressed by social forms; great passions no longer shew themselves?" Why, there are passions still great enough to replenish Bedlam, for it never wants tenants; to suspend men from bed-posts, from improved-drops at the west end of Newgate. A passion that explosively shivers asunder the Life it took rise in ought to be regarded as considerable: more, no passion, in the highest heyday of Romance, yet did. The passions, by grace of the Supernal and also of the Infernal Powers (for both have a hand in it), can never fail us.

And then, as to "social forms," be it granted that they are of the most buckram quality, and bind men up into the pitifullest, straitlaced, commonplace existence,—you ask, Where is the Romance? In the Scotch way one answers, Where is it not? That very spectacle of an Immortal Nature, with faculties and destiny extending through Eternity, hampered and bandaged up, by nurses, pedagogues, posture-masters, and the tongues of innumerable old women (named "force of public opinion"); by prejudice, custom, want of

knowledge, want of money, want of strength, into, say, the meagre Pattern-Figure that, in these days, meets you in all thoroughfares: a "god-created Man," all but abnegating the character of Man; forced to exist, automatised, mummy-wise (scarcely in rare moments audible or visible from amid his wrappings and ceremonies), as Gentleman or Gigman;* and so selling his birthright of Eternity for the three daily meals, poor at best, which Time yields:—is not this spectacle itself highly romantic, tragical,—if we had eyes to look at it? The high-born (highest-born, for he came out of Heaven) lies drowning in the despicablest puddles: the priceless gift of Life, which he can have but once, for he waited a whole Eternity to be born, and now has a whole Eternity waiting to see what he will do when born,—this priceless gift we see strangled slowly out of him by innumerable packthreads; and there remains of the glorious Possibility, which we fondly named Man, nothing but an inanimate mass of foul loss and disappointment, which we wrap in shrouds, and bury underground,—surely with well-merited tears. To the Thinker here lies Tragedy enough; the epitome and marrow of all Tragedy whatsoever.

But so few are Thinkers! Aye, Reader, so few think; there is the rub! Not one in the thousand has the smallest turn for thinking; only for

* "I always considered him a respectable man:—What do you mean by respectable? He kept a Gig."—*Thurtell's Trial*.

passive dreaming and hearsaying, and active babbling by rote. Of the eyes that men do glare withal so few can see. Thus is the world become such a confused Treadmill; and each man has got entangled in his meshes, and pulls it awry; and the Spirit of Blindness, Falsehood, and Ignorance (justly named the Devil) maintains himself among the hopes (were it not for the which by God's grace will turn itself) to become supreme. Thus, too, among other things, has the Romance of Life gone wholly out of sight; and all History, degenerating into empty invoice lists of Pitched Battles and Changes of Ministry; or, still worse, into "Constitutional History," or "Philosophy of History," or "Philosophy teaching by Experience," is become dead, as the Almanacs of other years,—to which species of composition, indeed, it bears, in several points of view, no inconsiderable affinity.

"Of all blinds that shut up men's vision," says one, "the worst is self." How true! How doubly true, if self, assuming her cunningest, yet miserablest disguise, come on us, in never-ceasing, all-obscuring reflexes from the innumerable selves of others; not as Pride, not even as real Hunger, but only as Vanity, and the shadow of an imaginary Hunger (for Applause); under the name of what we call "Respectability!" Alas now for our Historian: to his other spiritual deadness (which, however, so long as he physically breathes cannot be complete) this sad new magic influence is added! Henceforth his Histories must all be screwed up into the "dignity of History." Instead of looking fixedly at the Thing, and first of all, and beyond all, endeavouring to see it, and fashion a living Picture of it (not a wretched politico-metaphysical Abstraction of it), he has now quite other matters to look to. The Thing lies shrouded, invisible, in thousandfold hallucinations, and foreign air-images: what did the Whigs say of it? What did the Tories? The Priests? The Freethinkers? Above all, what will my own listening circle say of me for what I say of it? And then his Respectability in general, as a literary gentleman; his not despicable talent for philosophy!—Thus is our poor Historian's faculty directed mainly on two objects: the Writing and the

Writer, both of which are quite extraneous; and the Thing written of fares as we see. Can it be wonderful that Histories (wherein open lying is not permitted) are unromantic? Nay, our very Biographies, how stiff-starched, foisonless, holow! They stand there respectable; and what more? Dumb idols; with a skin of delusively painted wax-work; and inwardly empty, or full of rags and bran. In our England especially, which in these days is become the chosen land of Respectability, Life-writing has dwindled to the sorrowfullest condition; it requires a man to be some disrespectful, ridiculous Boswell before he can write a tolerable Life. Thus, too, strangely enough, the only Lives worth reading are those of Players, emptiest and poorest of the sons of Adam; who nevertheless were sons of his, and brothers of ours; and by the nature of the case, had already bidden Respectability good-day. Such bounties, in this as in infinitely deeper matters, does Respectability shower down on us. Sæd are thy doings, O Gig; sadder than those of Juggernaut's Car: that, with huge wheel, suddenly crushes asunder the bodies of men; thou, in thy light-bobbing Long-Acre springs, gradually winnowest away their souls!

Depend upon it, for one thing, good Reader, no age ever seemed the Age of Romance to itself. Charlemagne, let the Poets talk as they will, had his own provocations in the world: what with selling of his poultry and potherbs, what with wanton daughters carrying secretaries through the snow; and, for instance, that hanging of the Saxons over the Weser-bridge (thirty thousand of them, they say, at one bout), it seems to me that the Great Charles had his temper ruffled at times. Roland of Roncesvalles, too, we see well in thinking of it, found rainy weather as well as sunny; knew what it was to have hose need darning; got tough beef to chew, or even went dinnerless; was saddle-sick, calumniated, constipated (as his madness too clearly indicates); and oftenest felt, I doubt not, that this was a very Devil's world, and he (Roland) himself one of the sorriest caitiffs there. Only in long subsequent days, when the tough beef, the constipation, and the calumny, had clean vanished, did it all begin to seem Romantic, and your Tympins and Aristos folind music in it. So, I say, is it ever! And the more, as your true hero, your true Roland, is

ever unconscious that he is a hero : this is a condition of all greatness.

In our own poor Nineteenth Century, the writer of these lines has been fortunate enough to see not a few glimpses of Romance ; he imagines this Nineteenth is hardly a whit less romantic than that Ninth, or any other, since centuries began. Apart from Napoleon, and the Dantons, and Mirabeaus, whose fire-words (of public speaking) and fire-whirlwinds (of cannon and musketry), which for a season darkened the air, are, perhaps, at bottom but superficial phenomena, he has witnessed, in remotest places, much that could be called romantic, even miraculous. He has witnessed overhead the infinite Deep, with greater and lesser lights, bright-rolling, silent-beaming, hurled forth by the Hand of God : around him, and under his feet, the wonder-fullest Earth, with her winter snow-storms and her summer spice-airs, and (unaccountablest of all) *himself* standing there. He stood in the lapse of Time ; he saw Eternity behind him, and before him. The all-encircling mysterious tide of FORCE, thousand-fold (for from force of Thought to force of Gravitation what an interval !) billowed shoreless on ; bore him too along with it,—he too was part of it. From its bosom rose and vanished, in perpetual change, the lordliest Real-Phantasmagory (which was Being) ; and ever anew rose and vanished ; and ever that lordliest many-coloured scene was full, another yet the same. Oak-trees fell, young acorns sprang : Men too, new-sent from the Unknown, he met, of tiniest size, who waxed into stature, into strength of sinew, passionate fire and light : in other Men the light was growing dim, the sinews all feeble ; they sank, motionless, into ashes, into invisibility ; returned *back* to the Unknown, beckoning him their mute farewell. He wanders still by the partingspot ; cannot hear *them* ; they are far, how far !—It was a sight for angels, and archangels ; for, indeed, God himself had made it wholly. One many-glancing asbestos-thread in the Web of Universal-History, spirit-woven, it rustled there, as with the howl of mighty winds, through that “ wild-roaring Loom of Time.” Generation after generation (hundreds of them, or thousands of them, from the unknown Beginning), so loud, so stormful busy, rushed torrent-wise, thundering, down,

down ; and fell all silent (only some feeble re-echo, which grew ever feebler, struggling up), and Oblivion swallowed them *all*. Thousands more, to the unknown Ending, will follow ; and *thou* here (of this present one) *harest* as a drop, still sungilt, on the giddy edge, one moment, while the Darkness has not yet engulfed thee. O Brother ! is *that* what thou callest *poetry* ; of small interest ? Of small interest, and for *thee* ? Awake, poor troubled sleeper ; shake off thy torpid nightmare-dream ; look, see, behold it, the Flame-image ; splendours high as Heaven, terrors deep as Hell : this is God’s Creation ; this is Man’s Life !—Such things has the writer of these lines witnessed, in this poor Nineteenth Century of ours ; and what are all such to the things he yet hopes to witness ? Hopes, with truest Assurance. “ I have painted so much,” said the good Jean Paul, in his old days, “ and I have never seen the Ocean ; the Ocean of Eternity I shall not fail to see ! ”

Such being the intrinsic quality of this Time, and of all Time whatsoever, might not the Poet who chanced to walk through it find objects enough to paint ? What object soever he fixed on, were it the meanest of the mean, let him but paint it in its actual truth, as it swims there, in such environment ; world-old, yet new, and never ending ; an indestructible portion of the miraculous *AN*,—his picture of it were a Poem. How much more if the object fixed on were not mean, but one already wonderful ; the (mystic) “ actual truth ” of which, if it lay not on the surface, yet shone through the surface, and invited even Prosaists to search for it !

The present writer, who unhappily belongs to that *class*, has, nevertheless, a firmer and firmer persuasion of two things : first, as was seen, that Romance exists ; secondly, that now, and formerly, and evermore it exists, strictly speaking, in Reality alone. The thing that *is*, what can be so wonderful, what, especially to us that *are*, can have such significance ? Study Reality, he is ever and anon saying to himself ; search out deeper and deeper *its* quite endless mystery : see it, know it ; then, whether thou wouldst learn from it, and again teach ; or weep over it, or laugh over it, or love it or despise it, or in any way relate thyself to it, thou hast the firmest enduring basis : *that* hieroglyphic page is one thou *canst* read

on for ever, find new meaning in for ever.

Finally, and in a word, do not the critics teach us: "In whatsoever thing thou hast thyself felt interest, in that or in nothing hope to inspire others with interest!"—In partial obedience to all which, and to many other principles, shall the following small Romance of the *Diamond Necklace* begin to come together. A small Romance, let the reader again and again assure himself, which is no brainweb of mine, or of any other foolish man's; but a fraction of that mystic "spirit-woven web," from the "Loom of Time," spoken of above. It is an actual transaction that happened in this Earth of ours. Where-with our whole business, as already urged, is to paint it truly.

For the rest, an earnest inspection, faithful endeavour has not been wanting, on our part; nor (singular as it may seem) the strictest regard to chronology, geography (or rather, in this case, topography), documentary evidence, and what else true historical research would yield. Were there but on the reader's part a kindred openness, a kindred spirit of endeavour! Be-shone strongly, on both sides, by such united twofold Philosophy, this poor opaque Intrigue of the *Diamond Necklace* became quite translucent between us; transfigured, lifted up into the serene of Universal History; and might hang there like a smallest Diamond Constellation, visible without telescope,—so long as it could.

CHAPTER II.

The Necklace is made.

Herr, or, as he is now called, Monsieur, Boehmer, to all appearance wanted not that last infirmity of noble and ignoble minds—a love of fame; he was destined also to be famous more than enough. His outlooks into the world were rather of a smiling character: he has long since exchanged his guttural speech, as far as possible, for a nasal one; his rustic Saxon fatherland for a polished city of Paris, and thriven there. United in partnership with worthy Monsieur Bassange, a sound practical man, skilled in the valuation

of all precious stones, in the management of workmen, in the judgment of their work, he already sees himself among the highest of his guild: nay, rather the very highest,—for he has secured (by purchase and hard money paid) the title of King's Jeweller; and can enter the Court itself, leaving all other Jewellers, and even innumerable Gentlemen, Gigmens, and small Nobility, to languish in the vestibule. With the costliest ornaments in his pocket, or borne after him by assiduous shopboys, the happy Boehmer sees high drawing-rooms and sacred *ruelles* fly open, as with talismanic *Sesame*; and the brightest eyes of the whole world grow brighter: to him alone of men the Unapproachable reveals herself in mysterious *négligée*; taking and giving counsel. Do not, on all gala-days and gala-nights, his works praise him? On the gorgeous robes of State, on Court-dresses and Lords' stars, on the diadem of Royalty; better still, on the swan-neck of Beauty, and her queenly garniture from plume-bearing aigrette to shoebuckle on fairy-slipper,—that blinding play of colours is Boehmer's doing: he is *Jouaillier-Bijoutier de la Reine*.

Could the man but have been content with it! He could not: Icarus-like, he must mount too high; have his wax-wings melted, and descend prostrate,—amid a cloud of vain goose-quills. One day, a fatal day (of some year, probably, among the *Seventies* of last Century),* it struck Boehmer: Why should not I, who, as Most Christian King's Jeweller, am properly first Jeweller of the Universe,—make a Jewel which the Universe has not matched? Nothing can prevent thee, Boehmer, if thou have the skill to do it. Skill or no skill, answers he, I have the ambition: my Jewel, if not the beautifullest, shall be the dearest. Thus was the Diamond Necklace determined on.

Did worthy Bassange give a willing, or a reluctant consent? In any case he consents; and co-operates. Plans are sketched, consultations held, stucco models made; by money or credit the costliest diamonds come in; cunning craftsmen cut them, set them: proud Boehmer sees the work go prosperously on. Proud man! Behold him on a

* Except that Madame Campan (*Mémoires*, tome ii.) says the Necklace "was intended for Du Barry," one cannot discover, within many years, the date of its manufacture. Du Barry went "into half-pay" on the 10th of May, 1774,—the day when her king died.

• morning after breakfast: he has stepped down to the innermost workshop, before sallying out; stands there with his laced three-cornered hat, cane under arm; drawing on his gloves: with nod, with nasal-guttural word, he gives judicious confirmation, judicious abnegation, censure and approval. A still joy is dawning over that bland, blond face of his; he can think (while in many a sacred boudoir he visits the Unapproachable) that an *opus magnum*, of which the world wotteth not, is progressing. At length comes a morning when care has terminated, and joy can not only dawn but shine; the Necklace, that shall be famous and world-famous, is made.

Made we call it, in conformity with common speech: but properly it was not made; only, with more or less spirit of method, arranged and agglomerated. What "spirit of method" lay in it, might be made; nothing more. But to tell the various Histories of those various Diamonds, from the first making of them; or even (omitting all the rest) from the first digging of them in the far Indian mines! How they lay, for uncounted ages and aeons (under the uproar and splashing of such Deucalion Deluges, and Hutton Explosions, with steam enough, and Werner Submersions), silently imbedded in the rock; nevertheless (when their hour came) emerged from it, and first beheld the glorious Sun smile on them, and with their many-coloured glances smiled back on him. How they served next (let us say) as eyes of Heathen Idols, and received worship. How they had then, by fortune of war or theft, been knocked out; and exchanged among camp-sutlers for a little spirituous liquor, and bought by Jews, and worn as signets on the fingers of tawny or white Majesties; and again been lost, with the fingers too, and perhaps life (as by Charles the Rash, among the mud-ditches of Nancy), in old-forgotten glorious victories: and so, through innumerable varieties of fortune,—had come at last to the cutting-wheel of Boehmer; to be united, in strange fellowship, with comrades also blown together from all ends of the Earth, each with a History of its own! Could these aged stones (the youngest of them Six Thousand years of age, and upwards) but have spoken,—*there* were an Experience for Philosophy to teach by. But now, as was said, by little caps of gold (which gold also has a history),

and daintiest rings of the same, they are all, being so to speak, enlisted under Boehmer's flag,—made to take rank and file, in new order; no Jewel asking his neighbour whence he came; and parade there for a season. For a season only; and then—to disperse, and enlist anew *ad infinitum*. In such inexplicable wise are Jewels, and Men also, and indeed all earthly things, jumbled together and asunder, and shovelled and wafted to and fro, in our inexplicable chaos of a World. This was what Boehmer called *making* his Necklace.

So, in fact, do other men speak, and with even less reason. How many men, for example, hast thou heard talk of making money; of making say a million and a half of money? Of which million and a half, how much, if *one* were to look into it, had they *made*? The accurate value of their Industry; not a sixpence more. Their making, then, was but, like Boehmer's, a clutching and heaping together;—by-and-by to be followed also by a dispersion. Made? Thou too vain individual! were these towered ashlar edifices; were these fair bounteous leas, with their bosky umbrages and yellow harvests; and the sunshine that lights them from above, and the granite rocks and fire-reservoirs that support them from below, made by *thee*? I think, by another. The very shilling that thou hast was dug (by man's force) in Carinthia and Paraguay; smelted sufficiently; and stamped, as would seem, not without the advice of our late Defender of the Faith, his Majesty George the Fourth. Thou hast it, and holdest it; but whether, or in what sense, thou hast *made* any farthing of it, thyself canst not say. If the courteous reader ask, What things, then, are made by man? I will answer him, Very few indeed. A Heroism, a Wisdom (a god-given Volition that has realised itself) is made now and then: for example, some five or six Books (since the Creation) have been made. Strange that there are not more; for surely every encouragement is held out. Could I, or thou, happy reader, but make one, the world would let us keep it (unstolen) for Fourteen whole years,—and take what we could get for it.

But, in a word, Monsieur Boehmer has made his Necklace, what he calls made it: happy man is he. From a Drawing, as large as reality, kindly

furnished by "Taunay, Print-seller, of the Rue d'Enfer;"* and again, in late years, by the Abbé Georgel,* in the Second Volume of his *Mémoires*, curious readers can still fancy to themselves what a princely Ornament it was.

A row of seventeen glorious diamonds, as large almost as filberts, encircle, not too tightly, the neck, a first time. Looser, gracefully fastened thrice to these, a three-wreathed festoon, and pendants enough (simple pear-shaped, multiple star-shaped, or clustering amorphous) encircle it, enwreath it, a second time. Loosiest of all, softly flowing round from behind, in priceless catenary, rush down two broad threefold rows; seem to knot themselves (round a very Queen of Diamonds) on the bosom; then rush on, again separated, as if there were length in plenty; the very tassels of them were a fortune for some men. And now, lastly, two other inexpressible threefold rows, also with their tassels, unite themselves (when the Necklace is on, and at rest) into a doubly inexpressible sixfold row; stream down (together or asunder) over the hind-neck,—we may fancy, like lambent Zodiacal or Aurora-Borealis fire.

All these on a neck of snow slight-tinged with rose-bloom, and within it royal Life: amidst the blaze of lustres; in sylphish movements, espiegleries, coquetteries; and minuet-mazes; with every movement a flash of star-rainbow colours, bright almost as the movements of the fair young soul it emblems! A glorious ornament; fit only for the Sultana of the World. Indeed, only attainable by such; for it is valued at 1,800,000 livres; say in round numbers, and sterling money, between eighty and ninety thousand pounds.

CHAPTER III.

The Necklace cannot be sold.

Miscalculating Boehmer! The Sultana of the Earth shall never wear that Necklace of thine; no neck, either royal or vassal, shall ever be the lovelier for it. In the present distressed state of our finances (with the American War raging round us), where thinkest thou are eighty thousand pounds to be raised for such a thing? In this hungry world, thou fool, these five hundred and odd Diamonds, good

* Frontispiece of the "*Affaire du Collier*, Paris, 1785;" wherefrom Georgel's Editor has copied it. This "*Affaire du Collier*, Paris, 1785," is not properly a Book; but a bound Collection of such Law-Papers (*Mémoires pour*, &c.) as were printed and emitted by the various parties in that famed "Necklace Trial." These Law-Papers, bound into Two Volumes quarto; with Portraits, such as the Printshops yielded them at the time; likewise with patches of MS., containing Notes, Pasquinade-songs, and the like, of the most unspeakable character occasionally,—constitute this "*Affaire du Collier*," which the Paris Dealers in Old Books can still procure there. It is one of the largest collections of falsehoods that exists in print; and, unfortunately, still, after all the narrating and history there has been on the subject, forms our chief means of getting at the truth of that Transaction. The First Volume contains some Twenty-one *Mémoires Pour*: not, of course, Historical statements of truth; but Culprits' and Lawyers' statements of what they wished to be believed; each party lying according to his ability to lie. To reach the truth, or even any honest guess at the truth, the immensities of rubbish must be sifted, contrasted, rejected: what grain of historical evidence may lie at the bottom is then attainable. Thus, as this Transaction of the Diamond Necklace has been called the "Largest Lie of the Eighteenth Century," so it comes to us borne, not unfitly, on a whole illimitable dim Chaos of Lies!

Nay, the Second Volume, entitled *Suite de l'Affaire du Collier*, is still stranger. It relates to the Intrigue and Trial of one Bette d'Etienneville, who represents himself as a poor lad that had been kidnapped, blindfolded, introduced to beautiful Ladies, and engaged to get husbands for them; as setting out on this task, and gradually getting quite bewitched and bewildered;—most indubitably, going on to bewitch and bewilder other people on all hands of him: the whole is consequence of this "Necklace Trial," and the noise it was making! Very curious. The Lawyers did verily busy themselves with this affair of Bette's; there are scarecrow Portraits given, that stood in the Printshops, and no man can know whether the Originals ever so much as existed. It is like the Dream of a Dream. The human mind stands stupent; ejaculates the wish that such Gulph of Falsehood would close itself,—before general Delirium supervene, and the Speech of Man become mere incredible, meaningless jargon, like that of choughs and daws. Even from Bette, however, by assiduous sifting, one gathers a particle of truth here and there.

only for looking at, are intrinsically worth less to us than a string of as many dry Irish potatoes, on which a famishing Sansculotte might fill his belly. Little knowest thou, laughing Jouaillier-Bijoutier, great in thy pride of place, in thy pride of *savoir-faire*, what the world has in store for thee. Thou laughest there; by-and-by thou wilt laugh on the wrong side of thy face mainly.

While the Necklace lay in stucco effigy, and the stones of it were still "circulating in Commerce," Du Barry's was the neck it was meant for. Unhappily, as all dogs (male and female) have but their day, her day is done; and now (so busy has Death been) she sits retired, on mere half-pay, without prospects, at Saint-Cyr. A generous France will buy no more neck-ornaments for her:—O Heaven! the Guillotine-axe is already forging (North, in Swedish Dalecarlia, by sledge-hammers and fire; South, too, by taxes and *tailles*) that will sheer her neck in twain!

But, indeed, what of Du Barry! A foul worm; hatched by royal heat, on foul composts, into a flaunting butterfly; now dis-winged, and again a worm! Are there not King's Daughters and Kings' Consorts; is not Decoration the first wish of a female heart,—often also (if the heart is empty) the last? The Portuguese Ambassador is here, and his rigorous Pombal is no longer Minister: there is an Infanta in Portugal, purposing by Heaven's blessing to wed.—Singular! the Portuguese Ambassador, though without fear of Pombal, praises, but will not purchase.

Or why not our own loveliest Marie-Antoinette, once Dauphiness only; now every inch a Queen: what neck in the whole Earth would it beseech better? It is fit only for her.—Alas, Boehmer! King Louis has an eye for diamonds; but he, too, is without overplus of money: his high Queen herself answers queenlike, "We have more need of seventy-fours than of Necklaces." *Laudatur et alget!*—Not without a qualmish feeling, we apply next to the Queen and King of the Two Sicilies.* In vain, O Boehmer! In crowned heads there is no hope for thee. Not a crowned head of them can spare the eighty thousand pounds. The age of Chivalry is gone, and that of

Bankruptcy is come. A dull, deep, presaging movement rocks all thrones: Bankruptcy is beating down the gate, and no Chancellor can longer barricade her out. She will enter; and the shoreless fire-lava of DEMOCRACY is at her back! Well may Kings, a second time, "sit still with awful eye," and think of far other things than Necklaces.

Thus for poor Boehmer are the mournfullest days and nights appointed; and this high-promising year (1780, as we laboriously guess and gather) stands blacker than all others in his calendar. In vain shall he, on his sleepless pillow, more and more desperately revolve the problem; it is a problem of the insoluble sort, a true "irreducible case of Cardan:" the Diamond Necklace will not sell.

CHAPTER IV.

Affinities: the Two Fixed-ideas.

Nevertheless, a man's little Work lies not isolated, stranded; a whole busy World (a whole native-element of mysterious, never-resting Force) environs it; will catch it up; will carry it forward, or else backward: always, infallibly, either as living growth, or at worst as well-rotted manure, the Thing Done will come to use. Often, accordingly, for a man that had finished any little work, this were the most interesting question: In such a boundless whirl of a world, what hook will it be, and what hooks, that shall catch up this little work of mine; and whirl it also,—through such a dance? A question, we need not say, which, in the simplest of cases, would bring the whole Royal Society to a nonplus.—Good Corsican Letitia! while thou nursest thy little Napoleon, and he answers thy mother-smile with those deep eyes of his, a world-famous French Revolution, with Federations of the *Champ de Mars*, and September Massacres, and Bakers' Customers *en queue*, is getting ready: many a Danton and Desmoulins; prin-visaged, Tartuffe-looking Robespierre (as yet all schoolboys); and Marat weeping (and cursing) bitter rheum, as he pounds horse-drugs,—are preparing the fittest arena for him!

Thus, too, while poor Boehmer is

* See *Mémoires de Campan*, ii. 1—26.

busy with those Diamonds of his, picking them "out of Commerce," and his craftsmen are grinding and setting them; a certain ecclesiastical Coadjutor and Grand Almoner, and prospective Commendator and Cardinal, is in Austria, hunting and giving suppers; for whom mainly it is that Boehmer and his craftsmen so employ themselves. Strange enough, once more! The foolish Jeweller at Paris, making foolish trinkets; the foolish Ambassador at Vienna, making blunders and debaucheries: these Two, all uncommunicating, wide asunder as the Poles, are hourly forging for each other the wonderfullest hook-and-eye; that will hook them together, one day,—into artificial Siamese-Twins, for the astonishment of mankind.

Prince Louis de Rohan is one of those select mortals born to honours, as the sparks fly upwards; and, alas, also (as all men are) to troubles no less. Of his genesis and descent much might be said, by the curious in such matters; yet, perhaps, if we weigh it well, intrinsically little. He can, by diligence and faith, be traced back some hundred breadth or two (some century or two); but after that, merges in the mere "blood-royal of Brittany;" long, long on this side of the Northern Immigrations, he is not so much as to be sought for;—and leaves the whole space onwards from that, into the bosom of Eternity, a blank, marked only by one point, the Fall of Man! However, and what alone concerns us, his kindred, in these quite recent times, have been much about the Most Christian Majesty; could there pick up what was going. In particular, they have had a turn of some continuance for Cardinalship and Commendatorship. Safest trades these, of the calm, do-nothing sort: in the do-something line, in Generalship, or such like (witness poor Cousin Scubise, at Rossbach*), they might fare not so well. In any case, the actual Prince Louis, Coadjutor at

Strasburg, while his uncle, the Cardinal-Archbishop, has not yet deceased, and left him his dignities, but only fallen sick, already takes his place on one grandest occasion: he, thrice-happy Coadjutor, receives the fair, young, trembling Dauphiness, Marie-Antoinette, on her first entrance into France; and can there, as Ceremonial Fugleman, with fit bearing and semblance (being a fall man, of six-and-thirty), do the needful. Of his other performances up to this date, a refined History had rather say nothing.

In fact, if the tolerating mind will meditate it with any sympathy, what could poor Rohan perform? Performing needs light, needs strength, and a firm clear footing; all of which had been denied him. Nourished, from birth, with the choicest physical spoon-meat, indeed; yet, also, with no better spiritual Doctrine and Evangel of Life than a French Court of Louis the Well-beloved could yield; gifted, moreover (and this, too, was but a new perplexity for him), with shrewdness enough to see through much, with vigour enough to despise much; unhappily, not with vigour enough to spurn it from him, and be for ever enfranchised of it,—he awakes, at man's stature, with man's wild desires, in a World of the merest incoherent Lies and Delirium; himself a nameless Mass of delirious Incoherences,—covered over, at most (and held-in a little), by conventional Politesse, and a Cloak of prospective Cardinal's Plush. Are not Intrigues, might Rohan say, the industry of this our Universe; nay, is not the Universe itself, at bottom, properly an Intrigue? A Most Christian Majesty, in the *Parc-aux-cerfs*: he, thou seest, is the god of this lower world; our war-banner (in the fight of Life), and celestial *Tu-touto-nika*, is a Strumpet's Petticoat: these are thy gods, O France!—What, in such singular circumstances, could poor Rohan's creed and world-theory be, that he should "perform" thereby? Atheism? Alas,

* Here is the Epigram they made against him on occasion of Rossbach,—in that "Despotism tempered by Epigrams," which France was then said to be:—

• "Soubise dit, la lanterne à la main,
J'ai beau chercher, où diable est mon armée ?
Elle était là pourtant hier matin :
Me l'a-t-on prise, ou l'aurais-je égarée ?—
Que vois-je, ô ciel ! que mon âme est ravie !
Prodige heureux ! la voilà, la voilà—
Ah, ventrebleu ! qu'est-ce donc que cela ?
Te me trompais, c'est l'armée ennemie ?"—LACRETELLE, ii. 206.

no; not even Atheism: only Machiavelism; and the inextinguishable faith that "ginger is hot in the mouth." Get ever new and better *ginger*, therefore; chew it ever the more diligently: 'tis all thou hast to look to, and that only for a day.

Ginger enough, poor Louis de Rohan; too much of ginger! Whatsoever of it, for the five senses, money, or money's worth, or backstairs diplomacy, can buy; nay, for the sixth sense, too, the far spicier ginger: Antecedence of thy fellow-creatures,—merited, at least, by infinitely finer housing than theirs. Coadjutor of Strasburg, Archbishop of Strasburg, Grand Almoner of France, Commander of the Order of the Holy Ghost, Cardinal, Commendator of St. Wast d'Arras (one of the fattest benefices here below): all these shall be housings for Monseigneur: to all these shall his Jesuit Nursing-mother (our vulpine Abbé Georgel), through fair court-weather and through foul, triumphantly bear him,—and wrap him with them, fat, somnolent, Nusseling as he is.—By the way, a most assiduous, ever-wakeful Abbé is this Georgel; and wholly Monseigneur's. He has scouts dim-flying, far out, in the great deep of the world's business; has spider-threads that overnet the whole world; himself sits in the centre ready to run. In vain shall King and Queen combine against Monseigneur: "I was at M. de Maurepas' pillow before six,"—persuasively wagging my sleek coif, and the sleek reynard-head under it; I managed it all for him. Here, too, on occasion of Reynard Georgel, we could not but reflect what a singular species of creature your Jesuit must have been. Outwardly, you would say, a man; the smooth semblance of a man: inwardly, to the centre, filled with stone! Yet in all breathing things, even in stolid Jesuits, are inscrutable sympathies: how else does a Reynard Abbé so loyally give himself, soul and body, to a somnolent Monseigneur;—how else does the poor Tit, to the neglect of its own eggs and interests, nurse up a huge lumbering Cuckoo; and think its pains all paid, if the soot-brown Stupidity will merely grow bigger and bigger!—Enough, by Jesuitic or other means, Prince Louis de Rohan shall be passively kneaded and baked into Commendator of St. Wast and much else; and truly *such* a Commendator

as hardly, since King Thierri (first of the *Valois*) founded that Establishment, has played his part there.

Such, however, have Nature and Art combined together to make Prince Louis. A figure thrice-clothed with honours; with plush, and civic and ecclesiastic garniture of all kinds; but in itself little other than an amorphous congeries of contradictions, somnolence and violence, foul passions, and foul habits. It is by his plush cloaks and wrappages mainly, as above hinted, that such a figure sticks together (what we call, "*coheres*") in any measure; were it not for these, he would flow out boundlessly on all sides. Conceive him further, with a kind of radical vigour and fire (for he can see clearly at times, and speak fiercely); yet, left in this way to stagnate and ferment, and lie overlaid with such floods of fat material,—have we not a true image of the shamefullest Mud-volcano, gurgling and sluttishly simmering, amid continual steamy indistinctness (except, as was hinted, in wind-gusts); with occasional terrifico-absurd Mud-explosions!

This, garnish it and fringe it never so handsomely, is, alas, the intrinsic character of Prince Louis. A shameful spectacle: such, however, as the world has beheld many times; as it were to be wished (but is not yet to be hoped) the world might behold no more. Nay, are not all possible delirious incoherences, outward and inward, summed up, for poor Rohan, in this one incrediblest incoherence, that *he*, Prince Louis de Rohan, is named Priest, Cardinal of the Church? A debauched, merely libidinous mortal, lying there quite helpless, *dis-solute* (as we well say); whom to see Church Cardinal (that is, symbolical *Hinge*, or main Corner, of the Invisible Holy in this World) an Inhabitant of Saturn might split with laughing,—if he did not rather swoon with pity and horror!

Prince Louis, as ceremonial fogleman at Strasburg, might have hoped to make some way with the fair young Dauphiness; but seems not to have made any. Perhaps, in those great days, so trying for a fifteen-years' Bride and Dauphiness, the fair Antoinette was too preoccupied: perhaps, in the very face and looks of Prospective-Cardinal Prince Louis, her fair young soul read, all unconsciously, an incoherent *Roué*-ism (bottomless

Mud-volcano-ism); from which she by instinct rather recoiled.

However, as above hinted, he is now gone, in these years, on Embassy to Vienna: with "four-and-twenty pages" (if our remembrance of Abbé Georgel serve) "of noble birth," all in scarlet breeches; and such a retinue and parade as drowns even his fat revenue in perennial debt. Above all things, his Jesuit Familiar is with him. For so every where they must manage: Eminence Rohan is the cloak, Jesuit Georgel the man or automaton within it. Rohan, indeed, sees Poland a-partitioning; or rather Georgel, with his "masked Austrian" traitor, "on the ramparts," sees it for him: but what can he do? He exhibits his four-and-twenty scarlet pages (who "smuggle" to quite unconscionable lengths); rides through a Catholic procession, Prospective-Cardinal as he is, because it is too long, and keeps him from an appointment; hunts, gallants; gives suppers, Sardanapalus-wise, the finest ever seen in Vienna. Abbé Georgel (as we fancy it was) writes a *Despatch* in his name "every fortnight;"—mentions, in one of these, that "Maria Theresa stands, indeed, with the handkerchief in one hand, weeping for the woes of Poland; but with the sword in the other hand, ready to cut Poland in sections, and take her share."* Untimely joke; which proved to Prince Louis the root of unspeakable chagrins! For Minister D'Aiguillon (much against his duty) communicates the Letter to King Louis; Louis to Du Barry, to season her *souper*, and laughs over it: the thing becomes a court-joke; the filially-pious Dauphiness hears it, and remembers it. Accounts go, moreover, that Rohan spake censuringly of the Dauphiness to her Mother: this, probably, is but hearsay and false; the devout Maria Theresa disliked him, and even despised him, and vigorously laboured for his recall.

Thus, in rosy sleep and somnam-

bulism, or awake only to quaff the full wine-cup of the Scarlet Woman (his mother), and again sleep and somnambulate, does the Prospective-Cardinal and Commendator pass his days. Unhappy man! This is not a world that was made in sleep; that it is safe to sleep and somnambulate in. In that "loud-roaring Loom of Time" (where above nine hundred millions of hungry Men, for one item, restlessly weave and work), so many threads fly humming from their "eternal spindles;" and swift invisible shuttles, far darting, to the Ends of the World,—complex enough! At this hour, a miserable Boehmer in Paris (whom thou wottest not of) is spinning, of diamonds and gold, a paltry thrum that will go nigh to strangle the life out of thee.

Meanwhile Louis the Well-beloved has left (for ever) his *Parc-aux-cerfs*; and, amid the scarce-suppressed hootings of the world, taken up his last lodging at St. Denis. Feeling that it was all over (for the small-pox has the victory, and even Du Barry is off), he, as the Abbé Georgel records, "made the *amende honorable* to God" (these are his Reverence's own words); had a true repentance, of three days' standing; and so, continues the Abbé, "fell asleep in the Lord." Asleep in the Lord, Monsieur l'Abbé! If such a mass of Laziness and Lust fell asleep in the Lord, *who*, fanciest thou, is it that falls asleep—elsewhere? Enough that he did fall asleep; that thick-wrapt in the Blanket of the Night, under what keeping we ask not, *he* never through endless Time can, for his own or our sins, insult the face of the Sun any more;—and so now we go onward, if not to less degrees of beastliness, yet, at least and worst, to cheering varieties of it.

Louis XVI. therefore reigns (and under the Sieur Gamain, makes locks); his fair Dauphiness has become a Queen. Eminence Rohan is home from Vienna; to console and congra-

* *Mémoires de l'Abbé Georgel*, ii. 1.—220. Abbé Georgel, who has given, in the place referred to, a long solemn Narrative of the Necklace Business, passes for the grand authority on it: but neither will he, strictly taken up, abide scrutiny. He is vague as may be; writing in what is called the "soaped-pig" fashion: yet sometimes you do catch him, and hold him. There are hardly above three dates in his whole Narrative. He mistakes several times; perhaps, once or twice, wilfully misrepresents, a little. The main incident of the business is misdated by him, almost a twelvemonth. It is to be remembered that the poor Abbé wrote in exile; and with cause enough for prepossessions and hostilities.

tulate. He bears a Letter from Maria-Theresa; hopes the Queen will not forget old Ceremonial Fuglemen, and friends of the Dauphiness. Heaven and Earth! The Dauphiness Queen will not see him; orders the Letter to be *scut* her. The King himself signifies briefly that he "will be asked for when wanted!"

Alas! at Court, our motion is the delicatest, unsurest. We go spinning, as it were, on teetotums, by the edge of bottomless deeps. Rest is fall; so is one false whirl. A moment ago, Eminence Rohan seemed waltzing with the best: but, behold, his teetotum has *carried him over*; there is an inversion of the centre of gravity; and so now, heels uppermost, velocity increasing as the time, space as the square of the time,—he rushes.

On a man of poor Rohan's somnolence and violence, the sympathising mind can estimate what the effect was. Consternation, stupefaction, the total jumble of blood, brains, and nervous spirits; in ear and heart, only universal hubbub, and louder and louder singing of the agitated air. A fall comparable to that of Satan! Men have, indeed, been driven from Court; and borne it, according to ability. A Choiseul, in these very years, retired Parthianlike, with a smile or scowl; and drew half the Court-host along with him. Our Wolsey, though once an *Ego et Rex meus*, could journey, it is said, without strait-waistcoat, to his monastery; and there telling beads, look forward to a still longer journey. The melodious too soft-strung, Racine, when his King turned his back on him, emitted one meek wail, and submissively—died. But the case of Coadjutor de Rohan differed from all these. No loyalty was in him that he should die; no self-help, that he should live; no faith, that he should tell beads. His is a mud-volcanic character; incoherent, mad, from the very foundation of it. Think, too, that his Courtiership (for how could any Nobleness enter there?) was properly a gambling speculation: the loss of his trump Queen of Hearts

can bring nothing but flat, unredeemed despair. No other game has he, in this world,—or in the next. And then the exasperating *Why?* the *How came it?* For that Rohanic, or Georgelic, sprightliness of the "handkerchief in one hand, and sword in the other" (if, indeed, that could have caused it all), has quite escaped him. In the name of Friar Bacon's Head, *what was it?* Imagination, with Desperation to drive her, may fly to all points of Space;—and return with wearied wings, and no tidings. Behold *me here*: this, which is the first grand certainty for man in general, is the first and last and only offer for poor Rohan. And then his *Here!* Alas, looking upwards, he can eye, from his burning marle, the azure realms, once his; and Cousin Countess de Marsan, and so many Richelieus, Polignacs, and other happy angels, male and female, all blessedly gyrating there; while he—!

Nevertheless hope, in the human breast, though not in the diabolic, springs eternal. The outcast Rohan bends all his thoughts, faculties, prayers, purposes, to one object; one object he will attain, or go to Bedlam. How many ways he tries: what days and nights of conjecture, consultation; what written unpublished reams of correspondence, protestation, backstairs diplomacy of every rubrick! How many suppers has he eaten; how many given,—in vain! It is his morning song, and his evening prayer. From innumerable falls he rises; only to fall again. Behold him even, with his red stockings, at dusk, in the Garden of Trianon: he has bribed the Concierge; will see her Majesty in spite of Etiquette and Fate; peradventure, pitying his long sad King's evil, she will touch him, and heal him. In vain (says the Female Historian, Campan).* The Chariot of Majesty shoots rapidly by, with high-plumed heads in it; Eminence is known by his red stockings, but not looked at, only laughed at, and left standing like a Pillar of Salt.

Thus through ten long years (of new

* Madame Campan, in her Narrative, and, indeed, in her *Memoirs* generally, does not seem to intend falsehood: this, in the Business of the Necklace, is saying a great deal. She rather, perhaps, intends the producing of an impression; which may have appeared to herself to be the right one. But, at all events, she has, here or elsewhere, no notion of historical rigour; she gives hardly any date, or the like; will tell the same thing, in different places, different ways, &c. There is a tradition that Louis XVIII. revised her *Mémoires* before publication. She requires to be read with scepticism everywhere; but yields something in that way.

resolve and new despondency, of flying from Saverne to Paris, and from Paris to Saverne) has it lasted; hope deferred making the heart sick. Reynard Georgel and Cousin De Marsau, by eloquence, by influence, and being "at M. de Maurepas' pillow before six," have secured the Archbishoprick, the Grand-Almonership; the Cardinalship (by the medium of Poland); and, lastly, to tinker many rênts, and appease the Jews, that fattest Commendatorship, founded by King Thierry the Donothing — perhaps with a view to such cases. All good! languidly croaks Rohan; yet all not the one thing needful; alas, the Queen's eyes do not yet shine on me.

Abbé Georgel admits (in his own polite, diplomatic way) that the mud-volcano was much agitated by these trials; and in time quite changed. Monseigneur deviated into cabalistic courses, after elixirs, philtres, and the philosopher's stone; that is, the volcanic steam grew thicker and heavier: at last by Cagliostro's magic (for Cagliostro and the Cardinal by elective affinity must meet), it sank into the opacity of perfect London fog! So, too, if Monseigneur grew choleric; wrapped himself up in reserve, spoke roughly to his domestics and dependents,—were not the terrifico-absurd mud-explosions becoming more frequent? Alas, what wonder? Some nine-and-forty winters have now fled over his Eminence (for it is 1783), and his beard falls white to the shaver; but age for him brings no "benefit of experience." He is possessed by a fixed-idea!

Foolish Eminence! is the Earth grown all barren and of a snuff-colour, because one pair of eyes in it look on thee askance? Surely thou hast thy Body there yet; and what of Soul might from the first reside in it. Nay, a warm, snug Body, with not only five senses (sound still, in spite of much tear and wear), but most eminent clothing besides; — clothed with authority over much, with red Cardinal's cloak, red Cardinal's hat; with Commendatorship, Grand-Almonership (so kind have thy Fripiers been), and dignities and dominions too tedious to name. The stars rise nightly, with tidings (for thee, too, if thou wilt listen) from the infinite Blue; Sun and Moon bring vicissitudes of season; dressing green, with flower-borderings, and cloth of gold, this ancient ever-young Earth

of ours, and filling her breasts with all-nourishing mother's milk. Wilt thou work? The whole Encyclopedia (not Diderot's only, but the Almighty's) is there for thee to spread thy broad faculty upon. Or, if thou have no faculty, no Sense, hast thou not (as already suggested) Senses, to the number of five? What victuals thou wishest, command; with what wine savoureth thee, be filled. Already thou art a false lascivious Priest; with revenues of, say, a quarter of a million sterling; and no mind to mend. Eat, foolish Eminence; eat with voracity,—leaving the shot till *afterwards*! In all this the eyes of Marie Antoinette can neither help thee nor hinder.

And yet what is the Cardinal, dissolute, mud-volcano though he be, more foolish herein, than all Sons of Adam! Give the wisest of us once a "fixed-idea,"—which, though a temporary madness, who has not had?—and see where his wisdom is! The Chamois-hunter serves his doomed seven years in the Quicksilver Mines; returns salivated to the marrow of the backbone; and next morning,—goes forth to hunt again. Behold Cardalio, King of Urinals; with a woful ballad to his mistress' eyebrow! He blows out, Werter-wise, his foolish existence, because *she* will not have it to keep;—heeds not that there are some five hundred millions of other mistresses in this noble Plauet; most likely much such as she. O foolish men! They sell their Inheritance (as their Mother did hers), though it is Paradise, for a crotchet: Will they not, in every age, dare not only grape-shot and gallows-ropes, but Hell-fire itself, for better sauce to their victuals? My friends, beware of fixed-ideas.

Here, accordingly, is poor Boehmer with one in his head too! He has been hawking his "irreducible case of Cardan" (that Necklace of his) these three long years, through all Palaces and Ambassadors' Hotels, over the old "nine Kingdoms" (or more of them that there now are): searching, sifting, Earth, Sea, and Air, for a customer. To take his Necklace in pieces, and so, losing only his manual labour and expected glory, dissolve his fixed-idea, and fixed diamonds, into current ones: this were simply casting out the Devil—from himself; a miracle, and perhaps more! For he too has a Devil,

or Devils: one mad object that he strives at; that he too will attain, or go to Bedlam, Creditors, snarling, hound him on from without; mocked Hopes, lost Labours, bear-bait him from within: to these torments his fixed-idea keeps him chained. In six-and-thirty weary revolutions of the Moon, was it wonderful the man's brain had got dried a little?

Behold, one day, being Court-Jeweller, he too bursts, almost as Rohan had done, into the Queen's retirement, or apartment; flings himself (as Campan again has recorded) at her Majesty's feet; and there, with clasped uplifted hands, in passionate nasal-gutturals, with streaming tears and loud sobs, entreats her to do one of two things: Either to buy his Necklace; or else graciously vouchsafe him her royal permission to drown himself in the River Seine. Her Majesty, pitying the distracted, bewildered state of the man, calmly points out the plain third course: *Dépêchez votre Collier* (take your Necklace in pieces);—adding, withal, in a tone of queenly rebuke, that if he would drown himself, he at all times could, without her furtherance.

Ah, had he drowned himself, with the Necklace in his pocket; and Cardinal Commendator at his skirts! Kings, above all, beautiful Queens, as far-radiant Symbols on the pinnacles of the world, are so exposed to madmen. Should these two fixed-ideas that beset this beautifullest Queen, and almost burst through her Palace-walls, one day unite, and this not to jump into the River Seine;—what maddest result may be looked for!

CHAPTER V.

The Artist.

If the reader has hitherto (in our too figurative language) seen only the figurative hook and the figurative eye, which Boehmer and Rohan, far apart, were respectively fashioning for each other, he shall now see the cunning Milliner (an actual, unmetaphorical Milliner) by whom these two individuals, with their two implemments, are brought in contact, and hooked together into stupendous artificial Siamese-Twins;—after which the whole nodus and solution will naturally combine and unfold itself.

Jeanne de St. Remi, by courtesy or otherwise, Countess, styled also of *Vulais*, and even of *France*, has now (in this year of Grace 1783) known the world for some seven-and-twenty summers; and had crooks in her lot. She boasts herself descended, by what is called *natural* generation, from the Blood-Royal of France: Henri Second, before that fatal tourney-lance entered his right eye, and ended him, appears to have had, successively or simultaneously, four—unmentionable women: and so, in *vice* of the third of these, came a certain Henri de St. Remi into this world; and, as High and Puissant Lord, ate his victuals and spent his days, on an allotted domain of Fontette, near Barsur-Aube, in Champagne. Of High and Puissant Lords, at this Fontette, six other generations followed; and thus ultimately, in a space of some two centuries,—succeeded in realising this brisk little Jeanne de St. Remi, here in question. But, ah, what a falling off! The Royal Family of France has well-nigh forgotten its left-hand collaterals; the last High and Puissant Lord (much clipt by his predecessors), falling into drink, and left by a scandalous world to drink his pitcher dry, had to alienate by degrees his whole worldly Possessions, down almost to the indispensable, or inexpressibles; and die at last in the Paris Hôtel-Dieu; glad that it was not on the street. So that he has indeed given a sort of bastard Life-royal to little Jeanne, and her little brother; but not the smallest earthly provender to keep it in. The mother, in her extremity, forms the wonderfullest connexions; and little Jeanne, and her little brother, go out into the highways to beg.*

A charitable Countess Boulainvilliers, struck with the little bright-eyed tatterdemalion from the carriage window, picks her up; has her scoured, clothed; and rears her, in her fluctuating, miscellaneous way, to be, about the age of twenty, a nondescript of Mantua-maker, Soubrette, Court-beggar, Fine-lady, Abigail, and Scion-of-Royalty. Sad combination of trades! The Court, after infinite soliciting, puts one off with a hungry dole of little more than thirty pounds a-year. Nay, the audacious Count Boulainvilliers dares (with what purposes he knows best) to offer some

suspicious presents!* Whereupon his good Countess (especially as Mantua-making languishes) thinks it could not but be fit to go down to Bar-sur-Aube; and there see whether no fractions of that alienated Fontette Property, held, perhaps, on insecure tenure, may, by terror or cunning, be recoverable. Burning her paper patterns; pocketting her pension (till more come), Mademoiselle Jeanne sallies out thither, in her twenty-third year.

Nourished in this singular way, alternating between saloon and kitchen-table, with the loftiest of pretensions, meanest of possessions, our poor High and Puissant Mantua-maker has realised for herself a "face not beautiful, yet with a certain piquancy;" dark hair, blue eyes; and a character, which the present writer, a determined student of human nature, declares to be undecipherable. Let the Psychologists try it! Jeanne de Saint-Remi de Valois de France actually lived, and worked, and was: she has even published, at various times, three considerable Volumes of Autobiography, with loose Leaves (in Courts of Justice) of unknown number;† wherein he that runs may read,—but not understand. Strange Volumes! more like the screeching of distracted night-birds (suddenly disturbed by the torch of Police-Fowlers), than the articulate utterance of a rational unfeathered biped. Cheerfully admitting these statements to be all lies; we ask, How any mortal could, or should, so lie?

• The Psychologists, however, commit one sore mistake: that of searching, in every character named human, for something like a Conscience. Being mere contemplative recluses, for most part, and feeling that Morality is the Heart of Life, they judge that with all the world

it is so. Nevertheless, as practical men are aware, Life can go on in excellent vigour, without crotchet of that kind. What is the essence of Life? Volition? Go deeper down, you find a much more universal root and characteristic: Digestion. While Digestion lasts, Life cannot, in philosophical language, be said to be extinct: and Digestion will give rise to Volitions enough; at any rate, to Desires (and attempts) which may pass for such. He who looks neither before nor after, any further than the Larder, and State-room (which is properly the finest compartment of the Larder), will need no World-theory (Creed, as it is called), or Scheme of Duties: lightly leaving the world to wag as it likes with any theory or none, his grand object is a theory (and practice) of ways and means. Not goodness or badness is the type of him; only shiftiness or shiftlessness.

And now, disburthened of this obstruction, let the Psychologists consider it under a bolder view. Consider the brisk Jeanne de Saint-Remi de Saint-Shifty as a Spark of vehement Life (not developed into Will of any kind, yet fully into Desires of all kinds) cast into such a Life-element as we have seen. Vanity and Hunger; a Princess of the Blood, yet whose father had sold his inexpressibles; uncertain whether foster-daughter of a fond Countess, with hopes sky-high, or supernumerary Soubrette, with not enough of mantua-making: in a word, *Gigmanity dis-gigged*; one of the saddest, pitiable, unpitied predicaments of man! She is of that light unreflecting class, of that light unreflecting sex: *varium semper et mutabile*. And then her Fine-Ladyism, though a purseless one: capricious, coquettish, and with all the finer sensibilities of the heart; now in the

* He was of Hebrew descent: grandson of the renowned Jew Bernard, whom Louis XV., and even Louis XIV., used to "walk with in the Royal Garden," when they wanted him to lend them money.—See *Souvenirs du Duc de Lévis*; *Mémoires de Duclos*, &c.

† Four *Mémoires Pour* by her, in this *Affaire du Collier*; "like "Lawyer's tongues turned inside out!" Afterwards One Volume, *Mémoires Justificatifs de la Comtesse d*, &c. (London, 1788); with Appendix of "Documents," so-called. This has also been translated into a kind of English. Then Two Volumes, as quoted above: *Vie de Jeanne de*, &c.; printed in London,—by way of extorting money from Paris.* This latter Lying Autobiography of Lamotte was bought up by French persons in authority. It was the burning of this *Editio Princeps* in the Sévres Potteries, on the 30th of May, 1792, which raised such a smoke, that the Legislative Assembly took alarm; and had an investigation about it, and considerable examining of Potters, &c.; till the truth came out. Copies of the Book were speedily reprinted after the Tenth of August. It is in English too; and, except in the Necklace part, is not so entirely distracted as the former.

rackets, now in the sullens; vivid in contradictory resolves; laughing, weeping without reason,—though these acts are said to be signs of reason. Consider, too, how she has had to work her way, all along, by flattery and cajolery; wheedling, eaves-dropping, namby-pambying: how she needs wages, and knows no other productive trades. Thought can hardly be said to exist in her; only Perception and Device. With an understanding lynx-eyed for the surface of things, but which pierces beyond the surface of nothing; every individual thing (for she has never seized the heart of it) turns up a new face to her every new day, and seems a thing changed, a different thing. Thus sits, or rather vehemently bobs and hovers her vehement mind, in the middle of a boundless many-dancing whirlpool of gilt-shreds, paper-clippings and windfalls,—to which the revolving chaos of my Uncle Toby's Smoke-jack was solidity and regularity. Reader! thou for thy sins must have met with such fair Irrationals; fascinating, with their lively eyes, with their quick snappish fancies; distinguished in the higher circles, in Fashion, even in Literature: they hum and buzz there, on graceful film-wings;—searching, nevertheless, with the wonderfallest skill, for honey; “untameable as flies!”

Wonderfullest skill for honey, we say; and, pray, mark that, as regards this Countess de Saint-Shifty. Her instinct-of-genius is prodigious; her appetite fierce. In any foraging speculation of the private kind, she, unthinking as you call her, will be worth a hundred thinkers. And so of such untameable flies the untameablest, Mademoiselle Jeanne, is now buzzing down, in the Bar-sur-Aube Diligence; to inspect the honey-jars of Fontette; and see and smell whether there be any flaws in them.

Alas, at Fontette, we can, with sensibility, behold straw-roofs we were nursed under; farmers courteously offer cooked milk, and other country messes: but no soul will part with his Landed Property, for which (though cheap) he declares hard money was paid. The honey-jars are all close, then?—However, a certain Monsieur de Lamotte, a tall Gendarme, home on furlough from Lunéville, is now at Bar; pays us at-

tentions; becomes quite particular in his attentions,—for we have a face “with a certain piquancy,” the liveliest glib-snappish tongue, the liveliest kitchenish manner (not yet hardened into cat-hood), with thirty pounds a-year, and prospects. M. de Lamotte, indeed, is as yet only a private sentinel; but then a private sentinel in the *Gendarmes*; and did not his father die fighting “at the head of his company,” at Minden? Why not in virtue of our own Countess-ship dub him too Count; by left-hand collateralism, get him advanced?—Finished before the furlough is done! The untameablest of flies has again buzzed off; in wedlock with M. de Lamotte; if not to get honey, yet to escape spiders; and so lies in garrison at Lunéville, amid coquetries and hysterics, in Gignamity disfigured—disconsolate enough.

At the end of four long years (too long), M. de Lamotte, or call him now *Count de Lamotte*, sees good to lay down his fighting-gear (unhappily still only the musket), and become what is by certain moderns called “a Civilian:” ~~not a~~ Civil-Law Doctor; merely a Citizen, one who does not live by being killed. Alas! cold eclipse has all along hung over the Lamotte household. Countess Boulainvilliers, it is true, writes in the most feeling manner; but then the Royal Finances are so deranged! Without personal pressing solicitation, on the spot, no Court-solicitor, were his Pension the meagrest, can hope to better it. At Lunéville the sun, indeed, shines; and there is a kind of Life; but only an un-Parisian, half or quarter Life: the very tradesmen grow clamorous, and no cunningly devised fable, ready money alone, will appease them. Commandant Marquis d'Autichamp* agrees with Madame Boulainvilliers that a journey to Paris were the project; whither, also, he himself is just going. Perfidious Commandant Marquis! His plan is seen through: he dares to presume to make love to a Scion-of-Royalty; or to hint that he could dare to presume to do it. Whereupon, indignant Count de Lamotte, as we said, throws up his commission, and down his fire-arms; without further delay. The King loses a tall private sentinel; the World has a new blackleg: and

* He is the same Marquis d'Autichamp, who was to “relieve Lyons,” and raise the Siege of Lyons, in Autumn, 1793, but could not do it.

Monsieur and Madame de Lamotte take places in the Diligence for Strasburg.

Good Foster-mother Boulainvilliers, however, is no longer at Strasburg: she is forward at the Archbishopal Palace in Saverne; on a visit there, to his Eminence Cardinal Commendator Grand-Almoner Archbishop Prince-Louis de Rohan! Thus, then, has Destiny at last brought it about. Thus, after long wanderings, on paths so far separate, has the time come (in this late year 1783), when, of all the nine hundred millions of the Earth's denizens, these pre-appointed Two behold each other!

The foolish Cardinal, since no sublunary means, not even bribing of the Trianon Concierge, will serve, has taken to the superlunary: he is here, with his fixed-idea; and volcanic vapouriness, darkening, under Cagliostro's management, into thicker and thicker opaque,—of the Black-Art itself. To the glance of hungry genius Cardinal and Cagliostro could not but have meaning. A flush of astonishment, a sigh over boundless wealth (for the mountains of debt lie invisible) in the hands of boundless Stupidity; some vague looming of indefinite hope: all this one can well fancy. But, alas, what, to a high plush Cardinal, is a now insolvent Scion-of-Royalty,—though with a face of some piquancy? The good Foster-mother's visit, in any case, can last but three days; then, amid old nambypambyings, with effusions of the nobler sensibilities, and tears of pity (at least for oneself), Countess de Lamotte, and husband, must off with her to Paris, and new possibilities at Court. Only when the sky again darkens, can this vague, looming, from Saverne look out, by fits, as a cheering weather-sign.

CHAPTER VI.

Will the Two Fixed-ideas unite?

However, the sky, according to custom, is not long in darkening again. The King's finances, we repeat, are in so distracted a state! No D'Ormesson, no Joly de Fleury, wearied with milking the already dry, will increase that scandalous Thirty Pounds of a Scion-of-Royalty by a single doit. Calonne himself, who has a willing ear and encouraging word for all mortals

whatsoever, only with difficulty, and by aid of Madame of France,* raises it to some still miserable Sixty-five. Worst of all, the good Foster-mother Boulainvilliers, in few months, suddenly dies: the wretched widower, sitting there, with his white handkerchief, to receive condolences, with closed shutters, mortuary tapestries, and sepulchral cressets burning (which, however, the instant the condolences are gone, he blows out, to save oil), has the audacity again, amid crocodile tears, to—drop hints!† Nay, more, he (wretched man in all senses) abridges the Lamotte tale; will besiege virtue both in the positive and negative way. The Lamottes, wintry as the world looks, cannot begone too soon.

As to Lamotte the husband, he, for shelter against much, decisively dives down to the “subterranean shades of Rascaldom;” gambles, swindles; can hope to live, miscellaneously, if not by the Grace of God, yet by the Oversight of the Devil,—for a time. Lamotte the wife also makes her packages; and waving the unseductive Count Boulainvilliers Save-all a disdainful farewell, removes to the *Belle Image* in Versailles; there within wind of Court, in attic apartments, on poor watergruel board, resolves to await what can betide. So much, in few months of this fateful year 1783, has come and gone.

Poor Jeanne de Saint-Remi de Lamotte Valois, Ex-Mantuumaker, Scion-of-Royalty! What eye, looking into those bare attic apartments, and watergruel platters of the *Belle Image*, but must, in spite of itself, grow dim with almost a kind of tear for thee! There thou art, with thy quick lively glances, face of a certain piquancy, thy gossamer untameable character, snappish sallies, glib all-managing tongue; thy whole incarnated, garmented, and so sharply appetent “spark of Life;” cast down alive into this World, without vote of thine (for the Elective Franchises have not yet got that length); and wouldst so fain live there. Paying scot-and-lot; providing, or fresh-scouring, silk court-dresses; “always keeping a gig!” Thou must hawk and shark to and fro, from anteroom to anteroom; become a kind of terror to all men in place, and women that in-

* Campan.

† *Vie de Jeanne de Lamotte, &c., écrite par elle-même. i.*

fluence such ; dance not light Ionic measures, but attendance merely ; have weepings, thanksgiving effusions, aulic, almost forensic, eloquence : perhaps eke out thy thin livelihood by some coqueties, in the small way ;—and so, most poverty-stricken, cold-blighted, yet with young keen blood struggling against it, spin forward thy unequal feeble thread, which the Clotho-scissars will soon clip !

Surely, now, if ever,* were that vague looming from Saverne welcome, as a weather-sign. How doubly welcome is his plush Eminence's personal arrival ;—for with the earliest spring he has come in person, as he periodically does ; vaporific, driven by his fixed-idea.

Genius, of the mechanical practical kind, what is it but a bringing together of two Forces that fit each other, that will give birth to a third ? Ever, from Tubalcain's time, Iron lay ready hammered ; Water, also, was boiling and bursting : nevertheless, for want of a genius, there was as yet no Steam-engine. In his Eminence Prince Louis, in that huge, restless, incoherent Being of his, depend on it, brave Countess, there are Forces deep, manifold ; nay, a fixed-idea concentrates the whole, huge Incoherence as it were into one Force : cannot the eye of genius discover its fellow ?

Communing much with the Court-valetaille, our brave Countess has more than once heard talk of Boehmer, of his Necklace, and threatened death by water : in the course of gossiping and tattling, this topic from time to time emerges ; is commented upon with empty laughter,—as if there lay no further meaning in it. To the common eye there is indeed none : but to the eye of genius ? In some moment of inspiration, the question rises on our brave Lamotte : were not *this*, of all extant Forces, the cognate one that would unite with Eminence Rohan's ? Great moment, light-beaming, fire-flashing ; like birth of Minerva ; like all moments of Creation ! Fancy how pulse and breath flutter, almost stop, in the greatness : the great not Divine Idea, the great Diabolic Idea is too big for her.—Thought (how often must we repeat it ?) rules the world ; Fire and, in a less degree, Frost ; Earth and Sea (for what is your swiftest ship, or steamship but a *Thought*—embodied

in wood ?) ; Reformed Parliaments, rise and ruin of Nations,—sale of Diamonds • all things obey Thought. Countess de Saint Remi de Lamotte, by power of Thought, is now a made woman. With force of genius she represses, crushes deep down, her Undivine Idea ; bends all her faculty to realise it. Prepare thyself, Reader, for a series of the most surprising Dramatic Representations ever exhibited on any stage.

We hear tell of Dramatists, and scenic illusion how “ natural,” how illusive it was : if the spectator, for some half-moment, can half-deceive himself into the belief that it was real, he departs doubly content. With all which, and much more of the like, I have no quarrel. But what must be thought of the female Dramatist who, for eighteen long months, can exhibit the beautifullest Fata-morgana to a plush Cardinal, wide awake, with fifty years on his head ; and so lap him in her scenic illusion that he never doubts but it is all firm earth, and the pasteboard Coulistes are producing Hesperides apples ? Could Madame de Lamotte, then, have written a *Hamlet* ? I conjecture, not. More goes to the writing of a *Hamlet* than completest “ imitation ” of all characters and things in this Earth ; there goes, before and beyond all, the rarest understanding of these, insight into their hidden essences and harmonies. Erasmus's Ape, as is known in Literary History, sat by while its Master was shaving, and “ imitated ” every point of the process ; but its own foolish beard grew never the smoother.

As in looking at a finished Drama, it were nowise meet that the spectator first of all got behind the scenes, and saw the burnt corks, brayed-resin, thunder-barrels, and withered hunger-bitten men and women, of which such heroic work was made : so here with the reader. A peep into the side-scenes shall be granted him, from time to time. But, on the whole, repress, O reader, that too insatiable scientific curiosity of thine ; let thy *aesthetic* feeling first have play ; and witness what a Prospero's-grotto poor Eminence Rohan is led into, to be pleased he knows not why.

Survey first what we might call the stage-lights, orchestra, general structure of the theatre, mood and condition of the audience. The theatre is the

World, with its restless business and madness; near at hand rise the royal Domes of Versailles, mystery around them, and as background the memory of a thousand years. By the side of the River Seine walks, haggard, wasted, a Jouvillier-Bijoutier de la Reine, with Necklace in his pocket. The audience is a drunk Christopher Sly in the fittest humour. A fixed-idea, driving him headlong over steep places, like that of the Gaderenes' Swine, has produced a deceptibility, as of desperation, that will clutch at straws. Understand one other word: Cagliostro is prophesying to him! The Quack of Quacks has now for years had him in leading. Transmitting "predictions in cipher;" questioning, before Hieroglyphic Screens, Columbs in a state of Innocence, for elixirs of life, and philosophers' stone; unveiling, in fuliginous, clear-obscure the (sham) majesty of Nature; he isolates him more and more from all unpossessed men. Was it not enough that poor Rohan had become a dissolute, somnolent-violent, ever-vapoury Mud-volcano; but black Egyptian magic must be laid on him!

If, perhaps, too, our Countess de Lamotte, with her blandishments,—for though not beautiful, she "has a certain piquancy," *et cetera*?—Enough, his poor Eminence sits in the fittest place, in the fittest mood: a newly-awakened Christopher Sly; and with his "small ale," too, beside him. Touch, only, the lights with fire-tipt rod; and let the orchestra soft-warbling strike up their fara-lara fiddle-diddle-dee!

CHAP. VII.

Marie-Antoinette.

Such a soft-warbling fara-lara was it to his Eminence, when (in early January of the Year 1784) our Countess first, mysteriously, and under seal of sworn secrecy, hinted to him that, with her winning tongue and great talent as Anecdotic Historian, she had worked a passage to the ear of Queen's Majesty itself.* Gods! Dost thou bring with thee airs from Heaven? Is thy face

yet radiant with some reflex of that Brightness beyond bright?—Men with fixed-idea are not as other men. To listen to a plain varnished tale, such as your Dramatist can fashion; to ponder the words; to snuff them up, as Ephraim did the east-wind, and grow flatulent and drunk with them: what else could poor Eminence do? His poor somnolent, so swift-rocked soul feels a new element infused into it; turbid resinous light, wide-coruscating, glares over the "waste of his imagination." Is he interested in the mysterious tidings? Hope has seized them; there is in the world nothing else that interests him.

The secret friendship of Queens is not a thing to be let sleep: ever new Palace Interviews occur;—yet in deepest privacy; for how should her Majesty awaken so many tongues of Principalities and Nobilities, male and female, that spitefully watch her? Above all, however, "on the 2d of February," that day of "the Procession of blue Ribands,"† much was spoken of; somewhat, too, of Monseigneur de Rohan!—Poor Monseigneur, hadst thou three long ears, thou'dst hear her.

But will she not, perhaps, in some future priceless Interview, speak a good word for thee? Thyself shalt speak it, happy Eminence; at least, write it: our tutelary Countess will be the bearer!—On the 21st of March goes off that long exculpatory imploratory Letter: it is the first Letter that went off from Cardinal to Queen; to be followed, in time, by "above two hundred others;" which are graciously answered by verbal Messages, nay, at length by Royal Autographs on gilt paper,—the whole delivered by our tutelary Countess.‡ The tutelary Countess comes and goes, fetching and carrying; with the gravity of a Roman Augur, inspects those extraordinary chicken-bowels, and draws prognostics from them. Things are in fair train: the Dauphiness took some offence at Monseigneur, but the Queen has nigh forgotten it. No inexorable Queen; ah no! So good, so free, light-hearted; only sore beset with malicious Polig-

* Compare Rohan's *Mémoires Pour* (there are four of them), in the *Affaire du Collier*, with Lamotte's four. They go on in the way of controversy, of argument, and response.

† Lamotte's *Mémoires Justificatifs* (London, 1788).

‡ See *Georgel*: see Lamotte's *Mémoires*; in her Appendix of "Documents" to that volume, certain of these Letters are given.

nacs and others ; — at times, also, short of money.

Marie Antoinette, as the reader well knows, has been much blamed for want of Etiquette. Even now, when the other accusations against her have sunk down to oblivion and the Father of Lies, this of wanting Etiquette survives her ; — in the Castle of Mam, at this hour,* M. de Polignac and Company may be wringing their hands, not without an oblique glance at *her* for bringing them thither. She indeed discarded Etiquette ; once, when her carriage broke down, she even entered a hackney-coach. She would walk, too, at Trianon, in mere straw-hat, and, perhaps, muslin gown ! Hence, the Knot of Etiquette being loosed, the Frame of Society broke up ; and those astonishing " Horrors of the French Revolution " supervened. On what Damocles' hairs must the judgment-sword hang over this distracted Earth ! Thus, however, it was that Tenterden Steeple brought an influx of the Atlantic on us, and so Godwin Sands. Thus, too, might it be that because Father Noah took the liberty of, say, rinsing out his wine-vat, his Ark was floated off, and a World drowned. — Beautiful Highborn that wert so foully hurled low ! For, if thy Being came to thee out of old Hapsburg Dynasties, came it not also (like my own) out of Heaven ? *Sunt lachrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt.* Oh, is there a man's heart that thinks, without pity, of those long months and years of slow-wasting ignominy ; — of thy Birth, soft-cradled in Imperial Schönbrunn, the winds of heaven not to visit thy face too roughly, thy foot to light on softness, thy eye on splendour ; and then of thy Death, or hundred Deaths, to which the Guillotine and Fouquier Tinville's judgment-bar was but the merciful end ? Look *there*, O man born of woman ! The bloom of that fair face is wasted, the hair is gray with care ; the brightness of those eyes is quenched, their lids hang drooping, the face is stony, pale, as of one living in death. Mean weeds (which her own hand has

mended)† attire the Queen of the World. The death-hurdle, where thou sittest, pale, motionless, which only curses environ, must stop : a people, drunk with vengeance, will drink it again in full draught : far as the eye reaches, a multitudinous sea of maniac heads ; the air deaf with their triumph-yell ! The Living-dead must shudder with yet one other pang ; her startled blood yet again suffuses with the hue of agony that pale face, which she hides with her hands. There is, then, *no* heart to say, God pity thee ? O think not of these ; think of Him whom thou worshippest, the Crucified, — who, also, treading the wine-press *alone*, fronted sorrow still deeper ; and triumphed over it, and made it Holy ; and built of it a " Sanctuary of Sorrow," for thee and all the wretched ! Thy path of thorns is nigh ended. One long last look at the Tuileries, where thy step was once so light, — where thy children shall not dwell. The head is on the block ; the axe rushes — Dumb lies the World ; that wild-yelling World, and all its madness, is behind thee.

Beautiful Highborn that wert so foully hurled low ! Rest yet in thy innocent gracefully heedless seclusion (unintruded on by me), while rude hands have not yet desecrated it. Be the curtains, that shroud in (if for the last time on this Earth) a Royal Life, still sacred to me. Thy fault, in the French Revolution, was that thou wert the Symbol of the Sin and Misery of a thousand years ; that with Saint-Bartholomews, and Jacques, with Gabelles and Dragonades, and Parcs-aux-cerfs, the heart of mankind was filled full, — and foamed over, into all-involving madness. To no Napoleon, to no Cromwell wert thou wedded : such sit not in the highest rank, of themselves ; are raised on high by the shaking and confounding of all the ranks. As poor peasants, how happy, worthy had ye two been ! But by evil destiny ye were made a King and Queen of ; and so both once more — are become an astonishment and a by-word to all times.

(To be concluded in our next.)

* A. D. 1831.

† Weber: *Mémoires concernant Marie-Antoinette* (London, 1809), Tome iii., notes, 106:

HUMOURS OF THE NORTH.

No. I.

BARON KALCHENVOGEL AT EDINBURGH.

LET not the reader imagine that we* are about to perpetrate sarcasm or innuendo against our friends of the north, if we commence this paper by observing that modern Athenians have certain peculiarities of character, which appear to us excessively odd!

At the same time, these eccentricities are, no doubt, very amiable, and arise from principles which, on being analysed, would redound to the national honour. Among such remarkable traits of popular feeling is the importance they attach to birth, rank, and distinction of all kinds. *Est modus in rebus*. No disposition or propensity is, in itself, very remarkable, unless it be developed to an *unusual degree*; and we cannot help suspecting that the spirit of "tuft-hunting" mounts at Edinburgh to the superlative.

In extraordinary perfection, also, do they possess the *bump* of individuality or inquisitiveness, and, on this point, resemble the inhabitants of a small town not far from the northern capital, wherein, once on a time, we remarked, at a stationer's shop, the hand-bill of a quack-doctor advertising evening lectures.

"This is a strange production," said we; "every sentence is ungrammatical, and the words are mis-spelled. Is it possible that such an impostor draws an audience?"

"Ow ay,"—said an old lady who kept the shop—"he had the grand room at the King's Arms filled at sixpence a head; for, you see, our town's-folk kenned, weel eneugh, that he was an impostor, but they gaed out o'curiosity, to hear how siccan a chap wad come through."

Tant mieux pour Monsieur le Docteur! In truth, the result was better than if his hand-bills had been got up in classic style.

But this is a digression; and we spoke of tuft-hunting, a pursuit which, at the modern Athens, is frequently

adopted on principles that in cockney-land are unknown. Here, even at the present *enlightened* era, the title of lord, baron, or chevalier, is by no means looked on with contempt; but, from the moment we ascertain that his lordship has neither money nor influence, the *halo* that before surrounded his coronet, fades directly "into the light of common day," and, instead of being honoured, he is much more likely to meet with insult, than if he had kept his title, however ancient, in absolute abeyance. The blood of the Plantagenets and Tudors may glow in his veins, but it will not protect him.

Among modern Athenians, however, he would be very differently treated. By their *perseveridum genium*, their imagination and their respect for the descendant of a great *clan*, whencesoever originating, they are often led beyond the bounds of prudence, so that even strangers get credit for merits which are not always realised. In London, certain members of society (whose fellowship we would rather avoid) look reverentially on a tuft or coronet, because it occasionally serves as an "*open sesame*" at the doors of a gilded saloon that otherwise would be closed against them; moreover, because they hope, by the aid of its lustre, to find out some of the high-ways or bye-ways to wealth; but in Scotland tufts are hunted and valued for their own sakes, even though the wearer is known to be as poor as a church-rat. How, then, dare we censure those of the north for avarice?

At Edinburgh a foreign marquess or baron may boldly descend from his lodging in the "*flat*" of an elevated "*land*" in an obscure street, nor needs to dread the appetising effects of a promenade round the Calton Hill during an east wind, though conscious that his yearly income scarcely sanctions even the purchase of a "*sawt herring*" and pound of potatoes for dinner. Not-

* A correspondent has here adopted the plural pronoun where the first person would have been more appropriate. But let it pass. No one will think of ascribing his remarks, either on Edinburgh or London, to the pen of OLIVER YORKE.

withstanding this, he is a marquess or baron *still* (which, *practically*, would not be the case in London); and, if he has any acquaintances, doubtless he meets with some one walking absolutely to gain an appetite, who, after discussing the news of the day and state of the weather, concludes with—

“My dear marquess, if you are not better engaged, will you do me the *very great honour* of taking a family dinner with us to-day? I cannot promise you such wines or such a *cuisine* as you are, no doubt, accustomed to at Naples or Milan, but can, at least assure you of a hearty welcome. Only may I be pardoned the freedom of one remark; we like to dine *punctually* at six.”

Precisely as the hour strikes, he, of course, makes his appearance, and, according to his host's predictions, finds in the “family dinner” an entertainment such as he unquestionably never beheld, and never will behold, either at Naples or Milan! At the top of the table, shin-of-beef soup, one spoonful of which contains more nutriment than three pounds of macaroni; at the bottom, an enormous cod's-head and shoulders stewed with oysters; then roast leg of mutton with currant-jelly sauce; boiled turkey and ham, *minced* collops and broiled sweetbreads: third course, jellies, blancmange, Italian cream, and puddings: the wine being old East India madeira; port, vintage 1822, *ten* years in bottle; *château margot*; red and white hermitage; these portables accompanying a dessert of oranges, apples, pears, nuts, *keplins*, and devilled biscuits: the hostess now and then apologising to the marquess, who, of course, eats like a Trojan, that the fare is not so choice nor so abundant as she would willingly place before one of his *high degree*. Yet all the while, both she and her husband perfectly know that (in her own vernacular) the noble marquess “has not a *ae* bawbee to rub against another.”

Now, if any of our northern friends chooses to say that this all proceeds from the genuine spirit of hospitality to strangers, which, indeed, prevails at Edinburgh to a degree not exceeded in any other country, we shall only, in the humblest manner, venture to hint our dissent from that proposition. Without a tuft, gentle reader, you

may, indeed, meet with hospitality and kindness in Scotland; yet, we doubt greatly if you will arrive at the proper family dinner with the stewed cod's head, the third course of blancmange, and the red and white hermitage. To obtain these requires a tuft; but we do most decidedly assert, that a slender and small one will suffice. You do not need it to be long and strong to make your *entrée*, but a tuft, of some sort or another, you *must* have, otherwise there will be no chance.

Of the effects of this disposition among the Edinburghians, we remember some rather ludicrous examples. About the year 1816, there appeared in the northern capital a most learned and dignified character, who had engraved on his cards, “Baron Antonio Benvolio Kalchenvogel de Kalchenvogel dans le Carniolique!” The baron was in stature more than six feet,—a most erect and military-looking personage, so much so, indeed, that, instead of bending forward like a student, his head and shoulders made almost a curve backward as he walked! His garb was extraordinary. He wore a sort of oil-skin cloak, made short, after the Spanish fashion. He had wide trousers of an excessively stout, reddish-brown cloth; a coat and waistcoat that were altogether indescribable; and, by way of *cuirass* (being a catholic), he wore unalterably an antique silver cross, which, he said, contained reliques of inestimable price. His eyes, weakened, perhaps, by intense study, were shielded by a pair of green spectacles, and his features, set off with *moustaches* and whiskers, wore an expression, not merely of courage, but defiance, contrasting oddly with his voice and manners, which were exceedingly polite, humble, and conciliatory.

The baron arrived in *bad* plight at Edinburgh, nor was the purpose with which he came (that of teaching modern languages) likely to ensure any brilliant success. However, as his card imported, he was a man of high birth. Baron was a good title, as times then went in the north, when our intercourse with the continent had scarcely begun, and Athenians had no other barons to reckon on except the worshipful *four* of the exchequer court, all of whom were old and “*doomed*,” and knew nothing of the world—at least nothing of foreign parts. But, as

I have said, our new dignitary arrived at Edinburgh in bad plight. He had little or no money. His only suit consisted of the Spanish cloak, red trousers, and nondescript coat, above mentioned; and all his effects were comprised in a wallet containing a few books and old letters. Consequently, the baron's only *available* property was of a kind that would have turned to no account any where in this world, except at Edinburgh. This was, *imprimis*, his title, Anthonio Benvolio, Baron of Kalchenvogel, in Carniola! *Secondly*, a pretended knowledge of all modern languages, and an extraordinary ability to teach them. *Thirdly*, a narrative of his own shipwreck, whereby he lost immense property, a chest of *specie*, and collection of family archives, which could never be replaced. There was, moreover, the story of his having been seven days and nights at sea in an open boat, with only one keg of water and another of biscuit for ten persons; how they cast lots, and ate one another; how he felt the most invincible repugnance to this kind of diet, yet, by superior strength and patience, assisted by a small portion of opium and tobacco, was enabled to hold out, till, finally, he was left *solus*, the "*last man*," and was fished up by the crew of a Jamaica vessel (the Peggy Wemyss), in which he came safely to Greenock. The sonorous title, his own taleris, and this excellent story, formed the *triad*, or stock in trade, whereon the baron proposed to subsist for some time in Edinburgh, nor, as the result proved, had he been over sanguine in his calculations.

Of course, the main difficulty was at starting; but here he had, in one respect, rather *under* than *over-rated* his advantages. He had, previously, no adequate conception in how high regard at that period a good teacher of modern languages would be held at Edinburgh, or how easy it would be, for a short time, at least, to delude the most sagacious of its inhabitants by mere pretension. Johnson's animadversions on the Scotch are generally acrimonious and false; yet, his remark in regard to their academic acquirements, was not *altogether* without foundation, when he *elegantly* said, "Every Scotchman has a mouthful, but no one a bellyful, of learning." There have, it is true, been noble and

far-famed exceptions to this dogma; but, in the radical and critical knowledge of languages, whether dead or living, modern Athenians either are, or used to be, rather deficient. They can all *read* Latin and Greek, but they do not *compose* well in either; and very few can, with celerity and precision, even *read* the untranslated literary productions which exist in French, Italian, German, Hungarian, Russian, Danish, Dutch, Swedish, Icelandic, Norwegian, Hindoo, Persic, Arabic, Turkish, Chinese, Armenian, modern Greek, Polish, Sanscrit, and other dialects, all of which the Baron de Kalchenvogel perfectly understood. Besides, among the few who affect to cultivate such pursuits, the usual patience and perseverance of the Scotch seem to be wanting, and their studies are only superficial. They like to *talk* about their acquirements, and to collect books, but they do not *write* well in any of the said languages, nor, of course, can they express themselves fluently in conversation, nor comprehend readily what is addressed to them. Had the Baron de Kalchenvogel been thoroughly aware of all this, he might have commenced with even greater spirit and confidence than he did.

The baron first entered Edinburgh by the genteel and lively district of the West Port, where he took up his quarters at an *inn* (as Mr. Galt would call it) not far from the pleasant abode afterwards honoured by the residence of the renowned Messrs. Hare and Burke. Notwithstanding his talents and high birth, the landlady, who had not much reliance in either, was not altogether willing to receive him as a lodger; however, he contrived to ingratiate himself so much in conversation with some of her established cronies, that, at last, a room in her house was accorded to him.

The first step was of great importance, for if it proved a failure, the loss of time might have very painful results. As a teacher of languages, wholly dependent on his own title and talents, whither should he betake himself to gain that sanction and patronage which, at the outset, are indispensable? Among the learned professions it must be sought, of course; but which of them should be chosen? There were the members of the university, those of the College of Justice, and the clergy. On mature re-

flection, the last seemed the most advisable; but the baron had been born and bred among Catholics, and how could he expect a favourable reception, except from the clergy of his own community, who, at Edinburgh, formed only a narrow and, comparatively, insignificant sect? Yet, no matter! even this disadvantage might be turned to account, and if only he could, as a stranger, obtain their "good word," the effects would no doubt spread. He, therefore, made his toilette as well as he could; turned his old leathern stock; flung on his Spanish cloak with a most independent air, and marched out, inquiring his way to the Catholic chapel. On his arrival there, he was informed that the bishop was so ill as to be confined to bed, and could not receive any visitors.

"*Tant mieux, peut-être!*" said the baron, who spoke French fluently, at least, if not correctly; "but is there no clergyman at home?" added he.

"Arragh, sure enough, there is," answered the servant, who happened to be Irish; "Father Macphail is at home, an please you."

"Say to his reverence, then," replied the baron, "that a distressed foreigner wishes for a few minutes' audience."

In this first move our hero was pre-eminently fortunate. Father Macphail was a kind-hearted Scotsman, of rather obtuse intellect, who, in the absence of his superior, made it a rule to be polite to every visitor, and who was much more inclined to believe a nonsensical story, than, by cross-questioning, to detect imposition. At the moment of the baron's arrival, this reverend gentlemen was drawing on his great coat, having been called out of professional duty, and, contrary to his usual practice, assumed somewhat of a *gruff* demeanour towards the intruder.

"Our doors are never closed," said he, "against any one in distress, whether foreigner or native; but if ye want help, ye hae come to the wrang house to get it. The Catholics in Edinburgh are an impoverished congregation; the very wa's of the chapel are no paid for, and we have no cash to spare."

"You tink I come to beg?" said the baron, drawing himself up to his full height, and adopting at once a foreign accent—"no soche a ting! De name of de Kalchenvogel never shall be associi with Bettler!—I am shipwreck, dat is true; I am seven

days and nights dans an open boat wid one box *bisque* and one bottle water pour ten personnes. I lose all my propriété. I am thrown on the shores d'Ecosse, and have hope that ven my name and rank shall be known, je trouverai employ for some short time as *maître des langues*."

"Stop, friend," interposed Mr. Macphail; "then all you want is to be recommended as a teacher of languages. But we cannot recommend people that we do not know. What languages do you profess?—Can you, for example, teach German or Spanish?"

"*Meine mutter-sprachen*," answered the baron, with alacrity. "My moder and fader tongues! I am Baron Kalchenvogel, in Austria. My fader, *celu s'entend*, was German, and he married a Spanish widow, who had been the wife of an Italian marquis."

"Have you any letters or certificates to prove all this?"

"Allerdings,—I would say, certainment; dat is, so much lettres as de sea-water and le tempête not destroy. I have apporté von snall *packete* for octification."

The good priest, who was in a great hurry, ran with the letters to the bishop, who at once pronounced that they were genuine, but advised his colleague to beware of deciding in the baron's favour, without some further investigation, as it was quite possible that genuine documents might have got into improper hands.

Mr. Macphail, however, had made up his mind how to act. Chance had so greatly favoured the baron, that a young advocate of literary pretensions had, only the day before, expressed, at the bishop's house, his particular wish to find out a competent professor of German and Spanish, and the kind-hearted priest immediately wrote a few lines to Hugh Macorkindale, Esq. of Macorkindale, in Charlotte Square, as an introduction for the baron, not forgetting, however, the qualifying and prudential clause, that he had presented himself for the first time, and as an utter stranger, that very morning, and, as yet, there had been no certain means of proving whether his story were true or false.

This letter he sealed and put into the hands of the baron, telling him that it was addressed to a young gentleman of good fortune, who was particularly desirous of learning *Italian*, Mr. Mac-

phail believing all the while that, in this language at least, if not in Spanish, his friend, Macorkindale, was thoroughly versed, so that if the baron were incompetent to teach, his pretensions would, at the very outset, be exposed.

Away marched the baron, who soon found out the house in Charlotte Square, but could not gain admittance till he had sent in his card with the priest's letter of introduction, after which he was directly summoned to a private audience. On his entrance, after a very low bow, he, as usual, drew himself up with an air of prodigious dignity, at the same time adjusting his green spectacler.

"Pollaria matinia hebdomoradavia, signor?" said the baron, speaking very quick, but in a loud, firm tone.

"Sedeas domine!" answered the student, still poring on the priest's letter, and conceiving that Latin was the best language he could adopt, in return for this altogether unknown tongue.

"Muchas gratias; arra cardia para di mi tosa," said the baron, taking a chair.

"Baron," observed the student,—"your plan will never succeed at Edinburgh, unless you can talk English."

"Your pardon, sar, I can speak English ver well, and understand all vat you say. I took libert   to address you in Italian, because Signor Macphail, he tell a me you are a great lofer of that language." (The baron hoped and trusted that his new acquaintance knew not a syllable of it.) "Ah, la lingua Toscana che bellissima!"

"I am not quite ignorant of Italian, it is true," said the *cruditus*; "but have not had so much practice as to speak it fluently. Parlo in lingua Italiana molto poco!"

"Ah, bravissimo!" cried the baron; "you pronounce ver vell. I can perceive you have sharp ear for les langues. With a few more lessons on my new *syst  me*, you shall gain the true Toscan accent."

"But at present," resumed the student, "it was of a Spanish master that I found myself most in need."

"Hidallucho apothamente de barcha heydanhoidon pocho maradanthanando!" exclaimed the baron. "Dere is no language I know better!"

In this instance the learned profes-

sor had, indeed, spoken nearly the plain truth. However, nothing that he could utter would have been more agreeable to his intended pupil, who answered with alacrity—

"I have a good hour to spare before my horses are brought to the door. Come; let us begin at once. I have the works of Lopez de Vega, Calderon, and all the rest, only want the help of a native teacher to enable me to read them."

"Ver well," replied the professor; "I am half-Spaniard, half-German, half-Italian—all tree as good as natif. But dere is von great stombling-stone, von difficult   for the maitre des langues ven peoples wish to raise what you call superstructure before they lay the foundation! Vill you permit a me von question? Can de language exist widout sound?"

"Of course writtan language may—"

"Ah ba, ba, bah! Pardon my libert  ; but de writing is only de artificial symols by which it is conveyed to peoples at a distance from de fountain-head. Now, ven I talk to you vat never vas written, and never vill be written, can I talk widout sound?"

"No, I should suppose not," said Macorkindale, staring at him.

"Ah, ah! ver well! Therefore, on the sonnd depends ver moche. In Spanish you have first to learn the Moorish sound of de lettres, for dere is great nombre of Moorish words in Spain; and if you do not begin at the beginning, and learn de propre accent, you will never be grand maitre des langues."

"Well, this may all be very philosophical," said the advocate; "but surely, the letters of the alphabet are the same in Lopez de Vega as any where else, and you can find them in this quarto book as well as in the *primer*."

"Ah, ba, bah! No soche a ting. You find de lettres in that great book, but you find de sentences also; den you wish to understand de sentences, and you cannot understand noting at all! I vill make for you von Spanish grammar, den you shall understand."

"No need of that trouble; I have half a dozen Spanish grammars already," said the student.

"Ah so, so, so, soh!" exclaimed the baron, taking up one out of a load which the *cruditus* laid before him; "how rich you are in books,—although

my *système* is better as dese!—But now you shall hear. Pray read—”

“A, b, c, d, e, f, gikolumnopew—” said the impatient scholar.

“Ah ba, ba, bah! Dat will never do,” answered the professor. “Only take my advice; in von short month—dat is *after* von month, you shall read de works of Lopez de Vega and Calderon, as *facilement* as I read the a, b c, at dis moment, *mais il faut avoir de la patience*. You must follow de *système*, otherwise no good can be done. Now, for example, s’il vous plait, say, *Awh!*”

“*Awh!*”

“Ver vell. Now, *Baych!*”

“*Bay!*”

“Non,—pardon; *Baych!*”

“*Baich.*”

“Bravo! Now, *Kech-hay!*”

“*Kekkey!*”

“Stronger, s’il vous plait; *Kech-Hay!*”

In such manner did this most promising of teachers occupy the time of his wondering pupil, till, finally, the latter entirely lost patience, and exclaimed—

“Do let me read a page in some Spanish author, even if I am not allowed to unravel the sense.

“Allerdings—wid all my heart,” said the baron, making a wry face;—

“but let it be for pastime only. You must not think to translate such works before you are thoroughly versed in the *grandes principes de la langue*. But open the book any where you like; it is all the same to me. So, so, so, soh! Ha, dis will do ver vell; beautiful! Now, will you please to read?”

The pupil did so, as well as he could, the baron correcting his pronunciation.

“You no understand?” said the baron.

“Several words, of course, but cannot make out a clear sentence.”

“Den I shall *explique*—

‘The beautiful refulgence of those eyes
Is brighter far than the sun,
The moon, and the fixed stars.
As Phaeton once fell down,
Out of the sun’s fiery car,
So am I struck to earth
By the very dazzling light
Of your gloriously beaming countenance!’

“That is rather a confused meta-

phor, baron,” observed the Laird of Macorkindale.

“Ha, ha! Dat is true; but you shall see! Lopez de Vega was great man—one ver great poet. He had *occasionellement de delire, de l’ecstase de la génie*.”

The baron now proceeded with his version, making every stanza more transcendental and unintelligible than another, till at length he too appeared to have worked himself into the *ecstase* of an improvisatore, and vociferated with a degree of the *os rotundum* which was almost terrifically *imposant*.

Upon the whole, the *success of this first lecture was immense*. The student, indeed, wondered very much that Lopez de Vega could ever write such nonsense, but hoped to find better materials in the next canto. Finally, and after the ponies were brought to the door, he listened, with great interest, to the story of the horrible shipwreck, also the seven days’ voyage in an open boat, the lot-drawing, the cannibalism, the opium and tobacco, with numberless *etceteras*; and this interview concluded by his requesting the distressed baron’s acceptance of a five-pound bank-note as payment in advance for ten lessons. Moreover, without solicitation, he promised to use his best endeavours among his literary friends, so that they might be induced to take tickets on the *same terms*, and this promise he did not forget.

From that hour in which the Laird of Macorkindale had been completely *banned*, the fortunes of Baron Kalchenvogel flourished at Edinburgh. No one knew better than he the value of a five-pound note, and he had contrived to take a respectable lodging in St. James’s Square, and obtain all requisite comforts, before he even converted the Royal Bank paper into *urgent comptant*. Moreover, he published directly a conspicuous advertisement in the *Courant* and *Caledonian Mercury*, importing that the Baron de Kalchenvogel would be for a short time *in town*, and that all those who wished for instruction in the modern languages of Europe and Asia (of which he gave a list in double columns), had better apply to him without delay. “The young” (so the baron concluded) “would be initiated on sound principles, and *adults* (query, *dolls?*) improved. References of the

HIGHEST RESPECTABILITY would be given."

By dancing, fiddling, painting, singing, play-acting, ventriloquism, preaching, legerdemain, fire-eating, story-telling, quack-doctoring, dressing, bowing, strutting, and other accomplishments, great effects have, no doubt, been produced ere now; but the notion of a large town being absolutely taken by a tall man in red breeches and tattered coat, with green spectacles on his nose, on the mere strength of his pretensions to teach languages of which (excepting French and German) he himself scarcely knew a syllable, was, and remains something unexampled and inexplicable! The plan succeeded, however, even to the astonishment of the baron himself, who, after all, had some good qualities, which not only gained, but deserved the approbation of the Edinburgians. *Der Herr von Kalchenvogel* was naturally possessed of Herculean strength and powers of endurance; he could dine equally well on turtle-soup and lime-punch, or on a bunch of raw onions, with bread, salt, and small beer; in a word, he was hardy and temperate, and at whatever hour of the day or night his students desired his attendance, he would punctually trudge through the deep snow or driving sleet, delighted, no doubt, if his scholar had played truant, or was unwilling to receive the lesson for which he had already paid. "*Hoc ponamus lucra*," said the baron to himself—for he had a smattering of Latin.

Within less than ten days, the fame of the *Kalchenvogel* had got completely abroad, so that even high dignitaries of the Athenian sphere sent him their cards, and desired his professional attendance. By unanimous suffrage he was pronounced to be a learned and extraordinary man, eccentric, no doubt, in his habits of life and mode of teaching, yet, moreover, a pious and good man; for, though not a member of the national church (and how could this be expected of him), he appeared very religious, and never failed in his devotions at the Catholic chapel. In conformity with this well-sustained part of his character, he had mounted at his own apartments a large crucifix and a skull, which last had been presented to him by one of his pupils, who was a medical student,

and, when found at home, the baron had always a large book open before him, his green spectacles on his nose, and a jug of water with a crust of bread on the table, for he was a professed enemy to luxury, and said that bread and water, and hard study, were the elements on which he subsisted in this world. All this was so very strange, and, in theatrical phraseology, so *effective*, that even "wise men of the east," who had not yet learned to live on bread and water,—literary *savants*, professors of the University, masters of the High School, and members in all grades of the "College of Justice," were not ashamed to say that they took lessons from that very singular and erudite personage, the Baron de Kalchenvogel!

On various occasions, it is true, the baron ran direful risks of exposure, and sometimes *was* exposed, but his admirable adroitness and good luck together saved him from entire demolition. In the course of one month, by the mere disposal of cards, divided into twelve compartments, as tickets for so many lessons, he pocketed about fifty pounds, the whole of which treasure was saved; for the baron, meanwhile, contrived to live on credit, which may be done in Scotland under circumstances that would here render it impracticable.

It happened, oddly and ridiculously enough, that, although the Laird of Macorkindale (who was in reality a hard student) did not fail to discover, in the course of a few days, that his pretended teacher knew nothing, but had palmed on him impudent romances of his own as *bona fide* translations, and although the said laird did not hesitate to stigmatise his friend with the green spectacles as an impostor, yet he could no more stop the successful career of the *Kalchenvogel*, than the persecuted creator of *Frankenstein* could arrest the "goings-on" of that mischievous spectre. Many others had been, like Macorkindale, *banned*, who were not so willing as he to confess their ignorance; therefore, in defence of their own dignity, gave the professor a good character. The baron had been eminently fortunate in avoiding collision with natives of those countries in which he pretended to have lived; and as to the animadversions made on him by the few

other professors *des langues modernes* who were *then* to be found in Edinburgh, these were ascribed to sheer envy and jealousy of superior merit.

As a matter of course, the red trousers, oil-skin cloak, and tattered coat, had been laid aside; and, after the first week, the baron paraded in a very respectable and fashionable costume. Yet, notwithstanding his appearance and title, there was somewhat in his manners and address which prevented most people from inviting him to their convivial parties. It was, moreover, a peculiarity of the baron, that he rather disliked social meetings, and wished to devote his whole time to his profession. He boasted often that he never dined; in other words, he could carry about with him a box of eatables and pocket-pistol loaded with brandy, by which appliances he could obtain a comfortable banquet in five minutes, whenever he felt fatigued. Thus the entire day was at his command, and, from seven in the morning till eleven at night, *the* Kalchenvoget was constantly occupied.

No story, however brief, can be complete without a *heroine*. It so happened that in one of the numerous houses to which the baron had been introduced as a teacher, there were no less than five young ladies, who had lately come into possession of independent fortunes, that is to say, *each* had two thousand pounds, which, by the clear optics of Athenians, was strangely magnified into and *fixed* at ten thousand. So the *joint* capital must have been fifty thousand instead of ten! Their father had been, and still was, a respectable tradesman, who, by his own industry and parsimony, was known to have amassed considerable wealth, and to whom, for the very reason that he had no need of it, a distant relation chose to leave a good fortune, with separate portions for the daughters, as above-mentioned.

It was exceedingly proper that young ladies so wealthy should also be accomplished, and the baron, who was among the most modest and correctly behaved of men, was employed to give them some initiatory lectures on French and Italian, on which, *more suo*, he promised them immense proficiency, if only they would have patience to follow his particular *système* for one whole month.

The five Misses Boddell, however,

notwithstanding their accredited wealth, did not move regularly in the *beau-monde* of Athens, for papa and mamma (setting aside the rank in life of the former) were not gifted with very prepossessing manners or address. And though the baron was, of course, treated merely as a teacher, and not as a convivial visitor, yet, a man of such rank in the house of the Boddells was, of course, looked on as a sort of comet,—in German phraseology, a *merkwürdige Erscheinung*!

"Set them up, indeed!" as Mrs. Gow, the grocer's wife, observed—"Naisy and Jenny Boddell to hae a forenger baron, and no less, teaching them to *parley voo*. But I never seed no gude come o' forengers. Wha kens what he may teach them? *He's a stalwart chap, yon!*"

Mrs. Gow's insinuations, however, were misapplied to the baron, who thought no more about the Misses Boddell, with their imputed ten thousand each, than he did about his other scholars, and only desired that they would take his duodecimary cards, and pay for them. Moreover, two of the young ladies had already fixed on their *cavalieri serventi*; but, alas! the other three were still on the *out-look*.

That any one of this amiable family should take it into her head to form an attachment for her Italian master, was an idea which had not for a moment entered the baron's pericranium. He looked not for such partiality, and had no particular wish to be encumbered with a wife. However, so it happened! Among these young ladies was one named Celestina—an appellation certainly not bestowed on account of her musical propensities, for in that respect she was not eminent. But this demoiselle had quite as much fortune as any of her sisters; and, as she herself sometimes *very elegantly* expressed it, was "made of as good flesh and blood as they." Yet, notwithstanding all this, Celestina found herself generally in the back-ground, and by no means stood the same chance of being respectably and rapidly mated. For every event or circumstance there must be a cause, and the truth was, that whilst the others were tall and well-proportioned, Celestina was of a *dumpy* figure; they were dark complexioned, but she had red hair; their teeth were even, but hers were *buckies*; they had good eyes in their heads, but she squint-

ed. Further, they were *douce*, quiet, cool-blooded maidens, while, *au contraire*, Celestina was rather susceptible, and not a little inclined to be coquettish and frisky. To the great amazement of her guardians, this delightful creature seemed to take a liking for her Italian studies, whilst her sisters made no progress whatever. She got her nouns and verbs by heart; and even wrote exercises, so that the baron was obliged to admit he never had a more promising scholar. Often did her sisters play truant, but of this fault she never was accused; and, on the whole, it became almost a point of consideration with her immediate guardians, whether it might not be best to allow Celestina to become a baroness, if she were so inclined, for it seemed extremely doubtful if she would ever attract a respectable, that is to say, a rich husband.

The baron himself scarcely knew what to make of the good fortune thus urged upon him, but would much rather have remained in the enjoyment of his fifty pounds per month, earned by trotting through wind and rain, and pretending to teach languages in which he could scarcely read a page, than be reduced to the certainty of an almost equal amount of income, yet clogged with such a wife as signora Celestina. However, she turned out so excessively loving, had so many ways of demonstrating her partiality which elude description, so cajoled the baron and heckled at him, that he was obliged to grin, *par force*, whenever he came in her way, and to admit that she was a very witty and entertaining personage.

Such "goings-on" had their inevitable results,—pray do not misunderstand us, madam—but where such young ladies as Miss Celestina are at work, there will almost always be mischief. Now, one evening, after a long and successful career, the baron fell, unexpectedly, into a direful scrape! Celestina had missed her lesson in the morning, and insisted on having it after tea. The Misses Bodel were all going to a grand evening party, and when the Kalchenvogel arrived were all at their toilettes, excepting Celestina, who was already prepared to start, with her frouces full blown, and looking as round as a peony, yet as fair (*Hibernice dictum*) "as a daisy or a *musherooni*!" She took her lesson with alacrity, and in

return, presented him with a card of invitation to the grand party, which was to take place at the house of a lady and gentleman who received *tout le monde*, who had fiddlers, dancers, singers, and company of all grades and professions, strangely mingled, at least three times a-week, always winding up with an elaborate supper. Whatever might be the baron's actual wishes, to refuse was out of the question; he could not violate the rules of politeness, and he must go, were it only to manifest his gratitude to Celestina, and respect for her amiable relations.

At commencement, this evening seemed most propitious. The baron, indeed, did not excel much in conversation or music, and there happened to be less dancing than usual; but by some strange chance he at length found himself comfortably set down to a quiet rubber of whist, with old Mrs. Dowffington for his partner, attending sufficiently to his cards, yet with imagination quite awake to his new prospects, seeing himself prophetically in the snug enjoyment of five hundred per annum, being the interest of his intended bride's fortune, and freed from all the anxieties and toils of his recent pursuits. The Kalchenvogel played whist well; he and Mrs. Dowffington were considerable gainers, and shewed no disposition to leave the card-table. At length, however, supper was emphatically announced, and a general move was the consequence.

We have neither time nor space to moralise, otherwise might conclude our brief narrative with a long sermon. Alas! on this very evening, when the baron, for the first time, believed that his wanderings were at an end, and that wealth and honours were thrust upon him,—at that moment, too, when Celestina impatiently looked for his attendance in her way to the *salle à manger*, at this critical juncture of affairs did perfidious Fortune give a new turn to her wheel, and the Kalchenvogel, instead of being on firm ground, had arrived at the brink of inevitable destruction!

Through that whole evening there had been present a certain *grand dignitaire*,—a native of the sister isle, named Sir Theodosius D'Egmont—who had served both in the army and in the corps diplomatique, with

his left arm in a sling, and with a brilliant cross appended to his button-hole. Very often it was observed that Sir Theodosius fixed his eyes on the baron, as he sat at the card-table, with a marked and sinister expression: but no one thought proper to ask any questions. However, in the confusion which followed on the breaking up of the card-tables, these dignitaries met, for a moment, and looked each other full in the face. That moment effected the baron's demolition! He could not stand the glare of the chevalier's eyes, whose countenance, meanwhile, exhibited a grin of sarcastic triumph and delight. In a low voice, for he would not disturb the company, Sir Theodosius pronounced the words—*"Der schurke, der Canaillenvogel! Ist es möglich dass er sich hier befindet?"*

What meaning these cabalistic words actually conveyed to the baron, no one then could tell, nor has any one since, with perfect accuracy, discovered. However, his countenance fell; his figure lost its usual perpendicularity and proportions almost like a disorganised fantoccino. He made no answer to the gibberish (so the bystanders deemed it) which the chevalier addressed to him, but retreated gradually till he had made his way to the open door, through which he instantly bolted, never more to be seen in the ranks of Edinburgh society, or even in the streets. The professor *des toutes langues de l'Europe et de l'Orient* was—

"Like the foam on the wave,
Like the snow on a river,
Like the ripple on the lake,
GONE AND FOR EVER!"

On finding that her swain had absolutely played truant, Miss Celestina all of a sudden fainted at the supper-table, but was soon recovered by means of a tumbler of *plotty*, administered hot and hot by Sir Theodosius. Some one enquired what had become of the Baron Kalchenvogel?

"Baron Kalchenvogel, indeed!" exclaimed Sir Theodosius. "The name, at least, though not the title, well becomes him. He is the greatest rascal, without exception, that ever escaped the gallows: the son of a worthy and creditable schoolmaster at Dublin, who broke his father's heart, then enlisted as a private soldier, rose to the rank of serjeant, and deserted under circumstances which rendered being shot far too lenient a sentence. Thereafter he wandered all over the world, like a vagabond, as he is; got employment on the Continent as a courier, in which capacity I last knew him, when he was turned off for swindling and theft. No, no; the green spectacles and inordinate *moustaches*, were quite ineffectual against my recognition. A more worthless and impudent impostor never palmed himself on civilised society. Baron Kalchenvogel! Why, he has about the same pretensions to the rank of baron as I have to that of KHAN OF TARTARY."

SONNETS, WRITTEN IN THE CHARACTER OF TASSO.

BY SIR EGERTON BRYDGES, BART.

I.

I WILL not grieve me that my God has given
 Such wildering fancies to my flushing brain,
 Because I know it is a light from heaven ;
 And with it comes that glorious, golden train,
 Of visions, that adorn my muse's strain.
 But, as by blasts of winds, I yet am driven
 From realm to foreign realm ; and I have striven
 Against the current, but have striven in vain :
 If my imagination rules my heart,
 And I cannot o'ercome the forms I see,
 It is a spell, by which I so impart
 The power of verse the world assigns to me :—
 Not master of my spirit for an hour,
 Bright beings joy, or furies me devour !

II.

My eye is wandering, and beholds from far
 The storm that gathers in the distant sky ;
 And when I see a cloud across the star,
 That from my birth has told my destiny,
 Its warning vainly I essay to fly.
 There is a spirit bears me on her car,
 And none the rolling of its wheels can bar,
 Where'er the point to which her rule may lie.
 My friends would sober me, and call my mind
 To be more ductile to my reason's guide ;
 But, in their calmness, though they mean it kind,
 They know not how, is mood my muse's tide.
 But not for all that reason's guide can give,
 Would I without the Muses' favour live.

III.

My Leonora ! though thou shimest high
 Above my reach, as my birth's star benign,
 Yet to my sight not vainly dost thou shine !
 Each morn and evening I my prayers apply
 To thee devoutly, and the deepening sigh.
 Though in my hopeless passion still I pine,
 In my mad grief there is a joy divine ;
 And of that passion willing would I die.
 Hour after hour I watch ; and if a smile
 May seem by chance upon my gloom to ray,
 It in a moment can my pangs beguile,
 And drive the clouds of my despair away ?
 When at thy feet I kneel, 'tis heavenly bliss
 If but thy garment's hem my lips can kiss !

IV.

Thy brother frowns upon me as a worm ;
 But I am not of low materials made :
 A mighty fire is in my purple blood,
 And in my brain is Heaven's gold light array'd.
 I have a haughty mind, and courage firm ;
 But, more than all, from my heart's spring shall bud

Flowers of Elysian garden's round display'd,
 Thy brother's cruel insults to upbraid.
 High as thy state and ancestry, thy soul
 Knows well, that, greater than all human pride,
 Is the immortal fancy that can roll
 Through the heart's veins — the Muse's mighty tide.
 I feel that to the highest I may aspire,
 And shrink not humbled from my wild desire.

V.

Sometimes, my Leonora, I perceive,
 Thou — even thou — hast also thy fail pride
 Of human weakness; and I see a scorn
 At my devotion scowl upon thine eye;
 And then, with what a pang profound I grieve!
 And for my rashness I myself deride,
 Who was not to a royal station born:
 Yet strive, like Phaëton, to mount the sky.
 But still thou dost me wrong; for on my birth
 Heaven has bestowed the grandeur of man's race,
 And given me gifts above the sons of earth,
 And blazed my temples with ethereal grace.
 Oh! with thy princely eyes but search my veins —
 Not in their azure flow are earthly stains!

VI.

It is not madness that afflicts my brain!
 It is the fervour of creative power,
 That vulgar eyes misconstrue, and thus fear.
 They praise the music, but would break the lyre.
 This miscalled madness 'tis that gives the strain:
 'Tis only when the thoughts to fury tower
 That we can move the heart and strike the ear; —
 Imagination springs alone from fire.
 Mangle the fibres of my mortal part,
 Still from the fragment some harmonious sound
 Of heavenly tone may seem awhile to dart,
 Till they lie still and scattered on the ground.
 But heaped in dust the chords will die at last —
 Then Anger's self will grieve when all the music's past.

VII.

They turn me mad with cruelty and chains,
 Then for my madness double all their ire:
 It is the fury of demoniac fire!
 What human being ever knew my pains?
 Did Hell before such malice e'er inspire?
 Was e'er such torture given to human veins?
 And this to him, whom Nature framed to know,
 By finest fibres, the acutest wo!
 And this to him, whom not a crime has soiled!
 And this to him, who, for his country's fame,
 From earliest boyhood has unconquered toiled,
 And gained a glorious and unspotted name!
 The very prison trembles with my shrieks,
 And hardest stones themselves my torment break!

VIII.

A dog would die in this damp lurid vault,
 Whose darkness Heaven's blest air can visit not:
 But fiends come chattering, and before me halt,
 And with their leprous touch my body blot.

The blackness with the flame of hell they light,
 And through the gloom the smoke of brimstone waves;
 They ope the depths of Satan to the sight,
 Where wretches buried lie in scorching graves.
 I pray to die; but yet I dare not die
 When such ineffable tortures meet my view:
 I would not in the fiery furnace lie,
 Where guilt and truth alike the flames pursue.—
 I am a proof, that, in this wretched state,
 Virtue is most exposed to ills of fate.

IX.

Ah, Leonora! Leonora! yet
 By fits thine image comes to light my breast:
 I cannot that seraphic smile forget;
 Nor those deep sighs that in thy heart are press'd.
 In dreams sometimes, amid the raving roar
 Of my tempestuous fancy, comes the form
 Of thy sweet beaming person; then no more
 Blacken the billows, but subsides the storm:
 Calm, but exhausted, to a deathlike sleep
 I sink, till hours of stillness bring my frame
 Some slight relief; and then I wake to weep,
 And, as a charm, pronounce thy hallowed name.
 Involuntary, "*Leonora*," sighs
 Upon my lips, and then my spirit dies.

X.

But ne'er will vengeance help the cruel hand;
 And never can thy supplicating prayers
 And tears thy brother's anger'd bosom melt—
 Anger'd I know not why. I kneel, and vow
 I cannot guess what faults my cries withstand:
 No secret sigh of guilt my conscience bears.
 Thou, also, as I hope, hast often knelt,
 And at his feet bent low the mournful brow,
 To beg for mercy to thy shrieking slave,
 And striven his fury in thy tears to drown:
 Or prayed that he would lay me in my grave,
 And draw upon my grave a spotless crown.
 'Tis strange, and mystical beyond all thought,
 That life should be in me with woes so speechless fraught.

XI.

No more can I the web of fiction weave;
 My selfish agonies are too severe—
 Imagination's fire is quenched and dead,
 And actual torment shrivels up my brain!
 Light woes, by fiction's force, me may deceive;
 Of griefs imagined precious is the tear;
 But round the flames that scorch us will not spread
 The shadows that a faëry veil sustain.
 I beat my brow against the dripping wall;
 Upon the lank and loathsome ground I roll;
 Upon the spirits of the dead I call,
 To seize my body and to save my soul!
 There is no mercy in the human heart:—
 Perchance the very fiends may take my part!

A SCOURGING SOLILOQUY ABOUT THE ANNUALS.

SIR ISAAC PENNINGTON and Sir Busick Harwood were contemporaries at Cambridge (Lady H. and Miss H. were contemporaries of mine); the first was Regius Professor of Physic and Senior Fellow of St. John's; the second discharged the important duties, now so elaborately executed by Professor Clarke, of Anatomical Professor and Fellow of Downing. Both possessed some reputation, and both despised each other. Sir Busick was, on one occasion, called in by the friends of a patient who had been under the care of Sir Isaac, without obtaining any relief. Sir Busick, not approving of the treatment which had been adopted, inquired the name of the physician previously in attendance. "Sir Isaac Pennington," was the reply. "He!" exclaimed Sir Busick; "if he were to descend into a patient's stomach with a candle and lantern, he would not be able to name the complaint." Such is the story told by that rare Johnian, who has given us so many NUTS TO CRACK; and should any reader please to observe, that it has no connexion with the ANNUALS, I would delicately hint to him, as the baron says in *Peter Simple*, that he is mistaken. It was my misfortune to pass the long vacation under the care of a Neapolitan physician, who was nearly introducing me to a road which Belluomini is beginning to make us acquainted with in England. By the way, there will be something peculiarly appropriate, in the ladies' phrase of a "killing man," when applied to this worthy Esculapian.

It was while in the act of reclining, for the first time after so long an interval, upon my water-couch, that the anecdote recurred to my memory. The water-couch is an improvement upon the water-bed of Dr. Arnott, and forms a delightful chair;—something like sitting upon the wings of a dove. Whewell is writing his History of the Inductive Sciences upon one; and declares that it helps him along wonderfully. Here, then, I sit to hold my first levee on my return from Italy, and a large party, all with introductions from my friend, James Fraser, and carriage-paid, are assembled to wel-

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come me. Mr. Ritchie, from his tour in Ireland in search of the Picturesque and Romantic; Lady Blessington, from the Gore, Kensington, with her *Book of Beauty*; Miss Landon, from Chelsea; Mr. Caunter, from India, with a message from Timur Beg; Mrs. S. C. Hall, from the Continent, where she has been travelling with Fanny Corboux, and a numerous suite, collecting Pictorial Groups; Mr. Roscoe, from Spain, &c. &c. Was that a knock? I thought I had sported my door—Come in! "Dinner, sir." How very satisfactory!—just at the moment. Well, after all, Gyps are very useful animals. What *could* Crabbe mean by calling a Fellow of a College "a monster?" Methinks, an ignorant manufacturing town in Wiltshire, like —, need not have induced the LL.B. to turn up his nose at us. A monster, indeed! Why, there is no situation in life so favourable to the development of the mental and bodily charms—look at me, for example (which the reader will find it rather difficult to do)—what a bill of fare for a matrimonial advertisement in the *Post*! "Appearance prepossessing—manners elegant—high honour—age twenty-five." Now, all this is owing to my Fellowship. Then, again, how easily, and without effort, every luxury is lifted into my rooms, as by magic. I trace upon a slip of paper such a command as this—

"Stewed eels, roast chicken, Peter-house pudding—celery and gruyère, at five.—T.G.
St. John's, Dec. 14."

and at five up comes the box. Gyp waits, and I descend. To-day, indeed, will be unusually brilliant, for I shall carry down four ladies in my arms. The Ladies Blessington and Emmeline Stuart Wortley, will sit on one side, both in crimson; Miss Landon and Mrs. Hall, in superb green and vermillion, embroidered with gold, on the other.

[Here there is an unfortunate hiatus in the soliloquy which I have in vain sought to fill up.—*Devil.*]

BOOK OF BEAUTY.*

The *Book of Beauty* is not unworthy of its name: "The Marchioness of Abercorn and Child," after Landseer, is admirable—"and Dog" ought to be added, for a more humanlike instinct was never seen in canine race. Landseer's animals are all alive. I can't say much for Mr. Parriss's "Lucilla," but his "Minna" is charming—full of spirit and coquetry. The most beautiful portrait, however, in the book, is "Juliet," by Bostock; it is richly sunny and intellectually voluptuous. Such a face as that would make a sensation even at Cambridge: I shall be at Verona all night! The literary contents, as might be expected from the Countess, are playful and amusing. Sir William 'Gell's remarks upon the "Romantic History of the Moors in Spain," demand higher praise. The "Hotey Moon," by Lady Blessington; a "Scene in the Life of Nourmahal," by Miss Landon; and "Francesca Pignatelli," a Neapolitan story, by the Hon. K. B. Craven, please me most. The poetry wants fire; but there is sweetness enough in the lines accompanying the picture of Lady Abercorn to deserve quotation.

"Madonna.

"L'effigie è questa—
Tu nè begli occhi che di luce onesta
Ardon sotto nero et sottile arno;
Tu nella faccia amabile et modesta,
Quasi per vetro, che alla vista è varco."

CLEMENTI BONDI.

MADONNA! in that land where thou
Hast priest and pilgrim round thee
kneeling,
And shrines, where youth and beauty
bow,
To thee, the beautiful! appealing;
Oft on those lineaments divine,
By Guido's glowing pencil fired,
I've gaz'd, and lingering in thy shrine,
Confessed the spell thy look inspired.

But here, as fair a form I trace
As e'er by Guido's touch was given;
And here as sweet a cherub's face
As Raphael ever caught from heaven:

And both so like to Thee and thine—
Ah! frown not, if the pilgrim raises
His homage to an earthly shrine,
And breathes an *ave* while he gazes.

For when hath painter's sunny dream,
Or poet's rapt imagination,
Or sculptor, e'er embodied theme
So like a shrine for adoration?
With looks of heaven's own liquid blue—
Bright tints that so reflect each other!
'Twas thus from Grecian chisel grew
Her holiest idol—"Child and Mother."

Type of thine own maternal Rose!
With peerless cheek and guileless
bosom,
And rich in all that Heaven bestows—
Thy bud shall ripen into blossom.
The breeze, that fans thine infant brow,
Shall only breathe to banish sadness;
And every spring that clothes the bough
Shall wake for thee its song of glad-
ness!

Each hope fulfilled—each care repaid—
A flowery path expands before thee;
And she—the Russell's 'sainted shade,'†
'Shall cast her hallowing mantle o'er
thee!

The 'watchword' of thine ancient line‡
Shall best instruct thee in thy duty;
And prove its mighty spell in thine—
The spell of Virtue linked with
Beauty."

I have a regard for Lord Abercorn, on account of school recollections; let me advise him to rise earlier—one o'clock is really too late for breakfast. Let him read what Mr. Smith announces concerning the Sun and Moon, though it is apparent that Mr. Smith's Day has nothing to do with Martin.

"Sun and Moon." By James Smith, Esq.

'Dear brother, quit with me the sky!
(Thus spoke the Queen of Night.)
'And, radiant, walk the earth, while I
Dispense my milder light.
On Malta's Rock I'll take my stand,
To calm the seaman's fears;
And you shall brilliantly command
O'er barbarous Algiers.'
Each godhead straight on earth alights
With such a potent blaze,
That Malta long was ruled by Nights,
And Algiers long by Days."

* Heath's *Book of Beauty*, with Nineteen beautifully finished Engravings. Edited by the Countess of Blessington. London, 1837. Longman and Co.

† The celebrated Lady Rachel Russell.

‡ The motto of the Hamiltons of Abercorn—*Sola nobilitas virtus*.

KEEPSAKE.*

The *Keepsake* opens with a very agreeable dramatic interlude, by Lady Dacre—"Thursday Morning, or the Bachelor's House." Now I entertain a great respect for the authoress of the *Chaperon* and think her criticism of the animal in *Eugene Aram*, under which Mr. Bulwer has written "cat," very admirable. "Mr. Bulwer's cat," said her ladyship to me one evening, "is a dog." I bowed an assent. But in the present sketch, while the character of the Old Bachelor, Sir Geoffrey, is capitally drawn, that of Emma is miserably designed, and might have emanated from Acton Priory. No woman, under the circumstances, could have behaved in such a manner to a recovered lover. The *dramatis personæ* are Sir Geoffrey, an old bachelor; Henry, his nephew; Mr. Defoil, a jeweller; Emma, betrothed to Sir Geoffrey; Mrs. Kindways, her friend. The first scene gives us a *tête-à-tête* between the old bachelor and his nephew.

"Sir G. Well, well, I have heard enough of your campaigns, Hurry, I want some little account of yourself. I must tell you, a report reached me at your outset from Paris—eh?"

"Henry. A thousand reports may have reached you, uncle.

"Sir G. You know what I allude to—a pretty blue-eyed Opera Dancer.

"Henry. Oh, little Stephanie! I ran a man through the body for her.

"Sir G. Through the body, Henry! Odds my life, and weren't you hanged for it, you dog?"

"Henry. You see, sir.

"Sir G. What, the man survived?

"Henry. He did; for I only pierced his bust.

"Sir G. Bust! tho devil! the seat of the heart, the lungs—every thing most vital. How could he survive! The surgeon was sent for instantly, I presume.

"Henry. No; but the tailor was.

"Sir G. The tailor, to stitch up a mortal wound?

"Henry. It was only the bust, as I told you.

"Sir G. Explain yourself, you puppy—

"Henry. Why, Monsieur Alcide affected to be a modern Hercules. Nature had done but half her work; she had

given the length but not the breadth; and in those pectoral muscles, provided by the tailor, I plunged my vengeful blade. Our seconds then interfered, we shook hands, and I relinquished Stephanie to him next day."

Here I must leave the wanderings of the story, and introduce the reader to the room where Emma is fainting, Sir Geoffrey supporting her, Mrs. Kindways threatening hysterics, and Henry looking inexpressible things. It may be necessary to premise, that the Old Bachelor, in his numerous queries, alludes to some affairs of the heart in which his nephew has been engaged.

"Henry. Oh, dear uncle—she is my—my—my—my—

"Sir G. Your what? Not your Stephanie, I hope?

"Henry. Oh, no, no—

"Sir G. Why, she a'n't your Amazon, sure?

"Henry. No, indeed, uncle.

"Sir G. The devil! She can't be the third Miss Smilesbury—

"Henry. Far from it, far from it—

"Sir G. Your slight resemblance, then?

"Henry. Nor that, nor that. The adored reality.

"Sir G. What! hey! your first love, your schoolboy fancy?

"Henry. The first, the only woman I ever did, ever could love.

"Sir G. Love! love! love your aunt, you dog! It is not right—it is very wicked, sir, to be in love with one's aunt. It is contrary to the canon law, sir.

"Henry. She is not my aunt yet.

"Sir G. But she will be, to-morrow. Every thing is ready; the rooms are all furnished, the curtains up, the carpets down.* Let me tell you, this is a very awkward business—a very awkward one. Gadso! it is well I discovered it to-day, however—(gives a puff, and fans himself with his hat). Faith, I think the room is close.

"Henry (at Emma's feet). Emma! my beloved Emma!

"Sir G. Hush! such expressions are criminal, sir! God bless my soul! what is to be done? How am I to keep him entirely out of Highwood House? My natural heir! the property entailed upon him. Besides, all this does not promise well for the peace and quietness I looked forward to in an orderly well-

* The Keepsake. Edited by the Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley. London, 1837. Longman and Co.

furnished house—(to Henry)—There, there, leave her in the chair till she comes to herself again,—(By this time Henry and Mrs. Kindways have placed Emma in the chair. Henry advances with eagerness).

"Henry. Hear me, hear me, dear uncle.

"Sir G. Hold your tongue—hold your tongue, you puppy! I have it all in my head. How should you know what is best in this dilemma? Listen to me—(takes him aside.) If I could prevail on her to let you stand in my shoes, Harry; and if you were to marry this—(looking at her)—very troublesome young lady in my stead.

"Henry. Dear uncle!

"Sir G. Do you think, Harry, I say; do you think you could persuade her to submit to the change?

"Henry. Perhaps—(Going to Emma, and kneeling at her feet)—Emma! my own Emma! Look, it is I—it is your Henry!

"Emma—(reviving). Ah! is it you? How came you here? Leave me, leave me, I conjure you! Go,—fly,—let me never see you more.

"Henry. Talk not so, my beloved Emma. You are restored to me—you are mine again!

"Emma. No, Henry, no. It is too late. I must—I will marry Sir Geoffrey!

"Sir G. There, now,—who would have thought it? After all, she is as wilful as the rest of her sex!"

Whoever wishes to know how this intricate affair terminates, must consult the volume—taking care to make early application, as only a limited number, &c. &c.

But to return to the *Keepsake*. Hail to the author of the "School of the Heart!" for he reminds me of Cambridge.

"Sonnet. By the Rev. Charles Alford.

Friend of my heart, here in my close
green bower

I wait thy coming; slender clematis,

And the rank ivied vine, with late
primroses,

And the classic tea-tree, with small purple
flower,

Are here; and foxglove, with its bearded
bell,

Haunt of the passing bee; and thy
delight,

The lily of the valley, purest white,
Rising, like naked nymph from ocean's
shell.

Nor wanting is Canova's art divine;

On the rude trunk, native in earth
below,

The god of gladness, garlanded with
vine,

And Ariadne re-assured from wo;

And the full noon, by leafy screen de-
layed,

Has spread the pebbled floor with fickle
shade."

Of the rest of the poetry in the volume what can I say? even this claret (it is Rowe's best) can with difficulty impart a zest to it. It is very much like my friend Whewell's Prize Poem about Boadicea; and might be used with advantage in the way of Impositions, to prevent mistakes—I mean College Impositions. But it harmonises happily with the prose. I wish I could say something agreeable of the Lady Emmeline's rhymes—but they want life, character, and nature. There is an invocation to the Spirit Land, elaborated in the most refined tone of Mrs. Hemans' affectation; nothing can be more melancholy; November fog, Waterloo Bridge, and Section F. No. 156, darken the page as you are reading. Where the Spirit Land may be situated, I don't pretend to know, unless America be intended, and there we are assured that since the introduction of temperance societies, a great reduction has taken place in the consumption of whisky. There are, also, some melodious strains (not Sapphics) by one of the euphonous family of the Smiths (Lydia), all about a Night Watch at sea; though not quite so correct, I fancy, as some of Basil Hall's. I would recommend to Miss Smith an Italian tour; her name is a fortunate omen; let her think of Penelope! Indeed, the South presents, at the present moment, a very favourable matrimonial opening; it is even affirmed that patents of nobility will, in future, be granted only to those persons who are in possession of an unincumbered property of twenty pounds per annum. I write the sum in full, marvellous as it may appear.

FINDEN'S TABLEAUX.*

Really, Mrs. S. C. your journey has been a charming one; both to yourself and your readers.

Finden's Tableaux are designed to

* *Finden's Tableaux*. A series of Thirteen Scenes of National Character, Beauty, and Costume. Edited by Mrs. S. C. Hall. London, 1837. Tilt.

illustrate, by pictorial groups, the character and costume of all nations. The idea was a happy one, and its execution, for the most part, admirable. Here, the pencil of the artist has room to develop its creations without compressing a face into deformity, as we observe in the smaller class of illustrated Annuals. Among the Pictorial Groups which have particularly pleased me, may be mentioned two Albanian lovers.

"The wild Albanian, kirtled to his knee,
With shawl-girt head, and ornamented
gun;
And gold-embroidered garments, fair to
see."

Childe Harold.

The girl holding a bunch of flowers in her hand — very pleasantly translated, by Leigh Hunt, into a love-letter: a few of the flowers, I think, were picked at Hampstead. Such a line as

"He and his bonny bride will busk it."

is not quite so delicately amatory as some of Anacreon's. "Poland" presents us with an exile and his daughter, very charmingly drawn, and excellently engraved, to which Allan Cunningham has added a very spirited ballad. He has evidently buckled on his claymore for the occasion, and it may be desirable, after such a dithyrambic, not to select St. Petersburg for the summer holidays. *Verbum sat* — Under the guidance of my friend, Miss Corbaux (I have passed many a pleasant evening with her in Surrey), we reach Arabia, where we behold a lovely woman, most elegantly disarrayed, with a superb jug in her hand, kneeling at a well. Now, Fanny ought to know, that a houri like this would never be permitted to burn her colourless cheeks in any such employment. She would be reclining upon a silken couch, with a jewelled pipe in her hand, and a slave with a peacock fan over her head. I thought that Silk Buckingham had been more diffusive of Oriental learning. The title of the picture ought to be — "An Arab lady at Almack's." The "Visier purchasing a female slave," (Turkey) is very beautiful; Mr. Robins, though, would have made more of her, I guess. In the accompanying lines, Mr. Laman Blanchard waxes eloquent upon the

delights of a domestic hearth in the Westminster Road; and now that omnibuses traverse that mystical region, I doubt not that the charities of life will be found to exist there. It is said, that even in Greenland the mothers love their children, — a surprising fact — but vouched by eminent travellers. My theory of domestic comfort, however, rather differs from this gentleman's; and if any thing could induce me to abandon my agreeable *locale* at John's, it would be a café at Damascus. Seventy-two houris, also, made of musk, furnish an additional temptation to adopt the turban, which is really very becoming. But this is a digression. Mr. Blanchard writes in a very feeling manner; but I would just take the liberty of saying, that fountains don't sing in Turkey, although the one in the Temple probably may; I should also be glad to see the following verse explained: —

"The gorgeous East flings round 'barbaric gold and pearl' —
Price poor for her, sweet slave! not
worth one precious curl;
Yet that curl must be given, as only Love
bestows,
Who round life's lightest things his own
rich magic throws."

At Cambridge, all candidates for the Porson are required to accompany their Greek verses with a literal Latin translation; it would be highly desirable if this practice were introduced, in a modified form, into the poetical literature of the day. Let every young lady and gentleman be obliged to give a prose translation of their rhymes in the same page. Hence, a double advantage will arise; the reader will be able to comprehend the authors, and the authors to understand themselves, — an attainment by no means universal. "Persia," — a girl reclining, with a slave handing her coffee, is absolutely delicious and intoxicating. Never since I was at Damascus (a long time ago) have I been so gratified. Pope certainly dreamt of her when he talked of drinking "delicious poison" from the eye; — undoubtedly the only sort of poison a sensible man would think of imbibing. The illustration of "Africa," though very pretty, is a mistake; Clarkson would never recognise such *niggers* as those.

Having despatched Mrs. Hall's

squadron of poets (rather an awkward one, but Laman has real talent), we come to her own contributions, which are light, sketchy, and agreeable; but she should eschew romance, and leave all such lofty flights to Pelham and the Vauxhall balloon, which, consisting only of gaudy colours and air, can ascend to any elevation. By the by, what an admirable opportunity is now offered to the author of *Rienzi* of adding another to his long list of triumphs—I allude to Mr. Green's continental trips. Let the *Disowned* think of it; he has already delighted us with the *Pilgrims of the Rhine*, but the *Pilgrims of the Air* would be equally attractive, and more original; and he might just call in at the moon, *en passant*, to see what alterations have occurred since Bishop Wilkins' memorable Visit. Such an Excursion would be almost as poetical as Wordsworth's, and much higher! Besides, Mr. Bulwer's presence would facilitate the ascent; for, since he has been so long employed in raising the wind, it would, no doubt, return the compliment. But I am deserting Mrs. Hall, and my lecture upon simplicity. She should not, for instance, talk of the fascination of the sweet scene "wrapping the soul as with a charmed mantle." This is the "Romance of Anna Maria," not of Maddalena. Moreover, souls don't wear mantles, at least in Italy, where they sit in the eyes, and a very comfortable home they have—stars in heaven! I thought so last April at Florence, where I met Angelica Zephyretta—as sweet as her name—but, *au revoir*. As to the story about Florence O'Donnell (illustrating Portugal), it has a smack of the Minerva—not of Greece, but Leadenhall Street; and with regard to the existence of the small white slab in the cemetery of the Ursuline Convent, at Lisbon, with the inscription, "F. O'D. æt. xxii.," there must be some mistake. During a recent visit to Portugal to inspect a vineyard, exclusively set apart for St. John's, I heard the history of Florence, and should have brought a note to Mrs. Hall had I not been obliged to return unexpectedly to Cambridge. In fact, Florence looks remarkably well, and "is quite the rage."

Mrs. Hall's lighter manner is exceedingly pleasant: here is a scene in

the interior of a Spanish house, at Madrid—

"'Pichoncita!' exclaimed her aunt one afternoon, on waking from her siesta; 'Pichoncita! I wish you would make up your mind and marry. Vaya! times are changed since I was young! Then maidens were obliged to wed at their fathers' pleasure; but now—vaya! vaya;—you are only told to choose. Ah! you must make speedy choice, for I am tortured by your admirers.'

"'So am not I,' replied the mischievous girl; 'I should positively die, if it were not for those amusing men. Did you observe the venerable Don Alberto kneeling for the fan I dropped last night at the Tertulia? Was it not delicious to see how he puffed and sidled?'

"'Ah! wicked one; but you might drop fans all the same if you were married—'

"'Yes; and have the great green eyes of a husband glaring on me.'

"'Chica! but why marry a man with green eyes? What think you of Don Fernando? is not he a proper man?'

"'Marvellously so—in his own opinion. Marry! dear aunt! why, if I married him, he would disfigure all the mirrors in my house.'

"'You have given great encouragement to the Italian Signor Ludovico.'

"'Nay, dear aunt—only conversation. He liked to hear me talk, and I like talking.'

"'On the last Dia de reyes, you know, cunning one, you managed to be drawn with Don Bartolo. I faith, that would be a match! Vaya! that would please your father!'

"'Eh! but not me! It was only to vex that ugly Dolores, who sets up for a wit. Oh! the dear delight of plaguing both the one sex and the other, and feeling so independent, that you know it is impossible for them to return the compliment!'

"'Luisa,' said the aunt, looking steadfastly at her niece; 'if you go on at this rate, you will never get a husband. You are already talked of as a jilt all over Madrid.' (The young lady sneered.) 'Remember I tell you so—I, who know the world,'

"'You must know very little of the world, then, dear aunt,' she replied, in a con spirito sort of voice, 'to tell me any such things.' As she spoke, she presented to her venerable relative a paper full of sugar-plums—a gift which she knew to be irresistible.

"'Vaya!' cried the dame, picking out the largest; 'Vaya! your beauty will fade.'

"'In time, I dare say,' replied the

saucy girl: 'when I arrive at fifty-eight, I shall be as old and as wrinkled as—as—.' She fixed her beautiful eyes upon her aunt, who returned a glance by no means amiable.

"How now, minx," she exclaimed: 'this to my face?' I shall not be fifty-eight these four years.'

"You, dearest aunt! You! Oh! who supposed I could mean you!" she said, kissing her hand; 'I was thinking of Senora Veronica Guzman.'

"She!" screamed the old lady: 'she is sixty-eight—not fifty-eight! Chica! how could you be so blind? Then, dearest, you let every one see how clever you are. When I was young, I knew better—I always kept my cleverness to myself.'

"Did it give you trouble, aunt?" inquired the undutiful pupil, in rather an under tone of voice, while an expression of extreme archness lit up her animated face.

"What say you?" asked her relative, whose hearing was not particularly acute; indeed, she had overworked the five senses in the days of her youth, and the consequence was, they had become wearied of labour. 'What say you?'

"That concealing your cleverness must have been a hard task," replied the young lady, meekly, but distinctly.

"Ah! ah! so it was—so it was—but I did it—I did it. I have laughed for hours behind my fan, while others were—what think you, *pichoncita*?"

"Laughing at you?"

"You have said it—you have said it," croaked the old Spaniard, rising from her chair. Ah! my dear, you have all your poor aunt's wits, but not her discretion—few women have. I could tell you such secrets, but not till you are married, Luisa—must never tell secrets to those who have not secrets to return. I pray you, sweet one, think of what I have said—think of your beauty—keep in your wit—and make a proper choice. But I must go. Ah! the privileges of marriage are worth the penalty, even if the husband had green eyes! Green eyes! Oh, the funny one! You do break my heart—you do, chica, and yet I love you, you are so like what I was—except the discretion.' Twice she repeated, 'except the discretion'; tapping with her huge fan the rich cheeks of her niece, and then quitted the room."

Here I stop; but if Mrs. Hall will oblige me with her Luisa's direction, I shall be most happy to make her acquaintance, when I pay my long-pro-

mised visit to Mr. Villiers, at Madrid, should he survive Spanish cookery until next summer.—(See the *Grunticle*, *passim*.)

LANDSCAPE ANNUAL.*

As I am now in Spain, I cannot do better than make a few visits there under the guidance of Mr. Roscoe, who has written the most agreeable and instructive book upon Spain which it has been my fortune to meet with; the language is good, the information copious and well arranged, and not the less veracious because the writer wrote it at Somer's Town. He is a capital specimen of Cowper's travelling clock, in the "Task," which runs the great circle, and is still at home. I hope he will visit every country of Europe in the same manner; it is quite as entertaining—not to speak of the trouble and expense avoided. The drawings are from the admirable pencil of Roberts, and require no commendation. The "Street of Alcalá" is vividly sketched, with "its real play worth all the dramas in the world;" so is the "Entrance to Madrid through the Gate of Fuencarral," and the "Great Square at Vittoria." Among the most interesting passages of Mr. Roscoe's Tour, the account of the migratory flocks of Spain strikes me particularly.

"The society, or association to which the travelling flocks belong, consists of the nobles, ecclesiastics, and the rich proprietors, whose united sheep are termed *merinos*, or *tras humanes*. The term *mesta*, signifies an united flock, belonging to many proprietors, which, in general, consists of about ten thousand sheep; though sometimes, the number is far greater. Over each of the small separate flocks, the union of which constitutes the *mesta*, is placed an officer called the *mayoral*, who not only keeps watch over the shepherds, and directs their movements, but is also required to be possessed of considerable experience in the management of sheep, as with him rests the choice of pasturage, and the treatment of such diseases as these animals are liable to. His salary is considerable, and he is allowed a horse to ride on, with fifty subordinate shepherds, divided into four classes, to each man of whom, in addition to their wages, which vary from one pound eleven

* The Tour in Spain. By Thomas Roscoe. Illustrated from Drawing David Roberts. London, 1837. Jennings and Co.

shillings to eight shillings a month, a daily ration of two pounds of bread is regularly allowed. A small sum, under the name of travelling expenses, is presented to each shepherd on the departure and return of the *mesta*, besides the privilege of keeping a few sheep and goats, which he may call his own, but can make no use of, since the wool and hair belong to the sheep-owners, and he can neither sell nor remove them. The number of persons employed in attending these migratory flocks is supposed to amount, in the whole kingdom, to upwards of fifty thousand; but since the number of flocks has very greatly varied at different times, the same, no doubt, must be said of the shepherds. In the sixteenth century, the migratory sheep are said to have amounted to seven millions; but in the beginning of the next century—in the reign of Philip the Third—they had decreased to two millions and a half. From some cause or other, the number was again greatly augmented towards the close of that century, when they amounted to four millions. One hundred years later they were estimated at five millions; and at present, perhaps, out of the nineteen millions of sheep existing in Spain, something less than a third may be migratory. Having passed the winter in the plains of Estremadura, Leon, Old and New Castile, and Andalusia, the flocks are put in motion about the end of April or the beginning of May, taking their route towards the mountains and, in general, moving as far north as Arragon, Navarre, and Biscay. Many large flocks are pastured in the mountains about Segovia, Soria, and Buytrago, where it is supposed that the migratory sheep could not endure the cold of winter, though the native breeds stand it extremely well. During their sojourn in the mountains, the sheep have a quantity of salt frequently administered to them, as medicine, to counteract the effects of the herbage they there meet with. The salt being distributed over large flat stones, the sheep are driven thither, and suffered to eat what quantity they please; but on these days care is taken that they do not graze on calcareous soils, but on argillaceous, where they appear to feed with the eagerness of a Madrid gourmand. Towards the close of July, the ewes and rams, hitherto kept apart, are allowed to be together. In the course of September the backs and loins of the sheep are rubbed with ruddle dissolved in water, a practice for which different reasons have been assigned, none, perhaps, at all approaching the true one. Towards the close of September, the temperature of the mountains being now considered too

cold and inclement, the flocks are once more put in motion, and turning their faces southward, descend into the low country, and spread themselves over the warm plains of Estremadura, Andalusia, and Leon. A similar practice prevailed in old Greece, where much greater care was taken to protect the fine-fleeced sheep from the weather, thorns, dirt, &c. In most cases the migratory flocks are conducted to the same pastures where they had grazed the preceding winter. The vast flocks of Central Asia, and the Arabian Peninsula, are, of course, migratory, like their owners! and I should certainly be inclined, unless the conjecture of the native writers can be supported on better authority, than has hitherto been adduced, to attribute the migratory habits of the Spanish shepherds to ideas and habits introduced by the Arabs. Whatever is carried on during a number of successive centuries, must, of necessity, be regulated by certain rules and customs. This is the case with the migrations of the *mesta*; and the reader will perceive from those ordinances, how completely the interests of the many are sacrificed to those of the few. These aristocratic sheep, on their way to their villas on the mountains, or in returning back to winter quarters, have the right to pass unmolested over the pastures and commons belonging to the villages situated on their road, and, like a cloud of locusts, too frequently make bare the landscape as far as their ravages extend. They are not, indeed, allowed to roam at large, like so many bulls of Siva, over the cultivated lands; nevertheless, the proprietors of all such estates as lie in their way are constrained to leave for them a path eighty or ninety yards in breadth. As might be supposed, the rate of their movements varies according to circumstances. In traversing such pastures as they are permitted to derude entirely, they rarely perform more than five or six miles a day; but in the intermediate spaces, where they must generally march fasting, they are said sometimes to walk full seventeen miles in that time. The whole extent of their journey, which they complete in about five weeks, may be estimated at between five and six hundred miles. It is not, of course to be supposed that in the rich plains where these vagrant flocks pass the winter, they are allowed to feed gratis, as on the steppes of Tartary, or oases of the Arabian deserts. But though some price is paid, the landed proprietors have no voice in fixing it, as the sheep, in general, belong to the nobles, clergy, and their connexions, in whom this oppressive custom is still recognised."

Mr. Roscoe's Journey — (a real Home Tour, though by another Head) contains much romantic and picturesque information for the poet and the painter; even the classics (Lempriere) contribute to his eloquence; and, while his eye wandered through some long leafy vista in the grounds of St. Ildefonso, it beheld "the golden sunshine, which has left the plains and valleys, lingering among their skiey peaks, and likening them, in their serene and tranquil beauty, to those Olympian summits, where the poetical imagination of the pagan placed the home of his gods." Mr. Roscoe, with proper feeling, laments the neglected condition in which the valuable MSS. at the Escorial are suffered to remain; he will be happy to know that the London University (!) is empowered by the new charter to send certain members to examine them; and three of the most promising students of that Society have been selected, and are now actively employed, under the inspection of Mr. Long, in mastering the difficulties of the Eton Greek Grammar: when we last heard of them they had reached the first conjugation, and were preparing, with the aid of an interlinear translation, to read Cornelius Nepos. Let them persevere!

HEATH'S PICTURESQUE ANNUAL.*

From Spain I cross with Mr. Ritchie to Ireland, and take a run (Hibernice) over the county of Wicklow. Mr. Ritchie is a lively, dashing traveller, although I cannot help thinking, that in this Tour he left the MAGICIAN behind him in St. James's Square. However, he has produced a very pleasant companion for all who wander after the picturesque; and that he saw some strange sights, and heard some queer stories, will be seen from the following. The drawings are chiefly by Creswick, rather faint and *unpronounced* in their character, but often pleasing and accurate; but the gems of the book are the two portraits, by MacLise; "The Irish Hood," and the "Jew's Harp;" they are among the happiest efforts of his pencil.

All the world knows that Mr. Rit-

chie excels in a dark, romantic story, where the fancy goes at a pace something like Turpin's ride to York. The following tale has two heroes; one is the Pooka. And who is the Pooka? An eccentric spirit, who lies in wait for the passer-by generally at the edge of some desert, common, or morass, in the shape of a little, shaggy, unkempt horse; and starting up between his legs, bears him off with the speed of the wind. (See the very accurate picture of the new O'Connell Pooka, by H. B. The other hero is one Rian, whose father was ruined by the Pooka, who nightly carried off his labourers. The old man died at last, leaving his son nothing but the enmity of the Pooka, and the love of Aileen O'More. But Aileen was an heiress; and, as Rian's worldly prospects declined, the lady began to recede from his eyes. It was during one of the melancholy meditations suggested by these unhappy circumstances, that Rian started up to take a walk, choosing a scene whose dreary aspect harmonised with his feelings.

Mr. Ritchie's Story about the Pooka, abridged by Myself.

"By my sowl," said Rian, "there are here so many pookas, that I doubt whether there be any at all! But if there be, let him come out and try whether I am afraid. He has taken away my father, and my fortune, and my love, — and good right he has to give me his countenance. Come out of that, you ugly brute, and I swear, by St. Patrick, to mount on the outside of you, without finching." A gray object appeared in the uncertain light, crouching at a little distance by the road-side, and Rian's heart leaped to his mouth, although he advanced with the determination of fulfilling his vow. But it was only a stone, and he passed on, daring the pooka as before. He, at length, left the brake behind: and though the night had now come definitely down, he continued to pursue the Youghal road. A conjecture may be hazarded that the darkness of the hour was the very cause of his conduct, and that, in short, it was his purpose to raise his spirits at the shebeen which stood on the present site of Clashmore, before repassing the territory of the pooka, whom he had so valiantly invoked. However this may be, he did

* Heath's Picturesque Annual — Ireland, Picturesque and Romantic. By Leitch Ritchie, Esq.; with Twenty Engravings from Drawings by D. M. MacLise, Esq. A.R.A.; and J. Creswick, Esq. London, 1837. Longman and Co.

proceed straight to the shebeen, and, finding some young men of the neighbourhood there, he sat down, and, under the influence of the Irish elixir, speedily forgot that he was a beggar, a cast-off lover, and the victim of the pooka. The songs of the joyous party were heard, far and wide around, and if the goblin was really present in his customary haunts, he must have heard the shout of defiance with which young Rian at length set out on his return home. His high spirits did not even desert him after reaching the brake. He continued to sing, and shout, and caper, till he distinctly heard steps on the desert path before him. Rian looked at the direction of the sound, but all he could discover was, that there was no such thing as a human figure on the road. His heart began to beat; a thousand confused images crowded through his mind; he was not even certain that he was going the right way, and he turned round to observe his bearings. At that moment, a great, shaggy, hairy head was thrust between his arm and his body, with a force that was nigh dislocating his shoulder. His oath instantaneously occurred to Rian; and, not daring to trust himself with a look, he shut his eyes, and sprang desperately upon the back of the infernal courser. The triumphant neigh of the pooka rang wildly and far over the waste at this consummation. He reared himself on his hind legs, danced for an instant about the road, and then stretching out his neck and pointing his nose, set out northward, at a gallop that outstripped the wind." The Irish Gilpin did more than usual,—he kept his seat, and when he reached the turning to his own dwelling, he made a violent effort to reassert his own supremacy. "'It's home I'm going,' said he, 'In the name of the blessed saturin. To the left, you evil brute!' and catching at the long shaggy ear for want of a bridle, he gave it a wrench in the desired direction. Obeying this delicate hint, the pooka cleared a white thorn bush, and actually devoured the ground (to speak epically) at a rate very unpropitious to silks and pumps.—Rian's brain, which had been swimming with whisky before, went round now in real earnest. He began, at length, to take a strange pleasure in the sport, for he had always been a keen horseman. Loudly he shouted at every feat of especial excellence, and his wild laugh resounded through the brake. The goblin steed at length darted into the road once more, and clattered away, with undiminished speed, to the north, as before. 'Now for Aileen O'More!' cried Rian, fairly mad with the excitation—"mounted as I am, I may visit a queen!" and,

tugging alternately at the ears of the charger, he pointed out the route. On flew the pooka, till Mr. O'More's house was at hand, when, to the astonishment of Rian, he darted down a path by which, in happier times, he had been wont to find his way to his mistress, when desirous of escaping the observation of the family. In an instant he bounded through a narrow gap in the hedge, and his heels clattered through the paved court. 'Hold, there!' cried Rian, with a sudden spring, which the pooka seconded by as sudden a fling; and in a moment he found himself stretched under Aileen's window, and alone. 'Holy snints!' said the young lady, throwing open her lattice; 'What is to do here? Who are you, in the name of goodness?' 'I am myself,' cried Rian, rising with difficulty, and feeling whether any bones were broken, 'and I give you my honour, I have ridden a hundred and fifty miles to see you, Aileen a Room, this blessed night.'" What Juliet could resist such a Romeo? The delicate Aileen was leaning out of the window, and winding her white arms round the neck of her lover, and sealing her truth "with a thundering kiss" (*Ritchie loquitur*), when Mr. More, with an army of the finest "pisantry," suddenly appeared upon the scene. No familiar of the new police was there, fortunately for Rian, to interest himself in his concerns; he was, therefore, permitted to pacify the enraged *père* in his own way, and the meeting terminates in the promise of O'More to visit the brake the following night, vowing to St. Patrick that he will mount upon the goblin's back, should he favour him with an interview, upon condition that in the event of his not being carried off, Rian should abandon his claim upon Aileen.—"'Done!' cried Rian—"provided that if you are carried off, you fulfil your promise, and give Aileen to me—Done's the word!' On the next evening, accordingly, O'More having prepared for his perilous expedition with a few glasses of poteen, departed, alone, and wrapped up in a cloak that belonged to his son-in-law that was to be. By the time he had almost passed the brake, the warmth of the whisky, in spite of Rian's cloak, was no more. Although he had lived in the neighbourhood all his life, he had never before been on the spot after sunset; and he vowed, in his own mind, that he never would again. The loneliness, the silence, the desolateness of the place, seemed preternatural; and, in the intermediate state of drink in which he was, with neither the calmness of sobriety nor the recklessness of intoxica-

tion, the scene had a double effect. No sooner had he completely passed the brake, than he wheeled round, with desperate resolution, and commenced his return. The night was dark and blustery; and the wind, before on his back, now beat, cold and sharp, on his face. Sometimes he raised the broad hanging brim of his hat for a moment, but speedily closed it down, as he found that he could see only a few yards before him. At last, all of a sudden, he heard a noise behind him, as if some animal had leaped from the brake upon the road; a clattering of near feet ensued, and, before he could collect himself, a huge, shaggy, hairy head, was thrust under his shoulder. 'In the name of God!' cried O'More, stoutly, 'I defy thee! but I will keep my oath to St. Patrick;' and he mounted forthwith on the pooka, who immediately flew upon his pilgrimage. By the time they had nearly gained the turning to Rian's farm, O'More had recovered from the first shock; and, travelling, as they had been, on a smooth road, he began to think, that a man in a hurry might do worse than bestride the back of an evil spirit. With his presence of mind returned his worldly thoughts, and he hoped, by keeping the pooka thus in pursuit of his nose, to prevent Rian from learning any thing about the adventure. But the pooka was wide awake, and, as if penetrating his plans, darted suddenly down the turning to the farm; and when O'More, in desperation, wrenched him by the ear,—hey, presto, begone! he bolted right through the hedge, and scampered, neck or nothing, into the haunted brake. Can the reader guess the conclusion, and what became of Aileen O'More? Let him try.

Mr. Ritchie's notice was naturally attracted to the beggars, who swarm in every street of an Irish city; some of his anecdotes are graphic and interesting.

"On stepping upon the pier at Kingstown," he says, "I was made aware in an instant that I had entered a country totally different in character from every other part of the British dominions. The stranger is welcomed to Ireland by the beggars—and here they take a distinct and prominent part in the scene. They are sacred from interference; and their voice has something in it of authority as they cry, 'God bless your honour! welcome to the country, sir; and joy be on the day our eyes look upon you.' There is one peculiarity, however, which must, above all things, be noticed, as it marks a striking point in the national character. In France, the regular

beggars attending the diligence, for instance, frequently form a kind of *confrérie*, and pay, with strict honour, into a public fund, whatever they receive. In Ireland no such society exists, and each begs for all. Their petition is never offered up in the singular number. It usually runs thus—'Will your honour leave something for the poor women? Think of the childer, sir!' It is not uncommon for the superior claims of one applicant to be acknowledged by the rest. On a later occasion, at Cork, when the car in which I was about to travel, was surrounded by a group of unhappy wretches, another approached, as if fearing to be too late, and told a tale of terrible misery—of her husband having died that morning—of her children being now around the body of their father, and waiting till her return for something to break their fast. 'Is this true?' I demanded of the by-standers. 'It is too true,' replied the famishing group, shaking their heads, and shrinking away from competition with direr misery than their own. On the pier of Dunleary I threw something among the crowd, singling out one of them with my eye. It was picked up, however, by another, at whose feet it fell, and the intended object of the bounty mechanically stretched out her hand to claim it, with an eager and imploring expression. 'Shame upon you,' cried her sister in misery—'Did you think I meant to keep it, when I saw the gentleman look at you?'

A very fine specimen of mendicant oratory related by Mr. Ritchie, recalls to my memory an anecdote in Miss Edgeworth's "Essay upon Irish Bulls."

"A gentleman, moved by the melancholy story of a poor widow, was induced to send for her landlord, in the hope of pacifying him for a brief season. The man arrived, and the gentleman mildly remonstrated with him upon the severity of his conduct. The man heard it all with a firm countenance; 'And now have you done?' said he, turning to the woman, who had recommenced her lamentations—'Look at her, standing there, sir. It's easy for her to put on her long cloak, and to tell her long story, and to make her poor mouth to your honour; but if you are willing to hear, I'll tell you what she is, and what I am. She is one that has none but herself in this world to provide for; she is one that is able to afford herself a glass of whisky when she pleases, and she pleases it often; she is one that never denies herself the bit of staggering bob, when in season; she is one that has a

snug house, well thatched, to live in all the year round, and nothing to do, or nothing that she does, and this is the way of her life, and this is what she is. And what am I? I am the father of eight children, and I have a wife and myself to provide for. I am a man that is at hard labour, of one kind or another, from sunrise to sunset. The straw that thatched the house she lives in, I brought two miles on my back; the walls of the house she lives in I built with my own hands; I did the same by five other houses, and they are all sound, and dry, and good to live in, summer and winter. I let them for rent, to put bread into my children's mouths, and, after all, I cannot get it. And to support my eight children, my wife, and myself, what have I in this world? cried he, striding suddenly, with colossal firmness upon his sturdy legs, and raising to heaven arms which looked like the foreshortenings of the limbs of Hercules—"What have I in this wide world but these four bones?"

A finer climax than this is not to be found in Tully or Demosthenes; it is a picture worthy of Wilkie's pencil.

DRAWING-ROOM SCRAP-BOOK.*

Miss Landon's *Drawing-Room Scrap-Book* is a very elegant Miscellany, though a little more attention to accuracy of expression would not have impaired its attractions. In the Introduction *elevate* is used as an adjective,

"All things divine and *elevate*
Attend its mighty influence here."

Did the fair writer find it in the "Divisions of Purley?" This error is to be regretted the more, because Miss Landon can compose very melodious verses when she chooses; and the following stanzas, alluding to the influence of the imagination, are very pleasing:

"Without such lively light the while,
Dark, silent, strange, all scenes would
be;
And Ithaca were but an isle,
Unknown, upon a nameless sea.
But now, a thousand years come back,
The gift of one immortal line;
Each with new splendour on its track,
As stars upon the midnight shine.

All tender thoughts that fill the heart
With tears, and dreams more soft than
tears,

Have in imagination part,
Which sanctifies what it endears.

I only wake the softest chord,
That is upon the dreaming lyre;
One low, one love-touch'd, whispering
word,
Which asks its tears, but not its fire.

I ask of every pictured scene
What human hearts have beaten there?
What sorrow on their soil has been?
What hope has lighted human care?

I have myself forgot regret,
Care, trouble, wrong, amid my strain;
If I win others to forget,
My song has not been quite in vain."

These lines would be affecting, indeed, were we not all certain that the sadness of L. E. L. is the sadness of poetry, the essence of which, every one, from Aristotle to Mr. Jerdan, knows to be *invention*. No! real sorrow will long be a stranger, I trust, to the Improvisatrice of Hans Place, who, considering the variety of subjects contained in her *Scrap Book*, has accomplished a most difficult task: here, the "Lake of Como;" there, the "Interior of a Dutch Cottage;" on one side, "A Turk Smoking;" on the other, the "Magdalen Premier." Equal happiness in the treatment of such discordant themes was impossible; who *could* (except, perhaps, Johnny) write a poem on Lord Melbourne? Assuredly, whatever the pastoral bards may affirm to the contrary, there are some *Lambs* not poetical.

ORIENTAL ANNUAL.†

As the Pooka, according to Mr. Ritchie, belongs to the East, we may just ride over, taking for a guide the *Oriental Annual*, which has, this year, assumed a different aspect, internally; for light and gossiping sketches are substituted two Eastern Romances—entitled, "The Lives of Timur Beg and Baber." I call them Romances, because in gorgeousness of circumstance and variety of incident, they are much stronger, and far more amusing than

* Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap Book, 1837. With Poetical Illustrations by L. E. L. 4to. London, 1837. Fisher and Co.

† The Oriental Annual. By the Rev. Hobart Caunter. From Drawings by William Daniel, R.A. London, 1837. Tilt.

many of the bread-butter manufactures of our fashionable Novelists. But the character of this merciless despot, Timur Beg, who, upon accidentally treading on an ant, felt as if his foot had lost all its power, and subsequently "ordered the deliberate massacre of a hundred thousand unresisting captives," has been sketched by one who flourished before the introduction of Annuals.

"Whatsoever might be the blessings of his administration, they evaporated with his life. To reign, rather than to govern, was the ambition of his children and grand-children—the enemies of each other and of the people. A fragment of the empire was upheld with some glory by his youngest son; but, after his decease, the scene was again involved in darkness and blood; and before the end of a century, Transoxiana and Persia were trampled by the Uzbecks from the north, and the Turkmans of the black and white sheep. *The race of Timour would have been extinct, if a hero, his descendant in the fifth degree, had not fled before the Uzbek arms to the conquest of Hindostan. His successors, the Great Moguls, extended their sway from the mountains of Cashmir to Cape Comorin, and from Candahar to the Gulf of Bengal. Since the reign of Aurungzebe, their empire has been dissolved; the treasures of Delhi have been rifled by a Persian robber, and the richest of their kingdoms is now possessed by a company of Christian merchants of a remote island in the Northern Ocean."

Such is the strain which flowed from the deep mouth of Gibbon; a strain, alas, for which we may now seek in vain.

FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING.*

Friendship's Offering presents the same appearance as it did under the dominion of poor Pringle; flashy tales, and watery rhymes. From these must be excepted a capital story by St. John, a sketch by Allan Cunningham,—"Jenny's First Love Letter"—clear, racy, and refreshing; Sarah Stickney's "Maiden's Vow," and "Books and the Lovers of them." Of the poetry, Barry Cornwall's "L'Allegro and Penseroso" is interesting, though, upon the whole, I prefer Milton's;

T. K. Hervey's "Epistle to Howard," contains some pretty lines; and Mr. T. Miller, having paid an extra twopence for an hour's seclusion in Westminster Abbey, has favoured the public with his meditations in rhyme. Let him be assured, that it is far easier to weave baskets (the blind do it at the Asylum) than verses—and much more profitable; a good basket will bring half-a-crown, a sum considerably beyond the expectations of any Annual poet. Joe was the man! Jenny has been waiting all this time, to read me her first Love Letter. There is a prose article, "The First Stage, or the Drive to the Steamer," from the effects of which I shall certainly not recover before to-morrow morning. It is contributed, I presume, by Dr. James Johnson, and forms, we are told, "The first chapter of a Tour up the Rhine, and through Switzerland and Italy," which was performed in the autumn of 1834, but the account of which is delayed, perhaps indefinitely, by professional avocations." Pray, doctor, do not, on any account, hurry yourself; as a namesake of yours, Dr. Samuel Johnson, once observed, upon a different occasion,—"I can wait." Now, then, Jenny!

FORGET ME NOT.†

The *Forget me Not*, like *Friendship's Offering*, is just as usual, with the same mysterious name, FREDERICK SHOBERL upon the title-page—as if it were physically possible to have survived so many years of an Annual editorship. Alas! for Yorick! Indeed, it is singular that the public, generally so acute, should not have, long ago, discovered that many of the Annuals are edited by STEAM, which is found to give a much smoother appearance than the common method of engaging a literary gentleman, at a salary of twelve shillings a-week for four months, with dinner on Sundays. But the statistics of an Annual will form an appropriate section in the new edition of Maculloch's Dictionary. The *Forget-me-Not*, opens with a brief preface, of which the first paragraph may be interesting as a specimen of steam-

* *Friendship's Offering*; a Christmas and New Year's Present. • London, 1837. Smith, Elder, and Co.

† *Forget-me-Not*; a Christmas, New Year, and Birth-Day Present. Edited by F. Shoberl. London, 1837. Ackermann.

composition, — "Change," says the steam-editor, "is one of the conditions attached to humanity, and inseparable from every thing that is of human origin." I have surely seen something like this before. Among the contributions are "Annie Deer," a very pleasant tale, by James; "Puss and the Poetess," by Chorley; the "Caterer," an amusing scene aboard ship, by Mrs. Lee; and the "Nice Doctor," slight, but agreeable. Of the illustrations, "Lady Blanche," by Parriss, is by far the best; it is, indeed, almost as delightful as the original — and that is saying a great deal. The poetical department offers very little variety; it would be quite cruel to awake Miss Landon's "Sleeping Beauty," (though it is very sweetly versified) so I pass to Mary Howitt's charming effusion upon

“The Use of Flowers.

God might have made the earth bring
forth

Enough for great and small;
The oak-tree and the cedar-tree,
Without a flower at all.

He might have made enough, enough
For every want of ours;
For luxury, medicine, and toil,
And yet have made no flowers.

The ore within the mountain-mine
Requireth none to grow,
Nor doth it need the lotus-flower
To make the river flow.

The clouds might give abundant rain,
The nightly dews might fall,
And the herb that keepeth life in man
Might yet have drunk them all.

Then, wherefore, wherefore, were they
made,

All dyed with rainbow-light,
All fashioned with supremest grace,
Up-springing day and night,

Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountains high,
And in the silent wilderness,
Where no man passeth by.

Our outward life requires them not:
Then, wherefore had they birth?
To minister delight to man, —
To beautify the earth:

To comfort man, to whisper hope,
Whene'er his faith is dim;
For Whoso careth for the flowers,
Will care much more for him!

CHRISTIAN KEEPSAKE.*

The *Christian Keepsake* is rather a lugubrious composition; without harmony in the subjects, or spirit in their treatment: the best portions are the biographical. The "Memoir of Clarkson" is interesting, so is the Portrait. Why not confine the work to topics of this kind? The "Recollections of Bishop Heber," though somewhat pompous and meagre, are also pleasant — as every thing must be relating to that amiable poet and Christian. A View of the interior of the bath in which the bishop expired accompanies the paper. As I really wish well to the *Missionary Annual*, I will say nothing about its poetry, merely quoting a little poem by Mr. Dale, which seems to be the best in the volume.

“The Death of the Last Child.

Farewell, my young blossom!
The fairest, the fleetest:
The pride of my bosom,
The last, and the sweetest.
On thee my heart centered
All hopes earth could cherish:
The spoiler hath entered,
And thou, too, must perish.

I see thy bloom wasting,
And cannot restore it;
The end now is hastening,
'Tis vain to deplore it.
Could prayers detain thee,
As pale thou art lying,
I would not enchain thee
To live ever dying.

To linger — to languish —
That life may be sorrow;
Through the night pain and anguish;
No rest on the morrow.
Oh! soon may deep slumber
In mercy steal o'er thee!
Earth can but encumber,
And heaven is before thee,

O loveliest! O dearest!
When anguish oppressed thee,
My arm still was nearest;
My prayer still hath blessed thee!

* The *Christian Keepsake*. Edited by the Rev. William Ellis. London, 1837. Fisher, Son, and Co.

But now all is ended :
How welcome that sighing !
My prayer has ascended,
'Tis heard — she is dying !

My God ! I adore Thee !
Receive the freed spirit
In gladness before Thee,
A crown to inherit ;
Take the gem that Thou gavest ;
Take the flower thou dost sever ;
Take the soul that thou savest ;
It is THINE ! — and for ever ! "

JUVENILE SCRAP-BOOK.*

Here is a pretty book for children—the *Juvenile Scrap-Book*. But, stop—the on the first page it professes to be composed by Bernard Barton—*stat nominis umbra* ! On the next page, another contributor appears on the scene—and Agnes Strickland takes the lead. We open the contents—and, lo ! a third combatant occupies the field, light William Martin, whose verses betoken a very fruitful writer. A few anonymous stanzas straggle through the volume, looking melancholy for want of an owner, and these are all we can assign to the tuneful descendant of Penn ; among them is a very learned chaunt in honour of the Nile, from which it is gratifying to learn, that this remarkable river continues to overflow as usual—a fact not so surprising as it might at first appear, if we remember, that in Africa and the East, manners never change. It may sound harsh to expect a poet to give us rhymes and sense at the same time ; but, as the *Juvenile Scrap-Book* is to have a "perennial existence in educational literature," (*vide* Preface) the poet of Woodbridge will see the propriety of elucidating the following stanza in "Sunset"—

" 'Tis something in a world like this,
Of toil, and care, and strife,
Moments to know whose purer bliss
Relume an inward life ;
Give to the soul,
To point its goal
In brighter realms above."

As a nominative case *singular* generally (except, perhaps, in the poetry of Annuals) takes a singular verb after it, it, the personal appearance of *relume* might be improved by an *s*. A few hints also may be added in a note, shewing how the soul is to *point its goal*. A "Scene in the Highlands," gives rather a new view of that romantic region ; the writer speaks of

" *The blended thralls
Of mountains towering to the sky.*"

This is quite a fresh image, and must excite great curiosity among the water-colour painters ; I saw nothing resembling it last summer among the hills of Caithness. With the few alterations and illustrations I have pointed out—and all great authors require them—look at Milton ! the *Juvenile Scrap-Book* will do very well. Some of the prose sketches are written with spirit and truth, and inculcate an excellent moral. A few of the illustrations are old stagers, having seen service. "Cousin Helen" is a very pretty girl at her studies ; and the "Boy sprinkling Salt on the Bird's tail," is much nearer success than I ever attained : another inch will do it !

FLOWERS OF LOVELINESS,† AND GEMS OF BEAUTY.‡

What are these ? Oh, *Flowers of Loveliness*, and *Gems of Beauty* ! The first consists of twelve groups of female figures, emblematic of flowers ; and the second gives us a similar series, illustrative of precious stones. Some of the faces are handsome, but without souls ; and Lady Blessington's "fanciful" accompaniments are smoothly versified ; but the plan is a bad one—there seems nothing appropriate in calling one lady a *diamond* ; another, a *pearl* ; a third, an *opal*. The *Flowers of Loveliness* are not quite so extravagant ; and they furnish the artists with some picturesque groupings. "Rose-Acacia," by Uwins—two graceful girls—is very pleasing ; so is Fanny Cor-

* Fisher's *Juvenile Scrap Book*. By Agnes Strickland and Bernard Barton. 1837.

† *Flowers of Loveliness: Twelve Groups of Female Figures, emblematic of Flowers, with Poetical Illustrations* by T. H. Bayley, Esq. 4to. London, 1837. Ackermann.

‡ *Gems of Beauty: Displayed in a Series of highly finished Engravings, from Designs by E. T. Parris, Esq.; with Illustrations in Verse, by the Countess of Blessington*. London, 1837. Longman and Co.

baux's "Ivy;" the "Convolvulus," a mother with two strapping children clinging round her, would horrify Miss Martineau; and Eliza Sharpe's "Tulip," must certainly be meant for a heroine at the Surrey.

"Was that a knock?—Who can it be? Come in! Jackson! as I live. What can have happened to rouse you from your bed so early? Why it is not twelve."

"The truth is I have not been there."

"Ah! that explains the mystery; but I ought not have been astonished, for the age of miracles is not past."

"What mean you? Thorp, in his lecture the other morning, hinted the contrary."

"Rely upon it, he is mistaken."

"What has occurred, then?"

"Guess the most prodigious improbability in your power."

"Perhaps, W-w-ll is beginning to write with power and precision—"

"Not that I am aware of."

"Or Sedgwick has lectured without a joke—"

"Go, and hear him next Monday."

"Perhaps, Trinity has abandoned the Detriments?"

"Wait till the end of the Term."

"Or permitted its pensioners to dine like gentlemen?"

"You will see at four."

"Or P—— may have abandoned his visits to the Royal Society?"

"Go to Drury Lane next week. It is a miracle performed by myself; and a literary miracle, too, of which I am speaking."

"Perhaps you have read the *Standard Novelists* throughout, or the *Bridge-water Treatises*, or the last *Edinburgh*—"

"No! I have done more than this; I have read through all the *Annuals*."

"And you are alive! Come and wine at six."

T. G.

St. John's, Dec. 16

GOOD OLD GEORGE THE THIRD.

BY ROBERT STORY.

I.

I love one living Monarch well; yet would I laud the dead,
Would turn me from the diadem'd to wreath a buried head:
And though he pour a feeble song, sincere must be the bard
Who praises hands that, generous once, can now no song reward.
By British feelings, British hopes, my heart and harp are stirred
To sing the English-minded King, the good old George the Third.

II.

When crafty statesmen would have reft one jewel from his crown,
The jewel of his Indian reign, he met them with a frown—
"Old England's crown is on my head, her sceptre in my hand;
Take *these*, if Britons will it—but, abridge not my command!"
O'erawed, the traitors shrunk away; the Isles delighted heard,
And hailed, with one applausive shout, the good old George the Third!

III.

The baffled traitors came again, a deeper scheme to bring,
A scheme to sap our glorious Church, by sanction of its King—
"Firmly to stand by England's Church I pledged a Monarch's troth;
And I dare bow me to the block—but dare not break my Oath!"
Each loyal heart in Britain leaped, exultant at the word;
And the Isles rung, from shore to shore, with "Good old George the Third!"

CASE OF THE PROTESTANTS OF IRELAND.*

So much has been said on subjects connected with Ireland, that many will be disposed to deprecate the discussion of a theme in many respects exhausted. We can, to a certain extent, sympathise in this sentiment. The wrongs and the sufferings of this country have been listened to and wept over by hundreds, and they have been met with insult and contempt by thousands. In reference to the sister-island, the order and the subjects of human commiseration have been alike inverted and mistaken. The villain—the rebel—the assassin, have gathered round their guilty persons the vociferous pity and compassion of many a Briton that ought to have known and felt otherwise, while the ashes of the martyred minister, and the widow and the orphan, left behind the witnesses and the participators of the persecution he passed through, are consigned to the misrepresentation of hireling papers, and the obloquy of senators, that lean on the support of the guilty, and batten on the spoils of the oppressed. While Ireland has been mentioned in the senate, in the pulpit, on the platform, more than any other subject in recent years, she has, at the same time, rarely met with that honest, dispassionate, and clear representation, which lies before us, in the *Case of the Protestants of Ireland*. Her past portrait has been partly overcharged by the colouring of papal and radical patriots, and partly misunderstood by the ill-informed minds of sincere Protestants. To vindicate the Protestant portion of her people from the calumnies of the one, and to dispel from all his countrymen the misapprehensions of the other, is the attempt, and, we hesitate not to add, the successful attempt, of the author of the “Case” before us.

In the first speech delivered at the Mansion House, Dublin, Aug. 14, 1834, the Lord Mayor in the chair,—a speech replete with a masterly analysis of the unphilosophical and unstatesmanlike treatment of Ireland by our Whig legislators,—the reverend author demonstrates, that the reiterated attempt—an attempt still persisted in by men, into whose heads no principles can be beaten,

and on whose hearts no experience, even though traced in blood, can exercise a wholesome influence, to quiet Ireland by concession, is as faulty in its philosophy, as it has been shewn to be in its ascertained effects.

“The Right Hon. Charles Grant was secretary here, and tried his experiment of indulgence as the true philosophy by which he could sway our fiery populace: what was his success? He conciliated the country into insurrection. Crime was encouraged by his discriminating forbearance; information was withheld from the government, because, it was not unreasonably thought, he undervalued or neglected it; and, when the natural result of mistaken indulgence and culpable remissness had been experienced, when evils which Mr. Grant appears never to have anticipated, were fearfully realised, he made an imperfect though melancholy compensation for the crippled gait at which his disabled justice had proceeded, by stimulating it into revenge. He assented to an Act of Parliament, which suspended the constitution, and subjected the rural population to the rigour of an extreme but unavoidable severity. I remember well the days and nights of his lax government, and of the rigid rule by which it was succeeded. I remember when it was described as the last business of the night, before retiring to repose, within a guarded and garrisoned town, to ascend to the house-tops, and count over the unprotected lands the flames in which, it might be, lumbering families were consumed, and to listen for shouts and shrieks which sunk the stimulated senses. I remember, too, when shrieks more terrific than fancy ever heard, arose round the tribunals, where the doom of sudden and life-long separation was pronounced, and at the gibbet, where conciliation suspended its sacrifices; and, I cannot sincerely declare, that I do not know whether I thought the connivance of the supine secretary more to be abhorred because of the foul atrocities it encouraged, or because it exacted from returning justice so sensible a retribution.”—p. 4.

Soon after Lord Melbourne was appointed secretary in Ireland, and during his brief administration, outrage and rebellion stalked forth in open day, bearding the powers of British law;

* *Case of the Protestants of Ireland*, stated in Addresses delivered at Meetings in Dublin, Liverpool, Bristol, and Bath, in the year 1834, by the Rev. Mortimer O’Sullivan. London, 1836. Hatchard and Son.

ultimately "the elements became heightened, so as eventually to compel, from the unbending resolution of one minister, and the pledged opposition of another, that concession, without grace or expediency, of which we are now to bide and brave the stormy consequences." At the commencement of the session of 1834, and before the echo of the king's speech had even died away, Lord Brougham, then chancellor, observed respecting O'Connell, that he "preferred to honest industry, and its creditable and honourable gains, a life of restless agitation, supported by a species of personal and political mendicancy." This exposition of a passage in the royal speech, so just and so manly, at once fastened the baseness of personal and political mendicancy on O'Connell; and, if acted up to during the two subsequent years by those who then professed to acquiesce in the truth of the statement, and the justice of the denunciation, it would have gone far to have averted that sycophancy to an Irish beggar, and submission to his menaces, which marks the year 1836, and forms the blackest page in the annals of a once noble and haughty land. His Majesty's ministers discovered, ere three months had elapsed, that they must either quit their places, or make common cause with O'Connell; naturally enough, in the case of such men, they embraced the latter alternative. On this, O'Sullivan makes the following cutting and reflective remarks:—"The beggar of the minister's vernacular invective is, in their summer panegyric, his country's benefactor. The change from the grub to the butterfly is not half so wonderful as this. The vilest appurtenances of the patriot's mendicant existence are touched with a transforming power and glory: his bags have become wings: he has cast the slough of an ignoble condition: he has soared up into the gunny region of ministerial favour: he is an object of courtly competition, and, in the eagerness to make him a cabinet prize, all friendships are forgotten, all decorums disregarded; and Stanley, and Richmond, and Ripon, and Graham, and Grey, are shouldered out, and trodden down in the mad chase, which hoar and bearded juveniles urge after the gorgeous creature, which, if it do not

'Lead them on from flower to flower,' may, at least, be said to conduct them

'A wenny chase, and wasted hour.'"

It has been this temporising in the treatment of the arch-advocate of Rome—that contempt of his character, and reprobation of his policy, when the tide of popularity appeared to demand it, and this adulation of his name, and purchase of his support and countenance at any sacrifice, and for any price, when the slipperiness of their places reduced them to the necessity of catching at any straw and at every prize, which has stamped an opprobrium on the ministry of Melbourne, that no partisan, however subtle, and no vindication, however plausible, will wipe away. Their conduct has been that of the rope-dancers at a country-fair, holding a pole, with popery, the enemy of the kingdom, on the one end, and protestantism, its glory and bulwark, on the other; and, provided they maintained their equilibrium and their footing, they were reckless whether the one or the other sank. We feel no little satisfaction in reading the reflections of the reverend orator on this head. He abandons all lightness and caricature which are provoked by the peculiarities of the case, and holds up the trimming and dishonourable policy in the holy light of Christianity, and if truth, eloquence, argument, and fact, could do so, withers into loathing and contempt, that anomaly of our day, that saltless, helmless thing, the Melbourne ministry.

O'Sullivan next enters into a consideration of the treatment actually experienced, and yet further to be anticipated from such men and such measures. He meets the position laid down as an axiom in the radical creed, that the state has a right to dispose of the revenues of the Irish, and, of course, of the other ecclesiastical establishments of the country. If right means mob-will, or parliamentary majorities, we admit the truth of the statement; but if it means what it is reported in the Bible to mean—what it is held in all codes of sound morality and holy principle to mean, then we are at once at issue with the assumed justice of such an axiom. Edward certainly entertained no such right, when he prevented the increase of church property, thereby admitting the inviolability of all to that hour inherited; and Charles II. admitted no such right, when he treated with the church for liberty to tax ecclesiastics as well as civilians. The disposing of the property of the church, which, to

the immunities of every corporate body, adds the loftier claim arising from the sacredness of its destination, is unwarranted by principle, unsupported by precedent, and, in our mind, the most ominous feature of the day in which we live; and, if it be successfully followed out, it will not only be the commencement of a wholesale revolutionary plunder, but the removal of the cement by which the whole pile of the British constitution is kept in strong adhesion.

"But how," says our author, "will the usurpation of Church property affect your (Church of England)? Has any principle been laid down by which a valid distinction can be drawn between the nature of your charter and ours? None but the principle of Parliamentary majority; and thus all sanctity is withdrawn by which possession was heretofore guarded. Whatever can be done in Parliament may be done. The distinction between right and power is lost in a state of things in which might becomes 'lord of imbecility,' and a new ingredient is thrown into the caldron of agitation, arising out of the unequal distribution of property, and the assertion of a principle that the state has a right to dispose of all surplus revenues."—p. 13.

We protest against the irreligion and the outrage perpetrated in the assertion, that "truth ceases to be truth when majorities are against her." Though the proportion of the population against the cause of justice, and truth, and righteous principle, were to its supporters as ten to one; yes, though there were but one solitary individual on the face of the globe elevated by the sublimity of his creed, which was truth, while all around were the enemies alike of his person and his principles, he would, nevertheless, be right, and all the world besides would be wrong. Instead of its being a presumption against the truth or justice of an act, that few approve of it, it is rather a strong presumption in its favour. Truth is seldom a popular article in modern commercial intercourse.

O'Sullivan, vexed at the uncourtous treatment which the Irish establishment and its ministers have so often experienced in the Parliament at the hands of their merciless legislators, the radicals, appeals to that sense of honour and of courtesy which, he hopes, are not yet exiles from St. Stephens, and calls for that tender, or at least equitable treatment, which the absent and the defenceless claim, which the sacredness of the ministerial character de-

mands, and which the painful and persecuted state of the Irish clergy ought to evoke from hearts even, if possible, more steeled to prostrate religion and bleeding humanity, than those of O'Connell and Humé.

"I do not deprecate or dread insult from members of the Roman Catholic persuasion. They are merely discharging a duty to their Church, which demands that they account every thing subordinate to her exaltation: nor from any Irish representatives, who occupy their seats on the condition that they pay for them the full quota of insulting language; but when British members, learned civilians, men who make profession of piety, describe a Church, with whose character and operation they have never sought to make themselves acquainted, as an 'abominable nuisance;' when they do this in the place where no minister of that Church can be admitted to reply—a place where, in ancient days, the recollection of our necessary absence created for us in every gentleman a protector. I am disappointed that they will forget their situation and ours, that they will disregard the obvious truth, that their vehement invectives against a system will be translated by the fierce passions of those that hate that system, into a denunciation of its ministers; and that they will not feel it a cruel and unmanly abuse of privileged impunity, to indulge prejudice or spleen in the utterance of taunts, which, whatever be the spirit in which they are spoken, here in Ireland give direction and encouragement to ferocious passions, and become provocatives to murder."—p. 12.

We wish we had space to give larger extracts from this interesting speech, but we must hasten to take notice of some of its companions.

The second oration delivered at the Protestant Conservative Society of Ireland, in Dublin, September 1834, is, perhaps, one of the most eloquent, as well as important, in the whole volume. The question is repeatedly asked, "*intra muros et extra*," what grievances the Protestants, and especially the Protestant clergy of Ireland, can have to complain of. The wrongs that priests and popish radicals endure, are paraded continually before the public eye, but the outrages perpetrated on Protestant houses and property, and the assaults made upon the lives of Protestant ministers, are studiously concealed, or what is worse, mentioned, that they may be made the texts for the sneer and the insulting triumph of demagogues and honourable Jesuits.

"Our enemies," says O'Sullivan, "ask what grievances we have to complain of? as if the graves which cover the honoured remains of many martyred ministers of our religion, had covered also the memory of their pious and charitable lives, and of the inhuman murders by which they suffered death. But I pass over these and such matters of complaint as are symptoms of the great evil, rather than independent grievances, and answer, our complaint is this, there is in Ireland an extensive and well-organised conspiracy to extirpate Protestantism; and the conduct pursued by a party, powerful in the state, towards Protestants, and towards the enemies of British connexion, is calculated to strengthen it."—p. 19.

Mr. O'Connell, in his letter to the Duke of Wellington, explained the state of Ireland, in no measured terms, when he informed his Grace that "there were, at the lowest calculation, a million of Irishmen only waiting to get leave to fight;" and, that O'Connell is the acknowledged leader, we need no more evidence than facts, palpable to the most superficial observer, backed by the assertion of Mr. Steele at one of the meetings of the Irish Volunteer Society, that preceded the fatal concessions of 1829:—"If O'Connell wanted troops, I would be the first to bid them go cut pike-handles, not in Cratloe woods, but in my own woods. But O'Connell has commanded peace." It is clear, from a continuous investigation of the recent history of Ireland, that the ostensible and paraded grievances, on account of which the Irish Roman Catholic population rise sometimes almost *en masse*, are not the real ones. They make complaints about the pressure of poverty, the incubus of tithes, &c. &c. These complaints are iniquitously put in the mouths of an illiterate populace, that cannot estimate their falsehood, or ascertain the real causes of them. The distress is superinduced on the wretched population by the harpies of Rome, that prey upon their life-blood, and the resulting desolation is instantly made available to the nefarious purposes of every reckless and licentious or covetous demagogue. The evil spirits of Popery and Radicalism next take possession of the houses that are swept for their residence by famine, and often culpable misfortune. The bishops and priests of the Popish communion, deeply imbued with the dominant and persecuting spirit of their creed, have constantly

dangling before them the ascendancy of the Church of Rome to her ancient pre-eminence in Ireland; and to achieve this, they are prepared to use every means, however desperate and destructive. If their priestcraft cannot goad to action the serfs whose consciences they control, and whose energies they can generally reckon on, they will prepare the wretched people by the subduing discipline of famine and starvation, and, though murderers should walk the island, and martyrs be laid in many a grave; though calendars should be overcharged with crime, and prisons filled with the criminals, a corrupted priesthood will, nevertheless, rejoice, if these most fearful results can only be made to enter as favourable elements into those schemes of aggrandisement and ascendancy to which they look forward. They act the part of certain masters, who stupefied their slaves by deleterious drugs that they might be the more submissive tools. There is no one political party to which the priests of Ireland can be made permanently to adhere. The party that holds out the surest and speediest prospect of their elevation, is that which is safe, for the time, of their embraces. Thus, when fears were entertained of the success of those schemes hatched on the Continent, and essayed in Scotland, which had for their immediate objects the dethronement of the Hanoverian, and the reign of the Stuart family, Dr. Doyle stated that the Popish bishops looked to the Pretender as their patron, and O'Connell, in his evidence before the Commons Committee in 1825, asserted, that in the "time of his father and uncle, the priests educated on the Continent were Jacobites, enemies to England, and that their opinions ran against the present succession to the throne." Now, that all hopes from this quarter, the return of the Stuart dynasty, are utterly and entirely extinguished, they manifest at once the reigning principle, and the versatility with which it can be pursued, by springing from the extreme of despotism and Jacobitism, to the still more fearful antipodes of republicanism and democracy. "They (the Popish clergy) are now," continued O'Connell, on the same occasion, "more identified with the people, and, therefore, in the phrase that is usually called loyalty, they do not come within the description of it so much as the priests educated in France;" i. e. the priests of former

times were, to a man, opposed to the Hanoverian succession, simply because it was Protestant; and the priests of the present day are still more hopelessly opposed to the same bulwark of British freedom and Protestant Christianity. *Jacobites* when Jacobitism is most powerful to assist them, and *Jacobins* when Jacobinism seems the surest road to victory. The priests were loyalists unparalleled when faith in the divinest rights of tyranny augured best for the success of their plans, but now they are among the worshippers of the majesty of the people, and the glories of the fierce democracy, since, in this party policy, is there the most favourable prospect of their ultimate triumph.

O'Connell himself is but an emanation from the "illuminated hell of Popish disaffection." His power is *derived* not *original*. The *primum mobile* is in the pious priesthood, and though this political phenomenon—this Popish meteor of the Emerald Isle, gathers round him now the *eclat* and the plaudits of a starving peasantry, he is detested by many, and an object of affection to few. The priests send out their missionary, and extort from their doubly victimised population not only their own dues, but the *rent* for O'Connell also. They give O'Connell the *imprimatur* of their approval, and then command the people to fill his begging-box, and add to his wallets the elements of their buoyancy. The enslaved Papists must shout "O'Connell for ever!" because they see the man strolling through the country with the usual mark of the beast, "*permissu superiorum*." Nor can the Irish people be ignorant that O'Connell has asserted for them no one practical and beneficial change. What burden has he lightened? what blessing has he conferred? The "Big Beggarman" has never sought to regulate the rents, to give the peasant security of tenure, increase of wages, poor-law enactment, or any other measure their many necessities urgently require. The only memorial of his existence in Ireland will be widows, and orphans, and impoverished families. The whole secret of the man's sway, and the enormous revenue he gathers, is traceable not to the affections of Ireland, but to the will of a tyrannical priesthood; and, we contend, that the grand cause of insurrection, and misery, and crime in that island, is the Popish compact entered into by too great a majority of the Irish

priests to extirpate Protestantism, and to raise Popery on its ruins—a compact devised by Popish ingenuity, cemented by Popish disaffection, and kept up by the appliances of those fearful claims on the resources of a world to come, which have ever been the stamina of Papal influence. Our author, after introducing the subject, observes,—

"The time is not far distant, when many who lead in the movement-party here—the glossers, who speak smooth things—the hurlers of verbal defiance, will pass away by constraint, or at command, like Milton's spirits unmasking 'the devilish enginery,' they are no longer required to cover, and will leave the stage vacant for a revelation of malignity such as shall obliterate from memory the less revolting atrocities of the French revolution."—p. 20.

We hope Mr. O'Sullivan will find his prediction of the destruction of the Protestant Establishment in Ireland falsified, but we confess there is but too much ground for believing that it will yet be realised.

The admission of such an organised conspiracy, sustained by priestly infallibility, obviates a difficulty we have often felt, that Irishmen, who have been regarded as of rather a humane than truculent character, should have, nevertheless, of late years, been guilty of perfidy, atrocities, and murders, even of their latest benefactors, inexplicable on the hypothesis that the men of that country have left in their bosoms the ordinary instincts and almost inalienable sympathies of humanity. The fact is brought out in the deductions of our author, that the murder of Protestants, especially clergy, and the incendiarism of Saxon property, is with the Irish Romanists not a matter of *moral* but of *arithmetical* determination, not of *moral principle* but of *prudential calculation*. In the vocabulary of that country, it is righteousness to avert and screen the murderer, but it is crime and treachery to assist the law in bringing him to justice; and what we pronounce murder, the Irish Romanists conceive to be but the payment of debt; and what is felt in every well-ordered community to be crime, worthy of death, is, in the Emerald Isle, regarded as virtue, entitled to the honour of canonisation.

"If men dying on the scaffold account themselves, and are so accounted, martyrs in a good cause, and, if they imagine that they die free from sin, although they

bear with them knowledge by which, if communicated, fearful evil might be averted; if, after having religious consolations, and the ministrations of the priest, they may be heard lamenting, at their last hour, that one murder less than they had designed can be ascribed to them, and declaring, that 'it is not their fault,' if the Bible intercepted the deadly weapon, and frustrated the attempt to kill — is it irrational to conclude that, as the principles and conduct of such men can be explained only on the supposition that they conceive themselves to owe no allegiance to the state, they have, at least, never been led to a sense of political duty by ecclesiastics, who were Jacobites as long as the Stuarts advanced a claim to the British throne, and who, when such claims ceased to be urged, were trained in opposite principles, and inherited the feelings which the Irish people had been taught to cherish."—pp. 29, 30.

Such is the result of the demoralising effects operated on a large population by such infamous organisation, inspired by the spirit, and drawn onward in its reckless career by the expectancies of Rome.

We cannot agree in every respect with the position of our author, laid down in the middle of the effective speech we are now analysing. He does not assert, *totidem verbis*, that the Orange Institution of the north of Ireland is the great obstacle to the success of Ribbon, Whiteboy, and Popish conspiracy; but, after saying, justly enough, that "the moral and physical force of the combined Protestants, especially in Ulster," is the mighty obstacle to Popish ascendancy, he proves his assertion, not so much by adducing proofs of the moral and physical effects of Protestantism when contrasted with those of Popery, as by giving a historical and statistical sketch of the Orange Institution of his country. Important as we deem the results of these institutions in the disjointed situation of Ireland, we cannot, nevertheless, give any such confederacy all the credit of successful opposition to the adverse bands. The fruits of the Protestant faith in Ireland, morality, manliness, and personal and social comfort, are, perhaps, the most important items of that phalanx which has crushed the proud arrogance of Rome in former times, and most successfully stayed it in the latter history of Ireland. Defenderism finds *fuel* in Connaught, Leinster, and Munster, but it finds little or none in Ulster; and

the general diffusion of sound Christianity, protected, no doubt, more or less by the Orange Institution, has been the breakwater on the confines of Protestant Ulster, against which the infuriate waves of Papal rancour and power have dashed and been dissipated.

After this, our author traces much of recent outrage in Ireland to the trembling and irresolute hand with which the reins of Government have of late been held in that country; and, most assuredly, no mean portion of the responsibility of what has thrown a stigma on the very name of Ireland, is owing to the trimming and vacillating policy of the Whigs. Our Government has, in fact, openly professed its inability to execute the laws. At the Kilkenny Assizes, the Attorney-General declined to prosecute, because intimidation had rendered it impossible to procure justice. O'Connell must be propitiated at any sacrifice; and the line of the heathen poet has come to be painfully realised in the case of the Protestants of Ireland,—*"Deliriant reges, plectuntur Achivi!"*

"Protestant gentry and people are alike discountenanced and discouraged. One class subjected to a chilling regimen of estrangement and suspicion; undervalued at the seat of power; and teased by base espionage at their residence in the country: the other exposed to all irritating and subduing influences, capricious exercises of authority, mortifications, losses, nightly alarms, conspiracies, deaths. We call ours a free country; we speak of civil and religious liberty. I, for my part, would not hesitate to affirm, that the annals of the world do not present instances of darker tyranny than Irish Protestants experience. Within the last few years, one hundred and twenty thousand Protestants have fled from the persecutions which wasted them here; Protestant magistrates are displaced; Protestant people are made the objects of partial and vindictive legislation; Protestant clergy are deprived of their rights; and the ministry, who should protect the Church, co-operate with the individual who is most resolute to effect its overthrow."—pp. 57, 58.

The reverend orator, after establishing the portentous facts, some of the leaders of which we have specified, by an analysis the most accurate, and an induction the most philosophical, lets forth the natural feelings of his bosom, suppressed by the necessity of a long statistical detail, and not only summons the Protestants of Britain to the rescue of their brethren in Ireland in terms at

once cogent and affecting, but proclaims it to be the deliberate and holy resolve of the Protestant clergy of that country to nerve their hearts for all alternatives, "and to be one and all, soul and body, prepared for the event."

"We may feel it painful to think that our cause has not awakened the quick concern it merits; but we shall stand by it the more resolutely, that it has been forsaken by others. There is One, we know, who never will desert his cause, or abandon those who put their trust in Him. We shall not be cast down from our dependence on Him. It is, no doubt, matter of amazement and awe, to think of the unprecedented coalition which a British ministry has made, and to witness that portentous dalliance between power and popular fury, on the issue of which so mighty consequences are dependent; but no feelings of amazement should disturb the presence of mind in which we prepare for the coming tempest. The hardy mariner is not confused when dangers threaten him on the deep; but, when the stormy wind arises, and a horror of thick darkness is on the wave and in the sky, his courage rises with the emergency; and the same Great Being, who commands the billows to rage and swell, and makes storm and tempest the submissive voice of his power, makes that power equally and more sublimely manifest in the collectedness and composure of the resolved spirit which He conducts in safety through the dangers."—p. 59.

The effective and masterly address in the amphitheatre of Liverpool, Lord Kenyon in the chair, embodies a graphic sketch of the treatment experienced by the Irish Church at the hands of successive ministers—treatment which seems to indicate a deliberate determination to weaken, and ultimately overpower that branch of the Protestant Church. After alluding to that mysterious conspiracy, to contend with which, the British constitution, from the openness and the integrity of its principles, is unfitted to contend—a conspiracy which pours out its venom in the desk and the witness-box, and pollutes justice throughout its channels, he proceeds to specify a few of those pretexts which Roman Catholics adduce as reasons for their aggressive movements against the Protestant Church. "They pretend to imagine that the revenues with which a Protestant Church is endowed have been wrested from their rightful proprietors, the clergy of the Church of Rome." This objection

Mr. O'Sullivan barely glances at. We could have wished he had enlisted his great powers in the confutation of it; not that the matter is perplexed in itself, but that it has been misrepresented and mystified by the Irish Papists, from the lay pope at Derrinane to the lowest of the priests. The fact is, the Christian Church of Ireland existed in great purity till the reign of Henry II., when, for the first time, the clouds of Popery alighted on it. And since the Reformation, which, by the by, scarcely affected Ireland, the Protestant churches have been trebled at the expense of Protestant parishioners, indicating them to be Protestant not Papal property; in so much, that, since the Union, 600 churches, and 600 glebe-houses, and upwards of 1000 working ministers, have been added to Ireland. After all, the real plunderers and invaders were the Roman Catholics, and, whether we regard England, Scotland, or Ireland, the introduction of Protestant ministers to the benefices, was nothing more than the restoration of property to its destined possessors. The heresies contracted by the Church of Rome were cleansed off; and the chaste spouse presented in her native beauty. As the Scripture reader once observed to the priest who denied the antiquity of the Protestant Communion, the Protestant Church is merely the Roman Catholic with its face washed, its heart changed, and its nature sanctified, and, in claiming the endowments of the Church of Christ, it claims simply its own.

"The cry, however, from which most danger has been apprehended to our Irish branch of the Establishment is, that it is the Church of a small minority of the people, and that, having failed to effect the purposes for which it was endowed, it should now be divested of unprofitable emoluments. Surely, to use the gentlest language, this is most inconsistent. The epoch of what was termed Catholic Emancipation is not so distant, that we can have forgotten the argument which had most weight in winning favour to its advocates. It was, that the Church of England could never be fairly exhibited to individuals, not members of her communion, so long as political exclusion created a kind of repulsive influence around her. The Church of England was thought to be incapacitated by its safeguards from exercising its powers of usefulness. It was supposed to be in the condition of James I. in his armour, when the encumbered and guarded monarch said of

himself, "Now nobody can hurt me, and I can hurt nobody." This was the prevailing sentiment respecting the disabilities by which the Church was protected; and it was confidently asked by statesmen of high reputation, whether it would not be wise to repeal those statutes by which the Church was not secured but oppressed."—p. 85.

But it is time to inquire what has been the result of the vaunted concession of 1829? Has any good accrued from it? Have not the smouldering fires broken forth with more fitful and desolating fury, more blood been shed, more crime, and disorder, and illegal combinations, followed, and Ireland at this moment in a far more wretched state; (at least, the Popish provinces are so,) than it was ten or twelve years ago? But, it may be asked, has the Protestant Church retrograded or advanced in faithfulness and efficiency? By the admission of the most competent judges, the Church of Ireland clergy are, at this moment, the most godly and laborious body in Christendom. Their labours have been most abundant; their sacrifices in the cause of truth, at once numerous and great; and it is a fact, no mystification has yet prevailed to disparage, that it was the endeavours of the Protestant clergy to extend the *spiritualia* of the Church, that first provoked the warfare of the priests against the *temporalia* of the Establishment. The Popish apostasy hating the light, for the old and obvious reason, that her deeds are evil, and feeling that light breaking in on her benighted victims, musters her energies to destroy the persons and the property of the Established ministers, seeing she cannot meet and answer their arguments. Dr. Doyle himself declared, that the Protestant ministers had "latterly been influenced by over-zeal in religion," and were what "he called proselytisers." Had the Protestant clergy done their utmost to convince a benighted population, they had but done their duty, but so far were they from being the aggressors, that the unprovoked and virulent tirades of the priests against the Protestant Church in 1822 were so thick, that the leading organ of the Church of Rome denounced them "as pestilent incentives to blood," and the clergy of the Protestant Church were compelled to stand forward and act on the defensive. During fourteen years past, ever since 1822, one series of wrongs after another

has been visited on the Irish Church, and the impression resulting from the spectacle is deeply engraven on our minds, that, as Daniel O'Connell, whose services must be secured to a rickety Cabinet at all hazards, feels the Protestantism of Ireland to be the powerful tie that knits isle to isle, the strong stay of British connexion, that must be removed before his projects can be realised, our Ministers have resolved to do away with the "mighty nuisance" bit by bit, if their masters will have patience with them. Our author describes the National Education Scheme as another insidious assault on the Protestantism of Ireland, and, after exposing its distinctive and anti-Protestant tendency, he makes the weighty and painful remark in regard to it,— "It was reserved for days like ours to see national—the national of England, placed as the opposite, and the substitute for Scriptural." In this place, we cannot give a better idea of the absurdities and contradictions, to say nothing worse, of this extraordinary scheme, than by extracting the memorial of Thady Brady, an Irish national schoolmaster, from the speech of the Rev. Hugh M'Neill, lately delivered at Liverpool.

"The memorial of Thady Brady humbly sheweth, that I am, as you know, Thady Brady, who was appointed master of the national school of Kilmegranny, county Clare, having been recommended by the Rev. Eustathius Finnerty, P.P. And as the Protestant minister, Mr. Pleaseall, joined in the application for building the school, and induced a few of the Protestant children, whose parents live among us, to come to it, I take equal pains to instruct them. It is on the subject of the Scripture lessons that I now make bold to address your honourable Board; for being, as you truly say, not well qualified as a teacher of religion, I am fairly at a nonplus with these lessons, and I would be infinitely beholden to you, if, by return of post, you will let me know who is Boothroyd; for I asked the minister, and he told me that he was a country gentleman, a sort of a Quaker, that died in England last year; and, as I thought that it was very queer to have him set up to teach the meaning of the Bible, that never was baptised, I asked the priest, and he told me he was an Egyptian monk; so I refer it to your honours for information: and would also be thankful for a clear notion of who Bishop Horsley was, and Kennicott, and Griesbach, as we never heard of them

before in these remote parts: and some say they were Protestants, and others say they were old saints, only not called so, like Origen, of whom we are not sure whether he was a real saint or a heretic, though you mention his opinion about the *Pater Noster*. And please to tell me also how many manuscripts there are, and who wrote them; and all about them. As you set me to teach these things, sure you are bound to instruct me; for, as you say, I am not qualified. But if the truth was known, no more is the priest or the minister; for I asked them both how many manuscripts there were in all, and they looked cross, and one said, 'What's that to you?' and the other said, 'Mind your own business;' so, 'Boys,' says I, 'a large proportion of manuscripts reads so and so.'

"Your memorialist also prays that your honours will tell him a safe meaning to give of 'justification,' which you bid me 'explain,' but which is getting me into such scrapes and scoldings on all sides. I do not ask for the true meaning, for I know that, but a meaning that won't give any 'peculiar religious instruction,' for that's what they blamed me for doing in the school-hours, when I gave my own explanation of the word. That you may understand my case, I will lay it before you in detail, and relate my grievances in handling these lessons.

"I was teaching one day last month the first lesson in the New Testament, and after the boys had read it, and closed their books, I began to ask the questions printed at the end of it; and in due course, says I, 'How did the angel address her?' (meaning the blessed Virgin.) 'Hail, Mary! full of grace,' answers Tim Flanagan. 'As one peculiarly blessed of God,' says Jack Smith, the water-guard's son; 'amn't I right, and may I go up?' 'You are both right,' says I. 'But which is to go up?' say they. 'Jack Smith is more exact,' says I, and accordingly he took Flanagan's place. Well, the school was not broke up an hour, when Mrs. Flanagan, she's a Carmelite, came to ask me if I had put down her grandson for saying 'The angelical salutation.' 'Ma'am,' says I, 'I adhered to the strict letter of the Scripture lessons.' 'Sir,' says she, 'I'll complain of you to the bishop for punishing my boy for confessing the true faith. And you are a renegade and an apostate from your religion for doing what you have done.' The next week I was teaching with much fear over me, on account of Mrs. Flanagan, when in came the minister, and with him came an evangelical gentleman that opposed the school, whom he thought to win over by shewing them how well the children were taught to read the Scriptures.

As ill luck would have it, I was hearing the boys the lesson in which you have marked the word 'repent' to be 'explained.' So, taking your note at page 14 to help me, I said, says I, 'repent means do penance, and that means a great deal; for example, it means peas in the shoes, and a pilgrimage to Lough Dearg, and saying seven hundred *Aves* and a hundred *Pater Nosters* fasting.' I saw the minister wriggling as I went on explaining 'repent;' and the evangelical gentleman grinned. And when school was over, the minister in a high rage set upon me, and rated at me for teaching Popery, as he called it, in school-hours. 'Sir,' says I, 'the Board put down the word 'to be explained,' and I believe in no other meaning.' 'I won't leave my children here,' says he, 'to be corrupted by you; and I'll report you to the Board for giving peculiar instruction before the proper hour for it is come.' 'Sir,' says I, 'it is not peculiar instruction; I am bound to give an explanation, for the Board has marked it for me to explain, and I will do my duty.' May it please your honourable Board, I have found it a hard and vexatious thing to do that same. After Mrs. Flanagan blew me up, I made a rule that, in giving the lessons, the children should not take each others' places when they missed. But it was not long till, as I was hearing them read the 19th lesson, I asked them, as you directed me, 'How must we be justified?' 'By my good works,' says Jem Flynn. 'By faith,' says Bob Jones, 'amn't I right?' 'By faith and works,' says Darby Morris, 'amn't I right?' 'By faith without works, amn't I right?' says Miles Johnson. 'O! you're all right,' says I, 'more or less: but no taking of places, as I commanded you already.' The boys looked at each other, as if they would determine, by a fight out of school, which was right, since I would not decide it for them: and I thought to myself, anyhow, it is mighty little knowledge they'll get out of the lessons, if I mustn't help them and put them right. However, as that was one of the days set apart for separate religious instruction, when the school was dismissed, the Protestants went home by themselves, and the Catholics remained to say their catechism, which prevented a fight on that day; and I took the opportunity of telling them that 'justification' means 'sanctification,' and so we are justified by our good works. But five days after, when they came to the 24th lesson, I asked them, 'What does the word 'Paradise' mean?' 'Limbo,' says Phil Scratch. 'Heaven,' says Tom Whack. What was I to do now? The boys looked angry, and were waiting for me to decide who was right, when in came

Father Finnerty, and, without more ado, Phil appealed to him. 'You are right,' says his reverence. Tom's eyes flashed fire, and he muttered something between his teeth, that came out afterwards when the school was breaking up; for he set upon Phil as he went out of the door, and said, 'You unmannerly cur, do you mean that the Saviour went to purgatory?' 'I do,' says he. 'There's no such place in the Bible,' says Tom. 'There is,' says Phil. 'You lie,' says the angry fellow; 'Paradise is heaven.' 'It is Limbo,' says Phil, and gave him a punch in the ribs. 'Heaven,' says Tom, and hit him a blow in the eye. A ring was now formed by four or five Protestants and about fifty Catholics, and the shouts were loud on both sides, one bawling for Limbo and the other for Heaven. And I saw the evangelical gentleman riding by, and he shook his head, as much as to say, our system of united instruction was making fine harmony in the country. He complained of it, however, to the minister, and so he came up along with him next day, and taxed me with setting the boys a-fighting. 'Sir,' says I, 'I only asked the question which the Board bid me ask, and I gave no explanation of my own. You were angry with me the other day for explaining a word; and now you're angry because I can't keep the boys from controversy, and all the controversy was brought in by the Board.' 'But look at the lesson of love and charity that's hanging on the wall,' says he; 'why did you not enforce it?' 'Is it with a rattan?' says I, 'am I to flog them to make them love one another? and as to the lesson of charity that is hung up, it's a different lesson they hear at home; and one can't expect all at once that they will give up the old plan, and be persuaded that it is not right to punish a heretic for reviling the true faith.' 'I will not have these Scripture lessons read any more in the school,' says he, 'they only drag the children into controversy, by the notes and questions they contain.' 'The Board earnestly recommend the use of them, sir,' says I. 'And if you do not use the lessons,' says the evangelical gentleman, 'you won't have any Scriptures read in the schools.' 'I will take away my children,' says the minister, 'and send them to the Bible school in the next parish.' 'This is the state of the case. And I humbly pray your honourable Board to tell me how I am to explain 'justification,' and 'Abraham's bosom,' without giving particular religious instruction, and without teaching them what I believe myself to be their true meaning; and

In duty bound, both night and day,
Thady Brady will ever pray."

The warfare maintained against the

Protestant Church of Ireland is made up of two powerful but concurring ingredients,—legislative enactments, as oppressive as they are gratuitous, and Popish popular violence, as unrepressed by authority as it is instigated by mitred and shaven demagogues. "The violence of its enemies is admitted as an argument against its acknowledged rights, and, for the first time, it is recognised as a maxim of legislation, that the object of law should be, to remit the penalties and remove the fears which had of old kept the strength of evil-doers in check, and to transfer them to the upright and the unoffending." Under a system so heartless as this, it is not to be wondered that one part of the Protestant ministers of Ireland should find an early grave, and the other part appeal to England for bread to feed their starving families. Our servile cabinet removes the ancient and all-important embankments, and then stands by, smiling at the popular torrent as it pours along unexpected channels, and sweeps away all that is holy, and just, and virtuous. It is under the influence of such practices that O'Sullivan observes—

"What scenes could be brought to light of the sufferings of a persecuted clergy! Aged and charitable men compelled to swear, at the dictation of the nightly desperado, that they will forsake the home in which they hoped to end their days in peace, and turn away from the church in which they had long faithfully ministered."—p. 144.

And again—

"What have I known of the sufferings of an upright clergy, under the cruel vial which has been poured out upon them; some languishing under wounds which render the life with which they escaped the assassin's attempt, a pain and sorrow; some persecuted from their homes, their families scattered, who, in other times, had never retired to rest without a mother's blessing, eating the bread of dependence among strangers; some lingering within the precincts of their desolate homes, lamenting the loss or affliction of sons wounded in their defence, or because they were their offspring; some murdered: and all of them men upon whose good name the breath of calumny never dared to shed a tarnish. Shall we think of these things, and shall we be censured when we speak of the Government at whose door all are to be laid, if sorrow causes our language to be unceremonious?"

The following affecting incident is alike illustrative of the state of matters in Ireland.

"Grant me," says the reverend speaker, "a few moments' indulgence, and I will, I trust, without disgracing his memory by unbecoming weakness, tell you of Irvine Whitty and his martyrdom."

"Irvine Whitty was a man, perhaps more calculated than any human being you have known, to make religion loved. He was tried with much bodily weakness and pain; he was gentle and indulgent to a degree which would induce you to think a bold effort or a severe expression impossible to him; but whatever it was his duty to do, and his duty prescribed some arduous exertions, he was empowered to attempt and accomplish. I can remember well how, when one among the proudest and most exalted in station of his countrymen had acted in a manner to deserve rebuke, this humble minister of the gospel faithfully and eloquently discharged his severe duty; and I can almost fancy that I see him as, when two of the most distinguished of his parishioners, who were known to be at variance, appeared at his communion-table, he overcame the shrinkings of his modest nature, and descended on the mission, and, with a face which was as the face of an angel, entreated that, in the sight of his congregation, the parties might be reconciled, and they were reconciled. In a year of scarcity, almost amounting to famine, my revered friend was left almost alone to succour the distressed within the bounds of his parish, and, incurred in this charitable agency, what for himself and his family he almost superstitiously avoided, a debt which he was discharging by instalments for many years. Towards the last days of this good man's life his dangers seemed to have disappeared. I received assurances that his saintly life and charities had produced the natural effect; but all was hollow. He had been visiting an infirm parishioner at a distance of three miles from his home; he had walked: I believe he could not allow himself the indulgence of a horse or carriage; wearied with the exertion, he attempted to return by a shorter way than that of the public road. In the fields, a sense of weariness and cold overpowered him, and he approached the house of a Roman Catholic parishioner to rest for a little, and recover warmth. He was so feeble, that it was necessary to assist him over a stile which interposed between his path and his house. It appears he was courteously invited to enter in and take a seat; that he was, on leaving the house, accompanied on his way by its master; but after the lapse of

many hours, late in the night, he was found upon the earth, where he had been stoned, mangled, and bleeding, and speechless; but not yet quite liberated from the agony of death. Thus Irvine Whitty died, a man whose countenance only, by its subdued and saintly expression, might have disarmed the wildest hatred. He has had his crown; but it is an awful lesson to think that one thus 'lovely in his life' should be on the earth dying, where neither tear, nor tender touch, nor prayer, nor blessing, soothed him; a witness, an unambiguous witness, that the spirit which seeks the destruction of the Protestant Church, is of a kind which quenches the sympathies of human hearts, and is not to be charmed into peace or mercy by all the gentleness and all the virtue that is bestowed upon the most blameless of mortals."—p. 149.

This is but one amid many specimens of the murderous spirit and anti-British and anti-Protestant resolve that animate the bosoms of the Irish Romanists. We sympathise with the reverend orator when he declares it his conviction that the open battle-field in Ireland would be a more welcome result to the Protestants of Ireland than the fiendish spirit of assassination, that respects no claims, and holds sacred no obligations. "Who would not rather go forth with the Emperor of France to his battles, than abide amid the revolting butcheries of Robespierre or Marat? And who, that reflects, would not rather see Ireland the battle-field of civilised war, than the shambles which it has been made for murderers?" It is quite clear that, in the open warfare of contending communities, there are traits that indicate noble feelings and generous emotions latent in the bosoms of stern antagonists, and which, in their development, cast a glory over the battle-field that dissociates much that is terrible from the spectators, giving birth to poets' songs, and consecrating fields, for the visit of the pilgrim and the historian of after-days. But the demondeeds in the south of Ireland have no compensatory accompaniments. They are purely evil. The nation that gives them birth is a branded nation. The faith that fomented them has nothing of the mercy or holiness of heaven in its bosom, and the fields on which the assassin and his victim struggled, instead of being hallowed in the minstrel's song—

"Shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down,

To the vile earth from which they sprung,
Unloved, unhonoured, and unsung."

And the Whig-Radical Government, under whose conciliatory system such things took place, will be recorded in the annals of coming generations as one of those scourges with which it pleases Divine Providence to chastise nations forgetful of their mercies, and unthankful for their privileges. Countries that have been desolated by an Atilla, or swept by the wasting armies of a Napoleon, speedily recover often more than their former strength and prosperity, but those that have had the misfortune to be ridden down by an incompetent and irreligious ministry, ignorant of the principles of the heavenly, and raw in the experience of the policy of the earthly code of jurisprudence, rarely rise to their pristine greatness, unless there be within them a buoyancy of power and worth that even hell cannot hold down. Nor is the reason of this unintelligible. The visitation of the barbarian aggressor prompts a people to consolidate their energies, and fortify their position, and, at best, affects their *external* peace only; but the ascendancy of a reckless and unprincipled faction disarranges the *internal* resources, and cripples their might at its main-spring. The former is the rude tempest that beats against the frame, and excites a reaction more than adequate to stand it out, and turn the onset to future advantage; but the latter is consumption, gnawing the vitals, and wasting the stamina of life beyond all possibility of compensation. It is from these considerations, that we feel, that the conqueror of Melbourne and Company would do more good to his country than the conqueror of Napoleon. Wellington was permitted to fall politically, and open one of those defiles along which the barbarian spoilers have come into the very heart of our constitution, it having been decreed, that the man who should carry all before him in the cabinet as he had done in the camp, would be regarded as more than mortal. But Britain has never wanted a champion, when her necessities demanded his presence. She has conquered on the ocean, and she has conquered on the land, and she will not be overcome by an ascendant faction, the principles of whose government have been hatched in the eclipse of revelation, reason, and experience.

We beg to recommend very strongly the *Case of the Protestants of Ireland*. It clearly establishes.—1. The partialities of the present ministry to the aggrandisement of Popery, and the extinction of Protestantism: 2. Their development of these partialities, in tamely suffering the Popish assassin and incendiary to walk the plains of Ireland with comparative impunity, and repressing the efforts of Protestants to vindicate their rights, with significant scowls from the castle, and indignant expressions from the cabinet: 3. The commencement of hostilities on the episcopacy, the tithes, and other means of the Protestant Church; and the avowed concession of privileges, endowments, and patronage to the educational and ecclesiastical institutions of Rome: 4. The formation of organised conspiracies in Ireland,—the existence of which is connived at, and their exploits unvisited with any thing like deserved chastisement: 5. The unquenchable antipathy of the Popish party to the Protestant religion, not merely on account of its casting the light of Scripture and of truth on the doctrines of Rome, and "the hellish enginery" by which they are inculcated and upheld, but as the strong link that binds Ireland to Britain, and lies in the way of that dismemberment of the empire, which must take place before Dens and his two patron Dons, can gain the ascendancy of the west, and the Pope in Ireland, "*se magnâ jactat in aulâ*:" 6. The urgent necessity for every Protestant and every patriot bestirring his energies to avert the impending destruction of Protestantism in Ireland.

This last is the practical and the personal for us. We are too apt to regard Ireland as a most ungovernable province of the British empire, and to stand by, contemplating the scenes that are there taking place as very painful, but in no wise affecting our national interests. Now, we believe that Ireland is the political arena in which the battles are fought that issue in the growing prosperity or speedy overthrow of Britain. The contest is there carried on between Protestantism and Popery—Scriptural education and infidel instruction—a pure establishment and an impure one—Conservatism and destructive Radicalism—the Monarchy and an infuriate Republicanism. We feel that more of the destinies of Britain are gathered up in the issues of the present warfare in

that island than many are disposed to admit. "England expects every man to do his duty," is the watchword that has preceded our noblest triumphs against the foreign invader; and, if its weighty meaning be now at all realised, the treacherous and domestic foe will quail before the virtue and the might it will summon forth to the contest, and regenerated Ireland may bless the nation her Popish masses at present detest, and Great Britain feel thankful for the day when she identified herself thoroughly with her sister-isle, and went forth to the rescue of its best population when the armies of the aliens came down most fiercely upon them.

We had intended to enter into a criticism on the style of our author, which, in general, is polished "*usque ad unguem*," and occasionally turgid and involved; but, recollecting that Mr. O'Sullivan is an Irishman, we feel disposed to say nothing. We only hope that the speeches of 1835 and 1836, delivered in London, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Liverpool, will also make their appearance, and we promise our readers that we shall take up less time with the matter, and more with the oratory and effects produced on the public mind by Mr. O'Sullivan, unquestionably one of the master-spirits of the day.

THE REMEMBRANCES OF A MONTHLY NURSE. •

MRS. FORTESCUE.

For always shall I confine my readers to the uncertain light of a lady's chamber, with the shutters half closed, the *whisper* of soft-treading feet, the rattle of the caudle-cups, and the plaintive wail of infancy. I am not surprised that the critic begins to growl and lash his tail. But I mean now to lead him gently by the mane to the gay and agreeable village of Kensington, and invite him to *lap* a little of my best-flavoured Hyson, in my own neat-furnished drawing-room there; when I trust he will resume his former amiable sweetness of disposition, and lay himself quietly down on the hearth-rug, before a blazing fire, and listen patiently to the following narrative.

As I had promised Mrs. Harcourt, on her death-bed, that I would take the charge of her infant boy for one entire twelvemonth, I hired a small elegant house at Kensington for that purpose; the general having, before his departure for his West India government, made me a most liberal allowance, to ensure the comforts of his Emma's offspring; I resolved, therefore, to give myself one year's repose whilst fulfilling this sacred promise, and decline any professional engagement during that period.

My house being larger than I needed, and having only two servants in it (one of them the exclusive attendant of little Lyttleton Harcourt), I began to feel rather lonely; so determined to receive some agreeable inmate of my own sex, who would share with me my pretty

apartments, and my simple board, and give me a little interchange of mind.

Not meeting with a desirable inmate immediately, from inquiries only, I caused a small painted board to be affixed to a laburnum-tree at the bottom of my small garden (gaily sparkling with all the flowers of the season), intimating that "apartments and board, if required, might be obtained within." I had plenty of applicants, principally gentlemen in public offices at the west end of the town, who liked to have it put on their visiting cards, "Mr. C-Kensington." Several ladies also called; but as I resolved to please my fancy in the choice of a domestic boarder, one who was to be constantly with me, I could not very readily find one to my taste. Some of them looked haughty, others of equivocal appearance, and the greater part of them vapid and uninteresting. I was determined I would not be pestered by a fool, or get into a scrape with a fashionable demirep. I had nearly come to a settlement with a grave, respectable-looking, middle-aged lady, in a widow's bonnet and cap; but I found out, just in time to break it off, that she was a dreadful bigot with regard to religion, and consigned to the lower regions all those who thought differently from herself. I congratulated myself on my escape.

It may be thought ridiculous that "a Monthly Nurse" should give herself such airs, and be so very particular; that she ought rather to have been glad to let her lodgings to the

first respectable bidder, and be thankful to receive her rent, and cater for the table. Let it be recollected that I had no necessity for receiving a boarder at all; that it was proposed merely to increase my stock of home-comfort; and, therefore, I had a full right to weigh the matter well, lest what I intended as a pleasure should turn out quite a different thing. I began to despair of pleasing myself, and meditated taking down my little black board (which I did not at all like the sight of) in the course of another week.

I was sitting in my drawing-room, with the infant Lyttleton and his attendant sylph, a rosy, good-humoured country girl I had chosen for his nursery-maid. In all the majesty of babyhood, with his toys spread around him, and his prime minister at his elbow, preventing or supplying all his wants, — there he sat bolt upright upon the carpet, the little sturdy rogue, with cheeks like a trumpeter's, and fists like a Hercules — the carpet-ball, jingling with its internal bells, was rolled towards him for the hundredth time, and elicited still the same joyous laugh, — when I saw an elegantly dressed lady trying to come in at my garden-gate, and I sent down the girl instantly to open it for her, and usher her into the room where the child and myself were sitting.

As my story relates wholly to this lady, whom I shall call Mrs. Fortescue, I shall give a slight description of her person and manners; thus bringing into bolder relief, as the painters say, the principal figure on my canvass.

Mrs. Fortescue might be about eight-and-twenty, with a tall, fine person, jet-black hair, and eyes of the most piercing beauty. All her features harmonised well together; and her dress was in the very first style of simple elegance, — a rich black satin pelisse, lined with white sarsnet; a bonnet of white satin, well made, and of the newest mode, with a black veil of real Chantilly lace. Her shoes were of the best cut, and her French kid gloves perfectly clean, and well put on. I observed all these things in a moment, as dress has a greater weight with me than I well like to confess; but all people have their weak sides, and this is one of mine.

"Ah, you have children, madam," said the stranger lady, in a very hurried manner, casting her eyes on my beau-

tiful infant charge, who stared at her with all his might, as he was taken from the room by his maid, with her apron full of playthings into the bargain. "I cannot endure the sight of children, and therefore must decline" — Mrs. Fortescue sunk down upon the chair I offered her, covered her face with her handkerchief, and sobbed aloud.

Nothing is so impertinent as to attempt consolation, when we know not the cause of the affliction. I felt it was far better to respect her grief, whatever it might be, by seeming not to notice it; thus leaving her at full liberty either to explain herself or not, as she chose. I had no right to compel her to a confidence, that she might repay me for a few words of unmeaning pity. So I sat silently at the opposite end of the room, allowing only my looks to speak the sympathy I felt; fully assured by her whole appearance that, whatever might be her sorrows, guilt had nothing to do with them — she "was more sinned against than sinning."

With a mighty effort, at length, the unhappy lady dried up her tears, and attempted an apology; but this I would not permit. I offered her some water, with a few drops of hartshorn in it, which she drank meekly as a child; and then she rose to go, but became again overpowered by her feelings, and had another burst of agony. My heart ached for her; whilst I formed a wish that I might be able to administer some comfort to a creature so interesting, and evidently so wretched.

"There is only that one child in the house, madam," I said to her, in the most comforting tone of voice I dared make use of, strangers as we were to each other, "and he lives almost always in his own nursery, or the garden close by: you might see as little of him as you chose, poor fellow. So that he has plenty of air, food, and exercise, he will be very well content; and should you like these apartments, this house, and myself, madam, I would try to make you as comfortable as I could — and, perhaps, in time" —

I stopped — I was approaching too near the tenderness of her grief. "Never!" cried she, "never! Time! — no! nothing on earth can blunt the keenness of this anguish! But, madam, you seem kind, compassionate — will you suffer a heart-broken stranger to

come and die under your roof? There are circumstances that compel me to leave home, affluence, carriages, servants—all—and ask shelter from an unknown. But I have plenty of money—fear not that: you will be amply repaid for all your hospitality to me. And have no doubts about my respectability—I could convince you in a moment; but that would be betraying my name and family—I must not do that.” And she sobbed convulsively.

“When will you wish to take possession of your rooms, madam?” I interrupted, “for I have not a single question more to ask. Shall I shew you the sleeping apartment?”

“I require shelter *now*,” answered the lady; “if I go from hence, you will never see me more. Charge whatever you will, only keep from my presence that little one, and I will immediately become your inmate.”

“Will you allow me, madam, to send a porter for your things? The bed is well aired, and can be used immediately. I will order a fire in the room, and the linen is already aired.”

“You will wonder much, madam,” said Mrs. Fortescue, as we went up stairs together; “but I must be indebted to your kindness for every thing. I cannot send for my wardrobe—it would declare my present residence, and that must be a profound secret. There are reasons, and they are most powerful ones, why I must remain concealed. But it will not be long.”

I looked at the countenance of Mrs. Fortescue when we got into the sleeping-room, as a momentary thought struck me that she might be insane, and had broken away from her friends; but I read nothing in those beautiful features but *despair*. Madness, at least at present, had not given its flashing light to her dark, tearful eyes. Their keen expression of unutterable anguish cut me to the heart. “I will do every thing,” said I, “to draw the thorn from her lacerated bosom.”

Mrs. Fortescue wrung my hand in speechless eloquence, as she saw some of my best night-linen hanging on the small mahogany horse before the fire in her room, airing for her use. Not a word more was said upon the subject. I had a large portion of the wardrobe of the deceased Mrs. General Harcourt by me, a present from herself on her death-bed, and confirmed by her hus-

band. I selected what I thought would be most necessary for my interesting guest, and laid them in the drawers ready for her. I knew they would fit her nearly as well as if they had been made for her. I asked her not a single question; and she was too full of her sorrows to converse much with me. I could scarcely get her to take any food; and as for sleep, her eyes shewed that they were strangers to so calm a visitant. I heard her walking about her room when others slept. She evidently got worse, instead of better; and I began to be alarmed for her life.

“Allow me to recommend you, my dear madam,” said I, when her dejection was very great indeed, “to try what a little walk would do for you in Kensington Gardens. The day is so fine, and the sunshine is so tempting there. Nature always calms the sorrows of the heart; and I am sure you will derive benefit from a little stroll. I would also offer myself to you as a companion, if you have no objection; for it is not pleasant to walk alone. Shall I get your bonnet and shawl down stairs for you?”

“Not for the world, Mrs. Griffiths,” answered the poor lady, “would I quit the shelter of your house. You see I never even approach the windows, lest I should be seen from the road and recognised. Never again shall he behold my face—that face he once told me he idolised. Oh, my beloved mother! it is for you I grieve now—not for him, not for him! And yet I have no doubt he is seeking me every where he can think of—that he is most wretched. I saw him yesterday pass this very house, and he looked pale and miserable. He cast up his eyes wistfully at all the balconies of this and the opposite row; and once he stood still, because he saw a lady disappear from one of the drawing-room windows. I watched him through the curtains in my bed-room. He knocked at the door of the house where he saw the lady, and made some inquiries; but he soon came out again, and I thought seemed more unhappy than before.”

Mrs. Fortescue had never approached yet so near the subject of her grief as at this moment, for she was making an allusion to *him*—either her lover or her husband. So I thought there would be no indelicacy in merely asking her, “If it were not possible to heal up.

matters between the gentleman and herself?" "Whether it was not cruel in her to keep her mother in such a state of anxiety and alarm?" "Could I not see her mother for her, and endeavour to accommodate whatever grievances pressed upon her mind?"

"It is impossible, my kind, good friend," replied the lady, mournfully; "I have taken my resolution, and will abide by it. But I owe it to your disinterested compassion and your delicacy, to tell you exactly how I am situated; and then you shall judge yourself whether I can, whether I *ought*, to forgive the man who has so grossly deceived and wronged me. To-morrow, Mrs. Griffiths, I will, if I can command myself sufficiently, relate to you my story; but my real name must never pass these lips. You will know it the moment I am departed; and that will not be long first." As she spoke she counted on her fingers, as if she were calculating the very day and hour of her death; and I felt my blood grow chill, as she added, significantly shaking her head, "No, it will not be long first."

On the morrow, after we had partaken of our small repast, a pair of broiled soles and a roast chicken—or, rather, when I had eaten, but could not prevail on my pensive guest to follow my example beyond a mouthful or two of the delicate food I had prepared to tempt her appetite—she alluded herself to her promise of the day before, and began as follows:

"I am an only child, and was sole heiress of very large possessions. My poor mother, very early in my infancy, lost my father; and, in consequence of having no one else to divide her affections with, she doated on me to such excess, that when I married, at nineteen, Mr. Fortescue, a man I preferred to all others, and of property quite equal to my own, the only stipulation that she made with him was, 'That she never should be divided from her darling daughter;' and this request was by him most readily acceded to, especially as my mother possessed such good sense, as well as temper, that there was no danger whatever of her interfering between us, and causing strife and dissension—she was an acquisition, and not a mischief-maker. Oh, what is she now suffering on my account!"

"There was great pomp at our

nuptials: it took place at my own country seat. All the villagers were feasted; all my school children were dressed in white, and strewed flowers from small osier baskets before us, as we stepped out of our carriages to enter the church. After the ceremony, one of the girls, about fourteen years of age, and very pretty, presented me with a little copy of verses, written by the schoolmistress, in honour of my marriage; and she did it with so much grace, that I was absolutely charmed with her. She had ever been a favourite with me, but now I told her that she should live with me altogether—that I would get my housekeeper to instruct her in every necessary duty—and, when she was old enough, I would take her for my own maid.

"Mr. Fortescue and myself, accompanied by my mother (who insisted on not leaving me even for a day), set off for an excursion up the Rhine, immediately after the ceremony. I have not yet spoken of our mutual love—I cannot trust myself on that subject. I believed myself then the happiest of created beings; and he was—O God! did he not swear to me 'that my love was more precious to him than every thing on earth.' And it was so *then*! I did not deceive myself—Fortescue then adored me!

"On our return to England, and visiting my native county before I was presented at court, I remembered my promise to little Phœbe Williams, sent for her, and placed her under the care of our excellent housekeeper, who, as well as myself, was charmed with the beauty and intelligence of the young villager, and promised to do every thing she could to bring her forward in life, and befriend her. I thought my mother cold in this business; but she did not absolutely oppose me. She never had done so in her life; and I was too headstrong, too opinionated, to have heeded her, even if she had. So I went on petting and heaping favours on this girl, even to a folly. She had great quickness of parts, and studied my humour in every particular. She read aloud with great propriety; and I often had her in my own chamber for hours together, when quite alone, encouraging her to speak out her sentiments to me, and treating her altogether with a condescension and kindness enough to turn the head of any simple girl in the world. Mr. Fortescue then smiled at

my fondness for her, and said he should be jealous.

"It was now that my more prudent mother thought it right to interfere a little. She pointed out to me that Phœbe Williams would be entirely spoiled by my injudicious partiality and false indulgence. 'I hear she is growing insolent already in the servants' hall through your favour, and boasts that she can make her young mistress do whatever she likes. Besides, Emily,' added my mother, 'she begins to dress far above her station, and that must be very pernicious for her; and, if you really like this girl, my love, study her solid interests more than your own inclination—try to make her a worthy member of society, and not a pert young minx, overbearing and idle. Indeed, Emily,' continued my excellent parent, 'you should not suffer this poor child to read novels, and wear your ribands and finery. What will she be fit for?'

"I am sorry to say that I took these excellent remonstrances in very bad part, and even insinuated that they were only jealous of my fondness for an innocent and most amusing young girl, and that the only effect produced by it would be that I should love her better than ever, and, if possible, be kinder to her than before; so, with a sigh, my poor mother desisted, and left me to my own infatuated folly. I took this girl every where about with me, made her my companion instead of my servant, when I was alone with her—for I dared not, with all my rudeness, obtrude her on the society of my high-born parent, nor offend the aristocratic pride of my husband; but then I made, as I thought, ample amends to the girl herself for this denial, by having her taught things, when we were in London, that could be of no manner of service to her, such as French, music, &c.; and, finding she had an exquisite voice, she received some lessons in singing, and often delighted me by pouring forth her enchanting notes in some ballad, or even joining myself in duets in my dressing-room, where I had a piano conveyed expressly for that purpose. Mr. Fortescue sometimes came and listened to her also.

"Next to my beloved husband and my fond mother, I loved this girl best of any thing on earth. I was as proud of her beauty and accomplishments as if they had been my own—nay, even

more; and I contemplated one of these days to marry her to some deserving young man, her superior in birth and station, and giving her such a portion as she never could have dreamed of. Once, when I was informed by my watchful mother that she thought Mr. Forbes, our butler, was attached to Phœbe, and that it would be an excellent match for her, I was most indignant, and declared the girl was far too good, too lovely, too well-educated, to be thrown away upon any domestic whatever, and that I would never consent to such a thing whilst I lived.

"Phœbe Williams had now lived with me more than four years, and was as dear to me as a sister, when my mother seemed all of a sudden to have taken a most unaccountable dislike to her. She treated her with much severity of manner; and once ordered her to leave the room when she entered it, 'for she wished to speak to her daughter *alone*.' Covered with resentful blushes, the girl was preparing to obey her, when I was so much hurt by the apparent unkindness of my mother's manner towards my unoffending favourite, that I warmly remonstrated, and actually quarrelled with my idolising parent on this girl's account, declaring that I would protect her against injustice of every kind, let it come from whatever quarter it might; and desired Phœbe to remain.

"'Take care, Emily,' replied my now weeping parent; 'you are fostering a serpent in your bosom, that will sting you to the quick. May Heaven preserve my child! Let me conjure you to send her away from your house before it is too late. Do you not perceive she is already in a condition to become a mother?' Phœbe Williams rushed at this from my chamber.

"Oh, how indignant was I at this question! I dared even call this good and amiable parent 'a slanderer,' 'a base calumniator.' I would believe nothing, hear nothing. But the truth broke upon me by slow degrees: I was obliged to notice her change of person; and the shock was so great to me, that I had a very alarming illness in consequence, and wept myself nearly blind.

"At length pity and love prevailed over resentment. I saw the beautiful delinquent, who was obliged to confess that she had been seduced, and very shortly expected the consequence

of her sin would be visible to every eye.

"And who is your seducer, unhappy girl?" demanded I. "Will he render you justice? Will he marry you, and so conceal your shame? I will still do all I can to assist you. Give me the name of the man who has drawn you aside from the path of virtue, and I will get Mr. Fortescue to speak to him, and persuade him to take you to wife. I will not abandon you, weak and indiscreet as you have been. Tell me who he is?" I was extremely agitated.

"My mother was by my bedside as I thus spoke to the sobbing Phœbe, and I saw her fix her eye upon the girl in the severest manner, and even threaten her with her hand. 'Ask her no questions, Emily,' said she, preventing the girl from speaking; 'she will not tell the truth, depend upon it. I suppose Mr. Forbes, the butler, is at the bottom of this affair.'

"Then it can be arranged, madam, without much difficulty," I said. "Send Fortescue to me, and he shall offer the man 500*l.* immediately, if he will marry her without delay. I will not sleep until this business is settled. No, I will get up, and I will see to it myself; I cannot rest until it is all arranged." And I did get up, and spoke to Mr. Fortescue about it, who smiled at my taking the thing so much to heart; said, 'girls would be girls; but that he would try, for my sake, to patch up the matter as well as he could.' He most affectionately soothed me, and gave me a thousand caresses; then went off to speak to the delinquent, Forbes.

"When I saw him again, an hour after, he told me that he could not persuade the butler to do justice to the girl; and he had been so indignant at his refusal, that he had instantly discharged him. 'And, now, my dear Emily,' continued he, 'we must do the best we can to provide for your silly little favourite another way; for I suppose that you do not mean to give her up, though *this villain* has deserted her. I am sure my Emily is too generous for that!'

"And I did not desert her in her extremity. I had her removed to a relation of my housekeeper's, who consented to receive her, and take care of her—although I perceived the good woman partook a great deal of the dislike of my mother for Phœbe Williams:

she sturdily telling me, 'that hypocrites and ingrates were always better provided for than the virtuous and the deserving.'

"I visited Phœbe more than once during her confinement, and took her every necessary and comfort for herself and the poor babe. Strange to say, I conceived a violent affection for the infant also; and, as I had no children of my own, I mentioned to Mr. Fortescue and my mother, after my last visit to Phœbe, 'that I should like to adopt the child, if my husband had no objection, and have one of the upper rooms of the hall fitted up for a nursery.'

"To my astonishment, Mr. Fortescue answered me not a word, but started from his chair, and walked hastily to one of the windows. My mother burst out into a violent philippic on my extreme folly and infatuation, asking me, 'if I wished by my conduct to give a premium for the encouragement of immorality? The thing must not be thought of,' she added.

"Although I dearly loved my mother, yet I had been so indulged by her, that it had rendered me very impertinent to her, and given me a tone of haughtiness, when I was in the least contradicted, that now I bitterly repented of. But we must suffer to learn humility, and I have indeed suffered. Oh, Mrs. Griffiths, you will, at some future period, see my beloved parent, when—tell her then how much, how severely, her Emily repented of the insolence with which she treated the advice of the most affectionate friend she ever possessed. But to return."

"I deeply resented, then, my mother's observations, and called her interfering with my pleasure an *insult*. Then, speaking with a heightened voice to my husband, who still stood gazing from the window, I demanded, 'whether he, also, wished to thwart my inclinations? Tell me, Frederick?' said I, 'at once, am I to be mistress here, or not; or am I to be reduced to a mere cipher in my own house, and you and this lady to have the supreme authority here? If so,' I continued, seeing he did not reply,—'if so' (and passion almost choked me), 'Emily Fortescue had better give up the contest at once, and retire to some distant county, a humble annuitant on the bounty of her mother and her husband?' There was a solemn pause after this burst of violence.

" 'Can I!' cried Mr. Fortescue, 'can I endure all this?' and he rushed towards me, threw himself on his knees at my feet, and, disregarding the agonised exclamations of my mother, '*that it would be a death-blow to her child!*' he confessed to me, with tears in his eyes, and a face quivering with emotion, 'that, though his ardent love for me was unabated—though he would sacrifice his life, every thing, for my happiness, yet that, in an unguarded hour, he had wandered from me (but never in heart), and that the child of Phœbe Williams was his own!!'

"Mrs. Griffiths, I cannot describe what passed after this unexpected avowal of my adored husband's inconstancy: I sat like a statue, congealed with horror. All I recollect is, that my almost frantic mother upbraided Mr. Fortescue with his imprudence—his cruelty in *telling me the fatal truth!* 'She need never have known it!' she exclaimed. 'Oh! why, why did you undeceive her! After you had paid Forbes, too, so handsomely for his connivance; and she so firmly believed he was the father of the child. When he was bribed so largely by myself to keep the secret for ever. Frederick Fortescue, you have killed my child! Speak to her—rouse her from this lethargy! She must be bled instantly.' I heard all this, but it was indistinctly, and seemed to have no reference to me: I was chilled, and my feelings blunted. But, when I heard my own beloved Frederick frantically accuse himself as my murderer, and swear he would not survive me, then I was aroused—was softened. I listened to his prayers, his agonies, his supplications, his promises—never more to cause me a moment's pain; and, throwing my arms round his neck, I wept myself again to peace in his bosom. I forgave him freely—fully.

"What arguments have men when they wish to extenuate their faults! As I listened to those of Mr. Fortescue, I began to think his only a venial one, and to throw the blame chiefly on the artful girl, who had made use of all her beauty, her blandishments, her seductions, to draw him from my arms; for he protested 'that he never had loved her even for a moment,' and in his heart utterly despised her, for her ingratitude and hypocrisy. In fine, I generously forgave him all, and there

was a perfect reconciliation between us, which gave my mother the most sincere pleasure. I asked her pardon, also, for my insolence to her, when, poor thing, she was doing her utmost to keep me in ignorance of what she feared, were I to know it, would, perhaps, destroy me, or render me miserable for life. One thing she still insisted on, and Mr. Fortescue joined in her wish, that Phœbe Williams, as soon as she was able to travel, should be sent with the child into Wales, where, if she behaved well, and on condition that she remained there without attempting ever to see or write to Mr. Fortescue, 100*l.* a-year should be regularly remitted to her, through my hands or my mother's, and any other little present I might deem useful to either of them.

"My mother took on herself making all the arrangements for the removal of my ungrateful favourite. She wrote to a friend of hers at Denbigh, who hired a very pretty little romantic cottage, in the Isle of Anglesea, and had it neatly furnished. This I insisted should be done at my own expense, out of my pin-money; and, also, I packed up for her use linen, some useful plate, and a hundred articles that might administer to her comfort, with a plentiful supply of books, not of amusement merely, but of improvement; and requested it as an especial favour of my much-respected old housekeeper (who, no doubt, knew all the real truth of this affair, though, from delicacy to her master and myself, she affected ignorance,) that she would accompany the youthful delinquent into Wales, assist her in the care of the child on the road (who I foolishly permitted to be named '*Frederick*,' the name of my husband), and settle her in her new abode. In about a fortnight she returned, and gave me the most satisfactory accounts of the behaviour of Phœbe Williams; that she seemed perfectly resigned to her fate, grateful to her mistress, and dotingly fond of her infant; saying she should want no other companions than it, her books, and her own thoughts, which, she said, were full of penitence and gratitude to the best of mistresses. She sent her humble duty to me, and these words, 'Beloved lady! you shall have no further trouble from your undeserving Phœbe.'

"For two years after this Mr. For-

rescue and myself lived in uninterrupted happiness. His attentions to me were unwearied; his affection could not be doubted of. I never once upbraided him with past misconduct, nor was the name of Phœbe ever mentioned between us. My mother, ever kind and affectionate, persuaded me to let her have, exclusively, the management of the little establishment in the Isle of Anglesea, promising that she would be most punctual in her remittances, and generous in her presents. 'It will be better, Emily, argued she, 'that *you* should be troubled with this unpleasant affair as little as possible, and think of it, I trust, as little. I hope my dear girl will let the whole affair pass off her mind altogether, or only fancy it a past feverish dream. You have the entire heart of your husband, my child, and be satisfied.'

"One good at least had been derived from past circumstances. I was so deeply impressed by the extreme tenderness of my excellent mother throughout the whole business, by her constant watchfulness to guard my feelings, and heal up the wound I had endured, that I made a solemn resolution that never more would I offend her affectionate heart by a pert reply, a rude contradiction, or any thing tending to give her pain; and this resolution have I religiously kept. Her wayward, over-indulged, and often insolent daughter, from that period, became to her gentle, attentive, and most assiduous to please her. We lived together a family of love and harmony. Oh! why was this peace again disturbed? Why was I doomed to endure anguish unutterable! I had been ever unsuspicious, trusting, free from jealousy, generous, and forgiving. Did I deserve the treatment I have since received? Oh, Fortescue! you have much to answer for; from the depths of a broken heart I tell you so! And so well do I know yours, that I am assured, with all your errors, your own will, throughout life, be agonised with the memory of me, with grief, and the stings of undying remorse. I can tell you no further of my story to-night, Mrs. Griffiths; but I will endeavour to-morrow to resume its tangled thread, and finish it."

* * * *

All that night did that unhappy lady pace her chamber,—often did I

hear, from an adjoining apartment, her sobs and ejaculations. Once I ventured to enter hers, on the pretext that I thought she had called me by my name: when there, I requested her to return to bed, and after she consented to do so I knelt by its side, and implored her heavenly Father and mine to give her composure,—to shew her the way to endure her griefs with patience,—to teach her the lesson of submission to his will, and hope of future happiness. I then sat by her side, until she fell into a perturbed slumber, when I left her, myself in a very anxious state of mind, listening to every sound. I found her in the morning feverish and ill, and again and again requested she would suffer me to let her mother know of her situation. "If I write, madam," said I, "a few lines, the hand-writing will not be recognised *by him*; and, therefore, Mr. Fortescue need not be apprised of it,—that is, if it is your desire so to punish him; but your mother, your tender, agonised mother! Pray suffer me to write for you, in your name."

"Mrs. Griffiths," replied the lady, solemnly, "the day after to-morrow is my wedding-day,—I will then give you permission to put a letter into the post-office for me to ——. Yes, my mother shall no longer be kept in ignorance; *the day after to-morrow!* I promise you *then* they shall all know where and how I am."

I did not like the tone of her voice as she said this; it gave me an involuntary shudder: yet I knew not how to allude to my suspicions—to name my fears; all I could do was to endeavour to impress upon her mind how much it was the duty of us all to *endure* the afflictions we meet with, and to point out to her that impatience only aggravated them, and must be extremely offensive to that Being who, at any rate, permitted them, and could, whenever he thought proper, deliver us from them. •

During the next day, Mrs. Fortescue asked me if I should like to hear the remainder of her narration. At first I hesitated, as I feared that speaking on this matter served only to exasperate her feelings, and increase her anguish; but she denied that it had this effect, and said that it rather gave relief to her overcharged bosom. Thus, then, she continued:—

"The only source of uneasiness now

that ever came near me was, that Mr. Fortescue and myself had no children. I knew that he was passionately fond of them; and then, of course, he wished to have an heir to his estates and large property. He had the delicacy, however, never to mention his disappointed hopes to me; but I saw that it afflicted him. Just at this time, two years after what I have narrated to you (and I beg you to notice particularly this circumstance), Mr. Fortescue told me, but there was much embarrassment of manner, and a suffused cheek, as he spake, 'that he was obliged to go into Scotland, respecting some leases he had to renew; but that he should be home again in a fortnight.' 'I should like to see modern Athens myself, Frederick,' said I; but without the slightest suspicion that he was then deceiving me; 'should not you, mamma? Take us with you, my love,' I continued, 'and shew us all the lions of Edinburgh—Arthur's Seat, and Holyrood Castle, and the Tolbooth of the Heart of Mid-Lothian. When do you set off? We can be ready in a few hours.'

" 'I shall be much hurried, Emily,' replied Mr. Fortescue, 'in this journey; but I thought his voice faltered. 'I shall merely run there and back again. All my time will be taken up with lawyers and bailiffs. On my return, my love, we will take any excursion you like best,—to Italy, Emily, if you have the same fancy you had last year, when my parliamentary duties prevented my accompanying you thither; but, as it is now the recess, there will be plenty of time for the jaunt, and we can winter well at Naples.'

"My mother, I thought, looked more uneasy at this speech than was necessary, and I caught an indefinite alarm by her manner. But what could be urged by either of us? He set off for Scotland after this conversation; yet still there was something that did not satisfy us in his manner as he quitted us; it was confused and overstrained,—too much of profession, too little of heart. He returned again and again to bid me farewell, yet his eye would not meet mine; for he was conscious *the lamp of truth* shone not there,—that he was acting a great and culpable falsehood, and feared detection; yet he was not quite new to perfidy, and might have performed his part with less hesitation.

" 'Have you heard aught from Anglesea, mamma?' I questioned one day, nearly a fortnight after Mr. Fortescue's departure. 'How does that unhappy girl go on there? The child is, I believe, more than two years old.' My mother sighed deeply. 'Do not let us talk that wretched business over, my love,' said she; 'I trusted never to have heard you allude to it more.'

" 'I have thought a great deal of it lately, my dear mother,' answered I,— 'more than does me good, I believe. Oh, that I were the mother of that boy!'

"Mr. Fortescue returned at the specified time; but he appeared thoughtful, absent, and uncomfortable, —disliked to speak of his visit to Edinburgh, and would give us no account of the persons he had seen there. 'He had arranged the affair,' and that was all we could get out of him. Still he was most tender and affectionate to me, most respectful in his attentions to my mother: but his depression of spirits increased, and always, I observed, when I said any thing kind to him; then his eyes would fill with tears, and he would rush out of the room, overpowered by his feelings: he looked, also, pale and unwell.

" 'What can all this mean, my dearest mother?' I inquired, after he had darted away with looks that frightened me, on my playing and singing him one of his favourite songs—one, that in the days of our courtship he had made me sing to him over and over again. 'There is something on Frederick's mind, and I am much hurt that he will not confide it to me.'

" 'Oh, some political intrigue or other that is playing off against him, I have little doubt, that vexes him more than it ought,' she replied. 'Let us fly away with him for a few months to Naples, Emily, and leave all that annoys him behind us; on our return, all will be right again.'

"To my surprise and displeasure, when I mentioned his former proposal to Mr. Fortescue, he told me that he could not leave England just at that moment; but, when pressed to explain the nature of the affair that would detain him, he became much embarrassed, and, at length, angry. 'It was impossible,' he said, 'that women could comprehend *political matters*; so it was folly to attempt entering into particulars with me; but he must be himself

the sole judge of what he could, and what he could not, do with propriety; and I must be contented with his simple assurance, *that it was not convenient for him at present to leave the country.* I burst into tears, and he left the room.

"We had a beautiful town residence in — Square; but Mr. Fortescue, under some pretence or other, wished the family to remove to our country seat in —shire much earlier this year than any former ones. We were making alterations there, and a new approach to the hall; so that, he said, he ought to be there to superintend the workmen. It was a matter of indifference to me *where* we lived, so he was with me, and remained affectionate and kind. We, therefore, left London early in the spring; but Mr. Fortescue immediately after told me that parliamentary business would require him to be often absent from me, as there would be a strong opposition when the house met again, and he deputed me to give directions to the builders, &c. When I told him that my mother could do this for us, as I should prefer being with him, he objected, saying, 'that he had promised her, he would never divide her daughter from her, and he would keep his word even to the letter.'

"I grew suspicious, and uneasy; but was afraid to upbraid Mr. Fortescue with his change of manner,—for he had become petulant, and soon irritated. I often caught my dear mother's eye fixed on me, with an expression so pitiful, so piercingly tender, that it caused my own to fill with tears; but the moment she saw that I observed her involuntary looks, she would rally her spirits, and force herself to appear cheerful beyond her usual mood. I could bear all this no longer; so, one day, I plucked up the courage to inform Mr. Fortescue 'that it was my determination to go back to London, and reside there till June, when the house would be prorogued, as I felt the country very dull and stupid without him.' His only answer was, 'Do as you like, Emily; but it appears to me perfectly ridiculous to move our establishment back again for so short a time. Many of the members have no London establishment at all, and yet their wives do not make *half the fuss you do*, although they do not see their husbands for many months.'

He turned away as he spoke; and, for the first time in his life since our marriage, I saw him mount his horse and depart, without coming to take leave of me.

" 'There is some dreadful thing working against me, my dear mother,' said I, flying into her apartment; 'Frederick no longer loves me, and I am the most wretched of women.' This excellent mother did all she could to console and comfort me. She assured me I was mistaken in supposing Mr. Fortescue had lost his affection for me. She supposed some vexatious political matter had put him out of temper; or, perhaps, some of his tenants had not paid him their rents: there were a hundred things that men met with every day, she added, to sour and distract them, that they did not think it advisable to tell their wives of. He might have been tempted to play deep when in town, and had lost a considerable sum, perhaps, and that would cause an irritation.'

"Thus did she reason; but she could not satisfy me. I had not been educated in the school of forbearance, and could not endure misery well. When, therefore, three days passed, and Mr. Fortescue returned not, I ordered the carriage; and, desiring my maid to pack up a few articles of dress, &c., I set off, accompanied by her and my mother, to our town-residence. The London servants stared at me as if I had been a spectre, when I told them I was going to remain; and then it slipped out, quite unintentionally, from one of them, who stammered, and tried to draw it back, that Mr. Fortescue had only been there to dress; *he had not slept once there, since we all departed for the country.*

" 'What can you say now to excuse this perfidious man?' cried I, in a paroxysm of anguish, as soon as the servant left the room. 'Is it come to this? Most miserable wife! Cast off for ever! Mother! attempt not to console me! Speak not to me! Let us return; or, rather, take me from him altogether! I will enter his house no more!'

" 'Emily!' remonstrated my afflicted parent, 'you know not what you say. You must, indeed, restrain these violent bursts of passion, or your head will become inflamed. Keep up your fortitude, my dearest child. Come, we will punish this Lothario of yours

(if such he be). We will run down to Brighton, Emily, for a week or two, and that will frighten him to death. What say you to this? We have our clothes packed. Shall we start to-morrow morning for Brighton, without consulting Mr. Fortescue?

" 'Any where you will,' I answered. 'If he return not here to-night, take me away, and it is all I require. Oh, that the ocean there at Brighton might be the waters of Lethe!'

"Mr. Fortescue did not return to his house that night, and we set off, accordingly, the next morning for the sea; my mother writing, in my name, a few lines, as cool as possible, to my husband, saying, 'that I felt so unwell, that I deemed the air of Brighton might be of service to me: perhaps he might do me the favour of visiting me there, and inquiring for my health.'

" 'And now, Mrs. Griffiths, comes the consummation of my wretchedness. We had arrived at the village of Mitcham, on our route to the sea, when, at the door of a pretty little cottage, near Mitcham Common, we saw a young woman with an infant in her arms, and another child by her side. She was giving directions to some tradesman; but we could not be deceived—at least, I could not,—it was *Phæbe Williams*, who I believed was at Anglesea, as I had received a letter from her not a month before with that post-mark on it, thanking me for some wearing apparel I had sent her, and other presents. She had on one of my silk dresses then, which, as I disliked the colour, and it was quite new, I had sent her also; it was a very peculiar pattern, and I could, I think, have sworn to the dress from its make, even if I had a doubt as to the identity of the wearer.

"I pulled the check-string in a moment, and rushed into that cottage,—my mother following me, and witnessed the scene that followed.

"There stood the detected culprit, trembling before me; in her arms was an infant, beautiful as a cherub. I saw in a moment that this, also, was my husband's. Playing before her was the boy Frederick. Oh, how I envied her that child! She could not speak to me a word, for she was conscience-struck—overwhelmed with shame. I could not articulate; I was choked—almost convulsed. We gazed on each other.

" 'Shall I tell *papa* there is a pretty lady here?' whispered the boy to his mother. Oh, agony inexpressible! *his papa!* my own idolised husband, then, was at that very time in the house. I gasped for breath, and, seizing her by the arm, said, with a frantic voice, 'Woman—your keys! give me your keys! I will unravel all this dreadful plot against my peace! I will see your letters, compare them together—*mine* and *his*. There stands your desk; within are all the documents of your shame. Give me the keys,—I have a right, at least, to inspect those letters; and then I will depart, and leave you in full possession of my own—my adored husband.'

"Mechanically did the guilty girl hand to me the keys of her writing-desk; she had no power to withstand me. I walked deliberately to it, unlocked, and took from it this packet, tied together with red tape. I saw, also, in one of the compartments of the desk, a ruby ring I had some years ago presented to Mr. Fortescue; he told me he had lost it at Edinburgh. Over the mantel-shelf hung his picture; he told me it was gone to a painter's in Berners Street, to be retouched. I heard the ticking of a watch beneath it; I took it up. The boy ran to me, and lisped out, 'That is *papa's* watch. Give *Freddy* *papa's* watch.' I wanted not his evidence to convince me whose it was. I laid down the watch again, and, turning with dignity to my poor mother, who was as pale as death, I said, 'Come, madam, we may be thought unwelcome visitors here when *the master of this house* enters this room.' I led the way out, but could not refrain looking back once more upon those rosy innocents—those lovely, unconscious intruders. As I gazed, I felt the blood mount into my brain. They were, indeed, most exquisitely beautiful; but I detest the sight of children for their sakes. Had they been *my own*, how different would have been my feelings!

" 'Mother! I will return to London,' I said; and she ordered the carriage back again. She would not oppose me,—she could offer me no consolation: all she could do, she did; she mingled her tears with mine. The whole way back my head lay upon her bosom,—her arms supported her heart-broken child. She led me to my dressing-room in — Square, placed

me tenderly on a sofa, ordered a fire to be lighted, and told the servants 'their mistress had been suddenly taken ill.' Beloved mother! forgive me for having quitted you so abruptly; I could not endure to be under *his* roof. Oh how tenderly did she watch by my side! how hold my burning temples! how attempt to pour balm into my wounds! 'All this inconstancy, my child,' she argued, 'proceeds from your not being blessed with children. His love for you is still undiminished; but as it has pleased God to deny you offspring, he has sought for them elsewhere.'

"Heaven forgive me for the artifice I practised on her. I feigned drowsiness, even composure, and told her I would retire to bed. I kissed her fervently,—for I knew that I should never more press my lips to hers. I escaped towards the morning, and came hither. I shall see her face no more!"

"You must not say so, madam," interrupted I; "this bitterness of feeling will in some degree pass away. I have no doubt what your mother told you was correct. Many gentlemen have a longing wish for children. It is most probable that he cares very little, if any thing, for the unprincipled girl who has given these little ones to him. She has entangled him—beset him round with snares, and he has fallen into her net. He may be still brought back to you; in fact, his heart, perchance, has never wandered from you. Men feel so different in these matters from us—poor, silly, romantic, affectionate fools as we are. Have you read the letters you took from this artful young hussey's desk?"

"Artful, indeed, Mrs. Griffiths! You shall see them all; I put them into your hands; but do not read them to-night. To-morrow is the anniversary of my wedding-day; I have a strong presentiment that it will be the last of my life. Should it be so, put this letter into the Kensington post; but promise me one thing, and I am sure you will not break it,—promise me, that you will not look upon the direction, and that you will yourself slip it into the box with the seal uppermost." I took the letter, folded it in a sheet of paper, and gave the promise; but I insisted that I should sit up with her *all that night*,—for I did not like her looks; gloom, determination, and despair, were seated in her eyes.

Mrs. Fortescue did not decline my offered wish to sit beside her during that night; but she found the means of taking the contents of a small phial before the morning. I sent off immediately for the nearest surgeon, on perceiving her altered looks at day-break. He came—the stomach-pump was administered,—in vain—in vain! She had swallowed enough laudanum to kill twenty persons. Stupor came over her senses; she expired about four o'clock in the afternoon: long before that, her last letter was on its way.

In utter distraction, soon arrived the husband and the mother. Oh, what remorse was pictured on his countenance, as he looked upon the pale, rigid features of that woman he had idolised—whom he even yet most fondly loved! Such is the inconsistency of our nature! he loved, although he had destroyed her. How did he kneel beside that unconscious form, and adjure her once more to speak to him, to pardon him! It was too late. The heart-rending agonies of Mr. Fortescue broke in on the deeper sorrow of the mother. She felt no remorse; but she had lost her only child, too fondly, perhaps, beloved; and it was plain to be seen that she wished to follow her. It was most affecting, when the heart-stricken parent attempted to console the more violent grief of the offending husband. "Oh, Frederick!" murmured the charitable lady through her tears, "my poor Emily, perchance, now is conscious that your affection for her was undiminished, although you were led away by that ungrateful girl."

"God knows my heart!" returned the almost frantic husband, "I never intended to see her more; but she lured me to her when you supposed that I took that Scottish journey, on the pretext that the child was dying. I thought it not an unpardonable crime to see my own child before he expired, as she said it was impossible he could recover from the effects of the measles. If I had but her letters to me here on that subject, I could convince you that paternal interest was then all that moved me in that journey into Wales. When there, the Circe again enslaved me. She was the mother of my child; pretended so much affection for me; she was so artful, and I so weak, that a second time I fell into her net, and by so

doing was entirely in her power. She threatened, after this, to inform Emily of my visit there, and, in short, worked me to her purposes. But I can and do swear to the truth of what I now utter: I often hated her whilst I caressed her; despised her when she lavished on me those blandishments that were the first cause of leaving me from my only real love."

Then came the revolting scene of the inquest; but the letter she had addressed to Mr. Fortescue was so incoherent, that it determined the jury as to the derangement of his lady's mind at the time she took the fatal draught: it was brought in, "*Insanity.*" Under the circumstances of the case, the funeral was conducted in the plainest manner; nor did it transpire to the coroner, &c., the name of the deceased, as the letter was in an envelope, and the cover suppressed. When questioned, I could not inform them of her name; nor were there any clothes or letters found on her to lead to that knowledge. I had carefully locked these last vouchers in my own desk, and would not mention them, to spare the feelings of the mother, and the penitent husband.

It may, perhaps, be useful transcribing a few of the answers to the letters of the designing Phæbe Williams, addressed to Mr. Fortescue, as it may enable some other gentlemen to escape the toils that artful women are weaving for them,—thus drawing them aside from their legitimate loves, and the real objects of their choice.

LETTER I.

"To Phæbe Williams.

"You tell me 'that the boy is very like its father,' and you wish to shew him to me. Do you not know, Phæbe, that you are breaking the contract you freely entered into with your wronged mistress, by thus writing to me? Do so no more; but make yourself as happy as you can. Take care of the child, and be grateful to one of the most generous women on earth,—one whom you have already deeply injured. Yours,

"F. FORTESCUE.

"P.S. I send you a 5*l.*-note, to buy the child a coral."

II.

"Perhaps I ought to scold you for informing me the child has the measles; it is neither honest nor delicate of you thus writing to the husband of another. You will, of course, have proper advice for

the boy, and I send you 10*l.* for any extra thing he may require. You may just drop me a single line when he has got through; but let your letter be confined to that subject alone. I tell you honestly, Phæbe, that your mistress is the only woman I ever really loved, and that I have told you a hundred times before. Yours, &c.

"F. FORTESCUE."

III.

"I am sorry to hear the poor boy is so very ill: spare no expense in physicians and nurses. I should certainly like to see him, as you so urgently request, before he dies; but the thing is impossible. Inclosed is another 10*l.* Wrap the child up in flannel; I have heard that is good for the measles, and especially over the chest. As he is come into the world, it is a pity he should go so soon. Let me hear to-morrow, but only on that one point."

IV.

"Indeed, Phæbe, you are wrong to press me so very much on this subject. I should, like, certainly, to see the child, but know not how to manage it. I will either come or write, as I best can. Poor little Fred! bless him for me before he dies. Yours,

"F. FORTESCUE."

These were the only letters that passed before Mr. Fortescue visited Wales. After that period, it seems, the girl had gained a greater ascendancy over him. He had seen his child, and how strong are a parent's feelings! She was that child's mother.

V.

"I cannot refuse you, dear Phæbe, the satisfaction of a few lines after my return home. Why should I wish to conceal from you that I love that boy of ours most tenderly? Would to God your mistress, instead of yourself, had been its mother! But, no matter: the child shall be provided for; but I trust there will be no other. Oh, Phæbe! you will cause the misery of us all. Why did you,—but it is useless now. I have been obliged to tell a hundred falsehoods to cover my visit into Wales, and yet I fear I am suspected. Oh! that you had never entered the family of

"F. FORTESCUE."

VI.

"If it is as you say, Phæbe, I am sorry for it; but I remit you for further comforts. Try to keep yourself as contented as possible there. I positively forbid you indulging in the scheme you propose, of coming to town with the boy,

and living somewhere in its neighbourhood. *It cannot be*; but I will endeavour to come and see you *at the time*, or soon after. When Fred is old enough, I mean to send him to school near to me; I can call and see him, then, without suspicion. But for yourself, I must freely tell you, you have only yourself to blame; yet still be comforted, and pray do not write me such appealing letters. I dare say you *do* love me, and I am very grateful to you. The boy, too, is a most exquisite little fellow, and, perhaps, is, as you tell me so often, somewhat like me. He shall never want a friend, nor you either, if you behave well.

"F. FORTESCUE."

VII.

"Why do you, dear Phœbe, so cruelly upbraid me? Why tell me of your loneliness? Your desolation of mind? Surely, that was not intended as a threat, what was in your last; 'that you would confess to my wife *all*, and die!' What! tell her that I had deceived her by a lie! practised on her noble nature,—fabricated a base, dishonourable falsehood? No, Phœbe! I know her well; she never would forgive me! I should break her heart. Never hint to me again of confessing your errors and my own to Mrs. Fortescue. How is the boy? Kiss him for me, and tell him he shall have a pony, when he can ride one. Keep up your spirits; you shall wait for nothing."

"Yours, F. FORTESCUE."

VIII.

"Will nothing content you but my ruin, and the complete wretchedness of your most excellent benefactress? Be it, then, so! On your head, Phœbe Williams, be the punishment, if my Emily's peace be destroyed by your obstinacy. I will take a cottage for you, since you are desperate enough to set off, at a village near London; but, if you presume ever to visit town without my permission, I will never see you more, nor send you another shilling. You say you have arranged with a woman there to send you all the letters and remittances of your wronged mistress, and to forward to her those you send by post under cover to the same. Oh, what a web of dissimulation are you weaving! What a head have you for artifice! Is your heart equal to your head? But, perhaps, I wrong you. You tell me that you tenderly love me: would that it were not so. I am very low-spirited: I can hardly look my wife in the face. Yours,

"F. FORTESCUE."

"P. S. You had better take a post-chaise for the journey, and sleep on the road, as neither you nor the boy can well

bear travelling all night. Proceed on to Mitcham, and inquire for Carpenter's cottage; it is close to the common. Bring your Welsh servant with you. Other arrangements can be made when I see you, and other furniture purchased."

Thus ended the letters directed to Anglesea. There were a few notes directed to Mitcham. The spell was drawn tighter round the entangled Mr. Fortescue. Phœbe Williams had given him another child, a little daughter; and all his parental feelings were fully awakened. Here follow one or two of his billets:

"You may expect me, my dear Phœbe, in a day or two, as I want to see the dear children. I am sorry to refuse you your desire of having the last christened by the name of Emily. I cannot let my wife be so insulted, although I doubt not you intended it as a compliment. Let the child be called after its mother; and, pray, be careful, Phœbe, of catching cold when you go to church with it for that purpose, for the mother of my pretty babes must be taken care of. I have ordered a rocking-horse for my noble Fred, which will accompany this. Tell him, to be a brave rider, and not to mind a few falls. Mrs. Fortescue is just gone to —shire: I shall steal a few days, on the pretence of political affairs, to spend with you and my pretty ones. God bless you, my dear Phœbe."

This last note will shew the state of Mr. Fortescue's mind, after he had heard that his poor wife had left his house in town, and her mother was in a state of distraction, fearing, what really did take place, that her agonised child would fly to suicide as her only escape from misery. Alas! if that mother had implanted in her daughter's mind the principles of true religion in her early youth, she need have suffered no apprehension that such would have proved her fate, let her miseries have been whatever they might; for religion imparts consolation to every human evil, and teaches us to look forward to perfect bliss in another and a better state.

"To Phœbe Williams."

"You have accomplished your purpose! You have destroyed, by your machinations, the purest and the best of human beings — the loveliest also — alas, how lovely! She was my first, my only love; and I have driven her forth in a state of distraction from my roof — the home that ought to have been her refuge from every storm. I have driven my fond,

affectionate, generous, confiding Emily, by my infidelity and cruelty, out into the unsheltering world, there to perish. *You have been the cause of all this; for it was you who seduced me, not I you.* If it is as I apprehend—if my own true wife be lost to me—never more will I see your face. The children are mine, and they shall not suffer; but for you—Farewell.”

What a problem is man! Who shall say of what qualities his mind is composed? About six months did the mother of Mrs. Fortescue lament her death—it took that time ere grief had completed its certain work. She then followed her much-loved daughter to the tomb. Immediately after, I know not by what means, the designing Phœbe Williams again had Mr. Fortescue in her toils; prevailed on him to take her and the children to Italy; and, finally, to make her his wife. But remorse was constantly preying upon

his heart, and mutual reproaches ever passed between them. At length, she eased him from all further trouble respecting her, by leaving him, *sans cérémonie*, for an Italian count, who afterwards deserted her, and left her to that misery she so richly merited. Mr. Fortescue returned to England with four children, his temper soured, and his heart debased. I was the means of finding out a governess for these poor children,—two of them illegitimate, the others lawfully claiming his name. By a singular chance, I know a great deal more respecting this family; but that has nothing to do whatever with the present narrative of Mrs. Fortescue. I need hardly add, that I was most liberally paid for the attentions I had bestowed upon this unfortunate lady, who fell a victim to false indulgence, the weakness, more than wickedness of her husband, and her own total destitution of religious principles.

THE STORY OF EUSTACE THE MONK.*

WHAT a volatile thing is fame! After a few ages have passed by, the very name is forgotten of the men who have been amongst the most famous in their day,—whose actions have been the favourite theme which the peasant sung over his ale, and whose praise has been listened to no less attentively in the feudal hall of the nobles. Who is there now, who has heard of the name of Eustace the Monk? Yet, in the beginning of the thirteenth century, his name was sufficient to strike terror into the hearts of our countrymen; and, after his death, the supernatural agencies which he was supposed to have used, raised every where their wonder, as much as the right merry tricks which he played upon his enemies excited their laughter.

We have asked, Who at the present day has heard of the name of this man? It is true, however, that his name was known to some,—to the few who have spent their lives or their leisure in searching through old chronicles, and who have there found mention of this most wicked man (*vir flagitiosissimus*)—this traitor and villanous pirate (*proditor et pirata nequissimus*)—this

archpirate (*archipirata*)—this apostate (*apostata*)—this oppressor from Spain (*tyrannus ex Hispania*)—this ruffian,—all which terms, and more, are there applied to him. But the ground of these appellations was unknown, until the life of this extraordinary man, written by a contemporary, in Norman-French verse, was discovered by M. Francisque Michel (the editor of the only edition which has been printed) in a manuscript of the royal library at Paris, among a collection of metrical *fabliaux*, romances, and saints' legends. Among the latter class the present poem seems to have been placed by those who had previously made use of the manuscript, and who, therefore, read no more than the title, Eustace the Monk; which will easily account for its having remained so long unknown, though many poems from the same volume have been printed.

The history of Eustace presents to us a striking picture of those scenes of violence and oppression which were every day witnessed during the baronial wars, and of which we find many traces in our ancient chronicles.

Eustace was born in the territory of

* Roman d'Eustache le Moigne, pirate fameux du xiii^e siècle, publié par Francisque Michel. Paris, 1834. Chez Silvestre. Londres, chez Pickering.

the Duke of Boulogne. While young, he went to Toledo, in Spain, at that time the grand school of the black art, to be well instructed in the mysteries of magic; and the story tells us that he was there favoured to such a degree, that, in his cave under the earth, he conversed with the evil one himself, no small advantage to him that would be a proficient in these sciences. He remained here, says the story, a winter and a summer, and became expert in all sorts of conjurations. Before his departure, in his last conversation with the devil, the latter gave Eustace a faint outline of his future destinies, telling him that he should live to make war against nobles and princes, and that he should not die until he had been concerned in many commotions, after which he should be killed on the sea. From Toledo he returned directly to St. Saumer, where he became a black monk.

On his way, it seems that Eustace was accompanied by three of his fellow-students, one of whom, we learn, was an old man with a beard, who had spent twenty years at Toledo, and who was, therefore, a great magician. One night they came to Montferrant, where Eustace exhibited some of his devilry. On the morn of his departure, he ordered a dinner for himself and his companions, at the tavern of a rich hostess, who, we are told, was very high, and very proud. The character and appearance of the pilgrims appear not to have gained her good will; and the strange coins which they offered her in payment—for they had none of such as were passable in the district—were viewed with indignant contempt. Her charge was exorbitant, and her treatment of the guests any thing but gentle. Eustace was piqued, and, by the help of his magic, he took a ludicrous, but not very decent, revenge upon the hostess and her townspeople. Some of the latter followed the pilgrims on their way, against whom the old man with the beard, whose turn it was now to practice his art, caused a great river to arise, as large as the Seine, or the Loire, which followed close at their heels, and drove them back to the town. Eustace and his companions pursued them; and, in the town, the old fellow with the beard, by another conjuration, set the townspeople so by the ears, that they fought together, tooth and nail, without any discrimination.

After leaving Montferrant, Eustace and his companions overtook a carter, who was leading a waggon, drawn by four horses, and containing a cask of wine, to a distance of six leagues along the road they were journeying. The pilgrims demanded of the carter for how much he would carry them to the town where he was going. "For twelve pence," was the answer. "Agreed," said Eustace; and, the bargain being thus concluded, they mounted, and travelled along at a rattling pace. The carter, however, beat the horses unmercifully; the latter pushed forwards at an uneasy pace, making great leaps, so that the joggling of the vehicle bruised the nether parts of Eustace in a most miserable manner. "God send thee evil," exclaimed he to the carter, "for the villanous pace at which thou art driving us!" "Good sir," replied the latter, "we have no time to lose; I must use all speed, for I think it is already past noon." To a second expostulation, his only answer was a few more lashes on the backs of the horses, and the cart was dragged along as violently as before. The old man with the beard began a new conjuration, and immediately the horses and the cart, instead of proceeding, seemed to be going backward. The carter, as every carter would have done, spared neither oath nor whip upon his beasts; but all was vain, and at last he was obliged to let the pilgrims go scot-free, who gladly left him, with their money in their purses.

Such is the legendary story of our hero previous to the time of his becoming a monk of St. Saumer. When Eustace took on himself the religious habit, he laid aside none of his former unholy practices. The whole abbey was troubled by his conjurations, and he turned every thing upside down; causing the monks, as the story informs us, to fast when they ought to have been eating, and, when they ought to have worn their shoes, to go barefoot. A thousand errors he led them into, when they ought to have been gravely performing the holy services.

One day, the father abbot was in his chamber: he had been bled, and had walked, and a large repast was prepared for his refreshment. There was plenty of pork, and mutton, and wild geese, and venison. Eustace, who lost no opportunity of playing his tricks, came

to the abbot, when he was commencing his dinner, offered himself as a servant, and said that, after he had partaken of his repast, he would tell him what was his craft. "Thou art a fool," replied the abbot. "May evil fall upon my neck, if thou shalt not be well beaten to-morrow!" "Many a one lives who has been threatened," said Eustace; and, leaving the abbot's room, he went into the kitchen. There he saw, first, a pail full of water, which, by his conjurations, became quickly red like blood. Then he seated himself upon a stool, and, looking round, he saw near him the half of a pig. In the hearing of all who were present he pronounced his charms, till the half pig suddenly jumped up, and took the semblance of an old woman, ugly, and crooked. The cooks fled, and told what had happened to the abbot, who ran to the spot, and, when he saw the old wretch, shouted out, "In the name of St. Peter, fly—fly! It is certainly a devil!" The admonition of the father abbot was not thrown away: the kitchen was quickly cleared; and Eustace, having released the pork from his charm, carried it off to the tavern of a neighbouring innkeeper, an old friend and pot-companion of his own, with whom he spent the whole night in eating, drinking, and gambling,—playing away every thing, even to the pawning of his crucifixes, images, and monk's books.

We now approach that period of Eustace's life when began his quarrel with the Count of Boulogne, in consequence of which he became an outlaw—a true Robin Hood, and performed in that character pranks the simple relation of which would fill a volume. The origin of his disagreement with the count was as follows:—

Eustace, it appears, was born at a place called Courset. His father, Bauduins Busqués, was a peer of the Boulonois, well skilled in law, and an experienced pleader. He had pleaded a cause in the court against Hainfrois, of Heresinguehans, the object of which was to deprive that nobleman of a certain manor; and, in consequence of some disagreement between them, he had given Hainfrois a blow, which was revenged by the murder of Bauduins, near Bassingham. Eustace, who was now a monk, when he heard of the death of his father, went to the court to demand justice against Hainfrois, whom he charged with being the instigator of

the murder. The charge was denied, and the cause was adjudged to be decided by battle. The pledges and the hostages were given; and Hainfrois, having sworn that he was upwards of sixty years of age, and his statement being confirmed on the oath of twenty-nine of his peers, it was allowed that one of his relations, or retainers, might fight for him. Accordingly, one of his vassals, Eustace of Maraquise, accepted the challenge—a large, bold, strong, and handsome man. On the other part, the challenge was accepted by Manesiers, a nephew of Bauduins Busqués, a large bachelor, handsome, and strong, who charged Hainfrois with the death of his uncle. The battle, which was fought at Etaples, was fiercely contested, and ended by the death of Manesiers.

Meanwhile, Eustace had been to the Count of Boulogne, had renounced all intention of standing by the event of the combat, and had declared that he would agree to no reconciliation, before he had revenged the death of his father. The monk, however, was allowed to take the rank to which the death of his father entitled him: he was a seneschal of the Boulonois, a peer, and had all the share in the government which, as such, belonged to him. But Hainfrois never ceased to slander him to the duke, till the latter called Eustace before him, and demanded of him why he had retained the dignities which he held. "I am here," was the reply, "ready to give an account of every thing, when you have summoned me to answer the charge before your peers and your barons: I am one of the peers of the Boulonois." "You shall come to Harellet," said the count, "to answer to the charge there, where you dare not make a false statement." "It is treason!" cried Eustace: "you wish to throw me in prison;" and he instantly left the place. The count confiscated his property, and burnt his garden, for which Eustace swore that he would take an ample revenge.

One day, soon after this, Eustace the Monk came to two mills which the count had erected near Boulogne. He found in one of them a miller, whom he compelled to go immediately to the festival which was that day held to celebrate the nuptials of Simon de Boulogne. "Tell them," he said, "that Eustace the Monk is come to give them some light, that they may not

eat in the dark. I'll set fire to the mills, and give them a couple of galling candles." When the miller had delivered his message, the count jumped from his seat, the alarm-bell was rung, and both mayor and provost prepared to follow the outlaw; but the mills were burnt, and Eustace escaped. Thus commenced the hostilities of Eustace the Monk against his enemy, the Count of Boulogne.

Eustace was at Clairmarais, and learned there that the count was on his way to St. Omers. He dressed himself in the garb of a monk, took with him two monks of the abbey, and, all three being mounted, rode forth till they met the count between two valleys. The count descended at one of his houses; and, after salutation on each side, Eustace rode up to him, and said, "Sire, for the mercy of God, we pray you to lay aside your anger against Eustace the Monk."

"Say no more," replied the count: "let me but get hold of him, and I'll skin him alive. The scoundrel, in the disguise of a pilgrim, came and burnt two of my mills; and now he makes open war upon me. I'll watch him well; and, if I catch him, he shall die a foul death: he shall be hanged, burnt, or drowned."

Eustace answered: "By my robe! there would then be peace. But Eustace is a monk, and you are Count of Boulogne: it is, therefore, fit that you should shew mercy to him. I pray you, sire, that you lay aside your anger, and he shall be your liege. Sire, be reconciled to him—mercy on the sinner!"

"Hold thy tongue," said the count, "and let me hear no more. Get thee gone; I care not for thy preaching. For the love of Eustace the Monk, I will put no trust in any of thine order. By the bowels of St. Marie! I believe that this monk is watching me now: there is not such a villanous scoundrel in the world. I fear greatly that he will enchant me. Dan Monk, what name bearest thou?"

"They call me Brother Simon: I am cellarer of Clairmarais. Eustace, with twenty-nine others, all armed in iron, came to the abbey yesterday, and prayed the father abbot to seek a reconciliation with you."

"Let not your abbot be so bold," answered the count, "as to give harbour to this fellow, or I will come and

cut him to pieces. I'll shave him, both head and neck. Where wast thou born, Dan Monk?"

"Sire, at Lens, where I lived twenty years."

"By my faith," said the Count of Boulogne, "thou resemblest much Eustace himself, in figure, in body, in look, and in stature: thou hast his eyes, his mouth, and his nose. But thou hast a broad crown, red shoes, a white gown, and a discoloured face. I would keep you all three as pledges, were it not purely for the love of God. Turn away, and get thee gone!"

The two monks had witnessed the interview with fear and trepidation. While Eustace was still present, the count made all the peers of the Boulonois swear three times, that they would not on any consideration fail to deliver up to him his enemy. A sergeant suddenly came forward, and said, "Sire, why do you delay? Eustace sits by your side: seize him, and make him discover himself. I tell you truly, it is he."

"I understand the scoundrel," said William of Montquarrel: "Dan Simon, the cellarer, is the man. I knew him as well as I know a penny."

"No," said Hugh of Gaune; "Eustace is not half so green."

"Moreover," said Hugh of Belin, "this fellow was born at Lens, near Hennin."

"By my faith," said Aufrans of Caen, "Eustace is neither green nor blue."

"No," said Gualo de la Capide; "he is all red in the chops."

The two monks trembled; but Eustace coolly replied to all these remarks, "People resemble each other." He then took his leave of the count, and joined his two companions. When the count and his party had entered the house, Eustace went to the stable, ordered a sergeant who was there to saddle the count's best horse, whose name was Moriel, mounted it, and rode off at full speed, telling the sergeant that he was Eustace the Monk. "Hallo, hallo! Saint Mary!" cried the sergeant; and the count and his retainers rushed out to see what was the matter. "A scoundrel of a monk has ridden away mounted upon Moriel," said the sergeant.

"See!" said the count; "by the neck! by the bowels! by —; but hasten to the rescue!"

"No," said the sergeant who had before advised the count to seize him; "he will never be taken while he is seated upon Moriel; for Moriel flies like the wind, and he is now spurred on by the devil himself. I know it well."

"Fool that I was!" said the count, "why did I not secure him while he was sitting beside me?"

The count, however, ordered his company to mount; and the whole party, knights and sergeants, galloped off to the forest in search of the depredator. But Eustace had gone to a small hamlet, where he put Moriel in a place of safety and secrecy; and then changed his habit, putting a linen cap on his head, and carrying a club on his shoulder. In this disguise he took charge of a flock of sheep that were feeding on a heath over which he expected that the count would pass. Presently the count appeared.

"Varlet," said he, "which way went a white monk on a black horse?"

"Sire, he went all along yon vale, on a horse as black as a berry."

The count speedily followed the rout pointed out by the shepherd, and soon overtook, not Eustace, but the two monks who had been his companions. After the count and his attendants had passed by, Eustace left his sheep, and returned into the forest.

While Eustace was thus wandering in the forest, he espied the baggage of the count, conducted by a boy on horseback. Eustace seized the lad, cut off his tongue, and then sent him after his master; who, when he saw this example of Eustace's cruelty, and learned that he had plundered his baggage, returned hastily by the way he had come, and hunted the outlaw vigorously through the forest of Hardelot.

Here Eustace narrowly escaped falling a prey to the treachery of one of his own retainers. He had two lads, whom he had brought up from their youth, and who now served him as spies, keeping watch in different parts of the wood, both by day and by night. One of these spies came to the count, and offered to discover to him the hiding-place of his master. The count promised to make the betrayer a page of his court, if by his means he should succeed in apprehending the outlaw. "Sire," said the lad, "he is sitting at his dinner: follow me quickly, and you shall have him."

"Proceed," replied the count, "and I will follow at a little distance."

But the other spy had discovered the treachery of his companion, and had apprised Eustace of the plot which was formed against him. Eustace hung his faithless servant on a tree, before the count arrived to rescue him, and then, mounting Moriel, soon left his enemies far behind him. But, though Eustace himself escaped, the count overtook two of his sergeants, and, by way of retaliation, put out their eyes. Eustace swore by the Holy Virgin that he would have the feet of four of the count's men, in revenge for the four eyes which the count had taken. And, in fact, while Eustace was watching the high road, he discovered five of the count's sergeants, who were leading prisoners the two monks of Clairmarais. He liberated the monks, cut off the feet of four of the sergeants, and sent the fifth to carry the tidings to the count; who, in his rage, swore by the belly and bowels, and sent immediately twenty knights to scour the woods in search of him.

While the twenty knights were one day searching him in the forest, Eustace dressed himself in the garb of a peasant, with a coarse smock thrown over him, and came to them with a mournful visage. "God save you, my masters!" said he; and they returned the salutation civilly, asking, "Whence comest thou, and whither art thou going?" "My lords," said he, "I seek the Count of Boulogne, to complain of a rascally monk who has robbed me in his territory. He said that he was at war with the count, and he has taken from me what was worth a hundred marks. Tell me, my lords, without delay, where shall I find the count?" One of them replied, "At Hardelot: go thither, by all means." Eustace went to Hardelot, entered the hall where the count was at dinner, and said, "May God be here, that he may revenge me on the devil! My lords, which is the Count of Boulogne?" "There he is," said a sergeant: Eustace approached him: "Sire," said he, "mercy! I am a citizen of Andeli: I come from Bruges, in Flanders; and I brought with me shoes of say, and thirty pounds in money. A mad, hairbrained fellow, cropped on the crown like a priest, who appeared to be a monk, said he was one of your enemies, and he has taken from me

every thing I had, even my horse and my robe. I come to lay my case before you, and to ask for justice. He is not far from this place. The scoundrel of a monk dressed me in this smock, and then sent me to you. I know that he is near, for I saw him enter some thick bushes."—"What kind of man is he?" said the count; "black or white, great or small?"—"He is about my own size," said Eustace. The count arose from the table, armed six of his retainers, and rode with Eustace into the forest; who led him to a place where twenty-nine of his own men lay in ambush, and there demanded of him peace and pardon. The count refused his request; and was allowed to depart, since, as Eustace said, he had come thither under his protection.

Many a trick did Eustace play upon his enemies. One day, as the count, with nine attendants, was riding to Hardelet, Eustace, with ten companions, followed him in the garb of pilgrims. When the count descended from his horse, Eustace came to him, and said, "Sire, we are penitents from the apostle of Rome: many injuries we have done to men, of which, by God's grace, we have repented. We are now in great need." The count gave him threepence, and entered the castle with his followers, leaving the ten horses without. Eustace took them all, set fire to the town, and fled, leaving a sergeant to tell the count that this had been all done by the penitent on whom he had bestowed his threepence. "By my faith!" said the count, "I was a fool not to seize these rascals! these vagabonds! these false pilgrims! If I desired to leave the castle, I have not a horse to mount. This monk is truly a devil. If I had him, he should rue it, I warrant me." Eustace met with a merchant, sent him with one of the horses to the count, telling him that it was the tithe of his gains.

Another time, a spy informed the count that Eustace was in the forest. The count assembled his men, followed the spy on foot, and lay in ambush in a ditch. One of Eustace's spies, however, had seen them, and carried immediate information of their movements to his master. Eustace went to a collier, who was carrying charcoal on an ass, blackened his own face, neck, and hands, with the charcoal, and put on the collier's frock and cap, for which

he gave him his own robe. Thus equipped, he set out for Boulogne with his ass and burden. When he came to the spot where the count lay in wait, Eustace cried out to him, "My lord, what are you doing there?" "What concern is it of yours, sir villain?" was the reply. "By St. Omer!" said Eustace, "I will go and tell the count how the men of Eustace the Monk are always injuring and insulting us. I dare not bring out my beast to carry my charcoal to sell, but Eustace must rob me of it. Meanwhile he is sitting at his ease by a good fire, devouring meat and venison; for he has burnt all my charcoal, which has cost me so much labour in its preparation." "Is he near this place?" asked the count. "Close by. Go straight along this path, and you will find him." Eustace goaded his beast onwards, and the count entered the forest, where he found the collier dressed in the garments of the monk. The count's men beat and insulted the collier much; for they thought, sure enough, it was Eustace they had caught at last, till he cried out, "Mercy, my lords, mercy! Why do you beat me? You may take my coat, if you will, for it is all the property I have. It is the robe of Eustace the Monk, who has gone with my ass and charcoal towards Boulogne, his hands, face, and neck blackened, and my cap on his head. He took my frock, and left me his robe of silk." The count, in a rage, hurried back in pursuit of Eustace, who, in the meanwhile, had washed his face, and, meeting with a potter, had exchanged his ass and charcoal for pots and jugs, and his collier's garments for those of the potter. Eustace was marching along, and crying lustily, "Pots, pots!" when the count and his men suddenly issued from a thicket, and asked him if he had seen a collier riding along that way. "Sire," said Eustace, "he is gone straight to Boulogne, with an ass laden with charcoal." The count and his party put spurs to their horses, and overtook the collier, whom they immediately began to beat and insult; and, tying his feet and hands, they put him upon a horse with his face towards the tail. The man began to roar and shout. "My lords," he said, "I pray you, for God's sake, have mercy upon me! Why have you taken me? If I have done wrong, I am willing to make

amends. "Aha, aha! you vagabond!" said the count, "you think to escape again. In due time I'll have you hanged, safely enough." A knight, however, who had often seen the potter, and chanced now to look at him, and recognise him, said, "What devil has made thee a collier? Thou wast formerly a potter. No man can ever thrive who has so many trades." The potter then told how he had exchanged his ware with a collier, bad luck to him! and how the latter went towards the wood, crying, "Pots, pots!" "Hallelloo!" cried the count; "quick to the wood: hunt it well, and bring me every one you find there." And so they liberated the collier, and again entered the forest.

Eustace, in the mean time, had thrown his pots into a marsh, and had concealed himself in the nest of a kite, where he mimicked the voice of a nightingale. As soon as he first saw the count passing, he cried, "Ochi! ochi! ochi! ochi!" (*i. e.* kill! kill! kill! kill!) "I will kill him," said the count, "by St. Richier, if I lay hands upon him." "Fier! fier!" (strike! strike!) cried Eustace the Monk. "By my faith, I will," said the count: "I'll strike him, so that he shall never molest me again." Eustace waited a few moments, and then cried, "Non l'ot! si ot! non l'ot! si ot!" (he has it not! he has! he has it not! he has!) "Yea, by my faith, he has," said the Count of Boulogne: "he has taken all my good horses." "Hui! hui!" (to-day! to-day!) cried Eustace again. "You say right," said the count; "to-day it shall be: I will kill him with my own hands, if I meet with him. He is no fool, I see, who listens to the counsel of a nightingale; for this nightingale has taught me how to take vengeance upon mine enemy. He says well that I must strike him, and kill him."

Then the count hunted sedulously after the monk. First were caught four monks, who were immediately thrown into prison. After them were sent to prison four pedlars and a pig; next three men who carried fowls to sell, and two men who drove asses; then six fishermen and their fishes; and after them four clerks and an arch-priest: so that by the end of the day there had been taken more than forty persons, who were all brought for examination before the count. Meanwhile,

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Eustace entered the town in the disguise of a woman, stole two of the count's horses, and threw the sergeant, who had the care of them, into a bog.

On another occasion, when the Count of Boulogne, with Philip, the king of France, and the prince royal, and all his host, were passing towards Gerros, the king with a fair company rested during the night at La Capiele, and near him was assembled his host at Sainte-Marie-au-Bois. Eustace, who haunted the neighbourhood with his men, first plundered and stripped a burgess of Corbye, and afterwards slew one of the king's knights. The king complained bitterly to the count, who recounted to him how he had been constantly foiled in his attempts to take this offender. The king went from La Capiele to Sangatte; and, on his return, the rearguard of his host was formed by the count and his men. While the count was at his post, information was brought to him that Eustace lay in a small town near the road on which they were journeying. The count hastened to the place; but Eustace, having been informed of his danger, went out of the town, and changed clothes with a countryman who was making a hedge. Shortly after this, the count issued from an adjoining valley, and came to Eustace, who was working at the hedge. "Villain," said he, "is Eustace the Monk in this town?" "No," he replied; "he has just fled in the direction between you and the king's army. Follow quickly, and you will overtake him." The count pursued in the direction pointed out to him; and Eustace, whose men were concealed in the neighbourhood, carried off five knights, six palfreys, and five war-horses, from the rear of his troop. The knights he took to dine with him in the forest; and, to his surprise, he discovered that one of them was Hainfrois, his mortal enemy. Hainfrois, of course, expected no mercy; but, after dinner, Eustace sent him back to the count, to tell him who was the labourer that he had seen making the hedge.

The count immediately returned, and Eustace had recourse to another stratagem. He equipped himself as a leper, with cup, crutch, and clapper; and, when the count passed, he began to rattle his clapper, by which he gained charity from the count and his knights twenty-eight pence. At a short dis-

tance in the rear, a boy was leading one of the count's finest horses. Eustace knocked him down, mounted the saddle, and galloped away, leaving the lad to tell it to the count, who, almost mad with rage, turned again to pursue him.

Eustace adopted a new disguise. He presented himself as a cripple, having tied up his leg, and bound about his thigh a piece of cow's liver, with a band all stained with blood; and in this plight he hobbled along, supported by a stake. The count, with all his retinue, knights and sergeants, were in a minster, and the prior was chanting the mass, when Eustace entered, told the count his disease, and prayed his charity. The count gave him twelvepence. Then he went to the prior, where he was receiving the offering, and shewing him his leg, "See, sir," said he, "in what a lamentable condition I am: my thigh is all rotten. Now, for the sake of God and St. Mary, pray these knights to give me some of their pence, that I may get it healed." "Willingly," said the prior; "but wait till the offering is ended." The prior was as good as his word; and Eustace gained eight shillings by the stratagem. Then he left the minster, mounted the horse of the count, and dashed away, with his stake hanging by the side of his leg. The boys shouted lustily, "Halloo! the cripple has stolen a horse! see how he spurs along the valley!" And every knight and sergeant rushed from the minster; but the thief had gained too much the start to allow of any hope that he might be overtaken.

Once, when he had been tracked over the snow by the count, and had escaped by the stratagem of haging his horse shod backwards, the count discovered the trick from the smith who had shod his horse, and pursued towards a monastery, where Eustace had taken shelter, and where he was then dining. It happened that three carpenters were at work on some new buildings. As the count passed by, one of his sergeants rode up to the monastery, and Eustace, who had taken the disguise of a carpenter, came out to meet him. "Bless you, sire!" said Eustace: "what men are these who are passing by?" "They are outlaws," said the squire, "who have been exiled from their country. They come into this land to seek a man who is famous for his warlike skill. They

have heard of the monk who was born near Boulogne, that he is a worthy man, courageous and hardy." "Pish, friend!" said Eustace the Monk, "you go on a business that is not worth a button. He is a lazy blackguard and a glutton. The scoundrel is at his dinner in the monastery. Bad luck to him! he has nearly famished us all. Go in, and you will find him." The sergeant dismounted: "Hold mysteed," said he to Eustace; "there is not his equal between here and Monchi. Take care of yourself, for he is a very devil at kicking." "I'll hold him safe," replied Eustace: "he shall not kick me, if I can help it." The sergeant entered the monastery, and it is hardly necessary to say that he found there no monk. Eustace, in the meantime, was not idle. He mounted the horse, shouted out, "Carpenters, take your axe—I'm off. Heaven preserve you!" and galloped away. "By cock's teeth! thou hadst better dismount," cried the sergeant, as he emerged from the monastery; "bring back the horse, I say." "It is too good to be given up so easily," was the reply of the monk, as he scampered off: "you may go back on foot, master vassal. Give my respects to the count, and tell him that had he dismounted here, he would have met with a good entertainment." Eustace disappeared in the forest; and the sergeant was obliged to make his way to the count on foot, before whom he came half dead with hunger and thirst, his garments torn by the brambles, and covered with mud and dirt, which they had gathered out of the ditches and holes into which he had fallen.

The count, enraged more than ever, began a brisk search in the forest, and came upon him suddenly; so that Eustace, having scarcely time to mount his horse Moriel, in his hurry to escape, was thrown from the saddle, and thus, after a desperate struggle, fell into the hands of his enemies. The count would have hanged him immediately; but his peers were unanimously of opinion that he should be sent to receive judgment of the king of France. The count consented; and he was escorted in a cart, bound hand and foot; but, near Beaurains, thirty of his men fell upon the escort, and succeeded in rescuing their master. Eustace, after this narrow escape, passed the river of Cance, and robbed the ab-

bot of Jumiaus of thirty marks in money.

When the count was one day at Boulogne, soon after Eustace's escape, the latter came there in the disguise of a mackerel-vender. The sergeants of the count bought his mackerel, and his dinner was given him at the court; but when he demanded payment, he was told to wait till another day. Eustace watched an opportunity when the count had ordered his horses to be saddled for riding, went with three lads to take four of the handsomest to water, led them to a place where his own men were in ambush, and carried them off; sending word by one of the count's retainers, whom he met, that Eustace had taken the payment of his mackerel. The count again pursued the depredator, but in vain.

About this time, Eustace seems to have formed the design of leaving the forests of the Boulohois, and of repairing to England, to offer his services to King John. One of his last tricks upon the count was performed while the latter was at Calais. Eustace conveyed to him a present of tarts and other pastry, in which, in place of fruit, he had put a mixture of tow, pitch, and wax, by which, when they were all at dinner, the count's party were miserably entrapped. Eustace, on his arrival before King John, offered to deliver up his daughter or his wife, as hostages for his loyalty: the king received him gladly, and gave him thirty galleys, with which he conquered and plundered the isles of Jersey and Guernsey. Thence he sailed to the coast of France, where he played a new trick upon Cadoc, the seneschal of Normandy, who sought to take him, and deliver him to the French king. On his return, he took and plundered several ships; and, at his own request, King John granted to him land in England, and also gave him permission, and

lent him money, to build a palace in London, which he finished in a most splendid manner.* His land, as we learn from the Close Rolls, was at Swaffham, in Norfolk.*

After Eustace had been a while in England, he seems to have lost the confidence of the king; and at the same time friendship was established between the Count of Boulogne, his old enemy, and John, in consequence of which the former paid a visit in person to the English court. Eustace saw immediately the necessity of leaving England, and he was obliged to use a stratagem to effect his escape,—for the king had issued orders for his arrest, and had directed the seas to be strictly watched. The monk took a bow and a fiddle, and dressed himself as a minstrel. In this garb he arrived at the coast, where he found a merchant ready to sail, and entered the ship with him. The steersman looked upon him as an intruder. "Thou shalt go out," said he, "with God's help." "That I will," replied Eustace, "when we are on the other side. But I think you are not over wise. Look! I will give you for my passage five sterlings, and my fiddle. I am a jongler, and a minstrel, and you will not easily find my equal. I know all kinds of songs. For St. Mary's sake! good sir, carry me over. I come now from Northumberland, and have been five years in Ireland. I have drunk so much 'good ale,' that my face is all discoloured, and pale; and I now hasten to drink again the wines of Argenteuil and Prouvins." "Tell us thy name." "Sir, my name is Mauferas, and I am an Englishman, I wot!" "Thou an Englishman?" replied the steersman. "I thought thou hadst been a Frenchman. At all events, if thou knowest any song, friend, let us have it." "Know I one? Yea! of Agoulant and Aimon, or of Blanchandin, or

* The document contained in the Close Rolls, referring to this land, runs thus:—"Mandatum est vicecomiti Norfolcie quod faciat habere Willelmo de Cuntis terram que fuit Eustachio Monacho in Swaffham, que est de honore Britannie, quam dominus rex ei concessit. Teste me ipso, apud Lincolniam, xxiii. die Februarii." (A. D. 1216.) Another of the Close Rolls, four years earlier, mentions money which Eustace owed to the king:—"Rex vicecomiti Norfolcie, etc. Scias quod dedimus respectum Eustachio Monacho de xxⁱⁱ marcas quas nobis debet usque ad festum sancti Andree, et ideo tibi mandamus quod demandam quam ei inde facis ponas in respectum usquo ad predictum festum; duas autem marcas terre unde idem Eustachius saisitus fuit in balliva tua et quam cepisti in manum nostram ipsum in pace habere permittas quamdiu fuerit ad presens in servitio nostro, et quamdiu nobis placuerit. T. G. filio Petri, apud Westmonasterium xiii. die Octobris, per eundem coram baronibus de scaccario" (A. D. 1212).

of Florence or Rome: there is not a song in the whole world but I know it. I should be delighted, without doubt, to afford you amusement; but, in truth, the sea frightens me so much at present, that I could not sing a song worth hearing." The steersman was satisfied, and questioned no further the skill of his passenger, who arrived in the evening at Boulogne.

It appears that King John had put to death the daughter of Eustace, who had been delivered up as a hostage for the good conduct of her father. Eustace vowed vengeance against John, and came to the resolution of offering his services to the King of France; but, being somewhat doubtful of the reception which he might meet at the French court, he took the disguise of a courier, and carried to the king a letter, purporting to come from the monk, announcing his arrival in the French territory, and offering to him his services. The king promised that, if Eustace would consent to a personal interview with him, he should have a safe conduct: upon which, encouraged by the king's reply, Eustace answered,—"I am he:" and, after extorting oaths of loyalty, the king received him into favour. Eustace was again put in command of a fleet, with which he infested the seas, committing terrible depredations upon the party whom he had before served. Hence our chronicles have designated him by the name of *traitor*. In one of his naval engagements, when he was bringing over a French fleet to assist the barons who had risen against John, after a desperate engagement, he was defeated, and slain.

The most curious account of the last end of Eustace the monk, is found in an unpublished chronicle, preserved among the manuscripts of the British Museum. It is another testimony of the character which he possessed at that time for his supposed skill in magic, and for his use of supernatural agents. It required the presence of a saint to work his overthrow.

On the day of St. Bartholomew the apostle, this document tells us, there came, with a great fleet towards Sandwich, Eustace the Monk, accompanied by several great lords of France, who expected to make an entire conquest of the kingdom, trusting more in the malice of this apostate monk than in their own strength, because he was deeply

skilled in magic. And they had such confidence in his promises, on account of the prodigies which he had performed in their country, that they had brought with them their wives and children, and even infants in the cradle, to inhabit England immediately. Now, when these ships approached the harbour of Sandwich, they were all perfectly visible, except that of Eustace, who had made a conjuration, so that himself and his ship could be seen by none; and where his ship floated there appeared nothing but the waves of the sea. The people of the town were terribly frightened at the unexpected arrival of so great an army. Having no power sufficient to make any resistance to their enemies, they put all their hope in God; and, throwing themselves on their knees, and weeping bitterly, they prayed, for the love of St. Bartholomew, whose festival it was, that he would have pity on them, and deliver their land from the hands of the invader. They made a vow, also, that if God would give them victory, they would raise a chapel in honour of St. Bartholomew himself, and that they would found in it a chantry for ever. There was at that time in the town a man called Stephen Crabbe, who had formerly been very intimate with the monk, Eustace, and whom Eustace had loved so well, that he had taught him many of his practices in magic. This Crabbe happening to be present when those of the town who bore arms were consulting what was best to be done, and moved by the lamentations of the unarmed people, he addressed the chief men of the town:—"Unless," said he, "Heaven have mercy upon us, the port of Sandwich, hitherto so renowned, will be invaded, and the land lost. But, in order that our posterity may not have reason to reproach us, that such a dishonour has arrived to the kingdom through our town, I will willingly give my life to save the honour of my country. For this Eustace, who is the leader of our enemies, cannot be seen by one who is ignorant of magic, and I have learnt from himself this enchantment. I will give to day, then, my life for the sake of this land,—for I know well that, in entering his ship, I cannot escape death from the numerous soldiers who are with him." After having thus spoken, Stephen Crabbe entered one of the only three vessels

which were there to defend the place against this powerful armament, and when they approached Eustace's ship he leaped from his own into it. The English, to whom the ship was invisible, when they saw him standing and fighting, as they thought, on the water, shouted, and thought that he had been mad, or that some evil spirit had taken his form. Then Stephen cut off the head of Eustace, and in an instant his ship was visible to every body. But Stephen himself was immediately slain, horribly mutilated, and thrown, piecemeal, into the sea. Suddenly there arose a hurricane, which in many places overthrew houses, and tore large trees up by the roots. It entered the haven, and in that instant overset all the enemy's ships, without injuring one of those which were stationed to defend the town, except that it cast a terrible fear into those who were embarked in them. The English said, that in the air there appeared a man in red garments; that they instantly fell upon their knees, and cried,—“Saint Bartholomew, have pity on us, and succour us against our foes;” and that they heard a voice which pronounced these words,—“I am Bartholomew,

and I am sent to assist you: fear nothing.” At these words he disappeared, and was neither seen nor heard more.

Thus ended the career of one of the most extraordinary outlaws who ever lived. “He who puts his trust in evil practices,” observes the chronicle we have just quoted, “if he would know what they are worth, let him think upon the example of this great magician.”

After the battle, the chronicle adds, the people of Sandwich bought, at the common expense, a place not far from the town, where they built a chapel, and dedicated it to St. Bartholomew. They erected houses contiguous for the support of aged people, of both sexes, who should be in poverty; and they bought lands and rents to support the poor in the hospital, and to keep a chantry in the chapel, for ever. It was also established as a custom, that every year, on St. Bartholomew's day, the commons should assemble in the town of Sandwich, and that they should march in solemn procession to the hospital, each with a wax taper in his hand.

•SOMETHING MORE ABOUT THE LATE PROCEEDINGS IN OUR PARISH.*

AFTER being thwarted in Mr. Munic's affair, by the firmness of Squire Peers, our parish officers ceased not to vent their spleen against the latter by all sorts of paltry insinuations and angry invective. These were, of course, listened to with a malignant kind of glee by some of the baser sort of their low pothouse companions, fellows who having no wish or hope of elevating themselves into any thing like respectability of character, are always delighted to hear their betters abused.

This was sweet music to the ears of our discord-loving overseers, who scrupled not to declare it the general voice of the parish; an affirmation which it is possible their besotted adherents credited for the moment, as they went swaggering and bellowing home through the streets, and thereby excited the attention and roused the indignation of our decent and more respectable town's people.

It has been said before, that the great

foible of this latter class among us is a degree of indolence respecting parish affairs, which probably has been engendered by our having for so many years had persons in office on whom they could fully rely. Happy in their own family circles, or industriously engaged in the duties of their several avocations, our gentry and principal shopkeepers seldom troubled themselves further about the proceedings of the vestry, than to listen to them as news of the passing day, and express their sentiments thereon in private parties among their own friends. Thus, in the course of time, it came to pass that, instead of being (as they once were, and may still be, whenever they choose to unite,) the most influential persons in the parish, their opinions and even remonstrances were impudently declared, by our new overseers, to be nothing more than “the whisper of a faction,” and, of course, utterly unworthy of attention.

Their new ally and bully, the ex-

* See vol. x. p. 66; and vol. xiii. p. 559.

lawyer's clerk, or, (as he is more commonly called,) the beggarman, by looking sharp after the weekly contributions of pence and half-pence, contrives to live very snugly, if not very respectably, at the sign of the Red Hat, a public house situated in that part of the parish which has long been most notorious for "getting up rows;" and there, having taken possession of an arm-chair in the chimney corner, he employs the greater portion of his time in abusing the late churchwardens and overseers, and boasting of what he and the new parish officers mean to perform. His hearers are, of course, for the most part, poor, ignorant, and improvident men; but he assures them they are the finest fellows in the world, and that it is a burning shame and disgrace to them that they have quietly submitted so long to be the slaves of tyranny and victims of oppression; and, when he has thus wrought them up into a proper degree of self-importance, and they are chuckling among themselves, and admiring his wonderful power of talking, he suddenly alters his tone, and adds, with mock solemnity, "Now, mind, I don't recommend you to break the parson's windows. I'm sure I should be very sorry to hear that any of you were taken up for threshing the constable, though it's no more than he ought to expect, and richly deserves when he comes prying here where he is not wanted."

This generally produces a sniggering and winking among his hearers, and some two or three exclaim, "Ay, ay, we understand you, master." "Yes!" he will then say, "I am sure you do. You are fine peaceable fellows. So, let the fat, bloated old churchwardens mind what they are at, and the parson too. They had better, we know, or else — but, never mind, leave all to me for the present. I'm somebody now at the vestry, and have got some thorough-going, neck-or-nothing boys to back me. So, ahem! all you have to do, is to drop your half-pence into the hat, which the landlord has undertaken to hand round; a worthy man as he is. And he shan't be a loser by it neither, for before we've done with our reformations, I hope to get the license taken away from the new 'Bible and Crown,' and then this will be the principal inn in this part of the parish, as it ought to be, since there are more customers come to it; though, mayhap, they may

not have so much money to spend as the bloated buffoons who go to the other. However, in the mean while, the expense I am put to is prodigious. I never have a farthing by me. All goes to the good cause. Only see!" Then, turning his empty pockets inside out, he leaves the room, and Boniface presently enters with the hat, and goes round praising and pleading for the beggarman, in a style which generally produces much more liberal donations than the appearance of the donors would indicate they could afford. But the secret of this is, that most of the poor fellows have "run up a score" with Boniface, who is a sturdy fellow, and not very ceremonious when offended. So, when he holds out the hat, if they can raise a copper they dare not refuse it to the "voluntary contribution."

Thus, by cunning, flattering, lying, boasting, begging, and abuse, the ex-lawyer's clerk found himself in a position to talk haughtily to our new parish-officers; who, in the meanwhile, had conducted themselves so ridiculously on divers occasions, as to lose many of their former supporters. The hard names that he called them were hard to endure, but not so hard as would have been the loss of their places, which they could not retain without his assistance; as the friends of the old parish-officers had latterly mustered very strong at the vestry. Accordingly, our worthies resolved to "digest the venom of their spleen," and invited him to a supper and jollification at their favourite new public-house called "the Rat and Wig:" there they met and shook hands together, and sate down with keen appetites to discuss a variety of broils, which they had ordered to be got ready, knowing that the beggar was particularly fond of that mode of cooking every thing; and the manner in which he attacked every dish set before him, shewed that they had hit his taste to a nicety. So the supper went on harmoniously, till some of the company hinted that he had helped himself unfairly to a broiled pigeon, and, thereupon, he waxed indignant, and swore he was an honourable man, and had conducted himself altogether in a gentlemanly way, inasmuch as he had not put any of the said pigeon into his pocket. "If any body dare to affirm that I have," said he, "I tell him to his face that he is a liar. However, if

the president wishes it, I don't mind standing search."

The chairman declared, that there was no occasion for any further inquiry on the subject, begged to have the honour of hob-nobbing with his honourable guest in a glass of "blue ruin," and when that ceremony was over, sent him a huge "helping" of Irish stew, whereat the mendicant grinned with delight, and declared that it was a dish which he really believed he should never be tired of.

After supper, his health was drunk with all the honours, being proposed by the chairman in a speech, the substance of which was, that he and his brother parish-officers desired to bury all past misunderstandings and animosities in oblivion. "As for that," said the ex-lawyer's clerk, in his reply, "that's all gammon. The plain fact is, that you can't do without me. You know that, and so do I. So, let us understand one another, and have no nonsense. If you'll stick by me, I don't mind sticking by you; but, mind, I don't like your mealy mouthed ways. It was but t'other day that one of you said in the vestry, that he had a great respect for the parson, when I know that he has no respect for him at all. Now, as for a bit of a lie, or even a good round one now and then, we all know there's no getting on without them; but what's the use of such lies as that? They only serve to make the chaps at my end of the parish think you turncoats; and, as for the parson and his set, they know better than to believe you. You can't humbug them so easily, nor me neither; so, hark ye, if you mean to have my support, you must do something for our part of the town; and I'll tell you what it is, we want first. You all know those great buttresses, as they call 'em, against the side of the church tower, where they are of no manner of use, nor the tower either that I can perceive; well, the stones they are built with are parish property, and so we must have them for a school; what do you say to that?"

"What do I say!" exclaimed one of our men in office, "I say it's a capital idea. You ought to have a school, supported by the parish, and there's stone enough in those useless buttresses. Our ancestors must have been downright fools to lay out their money in such a stupid manner. So, you may consider that matter as settled. I'll

introduce it myself at the vestry. Only mind and muster your chaps as strong as you can, and I'll get ours together, and we'll carry the point with a hulla-baloo."

"We must contrive to keep our places at any rate!" exclaimed one of our men in office, interrupting him.

"Call me what you like," roared another, "except only don't call me too late for dinner," and at this effort of wit, his colleagues chuckled and rubbed their hands, and then there arose a loud call for a song, which was complied with by the beggarman, who "favoured the company" by singing, "I'll be a good boy and take care of myself."

"Bravo, bravo! that's what we'll all do!" shouted his entertainers; and the next toast was "Success to gwindling."

"I can't suppose," said the ex-lawyer's clerk, rising; "no, considering the company I am in, I cannot suppose that there is any thing particularly personal to me meant by that toast; but, somehow, it reminds me of the tussel I had about that snug arm chair at the vestry; that I got turned out of at last, because it belonged to another gentleman; whether I had any right to it or not, is no matter."

"Not in the least;" "We were very sorry for you;" "We did all we could, you know that," exclaimed several voices.

"Well," he continued, "In that scuffle the collar of my coat was torn, and so, I have got the tailor's bill to pay, which I say is a very hard case. It's some comfort, to be sure, that the chap who turned me out will have one to pay likewise; but — then — only look here!" and pulling a long face, he turned his empty pockets inside out. "Upon my word, I'm very sorry," observed the president. "That's all mighty fine," said the ex-lawyer's clerk, doggedly, "But your sorrow won't pay the tailor's bill."

"What would you have us do?" asked one of our new officers imploringly, "I'm sure if it was't for the perquisites of my place I should'nt know what to be at." "Ay, ay!" exclaimed the beggar; "you are a set of poor wretches. I know that well enough. If I depended on your charity I should find a precious little 'sum tottle' (as our friend Joe says) in my hat; but you've got friends who would do any thing almost to keep you in

office, rather than have you come sponging upon them for your meals again, instead of being fed by the parish. There's little Jack's father, who gets such lots of money by his trade in beds, for instance, and Musty, the coal-dealer, and plenty more, who can come down with silver a pretty deal easier than some of my regular ragged supporters can with their coppers. So let's have no shuffling, but go round at once, and see what you can raise. You've no need to be ashamed of begging for other people, you know; and, as for me, all I want is the money, with a few names of decentish sort of folks in this part of the parish, just to shew to my comrades at the Red Hat, and make them believe I'm a general favourite, for there's been a little grumbling among 'em lately. Don't tell any body that, though: I mention it only in confidence: but, last Saturday night, I found myself fourpence half-penny short of what I expected." "Whew! that's bad!" exclaimed one of the company; "but what is the amount of the tailor's bill?" "What's that to you?" roared the beggarman angrily. "Mr. President I claim your protection. What right has any gentleman to inquire into my private affairs? I should not have expected such illiberality in this company. All that I want is, for you to collect as much as you can, and give me the money, and then leave me to pay what I like, and how, and when, and whom I like. Botheration! am I to be asked to account for every farthing, as if I was a parish pauper? Why, even when I was treasurer of the debating club we held at the Red Hat, I laughed to scorn the base miscreants who dared to whisper that the money in the box ought to be counted, and what was I then to what I am now?" and he looked fiercely round on all present.

"I am sure," whimpered the luckless inquirer, trembling, "I'm sure I didn't mean any harm, and should be very sorry if what I said tended to break up the harmony of the company; but I thought if we knew how much was wanted —" "Push!" exclaimed the beggarman, interrupting him, "collect all you can! You needn't be afraid of getting too much. Only mind, no more impertinent questions! or else you'll find I can play at that game as well as the best of you. A pretty figure you would cut, if I were to join the old

party, and ask in the vestry how much you had spent for dinners and meetings at the public houses, when you were upon what you call your 'commissions of inquiry.' All parish money too!" "Now, my dear fellow!" said the president, coaxingly, "upon my honour! I appeal to you as a gentleman, whether that isn't almost too bad, considering that we never refused to treat any body you chose to introduce, no matter how ragged his coat was; and, to tell you the truth, really, once or twice, I have felt half ashamed —"

"Come! that's as it ought to be!" exclaimed the ex-lawyer's clerk, "You can bother the noodles I know, if you like. But please to observe, that I shall expect to have a list, all regular, of every body's name, with the sum each gives against it, that my penny subscribers may see it, that's all. Don't imagine I doubt your honour or honesty! No, no, that's all my eye and Betty Martin. We know each other too well."

Accordingly, on the following day, the beggar's hat was carried about the parish, and he chuckled triumphantly on receiving the amount collected; but, whether there was enough, or more than was necessary to pay the tailor's bill, remains a secret.

The affair of the church buttresses was not so easily disposed of, "a commission of inquiry" was, as usual, the first step, and an architect was instructed to examine and report how many of the said useless masses of stone might be appropriated for the erection of the buildings proposed for the beggarman's end of the parish.

When our clergyman heard what was going on, he very naturally expostulated upon the impropriety of removing any thing from consecrated ground; but our wiseacres declared that he ought to have no voice in the matter, as he was an interested party. And as for consecration and such nonsense, they said it was idle talk, only fit for those who had not joined in the march of intellect.

So they met, fully confident of carrying their point, to hear the architect's opinion.

"Well, sir," said the chairman to him, "you have, I trust, examined properly that enormous pile, which our forefathers, in their deplorable ignorance of utilitarianism and political economy, caused to be erected, and to support

which has always been the greatest burden of the parish. A most unsightly mass it is! out of all proportion with the surrounding houses!"

"I have inspected it very carefully," replied the architect, "particularly those buttresses which you desire to remove; and though I was, at the first glance, disposed to be of your way of thinking, I soon found that they are absolutely necessary for the support of the tower and steeple." "Then down with tower, steeple, and all!" roared one of the commissioners, "What use are they of? Nothing but to carry the bells. And why should the church have bells more than the chapels and meeting-houses belonging to other sects? We want stone for the new buildings, and stone we will have!" "Don't be so warm, my good friend," said the chairman, "remember, we are not in the vestry now;" and then, turning to the architect, he continued, "my dear sir! you have disappointed us sadly. Surely, there *must* be *some* good square blocks that we might take! Remember, we are acting only for the benefit of the parishioners in general. For my own part, I have no particular grudge against the church. Let it stand by all means. But, as for a few small pieces of stone, what can they signify? Do pray exercise your judgment, and point out *something* as useless, even if it be so trivial as scarcely to be missed, because if we can once establish a right to take *anything* — ahem! The fact is, we must get up a case to bring before the vestry. We are under a promise to a very particular friend. Heigho! 'needs must go when certain folks drive,' they say. However, it's of no use to give way to melancholy; so, you'll dine with us to-day, and we'll talk over the matter quietly afterward in a friendly way. I dare say we shall hit upon something." "I shall be happy to accept your invitation," replied the surveyor, "a good dinner is always acceptable, but more particularly after a hard morning's work, such as I have had to-day, for I've been all round the church, and over the roof, and up to the top of the tower—" "Oh! you have, have you?" shouted the beggarman, as he strutted into the room, and caught the last words, "The top of the tower! that's the place to begin at. We must contrive to throw down some of those pinnacle things at the corners there. Confounded ugly and heavy they are, and of no use

whatever. Well, don't you see what will follow? Catch the idea? Why, then the tower will be relieved from their weight, and the buttresses be less necessary." "Even if that were done," observed the architect, "I am afraid that the buttresses would still be as useful." "Botheration!" exclaimed the ex-lawyer's clerk, "Then all we have to aim at, is to throw down the steeple. What say you to a bonfire in the belfry, eh? Ha, ha? I think I see the bells come tumbling down. Well — what are you gaping about, as if I was saying something very shocking? The steeple and the bells would be burned or fairly floored, that's all, while the walls of the tower would remain standing; and then, mark me, I should like to see the surveyor who would dare to say that the buttresses were necessary." "Why, certainly," observed the architect, "if there were neither steeple nor bells to be supported, one might venture. But then, surely you would not let the bells remain useless on the ground?" "Perhaps not," said the beggarman, winking at his friends in office.

"Really, my worthy sir," observed one of them, smiling, "this is a droll sort of anticipation, of what may possibly happen some day. Of course I should be very sorry to see so venerable an edifice destroyed." "Destroyed!" exclaimed one of his colleagues warmly; "destroyed! why, wouldn't the body of the church remain! There's more room in that than is necessary to hold all the bigoted old women in the parish." "Ay!" observed the beggarman, "and a precious deal more accommodation than they want. There are the pews along the west wall, that belong to my neighbours, almost always empty. What's the use of them? Nothing but to encourage a few stupid old idiots to go there instead of coming to our chapel, which I mean to have enlarged. And, hark ye, gentlemen, I shall ask you, in the name of common honesty, to remove those pews from the church to the chapel. They belong to us; but, as we are not of the parson's sect, they are of no use to us where they are. You'd better let us have them quietly, I can tell you. The parson won't get fat upon the pew-rents he will gather for them in future, I promise you. No, no! let us have justice! justice I say! However, I won't be unreasonable in my demands; and so, if you can prove that

one or two of the said pews are regularly filled, I don't mind leaving them for the present. That's what I call liberal. But, mind, if the poor, bigoted, ignorant wretches who fill them, should happen to be hooted or pelted on their way to church by their more enlightened neighbours, it will be no fault of mine. They must take their chance, or move off to your end of the parish. Botheration! we are as quiet a set of fellows as ever lived, if we have but justice and our own way, though we have no great taste for your regular, orderly, stupid, humdrum, church-going bigots. Let 'em brush, say I, and then you will see what sort of a figure we shall cut."

Here the chairman proposed adjourning to the dinner-room; and, as he walked out, arm in arm, with the beggarman, whispered something in his ear about "going too fast," to which the beggar condescended to reply by an incoherent growl, in which the words "I'll keep you moving," "white-livered," and "dandy," were only to be caught.

Their after-dinner debate was long and noisy, as the ex-lawyer's clerk insisted upon carrying his point against the church buttresses, and ever and anon, introduced the affair of the empty pews in the western aisle; but, at last, he became convinced that if either of those measures were carried in the vestry, there would be an appeal to Squire Peers, who was well known to be tinctured with what they call "antiquated prejudices" in favour of the church. So, at length, our worthies determined to propose in the vestry, a declaration that they should be at liberty to make use of any stones or other materials fit for building, which might, at any time hereafter, be found lying useless in or about the church, for such parochial purposes as they might think proper.

"That's what I call an instalment!" exclaimed the beggarman. "Never mind! we'll soon find something to lay our hands on. Just establish the right of taking possession; that's enough! Get but a chisel into the tower, and I shouldn't wonder if the wall itself shook in time. Botheration! We shall soon find some of the empty seats lying about useless, I'll warrant; and then, as you'll have a right to go there, and the parson can't keep you out, why, you'll find 'em, and

hand 'em over to me, eh? Come, I'll give you a toast: here's "Down with old Peers!"

"Upon my word," grumbled a small worthy, present, "I don't think we ought to be so personal in our toasts. Ahem! In some cases, a magistrate is really—upon my word, very useful—and —"

From all this, it will be seen that the beggarman takes the lead whenever he thinks fit; and, from his bullying propensities, of course, such is frequently his good will and pleasure. Therefore, it has latterly been excessively ludicrous to witness the assumed importance of our luckless new parish officers, whenever he is absent. They will then address themselves with airs of offended dignity to any reputable persons they may happen to meet, and declare that, though they certainly know the worthy gentleman, who has, for the good of his neighbours, resigned the office stool, and taken to the hat; yet still he is *merely* an acquaintance, and that to suppose he has any influence in their councils is the height of illiberality. These affirmations are commonly received with a smile of incredulity, at which our worthies affect to appear indignant, lift up their eyebrows, throw back their heads, and strut off to the other side of the way to repeat the same assertion of their independence, with a similar result.

After what has been said, it will be unnecessary to detail the speeches and uproar that passed in the vestry, during the agitation of the question relative to the stones wanted by the mendicant's party. Suffice it to say, that the declaration proposed was carried by a small majority; and then, as anticipated, an appeal was made to our worthy justice of the peace, Squire Peers.

Any stranger, seeing the deputation on their way, would have supposed it a band of rioters, or robbers, going to turn the old gentleman out of house and home. Indeed, some of the beggarman's adherents scrupled not to hint that something of that sort might occur if their wishes were not complied with.

The venerable magistrate, nevertheless, received them in his usual courteous manner, and listened patiently to their representations of the want of stone for building the school at one end of the parish, and the superabund-

ance of materials in and about the church. The chief speaker closed his harangue by saying, "The last time we were here, you gave us only part of what we asked; but now you cannot possibly do that, nor refuse us, either; because, now we really ask you for nothing, since that blockhead of a surveyor declares that there are no useless stones about the church. So, all you have to do is just to put your hand to this paper, to establish our right, as parish officers, to take, for parish uses, any windfalls that luck may send us."

"Really, gentlemen," observed the squire, after some reflection, "this appears to me a very singular application. The want of stone, for necessary purposes, was never, before, a complaint in the parish. You have, under your own control, a quarry, from which this projected school may be immediately built, if its erection appear desirable. Why, then, should you fix your minds upon materials that are already appropriated, and form part of another, and, allow me to add, a consecrated edifice?"

At the last two words, a howl went round among the mendicant tribe. "We cannot spare any stone from the quarry!" exclaimed one of our men in office; "No, not a slab. And, hark ye, old gentleman, that's entirely under our management. You have nothing to do with that, so what's the use of talking about it?"

"If you suppose that I wish to interfere with your privileges," observed the squire, mildly, "you are greatly mistaken; I merely express my surprise that you, having sufficient materials under your hands, should take such a roundabout and, apparently, inefficient means of providing for your projected edifice. However, let that pass. The question is, respecting the anticipated 'windfalls,' as you call them, from the church. Perhaps, you may fancy that you have discovered prognostications of violent storms or earthquakes that will shake and shatter the building. I, however, hope and trust that nothing of the sort will occur; but, if it should, your path of duty, as well as mine, will be equally clear, as you cannot have forgotten the oaths you took when accepting office. You are bound to keep the church in good repair; and, therefore, should any part be thrown down, you must reserve the materials to build it up again."

"But, suppose they were not all wanted?" cried a parish officer. "That's our case, you see. Bless your worship! do you think we'd take 'em if they weren't superfluous? We'd have all regularly surveyed, and have the report at a commission of inquiry."

"Well, well," said Squire Peers, with a sigh, "I trust the building will stand long unshaken; and, as long as it does, methinks we are but idling our time to talk about what we shall do with any part of it that may, at a future time, become, as you say, superfluous. When the 'windfalls' you expect, take place, it will be time to arrange what shall be done with them; and, if you come to me then, we will consult together with our worthy clergyman; and, no doubt, we shall settle the question amicably, to the satisfaction of all parties. In the mean while, you must excuse me for not giving my assent to a resolution, of which I cannot discern either the present utility or propriety."

"The old stupid incurable!" growled one of the listening throng; "he can't see an inch beyond his nose!"

"Humph!" quoth another, "I'm afraid he sees a little too far."

"He's no business there!" exclaimed the beggarman; "Not a bit. Why should he be allowed to sit there in his magistrate's chair, to stop the proceedings of the whole parish? Justice! I say, Justice! All that he has a right to is a seat at the vestry, like other people, and no more." And the latter assertion has been his favourite topic when haranguing his followers at the Red Hat, and other public houses, ever since. As for our parish officers, after skulking for a while over their disappointment, they, as usual, cast about for a fresh cause to get up another commission of inquiry, and have hit upon a notable expedient for increasing their power and patronage.

The plan is yet in embryo, but numerous inquiries have been made of the farmers and holders of fields, gardens, and orchards, respecting the number of times *per annum* their fences are broken; how many people walk in trespass during that period across their corn-fields, standing-grass, and turnips; what average number of rooks, pigeons, and small birds, commit devastations upon the same; whether the boys employed to drive them away do their duty, or effect the purpose; and if not,

what are the causes? How many apple-trees are climbed and robbed during the season; and what number of urchins are caught in the fact, or afterwards discovered, and by what means; whether the said urchins belong to the town or the outskirts, and how they are supposed to have disposed of the apples, and whether there are any old apple-women suspected of buying them; whether madkins or scarecrows are not sometimes used instead of boys, and if so, in what numbers and of what materials are they made, and whether or not they are supposed to answer the purpose; and if not, what are the reasons? With these and other queries, they are now perplexing the occupiers of our parish lands, some of whom venture to observe that they have made no complaint, and feel quite able to clear their fields from vermin, and look after their own apple-trees, &c., and therefore think it hard that they should be interfered with and not allowed to go on in their old way. The invariable answer made by our new men is, that old ways are always wrong ways, and that people who obstinately pursue them evince a deplorable ignorance of liberal ideas and the march of intellect.

As their plan is not yet parish law, and they are so much in the habit of shifting their ground and changing their minds upon small as well as

greater matters, it remains only to be said, that their present intentions seem to be—first, the appointment of some half-dozen beadles, who are to be constantly walking about in the lanes and footpaths; and, secondly, to take upon themselves the nomination and payment (out of the parish funds) of all the little boys employed to frighten away the birds and catch young sparrows. And, by these opportunities of selecting whom they please, they calculate on gaining a few more supporters in the vestry.

It may be worth while to observe, that a similar plan has, long since, been acted upon by the neighbouring parish, with which we have had so many law suits, and the consequence has been, that no person can take a quiet walk there beyond the main street, without being exposed to the impertinent curiosity and intrusion of the beadles, and even the bird-keeping boys. These have often been the subject of complaint with our lads and lasses, and lovers of country excursions; and not a little unpleasant will it be to the good people to find themselves unable to walk in our own fields without being exposed to a similar nuisance. But whether this change is to take place or not, remains yet to be discussed in the vestry; so, no more at present.

THE EPIPHANY.

A FRAGMENT FROM THE "PROUT PAPERS."

"Glandifera Druides coronâ."—SIR WM. JONES.

The following lines would appear to form the preamble or introductory stanzas to a poem of some length, of which we have already met with some detached portions among the papers of the late incumbent of Watergrasshill, and which, in style and metre, bear some resemblance to Coleridge's wild and rambling ballad of *The Ancient Mariner*. It relates the adventures of three "elders from the far west," who, in the reign of Augustus, travel eastward in search of the promised SAVIOUR of mankind,—visit Rome, Athens, and Egypt, in succession, and finally return. Where Prout found authority for this druidical "*avactaris*" he does not mention; we have, nevertheless, some idea of a MS. preserved at St. Gall, in Switzerland, and entitled "*Trium Druidum ab insulis Oceani peregrinatio Bethleem usque*." The Abbey of St. Gall is known to have been colonised from Ireland. Should we be enabled to give the poem in a complete form, we doubt not of its meeting a favourable reception. O. Y.

I.

From the Isles of the East—from ARABIA the blest,
From the star-loving land of Chaldée,
There came to his cradle in long flowing vest,
Of the orient Gentiles the wisest and best,
And crowns deck'd the brows of the three.

II.

They brought odoriferous spices and myrrh,
 The growth of their own sunny soil;
 Though a smile from her INFANT, a blessing from HER,
 Was all that young mother and maid could confer,
 To requite them for travel and toil.

III.

Yet, well might they deem a long journey repaid
 By the sight of that wonderous child;
 Of that scion of awful Omnipotence, laid
 In the innocent arms of an Israelite maid,
 In the folds of a breast undefil'd.

IV.

And thus, by the EAST, as the prophet foretold,
 At HIS cradle due homage was done
 By its envoys, who worshipp'd with gifts and with gold,
 Unloaded their camels — their treasures unroll'd,
 And pledged HIM the land of the Sun.

* * * * *

V.

From the Isles of the WEST, — from the clime of the CELT,
 From the home of the BRITON, where long
 To the God of our fathers the Druid had knelt,
 Encircled with Stonehenge's mystical belt,
 Or the oaks of the forest among.

VI.

From the land above all that illumin'd had been
 With the Deity's earliest smiles;
 Of sacred tradition asylum serene,
 Blest ERIN! from thee, ever fair, evergreen,
 Ever rank'd amid holiest isles:

VII.

Were sages not summon'd? Had no one the lot
 To hail the MESSIAH's bright morn?
 Went forward no pilgrim to Bethlehem's grot? —
 Oh, think not the Wise of the West were forgot
 When the Infant Redeemer was born!

VIII.

Though naught is recorded of king or of sage,
 Yet a vision have I of my own; —
 'Tis but fancy, perhaps — but the dream of old age —
 Yet I'll trace it — 'twill live upon poesy's page,
 When the priest of the upland is gone.

* * * * *

A POINT FOR THE CONSIDERATION OF THE CONSERVATIVE LEADERS.

No one has ever been found to dispute the wisdom of the maxim which teaches us to learn our own policy, in a great measure, from the policy of our adversaries,—to gather a knowledge of our real strength from that which they evidently fear, and of our real weakness from that which they delight to witness. Let us apply this rule to the present position of the Conservative party.

The grand topic of condolence, and of entreaty, with the Whig and Radical journals, during the last three or four months, has been, the actual or the apprehended disunion of “the liberals,” as contrasted with the harmony and oneness of purpose which was evident in the ranks of the Conservatives. We could readily fill a whole magazine with the “melancholy musings” of the *Globe* and *Chronicle*, and the half-frantic objurgations of the *Spectator*, on this, to their mind, the all-absorbing topic. From each of these, in its turn, and from the whole unitedly, this instructive confession might be drawn,—“We must be ruined, and that shortly; for much longer our compact cannot last: the Tories must come in, and there is no help for it; for they are firmly united, while disunion daily spreads throughout our ranks.”

A similar lesson may be drawn from another feature in the “liberal” journals,—namely, the pleasure and avidity with which they hail every trivial circumstance that can possibly afford them the least hope of creating a schism and a disunion among the Conservative party. An actual occurrence of this kind would throw them into perfect ecstasies; and, in default of such a godsend, they are perpetually racking their brains to fabricate and invent some story of the kind. Only the other day, while Lord Lyndhurst and Sir Robert Peel were enjoying their leisure in each other's society at Paris, the ingenious gentry of the ministerial press were busily employed in proving—to their own satisfaction, if to that of no one else,—that these two eminent men must of necessity hate each other with the most bitter animosity! We should have desired no greater treat than to have seen and heard the merriment with which these very clever reasonings must have been enjoyed, by the right

honourable baronet and the noble lord, at that very time in daily and most cordial communication and intercourse.

But let us not attempt to hide from ourselves the important fact,—that one great point of disagreement does exist, among us, though at present in abeyance, and that with it is connected the whole of that melancholy controversy which has once already divided, and for a time ruined, the Conservative party, and which still lurks unextinguished, ready, on the first convenient opportunity, to repeat that fatal mischief; and, if permitted, once more to scatter and overthrow the friends of the constitution, and to bring the monarchy itself to the very brink of dissolution.

The immediate point to which we allude, and which is naturally a great favourite with the *Morning Chronicle*, is, the opposing views of different sections of the Conservative party, with reference to what is called “The National System of Education in Ireland.”

The great question of which this forms only a branch, and on which, we fear, the Conservative party is not yet fully agreed, is,—What shall be the policy pursued towards the Papists of the empire?

Now a word or two first on the branch, before we speak of the stem. The branch alluded to, is “The National System of Education.” This most unjust and mischievous concession to O'Connell,—for it was to O'Connell himself that the concession was made,—and he is fond of boasting that he extorted it from the ministry of that day,—this most mischievous concession is the especial detestation of the whole Protestant,—i. e. the whole English party in Ireland. It is equally abhorred by all the earnest Protestants of England, forming the soundest portion of the Conservative party. And yet, whenever a step is taken in opposition to this system, the Protestants are instantly reminded, that Sir Robert Peel, during his administration of 1835, declared his intention to maintain that system, and even to augment the grant made to it, in the estimates of the current year! The fact is so: we are constrained to admit it; and we will add, without reserve, that rather than a Conservative administration should have been ac-

tually guilty of such a deed, we would have preferred their defeat, and consequent expulsion.

But, surely, we ought to make some use of the warning we have received. Sir Robert Peel's ministry of 1828 was consigned to inevitable ruin the moment the Popish Relief Bill was passed. Sir Robert Peel's ministry of 1835 was lost, when his adhesion to "The National System" was given in! And should the next administration of Sir Robert Peel be tainted with the same leprosy, its fall is already as certain as the revolution of the seasons;—but it will probably destroy Conservatism, and the last hope of the monarchy, in its overthrow.

Let us approach this subject as closely as possible; and not only inquire strictly whether the fact be so, but also, *why it is so?*

But we can only prosecute this inquiry with Conservatives for our companions, for the very first step would find us at issue with a Radical coadjutor in the investigation. To such one, all the shocks that the constitution has undergone within the last few years, may seem merely the most favourable circumstances that could have happened; and the perils which now surround the Aristocracy, the Church, and the Monarchy, may appear, in his eyes, fraught with hopes of a speedy overthrow of all things established, and the coming-in of a republic "one and indivisible." To this class of politicians, therefore, we must decline to appeal. Our present argument is addressed to Conservatives only, for it proceeds, from first to last, on Conservative principles.

And to such we say, do you not admit at once, that, for the last seven or eight years, the British constitution, that glorious fabric which has endured through more than an hundred years, blessing the land with settled peace, internal strength, and extended empire,—do you not mournfully admit, that, of late years, the integrity and even the continued existence of that constitution has been repeatedly brought into question, and a doubt has for the first time sprung up, whether that which all other nations envied, would not be cast away at last by those who ignorantly and foolishly forgot its value, like some obsolete fashion, or antiquated observance? Now, if this strange and unimaginable peril has arisen, from what quarter did it come,

and at what moment did it appear above the political horizon?

Remember the high and confident standing of the Constitutional party in the year 1828,—when the attempts of the Whigs to *wriggle* themselves into office, under the plea of supporting the man whom in their hearts they hated,—George Canning,—was, by their own bungling, defeated. Look back to the bold and triumphant style in which the Popish attack of that year was met and repelled, and recollect, especially, the unanswerable speech of Lord Lyndhurst on that occasion. And then ask, when came in that wholly opposite state of things, which has rendered all the eight succeeding years, up to the present moment,—a scene of never-ending discord, confusion, contest, and national peril?

The fatal blow was struck, which severed the vessel of the State from its moorings, and sent it, without helm or compass, over the trackless and tempestuous deep,—on that dark and dismal day, when Sir Robert Peel, entertained by the confiding Conservatives of Manchester, refused, for the first time, to respond, by word or sign, to the sentiment of "*Protestant Ascendancy*." Since that fatal hour, not one single season of repose, however short, has the country enjoyed, nor is there the least probability that a settled tranquillity will ever again be her lot, until, instructed by adversity, she once more is brought to find her safety under the banner of "*Protestant Ascendancy*."

On this point,—the realisation of even the worst forebodings of the Protestant party in 1828,—we feel that with a sincere Conservative, our argument must have weight. With a "Liberal," indeed—with one who rather wishes for a revolution *per annum*—one who would like a new Reform-bill every second year, and an attack on the Lords to fill up the intervening spaces,—we have little to say on this point, since he looks upon all the shocks and convulsions of the last seven years as both pleasant and salutary. But to a Conservative, to one who longs for peace, and settled order, and quiet prosperity, we have a right to say, "See what have been the fruits of the fatal measure of 1829. And remember, also, that while the worshippers of a supposed *expediency* were promising you all kinds of harmony and tran-

quillity from their concession, we told you that an expediency not founded on *principle* was a false and deceitful expediency; and that the results of the step then taken, far from settling or establishing any thing, would only and inevitably tend to unsettle and to bring in peril every institution in the empire, even up to the highest and most sacred. Which class, then, has proved the truest prophets, and which class can assert the best claim to your confidence, when indicating, for the future, the only safe course for the country and its legislators?

But to this argument objections are often started, by those who call themselves "practical men," of the following description:—

As to "the National System," and Sir Robert Peel's concession to it in 1835, we are reminded that, at that moment, the conciliation of Lord Stanley, the first promulgator of that system, was of the greatest importance to the right honourable baronet. And, as to the division in the Conservative party in 1829, and the consequent admission of the Whigs, with their Reform-bill, and all the other results of their incoming,—it is said that all this was the fault of those over-scrupulous members of the party, who severed themselves from Sir R. Peel and the Duke of Wellington, and thus brought on that weakness, that overthrow, and those other grievous results, which they would now charge upon the Romish Relief Bill and its promoters.

Now, there are two great errors in this sort of reasoning: *First*, it is the view of a man who lives simply and solely *in* and *for* the House of Commons; who thinks of that assembly as of some great chess-board; and who imagines that in adjusting and combining "the men," according to scientific principles, he is exhibiting the highest kind of statesmanship. Such a one looks upon the gain of a leading star, like Lord Stanley, as of infinitely more importance than contenting or discontenting some hundreds of thousands of earnest and conscientious supporters throughout the country; but all this is a grand mistake. The only really *expedient* course for the leader of a party, is, to carry out fully the ideas of the best and most sincere of his own supporters among the people. To gain a desirable vote, or a dozen, in parliament, is now not to be compared

in importance to the maintaining a firm hold on the moral and religious principles of the tens of thousands among the middle classes.

2. But the other objection retorts upon the Protestant Conservatives, the fault of having divided their party, in 1829. Now this charge, which we believe is sometimes made in good faith, but in great misapprehension of the real error then committed, involves a most important practical miscalculation. The Conservatives, in 1829, became split into two parties, from this cause;—Their leaders, having possession of the government, called upon the bulk of their supporters to concur in a Romish Relief Bill, which the whole body had, up to that moment, strenuously opposed. Now, an expectation that the whole mass of Protestant Conservatives could be suddenly wheeled round after this fashion, was a most ill-grounded and irrational one. Yet the experiment, which rested wholly on this expectation, was one fraught with the greatest peril. To look for complete success,—to imagine that the whole body of zealous Protestants, both within and without the walls of Parliament, who had vehemently withstood concession to the Romanists, up to that very moment,—would come over, as one man, and embrace the opposite policy of wholesale concession, was too much of an improbability to be consistent with good statesmanship. Yet, without this unanimous, or nearly unanimous, conversion, what could result, but an inevitable and fatal schism in the Conservative party? That schism did result: the natural feelings of indignation and distrust, towards those who seemed to have betrayed them, threw the most honest and most earnest of the Protestant party into utter alienation from Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington; and thus that very ministry, which, in 1828, seemed secure of power for the next quarter of a century, contrived, in 1829, to destroy so effectually the sinews of their strength, by needlessly creating a schism among their own supporters, that more than seven years have since passed away, without its being *possible* for them to hold office, even with the wishes of the sovereign openly expressed in their favour.

Now, can it be, that all this has passed, and that any of our Conservative statesmen can have refused to dis-

cern the obvious lesson contained in it? Or can it have escaped their observation, that what was found to be impossible, even in the parliaments previous to the Reform-bill, must be still further removed from possibility, now that the whole House of Commons rests upon the basis of a real constituency.

For, be it ever remembered, that the policy of 1829 was the policy of no great leading party in the state. We have again and again insisted upon the weakness of the Whigs, and their incompetency to claim the rank and consideration of a party; but we must do them the justice to admit, that they ever were, and even now still are,—five times as numerous, and ten times as respectable, as the *Anti-Protestant Tories*.

But, thank Heaven, that little knot of close-borough nominees who, in 1829, went over to the Whigs, and carried the Romish Relief-bill, is now extinct; and only certain scattered members of it are discernible, though these are still found, here and there, attempting the most foolish of all impracticable schemes, namely, to construct a Conservative party on some other basis than that of Protestantism.

It were, however, a gross injustice, were we to confound, for an instant, Sir Robert Peel with these weak and mischievous persons. Sir Robert Peel has accepted the invitation of the men of Glasgow; and can it be imagined that one so cautious and so reflecting as the right hon. baronet, has raised the hopes of his admirers in the west of Scotland, merely to disappoint them? He knows full well that he owes the honour of that invitation to the zeal of the men of Glasgow in the cause of Protestantism, and in the cause of their Protestant church. It is as the recognised champion of Protestantism and of the Established Churches, that they have called upon him to meet them, and to behold their goodly array. To obey their call, and then to deny or question the truth of the principles in behalf of which they are embattled, would be an act of irrationality, and even of suicide, which can be expected of no man, still less of Sir Robert Peel!

But Glasgow is only a sample of the empire. What constitutes the impelling principle, the rallying cry, of the vast Conservative body throughout the kingdom? What, but a zeal and alacrity in defence of that Protestantism,

which, in its embodied form, the church, is now seen to be in danger. Remove this cause of alarm, and the mere question of whether this or that set of men should reside in Downing Street, would not excite one man to interest, where a dozen are now toiling in the Conservative cause. But if this be the motive, the end, the object of the tens of thousands amongst the people, shall a few individuals place themselves at the head of this array, and either now, or when the helm of power is gained, attempt to tell the masses who follow them, that Protestantism is nothing, and that statesmen cannot be governed by religious prejudices? One thing is certain, that such a declaration, once candidly made, and from any authority, would dissolve the Conservative party like a south-wind thaw. As to the parties making it, it would have this effect,—that, if made before the object of their ambition, power, was gained, it would effectually prevent them from ever gaining it; while, if made afterwards, it would lead directly to a repetition of the breaking-up of 1830, with only this difference, that the second disruption would be final and irremediable!

But we revert to our first proposition,—that it is our wisdom to learn our weak points, and probable perils, from the manifestations of interest or delight exhibited by our antagonists. Now, what are the matters upon which the Whig-Radical journals are apt to dwell, as exciting hopes in their minds of probable disunion and weakness among the Conservative party?

One topic of this kind has lately been afforded them by a speech made at Wakefield, on the 3d of December, by that straightforward and uncompromising nobleman, Lord Wharncliffe. No one can ever have heard that nobleman express himself on public matters, whether in a small or a large assembly, without being convinced at least of this, that whatsoever were the real feelings of his heart, the actual decisions of his mind, those you were sure to hear poured forth, in strong, clear, energetic language, and without any attempt at either ornament or guard. It is the earnestness and sincerity of Lord Wharncliffe's mind that leads him sometimes to state a case, hypothetically, in such a way as to lead to doubts and apprehensions. A burst of this kind in the speech above re-

ferred to, gave the Whig-Radical press delightful food for at least a fortnight. His lordship is reported to have said,

"Gentlemen, I am one of those who think that some church or other connected with the state is absolutely necessary; not for persons in my station, or for the majority of whom I am addressing, but for the very lowest class of our countrymen. I declare, with all my feeling against the Catholic religion, with all the prepossessions of my infancy on this subject, I would infinitely prefer a Catholic establishment in Ireland to anything like a voluntary church." (Hear, hear.) Is it possible to conceive a voluntary system established in Ireland, and the poor man here enjoying his parish church, or any provision from the state for his religious instruction—that the poor English peasant should see the spire of his parish church rising above the trees, as if no such change had ever taken place? Gentlemen, the thing is quite out of the question. The argument is too strong to admit the possibility of upholding established Protestantism in England, if once you set the example of having no established religion in Ireland."

Now here, with the strong language of an ardent mind, Lord Wharncliffe has figured to himself a case, by no means likely to happen,—rather than which, he says, and no doubt for the moment believes, he would prefer to see a Romish church established in Ireland. Any one who reads his whole argument sees in an instant, that it is the religious destitution of the poor that is the great evil presented to his mind, and that what he means to say is, that rather than this—rather than a voluntary church, which is, a church for those only who can afford to pay for it,—he would prefer an Establishment of Popery.

But, mark how eagerly the Whig-Radical press seize hold of this declaration. The consequence deduced from the noble lord's speech, with their usual candour, was,—that he insisted upon an Established Church, with livings for the younger sons of the aristocracy, while as to what doctrines that church was to teach, he cared very little! But the great object of their dwelling upon this passage was, to press upon the great mass of the Conservatives, whom they know to be sincere Protestants, the conviction, that one of their leaders was so little

interested about Protestantism, that, so that he could maintain an Establishment in Ireland, it mattered not to him if it were a Popish one!

Now this circumstance, and the eagerness with which it was pounced upon by the Whig-Radical journals, ought surely to teach all Conservatives a lesson. We do not say that it will, or that it ought, to teach Lord Wharncliffe to guard his language, for there is a noble earnestness in every word he utters, which we would not willingly change for politic caution or hesitating half-meanings. At the same time we must confess our opinion that in the sentence which has excited so much remark, his lordship both said, in his fervour, almost more than he meant, and also meant more than, if put to the test, he would like to carry into effect. He said, that rather than a voluntary church,—i. e. a church *only* for the rich, he would establish Popery itself. We doubt the fact;—that is, we doubt whether, were the case to occur, Lord Wharncliffe could ever bring himself to establish that system of fraud, pollution, tyranny, and blood. But we also doubt whether Lord Wharncliffe would actually find, even in the voluntary system, that utter destitution which he evidently fears. His lordship forgets the missionary zeal of England, and of our northern brethren. He has imagined, in fact, a case which will never have reality. Meanwhile, however, the interpretation of the ministerial prints is spread abroad;—"Here is one of your Conservatives, who, so that he can have a rich church in Ireland, cares not whether it be Protestant or Popish!"

Such is the impression they labour to convey;—and why do they labour to convey it? Because they know full well, that were it but generally believed by the Conservatives of England, that so distinguished a leader as Lord Wharncliffe made light of the distinction between Protestantism and Popery, and that in so doing he only spoke the sense of his colleagues and coadjutors,—were this but once understood throughout the empire,—the cry "To your tents, O Israel!" would run like lightning through the Conservative ranks, and the Peers would soon be left to fight their own battles or to yield, without a breath of sympathy, much less a word of encouragement!

Our enemies know this right well, and can we ourselves forget it! But how is it, then, that we heard at a Conservative dinner in one of the Home counties, not many months since, a distinguished character who professes attachment to our cause, openly avow his opinion, that "there would be no peace for Ireland till the Romish priests were taken into the pay of the State!" Why, not to say a word of the gross ignorance of all correct *principle* here displayed, — what can be more obvious than that the very first effect of such a proposition would be, to drive at once into vehement opposition, the whole body of *Protestant* Conservatives, and thus to play over again the suicidal game of 1829, from the woful consequences of which we are but now beginning to recover? The first blunder lost us the House of Commons, — then Conservative, — ever since Revolutionary; — the ~~second~~ would lose us the House of Lords; — and then, who would give two years' purchase for the monarchy?

But to come back to our subject; — the chief practical question at the present moment, is that alluded to in this article, — the falsely called *national* system. This danger is right ahead. We cannot have a Conservative ministry, without an immediate necessity for a decision on this question. And a decision in favour of this present system — a decision that that system should be made permanent, would, we hesitate not to say it, do more to relax the zeal of the Protestant Conservatives

out of doors, and thus, as in 1829, not to destroy the ministry in an instant, but to sap its strength, and to make its fall a certainty on an early occasion, — than any other step that could be taken, *short of the payment of the Irish priests.*

Nothing, then, can be more important, than the adjustment of some plan, — if possible with Lord Stanley's concurrence, — which may sweep away the falsely called *National System*, and may substitute in its place some simpler plan, perhaps, like that now adopted in England, which may fully prove the willingness of the *Conservatives* to promote the education of the Irish poor, — but at the same time shew their determination not to throw that education wholly into the hands of the enemies of the Bible. Nor ought Lord Stanley himself to feel the least repugnance at a re-opening of the question. He well knew and explicitly stated his proposition to be, at the time, an experiment; — and none can be more ready than ourselves to admit, that it was dictated by the purest and most honourable motives. But Lord Stanley himself could not travel through Ireland at the present moment, without feeling that, instead of what he desired, — an impartial education for all, — the working of the system only produces a bitter, controversial, anti-protestant education for the *Romanists*. On every ground, therefore, Lord Stanley himself must feel, that, on its present plan, the *National System*, cannot be defended.

THE TRIAL OF FRASER V. BERKELEY AND ANOTHER,
AND BERKELEY V. FRASER.

I. FRASER V. BERKELEY AND ANOTHER.

In the Exchequer Court at Westminster, Saturday, Dec. 3, 1836,

Before the Right Hon. LORD ABINGER, Chief Baron, and a Special Jury.

COUNSEL.

For the Plaintiff.

Mr. Erle,
Mr. Kelly,
Mr. Talbot.

For the Defendants.

Mr. Thessiger,
Mr. Crowder.

JURYMEN.

Lynch, Wm., 81 Great Russell Street, St. Giles's, merchant.
Lloyd, John, 18 Upper Woburn Place, St. Giles's, Esq.
Whelan, John, 57 Middleton Square, Clerkenwell, merchant.
Roberts, John, Albion Terrace, Commercial Road, merchant.
Hill, John, 30 York Place, City Road, merchant.
Martin, John, Baker Street, Enfield, Esq.
Caldwell, David, 29 Golden Square, St. James's, Esq.
Fox, Edward Buckley, 33 Montague Place, St. Giles's and St. George's, merchant.
Batson, Alfred, Limehouse Causeway, St. Anne, merchant.

TALESMEN.

Morrison, John.
Pouncey, Henry.
Mullins, John.

MR. TALBOT.—May it please your lordship, gentlemen of the jury, the plaintiff in this case is Mr. James Fraser, bookseller and publisher, of No. 215 Regent Street; and the defendants are the Hon. George Charles Grantley Fitzhardinge Berkeley, and the Hon. Craven Fitzhardinge Berkeley. The declaration states that the defendants assaulted the plaintiff, and bruised and wounded him with their fists, and afterwards with a whip; to which the defendants have pleaded not guilty; and that is the issue you now have to try.

MR. ERLE.—I rise on the behalf of Mr. Fraser, bookseller, and publisher, of No. 215 Regent Street, where he has for many years carried on a very extensive business, who has a large circle of acquaintance, and is highly respected by all who know him. The defendants in this cause are of very high rank in society; they are descended from a noble family; both of them, I believe, hold commissions in the army, as well as his majesty's commission of the peace. This being their rank, I cannot but suppose that many of you whom I have now the honour to address, have already heard of the circumstances which are to form the present subject of discussion; but to gentlemen of your

honour and experience, I cannot but presume that it would be almost superfluous of me to request you cautiously to confine your attention to the facts of the case, as they will be proved before you to-day; and upon those facts only, and the considerations arising out of them, to return your verdict between the parties. My client complains of an outrage committed upon him so violent, that I believe it is scarcely to be paralleled; and were you not placed there to consider of the redress which your verdict is to confer, and did not the course of justice require it, it would not be without some apology I should lay before you those details of the wrongs inflicted upon him, which are as painful for me to discuss as I have no doubt they will be for you to hear. The facts of the case, however, are these:—On the 3d of August, in the present year, the two defendants set out together,—the one, Mr. Grantley Berkeley, armed with a whip, the peculiar nature of which I will leave it to the witnesses to describe; but one, I am informed, of great power, and likely to inflict a most serious injury upon whomsoever it is used. They went together to

the shop of Mr. Fraser ; and it will be established before you in evidence that they colleagued together with a third person, to whom, I believe, I shall be doing no injustice, nor disparaging his character, if I say that he was a hired bully ; and that in his company the defendants went to Mr. Fraser's shop to execute the purpose they had most deliberately planned. In the middle of the day, between one and two o'clock, they proceeded to the shop of my client, Mr. Fraser, and, either accidentally or by design, this was the very moment when all his assistants, and the persons he employs, were absent from his establishment, and he was carrying on his business alone. Down to this moment, I believe, the parties were entire strangers to each other ; ~~no~~ word or conversation having ever previously passed between them. As I said, they came to the plaintiff's shop at this time ; and I consider it highly important to detail to you the steps they took previous to the commencement of the assault. It will appear that Mr. Craven Berkeley, one of the defendants, stationed himself at the door, within the shop, so as to prevent their intended victim from escaping, should he make any attempt so to do, or any person from coming to his assistance from without ; he planted himself withinside the door, with his face towards Mr. Fraser. The third man stationed himself outside of the shop, standing between the door-posts, with his face towards the street, for a purpose for which, in the result, he proved himself to be very useful. The parties having in this manner taken possession of the house, Mr. Grantley Berkeley advanced to Mr. Fraser, spoke to him, and, without giving him time to return any answer, without any previous altercation, and without an atom of notice for any thing which could lead Mr. Fraser to expect what would follow,—without allowing the time to elapse which common courtesy requires between a man of business and a gentleman, Mr. Grantley Berkeley, unawares to Mr. Fraser, clenched his fist, and struck him a violent blow on his right temple,

which felled him flat to the ground. It is necessary I should here mention that both the defendants, I believe, are men of powerful stature, advantages in which my client cannot compete with them ; they are vigorous, powerful men, while the bodily powers of my client are, on the contrary, rather weak. So utterly destitute of any notice of what was coming was my client, that the blow appeared to him to be given to him from behind his back : it felled him to the ground ; and as he was endeavouring to rise, Mr. Grantley Berkeley struck him down again ; then, laying hold of his collar with his left hand, with the clenched fist of his right hand he continued to strike him about the head, the face, and every part of his body which came within his reach ; he then changed his weapon of torment, and seizing the whip I have alluded to,—not exactly, I believe, such a whip as is used by gentlemen in hunting, but ~~one~~ of the description used by rough-riders in the army, for the purpose of taming unruly horses,—taking the small end of this whip in his hand, Mr. Fraser still prostrate at his feet, he struck my client with the butt-end of it about the head, the back, and shoulders ; the butt-end of the whip is described by a witness as being about the thickness of his thumb, the end of it bound with iron wire. With this blunt instrument did the defendant cut through the flesh of Mr. Fraser's head, and laid it open. Beaten in this manner, first with the fist of the defendant, and then with the butt-end of such an instrument, you will not wonder, gentlemen, that the natural powers of Mr. Fraser should fail him, which they did ; and he fell into a state approaching that of stupefaction. I know not whether Mr. Grantley Berkeley took this into consideration ; but certain it is that he adopted a course which was calculated effectually to arouse him from it ; for he then took the butt-end of the whip in his hand, and as Mr. Fraser was still lying at his feet with his face exposed, he struck him over the head and face with the lash-end of it,—the very first blow, as I am told, fetching blood from the temple

down to the chin. This had the effect of waking Mr. Fraser from the state of stupefaction he was approaching, and by an effort of natural instinct he raised his hands to cover his eyes; and it was a most fortunate thing for him that this natural instinct came to his aid, because one of his hands when so placed was cut across the back, right through to the bone. Such was the effect of a blow with this instrument, struck with the utmost force of so powerful a man as Mr. Grantley Berkeley. Gentlemen, it is not in human nature to look on and see such cruelty without feeling an almost irrepressible desire to rush forward to the relief of the sufferer. Mr. Fraser's cries at this time arrested the ear of several persons who were passing in Regent Street. I have described to you that the defendants came and took possession of the plaintiff's house at a time when he was alone—when no earthly being belonging to him was in the way to be an eye-witness to the scene. The cries of Mr. Fraser caught the attention of some who were passing; but the door being shut, and fastened with a spring not easily opened, and Mr. Craven Berkeley being stationed on the inside in the manner I have described, strangers could not very easily gain admittance. There was one person passing, however, who, hearing the cries of Mr. Fraser, and seeing the defendant using the whip in this dreadful manner, could bear it no longer, and struggled violently to come to the assistance of the plaintiff. But what was now the conduct of the third man, who was stationed at the door? He was standing, as I have told you, between the door-posts; and, as this witness was endeavouring to make his way in to the assistance of Mr. Fraser, he knocked him down into the street; and when he endeavoured to get up and come in, this person threw himself into a pugilistic attitude, and challenged him to fight; Mr. Grantley Berkeley continuing his blows until the witness eventually forced his way in, and arrested him, by taking hold of his arm. This gave some momentary relief to Mr. Fraser. Mr. Grantley Berkeley and the man

who got in struggled together. Mr. Grantley Berkeley, by no means satiated, still endeavouring to retain his hold of Mr. Fraser, and at the same time struggled with the witness. The first impulse of Mr. Fraser, having obtained this momentary intermission of suffering, was to escape from what would naturally appear to him to be impending destruction, and he made towards the door, and would have effected his escape, had not Mr. Craven Berkeley beaten him back again within the reach of his brother, who took that opportunity of renewing his attack. I have told you that Mr. Craven Berkeley was standing by, and looking calmly at a deed which was turning sick the heart of every other spectator; but he was doing more; for, instead of calming his brother, he was cheating him on, and crying out, "Damn him, give it him, Grantley—give it him, Grantley." Mr. Grantley Berkeley, having by this time disengaged himself from the witness Braine, had an opportunity of renewing his attack upon Mr. Fraser, of which he took as much advantage as he could. He struck Mr. Fraser again several blows upon his head with the butt-end of the whip; but the plaintiff at length managed to rush through, and get out into the street, Mr. Grantley Berkeley still following him, and striking him, as will be proved before you, upon the back of his head with the butt-end of the whip, and accompanying his blows with the characteristic words, "Damn you, I will beat your blasted head off." At this time my client found refuge among his countrymen who were assembled outside the shop. The police appeared; and the parties were out of the reach of further outrage. My client returned home severely injured. He fainted away almost, immediately after he came home. His medical adviser was sent for, and he was confined to his bed several days; he then left town for a short time. He came back to business, and went into the country again; all which I leave to the medical men to describe, merely observing that he has not recovered his health up to the present moment. This, gentlemen, is the

outrage for which this action is brought, one which I think you will admit is scarcely to be paralleled; this is the outrage for which my client seeks reparation at your hands. I find, from my learned friend who is to represent the defendants here upon the present occasion, that the justification on which they mean to rely is the offence taken by Mr. Grantley Berkeley at a publication which is sold by Mr. Fraser; therefore, gentlemen, I beg leave to draw your attention for a short time to this part of the case. You will please to remember that Mr. Fraser is a bookseller and publisher; he is not an author; he has not written any thing which concerns Mr. Grantley Berkeley. Certainly, if Mr. Fraser had published any thing of which it could be assumed for a moment that Mr. Grantley Berkeley has any reason to complain, I believe the law of the case to be that the bookseller and publisher is liable to damages for selling the offensive publication, even if he is unaware of its contents. But is there any gentleman among those I have the honour to address who, with the slightest feeling of honour in his bosom, could look upon the publisher as the man from whom he should seek his redress? Is it the smallest palliation of his offence, that Mr. Grantley Berkeley is provoked at an article which appears in a work merely sold by the publisher, who, although he is punishable by law, never could have been actuated by any feeling of hostility towards him? Are his wounded feelings any excuse for the violence to which he resorted towards my client? I desire to impress upon your minds the fact, that Mr. Fraser is not the author of any thing offensive towards Mr. Grantley Berkeley, and that he made no attempt, at the time of committing the assault, to ascertain the name of the author. I defy my learned friend to shew that he did. I see a smile on his countenance, and I know the remark that he is going to make; but I beg you to understand that it is in the power of my learned friend to call witnesses, who can prove what took place before the magis-

trate, and the statements which were made at that time by the plaintiff on the one hand, and by the defendants on the other. I know that my learned friend will avail himself of the argument, that Mr. Craven Berkeley, being joined with Mr. Grantley Berkeley as a defendant in this action, cannot give evidence of what took place; and he, perhaps, will desire you to believe that he was made a defendant in order to prevent his giving evidence. But I ask you, gentlemen, seeing the manner in which Mr. Craven was joined with Mr. Grantley Berkeley in committing the outrage, how it was possible to avoid making him a defendant in the action? The extent of the injury done to my client would not have been near so great if Mr. Craven Berkeley had not been present; his brother would have been much sooner checked in his violence, but for the station he assumed at the door: his conduct, indeed, forms so material an aggravation of the assault, that I see no reason to blame my client for joining him with his brother in this action, nor why my learned friend should make it a topic of his defence, that Mr. Craven Berkeley is thus prevented from giving evidence for his brother. Any publication which took place prior to the commission of the assault, I think his lordship will inform you is extraneous to the present action. The facts which occurred at the time of the outrage are the only legitimate evidence. If there was any provocation given at the moment, let it be shewn by evidence. But I am quite sure that, according to the law, any thing which occurred prior to the commission of the assault is irrelevant to the matter. There is a clear reason in the administration of justice why it should not be gone into. The reason is, that if Mr. Grantley Berkeley has any cause to complain of any thing published by Mr. Fraser, he has his remedy against him by law—he may bring an action against him for damages; which you must already be aware he has done, because you have heard the officer of the court declare that the gentlemen summoned on the jury to try the cause of

Berkeley against Fraser were not to leave the court. This shews clearly that it is the intention of Mr. Grantley Berkeley to proceed by law, to recover damages from Mr. Fraser for that which he also offers as a justification of this assault. But common justice and fairness require that you should not listen to Mr. Grantley Berkeley when he says to you: "Oh, do not give Mr. Fraser any compensation for the injury I have inflicted upon him, for I have a counter complaint against him. I am offended with Mr. Fraser's publication. Allow me to beat him with impunity; and then allow me to bring my action for damages against him, on trying which he will not be able to give in evidence any substantial injury he may have received from me on the account of that very publication." It was for this reason I begged of you, gentlemen, at the very outset of my address, to decide this case merely upon the evidence which belongs to it. It is for you to go into the matter of any provocation which took place at the time the offence was committed; but I contend that any prior matter we have no right to entertain, the more especially so, as twelve gentlemen who are summoned to try that cause, by the care of the legal advisers of Mr. Grantley Berkeley, are at this moment listening to what is passing in the court before us. It has been alleged that Mr. Fraser ought to have proceeded against the defendants by way of indictment. That is a topic which I protest I am unable to comprehend. Mr. Fraser has received a severe injury, for which the defendants are called upon to make him reparation; and why they should ask you to give him a less amount of damages, because their counsel contends that their acts have rendered them amenable to the criminal law, that they ought to have been indicted as criminals, that they ought to have been considered as criminals *convict*, I am quite at a loss to understand. I do not know whether my learned friend takes this view of the case; but I hope that, if he should urge such an argument upon you, it will only appear the more reasonable to you that

you should give an ample amount of compensation for a wrong which they themselves acknowledge deserves to be punished with more severity in another way. The only question, then, for you to decide, will be the amount of damages to which Mr. Fraser is entitled. In considering this part of the subject, as I have no doubt you will be told by his lordship, you are not in actions of this description, to confine yourselves to the mere amount of bodily injury which has been sustained, but to balance in your mind all the surrounding and accompanying circumstances which were attendant upon its infliction. You are to consider the indignity and the insult offered to the party, as well as his wounded feelings; and to give him such a verdict as you think the violated laws of the country demand. And having this duty to perform, you will excuse me, gentlemen, if I shortly press upon your attention some considerations, which I think it may be conducive to the interest of my client I should offer to you. You will not fail to remember that this attack is made in the broad and open face of day at the house of my client—the place in which he carries on his business—the place in which of all others he had a right to expect that he might remain in security and peace. The defendants come to that which Mr. Fraser had hitherto delighted in as his home—they take hostile possession of it—they imprison him within it; and, having coolly planned this outrage, they set about the perpetration of it with the most deliberate malignity. Then, again, the defendants are persons whose station in society would lead one to expect from them an example of obedience to the laws. As magistrates, we should expect to see them engaged^c in repressing the violence of others, rather than to see them guilty of it themselves. But what do they do? In this populous city, in one of the most populous and crowded streets of it, at a time of the day when people are abroad, as if they were above the laws—at least, in total defiance and regardlessness of them—they come to

Mr. Fraser's house, they trample upon his rights, and execute upon him a deed of the most disgusting ferocity. Gentlemen, is it to be understood that, if Mr. Grantley Berkeley thought himself injured by any act of Mr. Fraser, he is to be allowed to seek this species of personal satisfaction? Is it to be tolerated that two brothers, the one armed with a whip, shall band together and colleague with a hired ruffian, as it will be proved they did, for the purpose of committing such an outrage as that sustained by my client? The proof they did colleague with the ruffian is that he was stationed outside the door, while the others were within it; that he knocked down one of the witnesses who endeavoured to gain admission; that he endeavoured to quiet the spectators, by telling them that Mr. Grantley Berkeley was seeking redress for somebody who had been abused; that afterwards, in going from Mr. Fraser's house to the police-office, the ruffian was in conversation with Mr. Craven Berkeley, while the witness in vain endeavoured to get him taken into custody for the assault he had committed upon himself. Now, gentlemen, let me ask you, Are not the details of the assault of such a nature as to call for the most exemplary damages? Is there a man, the most uneducated, and of the lowest rank in society, who would act in the manner I have described? Is there a man, with the feelings of an Englishman in his bosom, from the lowest station to the highest, who would not feel ashamed to strike a man when he is down? Do not the very lowest persons consider it foul to attack a man in such a situation? and is not one of the first and most manly traits which are inculcated in the bosoms of the higher and more educated classes of society to spare a fallen enemy? But the defendants come suddenly upon Mr. Fraser; when he is alone in his shop, they fell him to the ground, and beat him while he is lying prostrate and helpless at their feet; they give him no time to muster up his power of opposition, and to meet them in manly encounter, but

proceed to execute their vengeance upon him in the manner I have described, and which I shall now call upon the witnesses to prove. Your verdict of to-day is of the greatest consequence to Mr. Fraser, to his friends, and to all who may be hereafter placed in a similar situation. Mr. Fraser has appealed to the law, in hopes that it will give him the most ample redress, in hopes that you will shew your honest indignation against those who trample upon the law, and trespass against the peace of society; and that a person injured as he has been, when he appeals to a British jury, may be sure he will not make his appeal in vain. If you do not satisfy him by your verdict that such are your feelings, what must be the consequence, but that himself or others, when attacked in a similar manner, seeing that the law affords them no redress, must meet violence with violence, and take up arms in their own defence, and for their own protection. The defendants in this action are persons of the highest rank, the family is possessed of the greatest wealth. I take it that the wealth of the family of the Earl of Berkeley must be well known; therefore you will see that they are persons upon whom ordinary damages would not be likely to have the slightest effect. I trust, therefore, that the verdict you give will be such as will satisfy the plaintiff that an appeal to the laws may be safely relied upon, should any persons of equal wealth and equal power hereafter inflict an injury upon any one, such as that for which he has brought this action, and of the consequences of which he now complains.

Samuel Braine called and examined by Mr. Kelly.

Are you by trade a builder?—Yes.

Living in Upper Gloucester Place, I believe?—Yes.

Do you know Mr. Fraser's shop in Regent Street?—Yes.

Were you passing near the shop on Wednesday, the 3d of August last?—I was.

At what time in the day?—I think between one and two.

As you passed near the shop, was your

attention excited by any thing you heard from within?—Yes, it was.

What did you hear?—I heard a person cry for help, and a great noise, like heavy blows being struck.

Upon hearing these cries for help, did you approach the shop?—I did.

Before you entered the shop, could you see what was passing within?—Yes, I could, as I stood at the door.

What did you see?—I saw a person lying on the ground, and another standing over him, beating him with a whip.

Did you ascertain afterwards that the person lying on the ground was Mr. Fraser, the plaintiff?—I did.

And that the person beating him was Mr. Grantley Berkeley?—Yes.

Could you see how and on what parts of the body he was beating him?—He was beating him about the head and shoulders. The shop at that moment became more dark, in consequence of being surrounded by persons, else I should have seen more distinctly.

You say Mr. Fraser was on the ground; in what position was Mr. Grantley Berkeley?—He was standing over him, holding him down to the ground with one hand by the back of his neck,—the collar of his coat.

And beating him with the other?—Yes.

You say he beat him about the head?—The head and shoulders, as near as I could see from that distance.

Did it appear to you that the blows he gave were violent blows?—As violent as he could give them.

He appeared to use all his strength?—Yes.

Had he the appearance of a tall, powerful man?—Yes, he had.

By Lord Abinger.—Is he a tall, powerful man?—Yes, he is.

By Mr. Kelly.—Is Mr. Fraser, from his stature and strength, a match for him?—Oh, dear, no! Mr. Fraser is a slight man, of small stature.

While this was going on inside the shop, was any body standing at the door?—A great number of persons.

Was there any body in particular standing without the door?—There was a person placed at the door, with his arms across to prevent any one from going in.

What did you do yourself?—I exclaimed, Gracious God! he'll kill the man. Let me go in, or the man will be killed.

Did you then attempt to go in?—Yes, I did.

Were you prevented by any thing, or any body, at the moment?—Yes, the person placed at the door struck me on the collar-bone, and knocked me down.

What sort of a person was he?—A stout, powerful man, but not very tall.

This person, you say, knocked you down?—Yes.

Now, when you got up, did you renew your attempt to get in to the assistance of the person who was suffering?—On the instant, I think.

By Lord Abinger.—Did you ascertain who the person was that struck you?—No, I did not.

By Mr. Kelly.—I shall have occasion to ask you something about that person by and by. Did you know his name?—No, I did not. I have seen him once or twice since; but I do not know who or what he was.

By Lord Abinger.—You rallied in a little time, and got in?—I did.

By Mr. Kelly.—You got in directly after?—Yes, on the instant: his arms were across the door; I struck them up, and so got inside the shop.

When you succeeded in passing this man, did you find any body else within the door, before you reached the spot where Mr. Fraser was being beaten?—Mr. Craven Berkeley was in the shop.

Did you hear or see Mr. Craven Berkeley say or do any thing?—I heard him telling his brother to give it him well.

What did he say?—"Give it him, Grantley! Damn him, give it him well!"

Was Mr. Craven Berkeley a slight, weakly looking man, or the contrary?—He was not so powerful a man as his brother, but a man above the common middle stature.

Is he apparently a stronger man than Mr. Fraser?—O dear, yes! much more so.

Did the man who had impeded your entrance follow you into the shop?—No; he did not at that moment.

When you got into the shop, was Mr. Fraser still on the ground?—No; he was then on his feet.

Could you see what effect the blows had taken upon him?—His face when I went in was towards me. Mr. Grantley Berkeley was behind him, holding him by the hair of his head: his hand was entangled in Mr. Fraser's hair: he was holding him, while with the lash-end of his whip he struck him on his face, above his chin: he held him by the left hand.

Had Mr. Fraser any power of resistance?—Not in the least; the other was behind him.

Was Mr. Fraser bleeding?—Yes, he was.

From where?—From this side of the face—[the right side]—from the temple downwards.

That was the first blow you saw struck after you got in?—Yes.

Was it when Mr. Grantley Berkeley was thus holding and beating the plaintiff that Mr. Craven Berkeley cried out, "Damn him, give it him, Grantley!"?—Yes, it was.

Could you observe whether Mr. Fraser put his hands over his face to ward off the blows?—Yes, he did.

One of his hands got cut?—Very much cut.

By Lord Abinger.—Was this when he was on his feet?—Yes.

By Mr. Kelly.—He protected his eyes with his hands?—Yes.

And then the blow that fell upon his hands was such as to cut them open, and make them bleed?—Yes.

By Lord Abinger.—You saw the blood?—I did.

By Mr. Kelly.—What did you say or do when you got in, and saw the plaintiff beaten in that way?—I asked, How dare you use the man in that brutal, savage manner?

Did you find that what you said produced any effect—did he stop beating him?—Not at all.

What passed when you said that?—He did not desist to flog on; and I seized hold of his arm, and another part of his person, somewhere about his neck.

Mr. Grantley Berkeley's?—Yes.

Did you succeed in disengaging him?—He struggled, and I think we both fell, I am not quite conscious; and then Mr. Fraser escaped, as far as I saw.

You think you both fell on the ground. When you got up, did you miss your hat—did it fall off?—My hat was off.

By Lord Abinger.—Mr. Fraser escaped into the street?—As far as I saw.

By Mr. Kelly.—You say you lost your hat in the scuffle?—Yes; the man who struck me down picked it up.

Had he come into the shop?—No; I had gone to the shop-door.

He picked it up and presented it to Mr. Grantley Berkeley?—Yes.

Did you say any thing to him when you saw that?—I said to him, That is my hat, and you are the blackguard who struck me just now.

This was, of course, in the presence of Mr. Grantley Berkeley?—Yes; close by the shop-door.

Was it at the time he presented your hat to Mr. Grantley Berkeley?—Yes, at that instant.

When you told him the hat was yours, and that he was the blackguard who struck you, what did he say?—He put himself in a fighting attitude immediately.

Did he say any thing?—He said he would strike me again for daring to attempt to rescue Mr. Fraser from his friends, who were giving him a damned good horsewhipping.

By Lord Abinger.—Are you sure that he used these words in the hearing of Mr. Grantley Berkeley?—Yes, close by him.

By Mr. Kelly.—Did Mr. Grantley Berkeley say any thing when he heard the man address you so?—I do not recollect that he did.

By Lord Abinger.—What were the words?—That he would strike me again for daring to attempt to rescue the man from his friends, who were giving a damned good horsewhipping to the person belonging to the shop.

By Mr. Kelly.—After that, did you go into the street?—Yes.

Mr. Fraser had gone?—Yes.
Did the two Messrs. Berkeley follow?—Yes.

By Lord Abinger.—Did you know the names of the persons?—No.

By Mr. Kelly.—Did you see them given in charge to the policemen by Mr. Fraser?—Yes, I did.

That was in the street?—It was.

Where did they then go?—They went to the station-house in Vine Street.

By Lord Abinger.—Was there a crowd about the door?—Yes, a great crowd.

By Mr. Kelly.—Did you follow them to the station-house?—Yes, I did.

Did any thing pass between you and either of the Berkeleys?—I spoke to the policeman to take the stout man who struck me into custody, when both the Berkeleys called me a damned interfering scoundrel, and threatened to give me a damned good whipping with the whip.

What did you say?—I dared them to touch me.

I believe you had provided yourself with a good thick stick?—I had.

Then they did not touch you?—No, they did not.

Did you then go to the station-house, or leave them?—I left them at the corner of Vigo Street, when they were about to turn round Regent Street to go to the station-house. The stout man was making his way off, and I followed to get him taken in charge.

Would the policeman take him?—No.

Why did he not?—He said he could not interfere, as he did not see him assault me.

So he got away?—He did.

Did you follow him?—I did.

How far?—Down to the Haymarket; and applied to several policemen to take him, but they declined.

Did you do all in your power to ascertain who he was, and get him taken into custody, but without success?—Yes.

Had you an opportunity after that of seeing the whip used by Mr. Grantley Berkeley?—Yes, I had.

What sort of a whip was it?—It was a very heavy whip.

By Lord Abinger.—Where did you see it?—In his hand.

By Mr. Kelly.—He carried it in his hand to the station-house?—Yes; and held it in a threatening position towards me.

Then you had a full opportunity of seeing what kind of a whip it was?—Yes, I had.

What sort of a whip was it?—A heavy riding-whip—the heaviest, perhaps, I had ever seen; such a whip as I have seen used by the Life Guards to break in horses.

Could you see whether there was any metal about the head of it?—No, I could not.

You say that before you got into the shop you heard cries and the sound of blows,—how many blows did you hear?—Perhaps forty or fifty before I got in.

Did they follow each other with rapidity?—As rapidly as they could.

By Lord Abinger.—You say Mr. Fraser cried out,—what did he say?—He cried, Help! mercy! murder! Those were his expressions.

By Mr. Kelly.—You saw Mr. Fraser when the beating was over?—Yes.

Did he appear to be much hurt?—Dreadfully hurt.

Are you able to say, from seeing their effects on his head, face, and hands, whether the blows must have been given with very great violence?—Those I saw struck were given with as much violence as Mr. Grantley Berkeley possessed.

Had you, until the morning, on which you accidentally witnessed this occurrence, any acquaintance with Mr. Fraser?—Not any.

By Mr. Thessiger.—No acquaintance at all?—Not any.

Had you never read his Magazine?—Never in my life.

You never knew that he published any?—Yes, I know that, by seeing the advertisements in the paper.

That is the only acquaintance you have with it?—Certainly.

How many persons were there about the window, do you suppose?—Perhaps fifty or sixty.

Looking on, were they?—Called together by the noise, and looking on.

It appears that you removed the arm of the man who you say was placed outside the door?—Yes, I did.

You do not appear to be a very strong man; I do not want to try prowess with you?—I am strong enough for that, if I saw it happen again.

Your heated feeling would give you courage and strength?—Yes.

And it did upon that occasion?—Yes.

You have spoken of going to the station-house; did you afterwards go before the magistrate?—I did.

Mr. Fraser was there?—He was.

And, of course, the two defendants?—Yes.

Who was the magistrate?—I think it was Mr. Chambers.

Was Mr. Dyer upon the bench?—When we got to Marlborough Street, the witnesses were desired to remain outside. I did not get in till the two Messrs. Berkeley were in a private room. The magistrate who spoke was Mr. Chambers.

Did you hear Mr. Fraser examined?—No, I did not.

Did you hear, at the time this assault was going on in the shop, Mr. Grantley or Mr. Craven Berkeley charge the plaintiff with being a libeller?—No, I did not.

You did not hear him charge him with having libelled his mother and himself?—No.

Did you hear any expression of that kind?—No, I did not.

Not from either of them?—No.

Did you know at the time, from any thing that occurred, why Mr. Grantley Berkeley was beating Mr. Fraser?—No, I did not.

Was any thing said from which you could ascertain the reason of this violence upon Mr. Fraser?—Not while the beating was going on.

After the beating was over, did any thing occur, in the presence of Mr. Fraser, which would enable you to ascertain the reason of the violence?—Not in the presence of Mr. Fraser.

Then, at no time, in the presence of Mr. Fraser, did you ascertain the reason of the violence you witnessed?—No, I did not.

You never talked with Mr. Fraser about it?—Never.

Did you see him afterwards?—Three months afterwards; never before nor since.

There was no conversation at that time upon the cause of the assault?—Not the least.

Did you call for the purpose of talking with him about the assault?—Never.

Not accidentally?—Never, sir; he called upon me.

He did not then tell you to what the violence was to be ascribed, nor any thing about it?—He did not.

I suppose it was no business of yours, and you were not curious?—No; I had nothing to do with it.

Did it not occur to you, then, as extraordinary, that this violence should be inflicted without a cause?—It might have occurred to me; but, as it was, I made no inquiry. I heard the person who

struck me when we were outside the shop—

Mr. Kelly.—He must not say any thing about this, unless it was in the presence of Mr. Fraser.

By Mr. Thesiger.—Mr. Fraser was not within hearing?—Not that I knew of; I did not see him.

Mr. Craven Berkeley, if I understand you, interfered in no way, except by calling out, "Give it him!"—Yes; I think he prevented persons from coming into the shop.

Yes; but I mean with Mr. Fraser?—I cannot positively speak to that; I did not see him; he was by the side of his brother, cheering him on.

By Mr. Kelly.—You say that there were several persons outside the shop. Would any person, before he could get to the spot, have had to pass the man who knocked you down, and to pass Mr. Craven Berkeley?—Yes, to get into the shop.

The one was inside the shop, and the other outside at the door?—Mr. Craven Berkeley was inside, and the other was outside at the door, with his arms across.

Matthew Richards, examined by Mr. Talbot.

I believe you are a shoemaker, residing in Wells Street?—Yes.

On the 3d of August last, were you in Regent Street, near the shop of Mr. Fraser, about one o'clock in the day?—I was.

Had you any previous acquaintance with Mr. Fraser?—None.

Had you, before that time, any acquaintance with either Mr. Grantley or Mr. Craven Berkeley?—No, none.

Were you acquainted with the persons of either of them?—Yes, of Mr. Grantley Berkeley.

Have you seen him acting as master of a pack of hounds?—I have.

What attracted your attention in Regent Street?—I was coming up Regent Street, and I heard a noise when I came to Mr. Fraser's shop.

Did you see a crowd?—No, I did not.

Did you approach the door?—I did.

Can any person standing at the door see into the shop?—Yes, quite well.

Did you see the defendant, Craven Berkeley, there at that time?—I did.

Where was he standing?—In the door.

Where was Mr. Grantley Berkeley?—Close against Mr. Fraser's desk.

Did you see in what situation Mr. Fraser then was?—I did; I saw him on the ground, Mr. Grantley Berkeley holding him by the back part of the neck, beating him with his fists, and likewise with a horsewhip.

Was Mr. Fraser lying quietly on the

ground?—No, he was attempting to rise. And at that time Mr. Grantley Berkeley struck him with his fists and knocked him down, and then beat him both with the butt-end and the lash-end of his whip.

By Lord Abinger.—He could not beat him with both at the same time?—He first beat him with the butt and then with the lash end, while Mr. Fraser was lying on the ground.

By Mr. Talbot.—Can you tell us the number of the blows?—To be safe, I should say from eight to nine.

Of what degree of violence?—Of most desperate violence.

Did you see the effect of them on Mr. Fraser?—I did.

On what part of his person?—On his face; the weals on his face were as thick as my two fingers.

Do you mean that the mark produced blood?—I do; the blood was trickling from it.

By Lord Abinger.—Was the blood trickling from him when he was on the ground?—Yes.

By Mr. Talbot.—What sort of a whip was it?—A light brown whip, such as rough-riders use for breaking-in gentlemen's horses.

Did you hear Mr. Fraser cry out?—I did.

What did he say?—"Help, help! For God's sake, help!"

Did these cries produce any effect on the people outside, so that they attempted to go in?—Very much. One person I saw go was knocked back; was struck and knocked on the breast by Mr. Craven Berkeley.

Did you see any body succeed in effecting an entrance?—I did.

Did you know who that person was?—I did not.

By the time that person got in, was Mr. Fraser still on the ground, or standing up?—Standing up.

What was Mr. Grantley Berkeley doing then?—Horsewhipping him.

Which way was Mr. Fraser's face turned?—Towards his desk.

By Lord Abinger.—Towards Mr. Grantley Berkeley, or from him?—From him.

By Mr. Talbot.—While Mr. Fraser's face was thus turned away from Mr. Grantley Berkeley, and he was horsewhipping him, did you hear the defendant, Mr. Craven Berkeley, say any thing?—Not then; but when Mr. Fraser came to the door, Mr. Craven Berkeley struck him back.

We shall come to that presently. Did you see Mr. Fraser extricate himself from Mr. Grantley Berkeley at the time the assistance arrived?—Yes, Mr. Fraser escaped then; and, on coming to the door, he was struck by Mr. Craven Berkeley.

By Lord Abinger.—Are you sure it was Mr. Craven Berkeley who thus struck him?—I am certain of it: we were standing close to the door.

Did you mean that he was struck back into the shop?—Yes.

By Mr. Talbot.—Did Mr. Grantley Berkeley get hold of him again, then?—He did. He literally laid hold of him by the back part of his neck, dragged him back into the shop, and in a manner flew at him again with the horsewhip.

By Lord Abinger.—What! again?—Again. He took him by the hair of his head, drew him back, and horsewhipped him again.

By Mr. Talbot.—With what end of the whip?—With the lash-end.

Where did he strike him?—Over the head and face.

Was it at that time you heard Mr. Craven Berkeley say any thing to his brother?—Yes; he said, "Damn him, Grantley, give it him!—give it him well!"

By Lord Abinger.—Repeat what it was Mr. Craven Berkeley said?—"Damn him, Grantley, give it him!—give it him well!"

By Mr. Talbot.—Did Mr. Grantley Berkeley follow his advice?—He did, using still more violence.

Did you see Mr. Fraser after that escape from Mr. Grantley Berkeley?—I did.

As soon as he escaped, I presume he made towards the door?—He did so.

Is there a private door to Mr. Fraser's house outside the shop-door?—There is, on the left-hand side.

Did you see Mr. Fraser, outside the shop, make towards that door?—I did.

What became of Mr. Grantley Berkeley then?—He was out in the street; and as Mr. Fraser was coming out of his shop into the street, to go to his private door, Mr. Grantley Berkeley fell violently upon him with the butt-end of his whip, saying, "Damn you, I'll cut your blasted head off."

That passed in the street?—Yes.

By Lord Abinger. He still struck him?—He did.

By Mr. Talbot.—Had Mr. Fraser any thing on his head at the time?—He had nothing but his hands on his face, and the hair on his head.

You have known the defendants before; can you tell us whether they are weak or powerful men?—Powerful men.

Did you see enough of Mr. Fraser to speak of him in that respect?—He is not their match, any more than a young sucking baby is.

Cross-examined by Mr. Crowder.—So, then, Mr. Fraser looked like a young sucking baby, did he?—In proportion to him in strength, he did.

Did I understand you to say there

was no crowd at the door?—Not when I first came up.

How soon after was there a crowd?—Not many minutes.

What was the first blow struck with?—With the fist.

By Lord Abinger.—Was he up or down?—He was down, attempting to rise.

By Mr. Crowder.—The blow was with his fist, was it?—Yes; with his right hand.

Where was the whip?—He had it under his left arm.

You told us, just now, that he had the whip in his right hand?—Not at that time.

He had the whip, you say, under his left arm. Did he hold Mr. Fraser?—He did.

Of course, he took care that the whip should not slip down?—Certainly; a man may easily do that.

How many blows with the fist did you count?—Two or three.

Mr. Fraser, you say, was on the ground?—Yes.

Had the crowd got round by this time?—Oh, yes.

You say you saw a person struck on the breast?—Yes.

Was it Braine?—I cannot swear.

How long were you there before this?—I think I was there two or three minutes before the person was struck on the breast.

Where was Mr. Craven Berkeley at the time?—Standing in the door.

I think you said you saw Mr. Craven Berkeley strike Mr. Fraser?—Yes; he struck him violently.

Was that after the man you speak of had been struck on the breast?—It was after the person attempted to get in.

What did Mr. Craven Berkeley strike with?—With his fist, on the breast.

Are you quite sure that Mr. Craven Berkeley struck the blows?—Yes; I am quite confident.

Where there many persons present?—Yes, many.

Where were you?—Close to the shop-door.

As you were there pretty early, did you hear Mr. Grantley Berkeley charge Mr. Fraser with having libelled him?—I did not.

Nor during the whole of the time?—No, not a word.

Did you see Mr. Fraser after this assault?—I did.

Did he talk to you about the matter, about your coming as a witness?—I saw him, sir—

Did he tell you why Mr. Grantley Berkeley so seriously whipped him?—He did not.

He did not tell you what Mr. Berkeley charged him with doing?—It was not my business to inquire.

Do you mean to say that you had no conversation with Mr. Fraser as to Mr. Berkeley's reason for assaulting him?—I do.

By Lord Abinger.—When you first went up, was there nobody in the street but yourself?—There was a man lurking about the shop-window, not exactly at the door.

Did you see him at the door?—No, I did not.

Did you see him do any thing?—I saw him strike a man.

Besides the blow given by Craven Berkeley?—Yes.

Then you saw two men struck; the one by Craven Berkeley, and the other by the man lurking about the door?—Yes.

Could you tell who this man was?—I could not.

Did the stranger strike before Craven Berkeley did?—The man struck first.

Then, there were two men struck who tried to get in; the one by the man, and the other by Mr. Craven Berkeley?—Yes.

John Davis, examined by Mr. Erle.

Are you an oilman, residing in the Edgware Road?—Yes.

Were you coming up Regent Street, on Wednesday, the 3d of August, about the middle of the day?—Yes.

Did any thing attract your notice at Mr. Fraser's shop?—When I got up to it there was a mob round the door.

Could you see into the shop?—I could not, for the crowd round the door. Mr. Grantley Berkeley had got Mr. Fraser by the collar, his back was towards Mr. Berkeley, he was striking him with a very powerful hunting-whip.

By Lord Abinger.—Was it a straight whip?—It was a whip such as is used to break in horses.

By Mr. Erle.—Did you see several blows struck?—No, only about one; I hastened on.

By Lord Abinger.—As you went up, Mr. Fraser was coming out?—Mr. Grantley Berkeley was dragging him along out of the shop.

By Mr. Erle.—Did you lay hold of the whip?—I did; and asked Mr. Grantley Berkeley what he was doing?—He said, that Mr. Fraser had offended a lady, and he was serving him out for it.

Did you take away the whip?—No; he held it too fast for that; and the knob at the end of it prevented it from coming out of his hand.

What was the knob made of?—I cannot say. I cannot say whether it was a

knob or a hook; it must have been one or the other. I held fast the whip until the policeman came up, in case he might give me a blow myself: he was a strong, powerful man.

By Lord Abinger.—Did you know the parties?—No.

What made you afraid of a blow?—I did not wish to have a blow from so powerful a man.

Did he appear as if he would strike you?—He was so violent that I considered he did not care what he did. I considered that he would have no mercy, whether he killed a man or not.

By Mr. Thesiger.—You say he was a strong and powerful man, and you held the whip. How long?—Half a moment.

Not longer?—Half a moment. His brother caught hold of his arm, and wanted him to come away, when I caught hold of his whip.

And then, as you say, in this half-moment the policeman came up. Had any body sent for him?—I do not know.

Why were you afraid of a horsewhipping; you had not offended a lady?—No; but I don't wish to be flogged any the more on that account.

When he said Mr. Fraser had offended a lady, did he say that lady was his mother?—He did not say a word more. I said he was not to take the law into his own hands; that there were ways and means, without using that violence.

I suppose you did not go to the station-house?—I did not; the policeman told me that there were witnesses enough without me.

Mary Lane, examined by Mr. Kelly.

Are you servant to Mr. Fraser, at his house in Regent Street?—Yes.

Did you live with him in the month of August last?—Yes.

Do you remember the day when he was beaten in his house?—Yes.

I believe you were not present at the time?—No.

Did you see him after he came home?—Yes.

About what time did he arrive at home?—Between two and three.

What room did he go into?—Into the middle room.

Did he appear to be well or ill at the time?—Very unwell.

Could you see marks of his having been beaten?—Yes.

Where?—On his face, his head, and his hands.

Had he any fit?—Yes.

How soon after he came home?—Immediately.

What was it?—A convulsive fit.

He was in convulsions?—Yes.

Was he attacked with a similar fit on

the same, or on the next day?—On the same day, about four in the afternoon.

Did he appear to you to suffer a great deal of pain?—A very great deal.

Was he confined to his room for some time?—Yes.

How long?—Till the following Monday.

The assault being on the Wednesday?—He had occasion to come down, but he was unfit.

Did he appear to continue unwell some time after that?—Yes; he is not well now, nor never has been since.

When he was able to go out, he went to France?—Yes.

How soon was he able?—In about three weeks or a month.

When did he return?—In the middle of September, I think.

How long was he absent when he went to France?—I think, about a fortnight; it might be a little more, I am not quite certain.

He remained unwell until he went abroad, although he was not confined to his bed?—Yes.

Does he appear to be quite recovered even now?—No.

By Mr. Crowder.—Did the doctor come when he had a fit?—No, afterwards.

Did you send for him?—Yes.

Do you know the day on which he went to France?—It was on the last day of August.

Did he go to Scotland first?—No; he went out of town.

When? Before he went to France?—I think, about ten days after the assault.

Do you recollect whether it was a week?—It was a week or ten days.

Are you sure it was a week?—Yes.

He went to visit his friends in the country, did he not?—I do not know. He went to France; he was advised to go, he was ordered out of town.

Do you know where he went to in the country?—No.

By Lord Abinger.—Who ordered him out of town?—The medical man.

By Mr. Crowder.—Did he return before he went to France?—Yes.

I think you say he kept his bed until Monday. On that day was he in the shop?—No, he was not.

Why not?—He was not able to attend to business, and he was so disfigured that he could not have seen any one but his most intimate friends.

By Lord Abinger.—You have not described how he was disfigured?—By the horsewhip.

That was the cause, but in what way?—The cuts.

Were they visible on Monday?—They were visible for a month.

Were they black, or blue, or what?—It was a cut on his face and hands.

By Mr. Kelly.—How long was Mr. Fraser out of town before he went to France?—A week.

When he returned to town, and before he went to France, was he still disfigured by the marks on his face?—Yes.

He could not attend to business, and therefore he was ordered out again?—Yes.

How long was he in town after his return before he went to France?—It might have been about a week.

And had the marks all gone when he went to France, or were there some still to be seen?—They were all to be seen.

Mr. Erle. That is the plaintiff's case.

Mr. THESIGER.—I am perfectly astonished at the sudden and abrupt termination of my learned friend's case, and that after the solemn and serious opening speech he made, containing the most minute and distressing description of the sufferings to which the plaintiff was exposed; after informing you of the necessity he was under of submitting to medical treatment for a considerable period of time, he should now leave his case, as to the extent of the injury, to hang merely upon the evidence of the servant girl he has called before you; this certainly does appear to me to be a very extraordinary circumstance, and I cannot help thinking that my learned friend in his powerful address, has considerably overcharged his statements of fact, and that the witnesses he has examined do not reach the point to which he carried you in his address. I believe you will agree with me, that if a little more candour, and a little less of ingenuity, had been exercised upon this case which you are now to decide, important as it is described by my learned friend to be, it would have been fairer towards you, who are called upon to judge between the parties; for, if it had not been for the evidence accidentally obtained from the oilman, the last witness, you would have had no information of any thing like a provocation of the violence alleged to have been committed; but would have been led to believe, and upon that belief to have acted, that the two brothers, the defendants, went on the day in question to the shop of Mr. Fraser, who was before that a perfect stranger to them, and that there, without any occurrence calculated to irritate the minds of these gentlemen, they malignantly and deliberately—so my learned friend put it—went to that shop for the purpose of inflicting a personal chastisement upon a stranger, who could have no conception of any offence

he might have given them. This, gentlemen, is the fair way in which my learned friend has been instructed on the part of Mr. Fraser, who is seeking a large compensation for an outrage which he alleges to have been committed upon him, to endeavour to establish his case against the defendants; I do say, that it would have been but justice to you; that it would have been but justice to the defendants and to the public, to whom my learned friend has appealed in the course of his address; if Mr. Fraser, or his instructors, had been a little more communicative to him upon the circumstances which occurred in the shop at the time the violence took place; and if the dexterity of my learned friend had not been so embarked in this case as to prevent you as much as possible from coming to a correct judgment upon all the circumstances of it. My learned friend has almost taunted me with the opportunity which he says is afforded me of shewing what occurred in the shop at the time the violence was committed upon Mr. Fraser, telling me, that I can shew you what took place before the magistrates; but let me ask him, could not he have done the same? It is not mine, it is Mr. Fraser's case: he is asking for reparation in damages for a serious injury, which he alleges to have been inflicted upon him in a most unprovoked manner; and if he were not apprehensive of any thing occurring in the statement, which might operate against his claim, he might himself have called the magistrates, before whom the inquiry took place, and have given in evidence the circumstances of the matters which transpired in the presence of the defendants. But observe, gentlemen, the predicament in which my learned friend wishes to place the defendants; they are to give in evidence the account of the plaintiff before the magistrates of all the circumstances accompanying the assault, as part of their case, they are to make this statement their evidence: surely, if the plaintiff considered it important to have this made known, it might naturally be expected that he himself would have called the magistrate before you for that purpose: it is somewhat preposterous on the part of my learned friend to endeavour to impose the duty upon us. I do not complain that Mr Craven Berkeley has been made a defendant—the evidence fixes him with a participation in the violence inflicted on the plaintiff; but I have a right to complain that my learned friend endeavours to hide the light from you, that having the means of informing you in his power, he endeavours by a dexterous management of his case to

prevent the truth from breaking in upon you, and to keep out of sight the gross provocation received by the Messrs. Berkeley, which led to the violence committed upon the plaintiff. But it is important that you should contrast the facts given in evidence with the powerful and eloquent statement made by my learned friend, of the wrongs endured by Mr. Fraser, because it does appear to me, that a more exaggerated detail of an outrage, alleged to have been committed, was never before presented to the attention of a jury; and that my learned friend having made such an overcharged statement, was, at least, bound to give you the means of ascertaining from the evidence of the medical men, whom, if I mistook him not, he declared his intention of calling, not only the immediate consequences of the violence committed, but also those remote consequences of it undermining his health in such a manner, that at the present moment he has not recovered from them. We have an account presented to us of a most severe and serious assault, committed by the defendants upon Mr. Fraser; neither my learned friend nor myself have cross-examined the witnesses with very great anxiety upon this subject, indeed, we have almost conceded to the plaintiff by the course we have pursued, that this assault was committed, and my learned friend, the counsel for the plaintiff, must have known, that this was not the struggle between us to-day; from the first to the last, the Messrs. Berkeley have admitted that they committed the assault upon the plaintiff; but they allege that they did it under a strong and overruling provocation, which in a considerable degree justifies their conduct. It will, therefore, gentlemen, be my duty now to explain to you those circumstances which have been hidden from you by my learned friend, and to inform you what it was which induced the Messrs. Berkeley, on the day in question, to go to the house of an entire stranger, and conduct themselves in the manner represented by the witnesses; and I trust I shall be able to satisfy you in the result, that, however violent was the conduct of the defendants, and however serious its consequences may have been to Mr. Fraser, the provocation they received emanating from him, was of such a nature, that it will at least form so considerable an extenuation of the conduct attributed to them, that you will be induced to give the very smallest amount of damages which can possibly be awarded in a case of this description. You have heard that Mr. Fraser is the publisher of a Magazine which passes under his name, and which is, I believe,

a work of very considerable circulation ; and my learned friend, anticipating the course which would be pursued by the defendant's counsel, has very ingeniously and dexterously endeavoured to obviate the effect of evidence of this description coming suddenly upon you, by exonerating as far as he could Mr. Fraser from all responsibility in the article to which he alluded, by making him a most innocent party to the publication of which we complain : my learned friend feels himself bound as a lawyer to admit, that a publisher is liable for the legal consequences of every thing he publishes ; now, I will venture to advance a step upon my learned friend's proposition, and to say, that a publisher under Mr. Fraser's circumstances, is also morally responsible for the works he publishes. A publisher of periodical works, such as reviews and magazines, as they are called, is in my mind distinguished from the editor of a newspaper in this respect, — he has time to exercise a considerable degree of discretion as to the articles he introduces into his magazine or review ; he has various contributions submitted to him, from which he makes his selection, which he is never called upon to do in a moment of haste, as may be the case with the editor of a newspaper, in order to fill up the vacant portion of a column, to supply which he may be under the necessity of using a production brought to him upon the spur of the moment. The magazines or reviews being published at distant intervals, the editor has a proper opportunity of collecting, comparing, and selecting, and it is his bounden duty, as the editor or publisher of such a work, to take care that he selects only such articles as shall not justify any irritated feeling, in consequence of any personal or scurrilous attacks upon any particular individual. The author of such an attack, and the editor of the work appear to me to be distinguished from each other in this way, — the author of a libellous article, sometimes, perhaps generally, may be instigated by malignant motives, the editor, perhaps, may have no such feeling in his mind, but he has his motives, and it will be for you to put the one against the other, and say which of them appears to be the most degrading in your estimation : his views are the sordid views of interest, he culls an article of that description, that it may recommend his publication, by pandering to the depraved taste of the public for scurrility. I say then, without hesitation, that having such an opportunity of exercising care and caution, if he fails to exercise it, it is my decided conviction that he is answerable for all the conse-

quences of allowing the insertion of that foul calumny, which, if he had used the discretion he possessed, he might have excluded from his work.

Mr. Erle.—I think it necessary at this stage of my learned friend's address, to take your lordship's opinion, whether for the defence of the defendants, he has any right to go into a matter of complaint between the parties, which may be brought forward as a ground of claim against the plaintiff at another time ? whether my learned friend has any right to turn aside from the inquiry in which we are now engaged, and to use that for his defence in this action, which is made the substantive ground of complaint in another action, which has been brought by the defendants against the plaintiff ? I submit that it is distinctly wrong.

Lord Abinger.—It cannot be used as a set-off ; but, supposing Mr. Berkeley had not brought an action, I do not see that it would have made any difference.

Mr. Erle.—He might bring his action, my lord.

Lord Abinger.—The rule has been, that a libel or that which is no justification in law, cannot be given in evidence where the plea is the general issue ; but the provocation to the assault may be given in evidence as a palliation of the offence, and in mitigation of damages.

Mr. Erle.—My lord, has that rule been applied to a case where the two events form distinct grounds of action, the one of which is not in point of circumstance connected with the other ?

Lord Abinger.—I am not aware of the distinction.

Mr. Erle.—There has, I believe, been an analogous question in a case of cross-libels between the plaintiff and the defendant, whether the party complained of has any right to give the previous libel in evidence.

Lord Abinger.—I think nobody will deny, that where the provocation was immediate, it may be given in evidence ; if a party who gives another a blow brings his action for an assault, the defendant would be allowed to give evidence of the preceding blow not in justification, but in mitigation ; if, again, a man uses foul and actionable words, if he calls another a thief or a robber, and this leads to an assault, for which the person using the words brings his action, the defendant would be allowed to give evidence of the words in mitigation, we then have to consider whether there is any difference in point of time ; when a man has time to cool upon a provocation, the provocation furnishes no excuse ; but that is matter for the determination of the jury. I am unwilling to exclude evidence of this sort ; and if Mr. Berkeley

has already brought his action, that is a matter of which, no doubt, you will make good use by and by; it remains for the discretion of the counsel for the defendant whether he will urge the argument upon the present occasion. I will make a note of your objection.

Mr. Thessiger.—To be sure, gentlemen, my learned friend was about to make your office a complete sinecure; you were to be delivered bound hand and foot into the hands of my learned friend and his witnesses; you were to hear ‘the voice of the charmer’ with regard to the extent of Mr. Fraser’s injuries, and you were to be left entirely in the dark as to what led to the violence: but it appears to me that your functions would be a mere *farce*, if you are not to have an explanation as to those circumstances. I can understand the motive of my learned friend’s interference; he desires to keep away from you that which both yourselves and the public are entitled to know, but which it will be now my duty to introduce to your notice. Gentlemen, it will appear from the evidence I am about to lay before you, that before the month of August last, the time at which the assault was committed, Mr. Grantley Berkeley became an author, and published a book called *Berkeley Castle*: now upon this subject there are certain propositions on which I am disposed to agree with my learned friend. When a person enters into the field of literature, he sets himself up as a mark for the judgment of other men; he becomes in a measure public property; his work, and his character, as far as it is connected with his work, and that with his authorship, are matters which he must submit to have inquired into, as the natural consequence of the ambition of authorship, without complaint; and should his work meet with a severe, an illiberal, or an unjust criticism, his only appeal is from the partial critic to the judgment of the public. I agree with my learned friend, that when Mr. Grantley Berkeley entered into the arena of literature, he was there to fight his battle with the critic, and that, like the gladiator, he must submit to the judgment of the public upon the issue of the contest, from whose judgment there is no appeal. It is quite immaterial what may be the merits or demerits of Mr. Grantley Berkeley as an author, with that on the present occasion, we have nothing to do, if my learned friend can satisfy you that the article, to which I have alluded, assails Mr. Grantley Berkeley solely in his character of an author, that it does not follow him into domestic life, and revile and calumniate him: I admit that it offers no excuse or extenuation of the

violence of Mr. Grantley Berkeley; but it will be for you, twelve gentlemen of his country, to decide whether the article is of such a character as to excuse the person who published it, or whether it is not one of the most foul, scandalous, and malignant libels that ever issued from a licentious press. The article is published in the Magazine on the first of August, and falls into the hands of Mr. Grantley Berkeley on the third of the same month, it is called “Mr Grantley Berkeley and his Novel.” I will not trouble you by reading the whole of it in detail, I will merely select different passages, and submit them to your judgment, and then I will ask you, whether, smarting under a provocation of such a serious description, Mr. Grantley Berkeley, if not justified in what he did, is not at least considerably excused? and whether the plaintiff in neglecting to use that discretion of which I have spoken, and which I have shewn you to have been in his power, has not brought upon himself the consequence of his conduct in suffering such an article to be inserted in his Magazine?

The first paragraph to which I will call your attention is this.

“Here is *Berkeley Castle* lying on the table before us. In the first place, what awfully bad taste it is in Mr. Grantley Berkeley to write a book with such a title. What would be thought of Lord Prudhoe, if he were to sit down and give us a book upon Alnwick? We should say it was very absurd indeed. And yet there is no blot on the scutcheon of the Percys, and their family played a most distinguished part in all the transactions of war and peace throughout England, ‘since Norman William came.’ We should think, nevertheless, that Lord Prudhoe might have left the narrative to somebody else. But, in the present case, how absolutely disgusting is the conduct of Mr. Grantley Berkeley. He should have been among the last people in the world to call public attention to the history of his house. Why, may we ask him, is his eldest brother pitch-forked into the House of Lords by the title of Lord Segrave? Why does not he sit there as Earl of Berkeley? We are far from being desirous to insult, as the paltry author of this book does, the character of woman; but when matters are recorded in solemn judgments, there can be no indelicacy in stating that Mr. Grantley Berkeley’s mother lived with Mr. Grantley Berkeley’s father as his mistress, and that she had at least one child before she could induce the old and very stupid lord to marry her. All this is set down in the Journals of the House of Lords.”

Gentlemen, is this fair, liberal, and legitimate criticism? What business has the publisher of the article to ransack the domestic history, and to torture the domestic feelings of Mr. Grantley Berkeley by an allusion to his mother's situation? Is not the paragraph written with cold-blooded, deliberate malignity? Gentlemen, it seems to me like the conduct of the Indian, who, having his victim at the stake, searches, with the utmost refinement of cruelty, where he can inflict the most exquisite torture. Whoever wrote or published this article, must have known the keen sensibility of the family on every circumstance connected with the marriage of Lady Berkeley; they must have known the chivalrous feeling which induced one of the family to abstain from assuming the honours adjudged to him by one of the highest tribunals of the land, lest in doing so he might be thought to cast any imputation upon the character and virtue of his mother; the writer must have known, that the whole family would be goaded almost to madness by such a paragraph, and I ask you, if it was in the power of human nature to restrain itself under a provocation of such a nature, so gratuitously and malignantly given, having no reference to the matter of the article, and perhaps written on purpose to provoke that breach of the peace to which it led. They go on to say,—

"If the author were a man of the slightest spirit, of the smallest approach to the character of a *true*—mind, not of a *club*—gentleman, he would have absolutely shuddered at writing the following sentence: 'It was believed (though he never avowed it) that he had held a command in the regiment raised by my grandfather in forty-five!'"

Now, I must confess, that I see nothing so awful in this sentence as to induce the author to shudder at having written it. Was it not apparent to Mr. Berkeley "an enemy had done this," that the object of it was to traduce and vilify his character, that it was not fair and legitimate criticism upon the work, but merely made a vehicle for the calumny and slander of the writer; and was it not a most grievous provocation of Mr. Grantley Berkeley, such a provocation as would incite him to commit the injury of which we have heard to-day. But, gentlemen, this is not half the matter of which Mr. Grantley Berkeley has to complain, let us proceed:

"But it is idle to break such a cockroach as this upon the wheel. In every thing the novel is stupid, ignorant, vulgar, and contemptible; and will be forgotten, before our pages appear, by that

fragment of the reading public by which it was ever known."

I do not complain of that; such observations as that I have no right to complain of; they may speak thus of the defendant in his character of an author, but here, gentlemen, is a passage which characterises the whole article, and shews at once the intention of the writer:

"One thing, however, we must make a few remarks upon. The pseudo-aristocratical impertinence which makes the author take it for granted that his hero should resign the pledged mistress of his soul, because his superior fell in love with her, we may pass by with nothing more than the contemptuous remark, that it must lead to the conclusion, that the man who formed such a conception would be ready to do so himself, and to fetch and carry letters, frame associations, lie and pimp, under any circumstances, with as much alacrity as the cherished model of his brain — if one by whom he could make any thing — commanded it."

So that, gentlemen, here is a gentleman, a magistrate, as my learned friend told you in his opening, holding not merely a commission in the army, but his majesty's commission of the peace, a gentleman of the army, a profession, the members of which are peculiarly sensitive to any attacks made upon their honour, charged clearly and distinctly by a foul libeller with being ready to be a liar, and a pimp, if any one by whom he could make any thing commanded it; that is, if there was any advantage to be gained by it, you are told that this honourable gentleman, holding the distinguished station which my learned friend says he does, is ready to lie or pimp if his betters commanded him, or if he could obtain any advantage by it. Gentlemen, can you conceive any thing more disgracefully degrading? surely that such observations, directed not against the author as an author, but against his character as a man and as a gentleman, stamp and brand the article as one written with the most malicious motives cannot be denied. But we proceed:

"Now, that he has the mind or the talent to 'elicit the jewel,' as he most stupidly phrases it, from the mind of any woman worth the affection of a man of taste, honour, or intellect, this novel of *Berkeley Castle* is quite enough to prove. But that he may have sometimes ventured to ascend from the servant-maids, by whose conduct and feelings he estimates those of all the female race, and to offer his foul-smelling incense to women above that condition, is possible enough. We shall, however, venture to lay any odds, that when the lady, for whatever reason, wished to make no

noise upon the subject, he was rung out; and when a gentleman was appealed to, he, the author of *Berkeley Castle*, was kicked out. It is quite time that these bestialities towards the ladies of England should be flung forth from our literature."

We have here advanced a step. Hitherto we have had Mr. Grantley Berkeley's mother assailed in a most unjustifiable manner; we have had himself stigmatised as a liar, and a pimp, or as ready to become one when an advantageous opportunity offered, which is just as bad. But the writer now advances a step, and in no measured terms charges him with being a coward. Of this there can be no doubt; for he describes Mr. Grantley Berkeley as a man who, having insulted a lady, will allow her to ring him out; but, if a gentleman is present, will submit to the indignity of being kicked out. This language is too plain to be mistaken,—it is an advance in the course of calumny. But, gentlemen, we have not done yet. There are different descriptions of cowards. It was not sufficient for the libeller to have stigmatised Mr. Grantley Berkeley as a coward; no, he must make him the most base and degraded of cowards. This he does in adverting to the dedication of the work to the Countess of Euston, the cousin of the defendant; a lady against whom calumny itself never whispered the slightest reproach; and who, perhaps, for that reason, as well as on account of her relationship to Mr. Grantley Berkeley, was the most fit person he could select as the patroness of his work. The dedication is a short one. Mr. Grantley Berkeley says:—

"In the dedication of these volumes, the Author has the deepest gratification, not from any idea of their value, for of that he is diffident, but merely in the opportunity of proving his feelings for one whom he hath ever regarded with affection.

"As they are the first from his hand of this particular description which have sought the public praise, so has he naturally the greater anxiety for their success; and though, at some future time, he may produce a book more worthy of acceptance, still, he never can one in the fate of which he will be so thoroughly interested."

Now, gentlemen, is there any thing improper, forward, or presuming, in this language? Is there any thing, in short, in this dedication, which will in the slightest degree justify the observations made by this calumniator, this deliberate, malignant, calumniator, of Mr. Grantley Berkeley? He says:

"The horridly vulgar and ungrammatical writing of this dedication is of no consequence"—nor is it of any consequence—"it is just as good as the rest of the book. But does the man, in writing to the Countess of Euston, that she is one 'whom he hath (*hath!*) ever regarded with affection,' mean to insinuate that he was ever placed in a position to be able to use, without impertinence, the following quotations from his work"—and here, gentlemen, we have two or three phrases culled from different portions of the three volumes of a work describing the manners of the fifteenth century, and placed close to the dedication, in such a manner as to lead a hasty reader to believe that they are the expressions of Mr. Grantley Berkeley himself, instead of being those of the hero of the tale—"that his 'undisguised friendship trembled on the verge of love,' and that 'taking advantage of certain situations is not in human nature to forego.'" Then what does the reviewer go on to say: "It is a downright affront! They call Lord Euston the thin piece of parliament—could he not borrow a horsewhip? We assure him he might exercise it with perfect security."

Now, gentlemen, what is the situation in which we stand? Here is a man who stigmatises the defendant as the most degraded of cowards, as a person who would not put forward his *gigantic strength* against the most diminutive person in existence, to whom is recommended the use of the horsewhip, with an assurance that he may use it with the most perfect impunity; and here is the same person who recommended the use of a horsewhip to another upon that very person against whom he now brings this action, coming forward to complain that he has used a horsewhip upon himself. Was there ever a more impudent attempt made in a court of justice? Such an appeal as this to Lord Euston might have been attended with the most serious consequences; it might have induced him to believe that some such stigma attached to him as that insinuated by the writer, the scurrilous critic; and, although he might not have used the horsewhip, yet there are other modes of revenge he might have adopted, which, perhaps, were in the contemplation of the plaintiff, or of the hired writer, if there be any such, of the article in question. And now, after insult upon insult, and calumny upon calumny, has been heaped upon Mr. Berkeley, the whole concluding with a recommendation to another to horsewhip him, the individual who does it has the impudence to present himself before a jury of his country, to engage the powerful ta-

lents and eloquence of my learned friend on his side, and, by concealing facts which ought to be known, endeavours to prevail upon you to give him a most extraordinary and exemplary compensation in damages for the injury he has received. The review, gentlemen, closes with a paragraph which commences thus:—

“In the midst of all this looseness and dirt we have great outbursts of piety, in a style of the most impassioned cant: coupling this with the general tendency of the book, we are irresistibly reminded of Foote's *Mother Cole*. Perhaps, Mr. Grantley Berkeley derives his representation as well as his birth from another Mrs. Cole.”

An allusion again directed against Lady Berkeley.

“At all events, this book puts an end to his puppy appearance any longer in literature, as the next dissolution will put an end to his nonsensical appearance in parliament.”

This he does not care about one farthing.

“*Berkeley Castle* in conception is the most impertinent, as in execution it is about the stupidest, it has ever been our misfortune to read.”

If there had been nothing in the article but this, strong as it is, and illiberal as it may be, Mr. Grantley Berkeley would have no right to complain. Severe, cutting, and ridiculous observations on his work and its tendency he exposes himself to, when he engages in what will turn out to be the awful trade of authorship, if such articles as these are to be written and encouraged. But the article closes thus:—

“It”—the novel—“is also quite decisive of the character of the author as a gentleman;” which does not mean that he is a gentleman; it means that it decides his character, that he is not a gentleman,* or that he is only one of those club-haunting gentlemen he describes in a previous part of the article. Gentlemen, it happens curiously enough that, in casting my eye upon another page of this same Magazine, I find an allusion made to some violence which was offered to a manager by a celebrated tragedian, under circumstances of provocation not half so great as those which gave rise to the present action. Speaking of this, either Mr. Fraser or some one else has thus written: “But Mr. Bunn forgot that there are cases of aggravated wrong against which the moral rises as well as the natural man, and both alarmed into a storm of indignation translate the very reason itself into an element of feeling, and, in the prosecution of a righteous anger, become thoroughly possessed and

o'erinformed with phantasy, in which all choice and will are absorbed in one mighty resentment, and the sense of an intolerable yoke which must be thrown off. The effects of this Mr. Bunn was made to feel; and though, on reflection, Mr. Macready was annoyed at having been deprived of self-mastery, the result has produced an influence on the fortunes of the drama which may yet continue a salutary operation.” Now, gentlemen, permit me to say that, although upon reflection Mr. Grantley Berkeley may be annoyed at having been deprived of self-mastery, I trust that the result will produce an influence on the fortunes of the press which will yet continue in salutary operation; because, although it does not in the slightest degree become the humblest minister in the temple of justice to countenance or counsel personal violence, yet I cannot help remarking, and I am sure the observations will receive your sanction, that, if the dread of salutary and immediate personal chastisement hung over the heads of some of the licensed libellers of the press, we should have less scurrility, and a more guarded and cautious attention to what is due to the rights of private individuals; because such persons care but little for the tardy though certain vengeance of the law. What compensation is it to a person who has been assailed by one of these in a most foul and calumnious manner, to be told, in the midst of his irritation,—tranquillise your agitated mind; wait till the day of trial, the law will interpose for you; the damages it will give you will gild the injuries you have received; they will all be forgotten in the glare and glitter of the gold which covers them. Gentlemen, these persons know well that those whom they have libelled, whose personal character and domestic ties they have held up to public ridicule, frequently shrink from the idea of prolonging public discussion upon such matters; and that, therefore, they do not drag the libeller from that concealment in which he shrouds himself, and make him answerable in a court of justice for the injuries he has inflicted upon them. Trusting, therefore, to this, and to the thousand other chances of protection which surround them, they proceed with impunity; but was there the terror of immediate resentment flashing upon them to punish them for the foul calumnies they utter, how many of the disgusting libels which every day issue from the press would never see the light. I do not countenance violence; it is my duty to say that the law forbids it; but the law is lenient as well as strong, and when it sees that a man has been over-mastered

by a mighty provocation, and roused to give vent to his indignation upon the person who has injured him,—when that person makes his complaint the law looks at the situation in which the offender was placed, it makes some allowance for the infirmity of human nature, to which we are all so prone, which hurries us on to the commission of those excesses we afterwards regret; and when the man who calls himself the injured party comes before it, it asks him whether he has not brought upon himself the injury of which he comes into a court of justice to complain. Gentlemen, you have now before you for the first time the circumstances under which this violence has been committed. I admit that the assault was a serious one; I admit that it was severe; that the consequences to Mr. Fraser were considerable I have no doubt, although my learned friend has withheld from us the means of ascertaining the extent of them; I admit that Mr. Fraser received a severe and summary chastisement, the consequences of which were apparent upon his body for six weeks, stamping him as a punished libeller; and I appeal to you, when he appears before you with these marks, described but not proved by my learned friend,—I appeal to you, as a jury of gentlemen, what verdict the party who chooses to appear before you with this stamp upon him is entitled to receive at your hands. My learned friend has told you that this libel is the subject of another action; “You yourselves,” says he, “have heard the crier of the court order the gentlemen of the jury in the cause of Berkeley v. Fraser not to leave the court.” Was there ever any thing so irregular in the world as the conduct of my learned friend, in alluding to that cause, and stating the circumstances of it? How could you possibly tell, when you heard the order of the crier, what this action was about? How was it possible you should know it was an action for this very libel? As my learned friend has introduced this matter, however, I trust you will permit me to explain to you the situation in which the parties stand. My learned friend has supposed, I should observe, that the proper course of proceeding for Mr. Fraser to have adopted would have been by indictment; but I hardly knew myself what opinion to form upon the subject until I heard his observations. I never intended to say that Mr. Fraser had mistaken his remedy. I thank him for the course he has taken; I would rather see him in a civil court asking for damages. But if he had adopted the other course; if Mr. Grantley Berkeley had stood at the bar, there would have

been the injury done to the public, with which Mr. Fraser would have nothing to do; and there would have been the injury inflicted by Mr. Fraser to be taken into consideration in mitigation of punishment. The law is always lenient to persons who have acted under great provocation. Mr. Fraser would have stood there as a person who had broken the law; the law says a libel is a criminal act, because it has a tendency to lead to a breach of the peace; it punishes it, because it leads to the commission of such offences as those of which Mr. Fraser comes here this day to complain. I am glad he has sought reparation at your hands for the injury he has received; I would rather meet him upon this ground than upon the other, because you can estimate the extent of the mischief he has done by the conduct of Mr. Grantley Berkeley. Gentlemen, it is true we have brought our action; we could have been contented to have left the account as it stood before this action was commenced. There was on the one hand a gross and scandalous libel, there was on the other a severe and summary punishment; there was a settlement between the parties, the accounts were adjusted. There they stood, no balance, errors excepted; and in this state Mr. Grantley Berkeley would have been contented to have left them; but when Mr. Fraser thought proper to open a new account in the jury books, when he entered in them a debt against Mr. Grantley Berkeley for an assault, my client thought it but right to make an entry on the credit side, for the malignant calumny of the plaintiff.

Lord Abinger.—The accounts ought to be taken by the same accountants.

Mr. Thesiger.—I entirely acquiesce in your Lordship's view of the matter, and I much wish that the two actions could be consolidated, and that the present jury had to take the scales in their hands, to put the libel in one and the assault in the other, and ascertain whether a farthing would turn them; but the rules of law will not permit this course to be pursued, and we are compelled to put the question before you denuded of any such a power of settlement. Gentlemen, it will be for you to estimate the damages which are due, and I am sure I can with the most entire confidence leave the matter in your hands, notwithstanding the disadvantage I labour under from the reply of my learned friend, who will, no doubt, endeavour to fix your attention upon the serious injury done to Mr. Fraser, and divert it from the circumstances which led to the assault. Let me add, that it is impossible for a party acting under

the irritated feelings which are excited by a provocation of this kind to proportion his resentment to the wrong he has received. Violence operating upon our nature provokes to more violence, and a party is thus carried beyond his intentions; but who can answer for it if the measure happens to be overfilled. Let us ask, Who produced the original source of the evil? The answer is, the plaintiff did; and, therefore, if stripes are administered, he has no right to increase his complaint, on the ground that they were not administered in a part in which it was the most agreeable to him to receive them: there would be no pleasing him, strike him where we might. When a person has brought punishment upon himself, it is impossible to satisfy him in the mode of inflicting it; and we must also look to the other side of the account. Here we have Mr. Grantley Berkeley stigmatised as a liar, a pimp, a scoundrel, a detractor from female virtue, and a coward. We have the character of his mother wantonly assailed, and the use of the horsewhip strongly recommended upon himself. This is what we have to consider on the one hand, and on the other the infliction of a severe and summary chastisement. This is the account you will have to balance, and it will be for you, under all the circumstances, to say what damages ought to be awarded. When my learned friend tells you that this is an important case to Mr. Fraser, and to all those who may be similarly situated; and that unless he finds redress from the laws of his country, when any personal violence is offered, they will be compelled to resort to personal violence in return. Let me observe that this is also an important case to my client, and all those who like him may be hereafter attacked by libellers of this description; because, if the provocations they receive are not considered by juries, and in addition to them, they are made to pay heavy pecuniary damages, we shall be deluged with the scurrility of persons who will pour it forth with impunity, careless of all consequences, in the belief that they are upheld by the verdict of a jury.

Mr. Charles Findlay Cundy, examined by Mr. Crowder.

I believe you are clerk to the solicitors, Messrs. Clarke?—Yes.

Were you desired to purchase this Magazine in Mr. Fraser's shop?—Yes.

When?—On the 4th of August.

Did you go to his shop?—Yes.

Did you see any person in the shop?—Yes; a man, serving.

Did you know him?—No.

Did you ask for the last Number of *Fraser's Magazine*?—Yes.

Did he give it you, and is that the Number?—Yes.

By Mr. Erle.—The Messrs. Clarke, I believe, are attorneys for the Messrs. Berkeley in both cases, are they not?—Yes.

Were you sent to purchase that Magazine after they were retained by the defendants?—It was on the 4th of August.

Had you heard of the attack made by Mr. Berkeley then?—I had.

Had Mr. Berkeley then been to Mr. Clarke's office?—Not to my knowledge.

By Lord Abinger.—You were sent to the bookseller on the 4th of August?—Yes.

Mr. Erle.—The Number was published after the assault was committed.

Mr. Kelly.—I submit to your lordship that this cannot be received as evidence against Mr. Fraser. They now propose to prove, in justification of the assault, a book which was evidently published after the assault was committed. I apprehend it to be clear, that an act done after the assault cannot be given in evidence as a provocation of the assault.

Lord Abinger.—I entirely agree with you there.

Mr. Kelly.—My lord, no doubt it is a proof that the book was in existence at the shop; but it is no proof of the publication prior to the assault.

Lord Abinger.—We are not trying the question of the libel. We are trying whether there was any ground, lawful or unlawful, reasonable or unreasonable, for the assault. This can only be done by shewing that the defendant was there, and that he stated the libel upon his mother was the cause of his doing so; and as this evidence relates to the publication of that libel, I think it is admissible.

Mr. James Moyes, examined by Mr. Thessiger.

I believe you are the printer of *Fraser's Magazine*?—I am.

Is it published by Mr. Fraser?—Yes.

Will you be good enough to look at that book, and tell me when the month's Magazine is usually published? Is it on the first day of every month?—Frequently on the last day of the former month.

Do you recollect when that was published?—No, I have nothing to do with the publication.

When did you deliver it ready for publication?—It would be on the last day of July, or the day before.

Are you constantly in communication with Mr. Fraser while you are preparing for the press?—Yes.

He takes an active part in the management of the work?—Yes, he does.

By Lord Abinger.—Was that copy printed by you?—Yes.

Would it, in the course of business, be published on the 1st of August?—Either on that day, or on the last of the preceding month.

The book was then put in, and the following passages read at the request of Mr. Thessiger :

"Here is *Berkeley Castle* lying on the table before us. In the first place, what awfully bad taste it is in Mr. Grantley Berkeley to write a book with such a title. What would be thought of Lord Prudhoe, if he were to sit down and give us a book upon Alnwick? We should say it was very absurd indeed. And yet there is no blot on the scutcheon of the Percys, and their family played a most distinguished part in all the transactions of war and peace throughout England, 'since Norman William came.' We should think, nevertheless, that Lord Prudhoe might have left the narrative to somebody else. But, in the present case, how absolutely disgusting is the conduct of Mr. Grantley Berkeley. He should have been among the last people in the world to call public attention to the history of his house. Why, may we ask him, is his eldest brother pitchforked into the House of Lords by the title of Lord Segrave? Why does not he sit there as Earl of Berkeley? We are far from being desirous to insult, as the paltry author of this book does, the character of woman; but when matters are recorded in solemn judgments, there can be no indelicacy in stating that Mr. Grantley Berkeley's mother lived with Mr. Grantley Berkeley's father as his mistress, and that she had at least one child before she could induce the old and very stupid lord to marry her. All this is set down in the journals of the House of Lords. Why, then, under such circumstances, bore us with long panegyrics upon the purity, antiquity, and nobility of the Berkeley blood? Why torment us with a book vilely written, without any other end, object, or aim, but to prove that the Lord of Berkeley was a great man once upon a time; and that if there was a Lord of Berkeley now who could prove that he was legitimate, he would be a great man again. If the author were a man of the slightest spirit, of the smallest approach to the character of a *true*—mind, not of a *club*—gentleman, he would have absolutely shuddered at writing the following sentence: 'It was believed (though he never avowed it) that he had held a command in the regiment raised by my grandfather in forty-five.'

"Of the Berkeley family, in general,

it may be said, that not one of them was in the slightest degree distinguished. They cannot, indeed, date from the flood, and their most antique title is somewhat blemished by the addition of 'Fitz;' but their blood has crept through the channels mentioned by Pope as long as they are known. We shall not go further than this very stupid book before us. We shall not unravel the documents which its learned author says are preserved '*apud Castro de Berkeley.*' [The *Latin* schoolmaster, at least, is not abroad.] We take the goods the donkey provides us. He fixes his tale in the days of the wars of the Roses; and in that war, when all the honourable or the hot blood of England was up—when the flowers in the Temple gardens set every bosom that had courage or noble bearing within its keeping in a flame—in those days the Berkeleys were distinguished only for carrying on a lawsuit among themselves; and skulking, like cowards, from the field, to appear as beggars before whatever faction ruled the court. They were 'beating smooth the pavements between Temple Bar and Westminster Hall' while York and Lancaster fought for the throne of England; and here we have a descendant of theirs writing a book about the days of those spirit-stirring and gallant wars, in which he describes the great men of his lineage lying quiet in their halls, locked up for fear of bailiffs—a dread which, we rather imagine, has extended to some of their posterity—and actually has the impudence to put into the mouth of such a skulking laggard as the last Lord Berkeley of his line, some impertinent observations upon the king-maker, which 'renowned Warwick' would have most liberally recompensed by a kick. In fact, we do not recollect any thing in our history about the Berkeleys, except that one of them was considered the proper jailor for Edward II.; and that another, if Horace Walpole is to be credited, proposed to George I. to kidnap his son, when Prince of Wales. Of honourable actions, we do not at the present writing remember any thing."

Mr. Erle.—My learned friend, I presume, will now put in the book, to shew that this was an unjust criticism.

Lord Abinger.—You are at liberty, of course, to read the whole of what Mr. Fraser published, if you think you can shew that the provocation stated was not the real provocation.

Mr. Erle.—As we are at present confined to this article, there are some other parts I should wish to have read.

The following passages were then read at the request of Mr. Erle :

"As for the book, it is trash. There

is not the shadow of a story in it. We defy Grantley Berkeley himself to make out the skeleton of the tale so as to occupy twenty of our lines. He has no knowledge, either literary or antiquarian. For example, he calls Drayton, twice, Michael Draydon (vol. i. pp. 30, 31); he makes a groom read our authorised translation of the Bible in 1468 (vol. ii. p. 172), before printing had reached England, and when not one man in a hundred, out of the learned professions, could read at all, and when any Bible but the Vulgate (and that hard to be pronounced) was a sealed book."

"But it is idle to break such a cockroach as this upon the wheel. In every thing the novel is stupid, ignorant, vulgar, and contemptible; and will be forgotten, before our pages appear, by that fragment of the reading public by which it was ever known."

"All the women in this dull book are more or less tainted. It looks to be the production of a man who has never kept company, at least habitually, with ladies of soul. Take the following passage:—

"Though by disposition easily accessible to the charms of beauty, and to a great degree imbued with a romantic nature, still I never sought her confidence purposely for a mere personal gratification, or to gain an ascendancy over the mind, in order that I might then control and direct her actions. No, it was not this desire that instigated me; but there was a something so refined in the female idea; so vividly brilliant in the situations in which man may be placed in the society of woman; and so much delightful danger, if it may be thus called, in the mutual confidence of the young and ardent of opposite sexes, whose undisguised friendship ever trembles on the verge of love, which, after all, is but another name; that, time after time, I have found myself, and often almost involuntarily, attracted to explore the mind, and elicit the jewel from each fair casket which chance has thrown in my way. That I have been deceived in many instances, and that some few of my experiments have brought me into situations, the taking advantage of which it was not in human nature to forego, matters not now."

Mr. Thessiger.—That is the case on the part of the defendants.

Mr. Erle.—My lord, I submit that my learned friend should now put in the book called *Berkeley Castle*. If he does not, I will, in order to point out those passages which we think justify the criticism.

Lord Abinger.—In that case, he could oblige you to read the whole of it.

Mr. Erle.—The book may appear to be of so licentious a character, that it would justify the reviewer in the use of the word "bestiality."

Lord Abinger.—You will have an opportunity of stating to the jury that the book merits more severity than even the plaintiff bestowed upon it.

Mr. Erle.—Your lordship will see the point I put. It is necessary to have the book, in order to guide the discussion to those very points to which the criticisms are most relevant. Suppose it should appear from the book, that the object of Mr. Grantley Berkeley was to establish the purity, antiquity, and nobility of the Berkeley blood, I should then urge that the reviewer was justified in advertg to that fact, and in shewing from matters of history that the boast was not founded in truth, and that, if the whole of the truth were laid before the public, they would entertain that opinion.

Lord Abinger.—Suppose you were permitted to go into a justification of the libel, and shew that it was founded upon fact, how would that alter the case? The offence would be equally great, because it is held by the law that the truth is as much a libel as that which is not true. Therefore, if you could in this manner justify the publication, you would not alter the character of the provocation.

Mr. Erle.—It never can be taken to cut down the plaintiff's right to damages, that he has done an act which the law permits to be done. If the act is one which is not of that character, my learned friend has a right to shew it. He takes it as an unprovoked attack on the character of the defendants; I, on the other hand, maintain that it is a just criticism: and, if we are to take both sides into the account, I am anxious that the whole of the facts should be before us.

Lord Abinger.—I cannot receive evidence in justification of the libel.

Mr. Erle.—I tender it most earnestly and sincerely, believing it to be necessary in justice to my client's case. Your lordship sees that the course pursued by my learned friend does in effect consolidate the two actions.

Lord Abinger.—It might be proper, if you both consented, that the same jury should try the two actions.

Mr. Erle.—Perhaps, if I were permitted to follow this course, the claim to damages in the next action would be taken away.

Lord Abinger.—I am at a loss to know what can be the object of your observation, because you will be at liberty to assume any thing.

Mr. Erle.—My lord, if I understand

that I am at liberty to quote passages from the book, I am ready to go on.

Lord Abinger.—I thought your object was to shew that the cause of the offence was an attack on the book itself.

Mr. Erle.—That is one point, my lord; but another and more important one is, that the observations, which may now appear to your lordship's mind to be rather beside criticism, and an attack upon the author himself, are really fair and just remarks, founded upon the book itself.

Lord Abinger.—You have a right to suppose such a case, and suggest it to the jury, as part of your speech. You can argue that the remarks may be proper criticism.

Mr. ERLE.—May it please your lordship, gentlemen of the jury, I rise to address you for the second time, under a feeling of considerable embarrassment; because, sincerely entertaining the opinion that, when two parties before you have separate claims upon each other, for which actions are still pending, the interests of justice would be best consulted by deciding each of those causes upon their own peculiar merits. I could not but regret the decision of his lordship, by which we are now compelled to depart from that course. By this decision, it will be incumbent upon me now to lead you for a few moments from the consideration of the injuries which have been sustained by my client, Mr. Fraser, to those alleged by my learned friend to have been received by Mr. Grantley Berkeley through the article in the Magazine, which has just been introduced to your notice. My learned friend and myself are agreed upon the principle of law, that when a man presents himself before the public as an author he makes himself public property; and it cannot be doubted that the deepest interest must be ever felt in the rights of criticism to shew up that which is deficient in taste, licentious in morality, or arrogant in assumption. It has been clearly established as a point of law, from the time of Lord Ellenborough, that if a work purporting to be a review contains only such remarks as are fairly and *bonâ fide* founded upon the work reviewed, the writer is justified in laying his

opinions before the public,—is at liberty to make whatever criticism he pleases, couched in terms of ridicule however pungent, or in censure however severe; and I am ready to admit that the ridicule bestowed upon Mr. Grantley Berkeley's work has been in some measure pungent, and the censures severe. My learned friend, however, lays no stress on that part of the case, but confines himself to two particular parts of the review, which he asks you to consider as a justification of the measure adopted by Mr. Grantley Berkeley, and as depriving Mr. Fraser of his claim to compensation for the injury he has received, on the ground that there is nothing in the novel which can justify any such remarks. My learned friend complains that the reviewer points out to the world Lord Segrave as sitting in the House of Lords by another title than that of Earl of Berkeley, and will not admit that the public decision of that house relating to the time at which the marriage of the late Earl of Berkeley took place has any thing to do with the work of Mr. Grantley Berkeley; but upon this point my learned friend and myself are directly at issue. The novel, as we find it stated upon the very face of the review, is entitled *Berkeley Castle*; and Mr. Grantley Berkeley does take occasion, in the language of the reviewer to "bore us with long panegyrics upon the purity, antiquity, and nobility of the Berkeley blood." This being the case, I take it that the reviewer has an undoubted right to advert, not to matters known only within the privacy of the domestic circle, not to drag forth to public view a lady whose name has been hitherto unknown beyond the limits of her own house, or of the village in which she dwells, and who never thought of obtruding herself upon the notice of the world; but when such claims are made to pre-eminent respect and superior nobility, there can surely be no impropriety, on reviewing the work in which these claims are set forth, to state that, in the year 1796, and again in the year 1811, the house of lords were engaged

in a public inquiry with respect to that same family, the results of which are not only recorded in the journals of that house, but are referred to in almost every law-book of the day. The case of the Berkeley peerage being thus generally known, is a reviewer bound to be silent when he hears such claims to pre-eminence asserted by any one member of that family? Is he not, on the contrary, justified in referring to these facts as well as to matters of history, to point out that Edward II. was murdered at Berkeley Castle, or that one of the line—"if Horace Walpole is to be credited—proposed to George I. to kidnap his son, when Prince of Wales." These events are not now any more matters of history than the circumstances connected with the title of Lord Segrave; they are to be found in all the peerage books; and there is not a man conversant in matters connected with the peerage of the country who is not well acquainted with the facts of the case. What right, then, has Mr. Grantley Berkeley to come forward and boast of the pre-eminent claims of his family to nobility, in a book bearing, as his does, the title of *Berkeley Castle*? I should have no cause to complain of him, if he had chosen to write a mere work of imagination, calling his castle by any fictitious name he pleased; but when he writes a biography, when he raises a pedestal of fame for himself, and, standing upon it proclaims to the world, "I am of the Berkeley blood, and the Berkeley blood is of the highest, the noblest, and the purest in the land," surely the reviewer will not be blamed if he says to him, "Pause, sir; there are one or two facts relating to your mother which are just as notorious as any thing else which passes in the House of Lords;" and if this is considered to be any improper imputation upon Lady Berkeley, she has her right of action for it. But the present defendant, Mr. Grantley Berkeley, only pretends to complain of the provocation he has himself received, because the reviewer says to him, "You who claim for yourself

such great respect, and such high privileges, on account of the pre-eminence of your house and blood, remember, that your house and your blood are open to some observations of which it is right the public should be reminded. When those who are not without flaws make such a boast of their fame, it is but due to the pure and unsullied to point out the stain which attaches to them." I am quite at a loss to know how the reviewer can be charged with bringing forward scandal relating to a lady of private family, when he points to matters which are as familiar to the public as the historical facts on record with regard to some others of our nobility upon whose family comments are constantly made. There are some, for instance, whose history is intimately connected with the reign of Charles II. There are historical facts relating to the Duchess of Portsmouth, and other ladies of that time. We are in the habit of looking upon these families as among the most distinguished of our nobility; but, surely, if any question were to be raised as to the pre-eminence of any one of them, it would be no violation of decorum to state that their family originated in the time of Charles II., and that their mothers were so, or so. Then, gentlemen, if Mr. Grantley Berkeley comes forward as the author of a book in which he does assert a claim to the pre-eminence of his family, what greater violation of decorum can it possibly be on the part of the reviewer to point out those facts relating to the subject which are as well known, and as much matters of history, as any to which I have alluded? Allow me, gentlemen, to put another case to you. Had the novel been put in as evidence, I should have liked to have pointed out those passages to you in detail of which I am now obliged to speak only as a matter of supposition. Suppose, then, that the book carries the notion of the superiority due to the Berkeley blood so far as to entitle the noble descendants of that race to superior privileges in their advances towards the beautiful heroines whom the author

chooses to introduce upon the stage? Suppose that, in the exercise of these privileges, one mercantile man has the honour of having his wife seduced from him, and another that of having his brains beaten out, because his claim was preferred to that of the owner of Berkeley Castle? Suppose the author to assume that such a privilege as this belongs to this antique and noble blood,—will you blame the reviewer for shewing that this blood is not quite so pre-eminent; that, whatever may be Mr. Grantley Berkeley's pride of birth, if he goes back to the time of the wars between the two houses of York and Lancaster, he will find that his family were only distinguished for carrying on a lawsuit between themselves; that if, as he represents, the mercantile men are merely fit to be trampled upon,—that one is to have his wife seduced from him, and to die of a broken heart,—and that another is to have his brains beaten out at the altar, for daring to marry a woman for whom a Berkeley had contracted an affection; if all this is to be conceded to the nobility of the Berkeley blood, shall not the reviewer be permitted to shew that the claim is greater than the annals of the family will warrant; if the feudal pride of the family is to be maintained, while people engaged in mercantile pursuits are to be looked upon as stained by their honest avocations, but the inheritors of Berkeley Castle are to have the affections of every one that is worthy of affection,—may he not say to the man who asserts such a claim, there is a certain matter on record in the journals of the House of Lords regarding your mother, and her progenitor was a man who himself obtained his livelihood by the pursuits of honest industry?

I pray of you, gentlemen, in estimating the plaintiff's claim to consideration, that you will not look upon this article in the light of one of those scurrilous and unprovoked attacks which are issued in the papers of the day against parties who have neither courted publicity nor popularity; it is no such thing. The article is a review of the

work of a man who, according to my learned friend's own admission, has made himself public property. Now the sentiments of an author are often so embodied in his work, that it is hardly possible to read it without in some degree reading his own character in it. If, then, we find an author claiming to himself great superiority in any respect, it surely becomes proper that he should be met by his reviewer fairly and sincerely upon the ground of merit. there can be no impropriety in his saying to the public, When you read the author's panegyric of himself, take into consideration at the same time the facts which I have to state to you on the other side of the question. If an author writes himself up as of the highest blood, it is natural enough that a reviewer should put him in contrast with those who have signalised themselves either as warriors or statesmen; he would turn to the names of Marlborough or of Wellington. But what do I say? Such names are immortal. The contrast would be strong, indeed. But take the remark as far as it goes, and apply it to the Berkeley family. I take the passage marked in the review as a quotation from the book. The reviewer, alluding to the time when the noble blood of England was engaged in the wars between the houses of York and Lancaster, says that the family of the Berkeleys were—and here he quotes the book itself—"beaten smooth the pavements between Temple Barre and Westminster Hall." The author is here speaking of the famous Berkeley lawsuit, which lasted 192 years, during which time, to use his own language, the family of the author were engaged, not in the spirit-stirring deeds of the times, but in "beaten smooth the pavements between Temple Barre and Westminster Hall." This being the case, why is not a reviewer to contrast this conduct of the Berkeleys with the conduct of other men of noble name, whose deeds will be deservedly handed down to the latest posterity?

Gentlemen, I am now taking the in-

terest of Mr. Fraser as embodied with the rights of the reviewer, and these are rights of the greatest possible importance; but I am advocating them under the utmost disadvantage; because my learned friend, under the direction of the learned judge, puts in a criticism upon a book of which criticism the author complains; while we are not allowed to go into the evidence of the book itself for our justification. But, simply because the criticism is on the face of it pungent and severe, you are to take that criticism, according to the statement of my learned friend, as a grievous provocation of the defendant, and almost as a sufficient justification of the assault. But what has the writer of the article done in this case? He has looked upon the work as containing the sentiments of the writer himself, which we commonly do; in proof of which I will not take the names of living authors; but let us refer to those who are dead. Who is there that has not read the works of Lord Byron, published under the titles of *Childe Harold* or of the *Giaour*; and who ever complained of the critic for attaching to the author himself the sentiments which he puts into the mouths of the heroes of those works? And yet this has been done over and over again. Now, gentlemen, if Mr. Grantley Berkeley has made himself public property by his authorship of this book; and if the reviewer has the right which I contend he has; if the author has assumed to himself very high grounds of merit which the reviewer has thought it to be his duty to take down; if, in doing so, the remarks he has made are true in point of fact, which the proceedings before the House of Lords, and the circumstance that the family title is still in abeyance, prove that they are,—I should like to know why the public are not to have these comments made upon such a work as *Berkeley Castle*, without their being used in a manner to which I shall presently have occasion more particularly to advert.

Gentlemen, I now quit for a time the topic of the Berkeley family, and come

to that part of the criticism which relates to the licentiousness of the novel, *Berkeley Castle*. Speaking on this part of the subject, the reviewer says:—

“One thing, however, we must make a few remarks upon. The pseudo-aristocratical impertinence which makes the author take it for granted that his hero should resign the pledged mistress of his soul, because his superior fell in love with her, we may pass by with nothing more than the contemptuous remark, that it must lead to the conclusion, that the man who formed such a conception would be ready to do so himself, and to fetch and carry letters, frame associations, lie and pimp, under any circumstances, with as much alacrity as the cherished model of his brain—if one by whom he could make any thing—commanded it. What Herbert Reardon, described as being deeply in love with Isabel Mead, did in furthering, in the manner of Sir Pandarus of Troy, the passion of Sir Maurice for the aforesaid Isabel, we have no doubt that Mr. Grantley Berkeley knows, or supposes that he knows, a person who would do. All the women in this dull book are more or less tainted. It looks to be the production of a man who has never kept company, at least habitually, with ladies of soul.”

Now, gentlemen, assuming that I am solely speaking from my knowledge of the book, without the slightest acquaintance with other matters relating to Mr. Grantley Berkeley, I would beg your particular attention for a moment to its contents; and if they are such as I describe them, I would put it to you, whether the indignant writer of the review is not a man to whom every father, every brother, every relative of any of the female sex ought to feel himself indebted, for endeavouring to shield the minds of the ladies of England from the contamination of such bestiality as it contains. Suppose, then, that the book describes Herbert Reardon as accidentally meeting with one Julia Talbot, in the streets of Bristol; that he makes a casual acquaintance with her in his walk; that it is agreed between them he shall make a visit to her in female attire; and that this is followed up by a detailed description of his courtship, in the course of which this passage occurs, which calls

forth so strongly the indignation of the reviewer ; and, then, mark, gentlemen, whether it is not a passage in which the person speaking boasts of his habitual success in gaining the intimacy of the ladies he meets with, and of afterwards taking advantage of the confidence which they repose in him. Gentlemen, here is the passage :—

“ Though by disposition easily accessible to the charms of beauty, and to a great degree imbued with a romantic nature, still I never sought her confidence purposely for a mere personal gratification, or to gain an ascendancy over the mind, in order that I might then control and direct her actions. No, it was not this desire that instigated me ; but there was a something so refined in the female idea ; so vividly brilliant in the situations in which man may be placed in the society of woman ; and so much delightful danger, if it may be thus called, in the mutual confidence of the young and ardent of opposite sexes, whose undisguised friendship ever trembles on the verge of love, which, after all, is but another name ; that, time after time, I have found myself, and often almost involuntarily, attracted to explore the mind, and elicit the jewel from each fair casket which chance has thrown in my way.”

Now, is not the fair meaning of this passage, that the hero of the tale takes a delight in gaining the confidence of the ladies who cross his path ? Whether the words “ elicit the jewel from each fair casket ” mean the depriving of these ladies of their virtue, or not, it is not necessary for me to say, because the concluding words make the matter clear.

“ That I have been deceived in many instances, and that some few of my experiments have brought me into situations the taking advantage of which it was not in human nature to forego, matters not now.”

I take it for granted you will admit this passage shews it to be unequivocally clear that the hero of the piece is boasting of his success in that respect ; and if there were still any doubt remaining upon your minds of this fact, would it not be completely removed when you found, in following up the tale, that this Julia Talbot, being afterwards married to Mr. Camelford, dislikes her husband,

is courted by Herbert Reardon ; the various steps of degradation, down to her final ruin, are detailed ; and she eventually dies of a broken heart. And this, gentlemen, is really one of the features in the novel which led to the criticism now before you.

Then, as to the bestialities contained in the book, it appears that Isabel, the grand heroine of the piece, has a waiting-maid, named Annette, of whom various matters are described ; among others, we find her suffering herself to be persuaded by a Mr. Hugh Mull to come to him after he is in bed ; and the groom, her sweetheart, suspecting what is about to take place, conceals himself under the bed, to watch the event, by which means he sees Annette enter the room, where she remains half an hour ; after which he sees her bowed out by Mr. Mull. The novel also contains some very “ dainty proverbs,” to two of which I beg to call your attention. The first is introduced thus :—

“ The father then asks, why he had not told this before about Annette ; and, to my amusement, Watts responded in a song,—

• “ Fees in simple, fees entail,
The best of fees—is a sweet female.”

The second is introduced by the same Watts, who, in addressing the father of Herbert Reardon, in the presence of his mother, says,—

“ Lord, zir, when a lad’s heart be touzled wi a wench, he can’t zay nothing agen her. There be thengs in this mortal world as volks—young Measter there—nor your worship, nor nobody else, as I knows on, no, nor a horse, if so be as he has any beans in him, can shy at. And as Mistress may like to hear what the old dainty proverb do say :

‘ The back of a herring, the poll of a tench,
The side of a salmon, and the—’ ”

Now, gentlemen, my learned friend says, that no more proper patroness could be selected than the lady, whose name, being above the reach of detraction, I will not profane by introducing into this public discussion, under whose auspices this account of Berkeley Castle was to be ushered into the world. Now,

I am not intending to justify every word the reviewer has uttered; but when we meet with such paragraphs as these, which tell us of Annette staying half an hour in the bed-room with Hugh Mull, while the groom, her lover, is lying concealed under the bed; coupled with such beautiful specimens as I have selected from the "dainty proverbs," to be met with "*apud Castro de Berkeley*," to use the author's own phrase, I think we may well agree with the writer of the article, when he says, "It is quite time that these bestialities towards the ladies of England should be flung forth from our literature;" and if, in a moment of indignation, he has used such a word as "bestiality," is there a man among you who would be disposed to weigh the severity of the term in the nicest scales? Would you like to have such sentiments instilled into the minds of your daughters? Would you have them read of a woman, walking in the streets of Bristol, met by a man from the neighbourhood of Berkeley Castle, of "*noble stature*" and "*engaging appearance*,"—that they "*exchanged looks*,"—that the lady's complexion became "*heightened*,"—that, following her to a retired spot, he says to her, "Is not this a fine prospect?"—that this should lead to an assignation in *female attire*, at night,—and that, in the end, the lady, who is described as one of the most attractive, lovely, and elegant of her sex, having married Mr. Camelford, the hero of the piece must pay him the compliment of staying at Bristol until her ruin is accomplished—her infamy being recorded, I presume, in the passage quoted by the reviewer—"That some few of my experiments have brought me into situations the taking advantage of which it was not in human nature to forego, matters not now?" The passages selected by the reviewer he believes to point to the experience of Mr. Grantley Berkeley in matters of this kind. I do not mean to assert that this is so; but I claim the right of the reviewer to form his opinion of the sentiments of the man from the tenor of

his works. If you read the works of Thomas Paine, you would not doubt that he was an infidel, and a notorious man; and it is in the same manner the reviewer forms his opinion of the writer of this book. And may my learned friend any right to assume that, coming from the pen of one in his elevated station in society, we have such a sufficient guarantee for the propriety of the work, that the severity of the criticism alone is a justification of the assault? On the contrary, I maintain the right of the reviewer, believing, as he did, that the work was of a dangerous nature, and unfit for the table of the drawing-room, to point out the fact, for the warning of every father and brother, if they wished to keep from the hands of their daughters and sisters such a manual of the art of "jewel-stealing;" and to declare, as he has done, "It is quite time that these bestialities towards the ladies of England should be flung forth from our literature." And although I know that it would be in vain to endeavour to suppress the supply as long as there is a demand for any particular kind of work; yet, on the behalf of fair and just criticism, I say that, if the character of the work will bear him out in it, a reviewer has a right to say of such a work as this, that "it looks to be the production of a man who has never kept company, at least habitually, with ladies of soul." Gentlemen, my learned friend is somewhat angry at that part of the review which places his client in the situation of a go-between. "The man who formed such a conception," says the reviewer, "would be ready to do so himself, and to fetch and carry letters, frame associations, lie, and pimp, under any circumstances, as the cherished model of his brain." But let my learned friend turn to the book itself, and look at the character of Herbert Reardon, the cherished hero of the piece, and he will find him described as the avowed lover and admirer of Isabella Mead, who is introduced at Berkeley Castle on the occasion of her horse being killed at a stag-hunt; and, after this, how do we find Her-

bert Beardon employed? We see him throwing pebbles at her window, in the night, to deliver a message to her from Maurice Berkeley; he pinches her knee, at dinner, and puts into her hand a letter, written to her by Maurice Berkeley; and again he does the same to obtain her reply. Is this a mode of communication to be taught or encouraged by those who would bring up their families in quietness and respectability? And is it much to be wondered at that the reviewer should express himself in this manner, when a man, who is introduced as the lover of Isabel Mead, becomes all at once the messenger of Sir Maurice Berkeley, and solicits her on his behalf himself, having previously made her two offers of marriage; this hero being, at the same time, as the reviewer terms him, the "cherished model of the author's brain." Then, my learned friend objects to the writer's remarks on the dedication. But has he not proved himself worthy to be respected by the relations of that lady for the observations he has made? Do they not entitle him to their thanks and gratitude? Does he not echo the sentiments of every one of them when he says, "But does the man, in writing to the Countess of Euston, that she is one 'whom he hath ever regarded with affection,' mean to insinuate that she was ever placed in a position to be able to use, without the most absurd impertinence, the following quotations from his work: 'That his undisguised friendship trembled on the verge of love;' and that, 'taking advantage of certain situations is not in human nature to forego?'" Is this a lady who ought to be selected as the patroness of a work containing such sentiments? The reviewer felt that such a work ought not to have been dedicated to her, lest chance readers, believing the author to express his own sentiments, might be tempted to form an unfavourable opinion of her; he felt that she was contaminated by being placed in such society as that of Julia Carnelford, and of the waiting-maid, Annette; and in the warmth of his indignation he ex-

pressed himself accordingly. I think, gentlemen, after what I have stated, you will agree with me that I have a right to believe the remarks of the reviewer are founded upon passages he met with in the novel; and that, when you come to weigh in the scales of justice the rights of the respective parties, you will not fail to take that circumstance into your consideration. I have been forced to make these remarks, because my learned friend completely turned the tables upon me. I was desirous, in the first instance, to confine the proceedings to the assault itself: but my learned friend says, Let us go a stage further back—to the criticism; and let us strike a balance between the plaintiff and the defendant. When I saw this, I felt it to be necessary that we should go to the very origin of the matter—the book itself; but this was forbidden. My learned friend says, Oh, no! let us stop at the article in the Magazine; and let an impression be created in your minds that it contains an unprovoked attack upon the mother of Mr. Grantley Berkeley, and a recommendation to the husband of the lady to whom it is dedicated to use the horsewhip about himself. But, gentlemen, if the work is one of the nature I have described to you; if the reviewer has merely pointed out the licentiousness of its character, the badness of its taste; if he has taken down what he considered to be the arrogance of the author's assumption about the superior nobility of his family; if he has shewn the immoral tendency of the book, and its unfitness to be read by ladies; and all this has been done in the spirit of fair and just criticism; I trust that, having to decide upon the compensation which is due to Mr. Fraser, you will not take into consideration the grievance of which my learned friend complains, merely upon his own shewing; but will consider, from what I have stated, whether the article is any thing more than a fair and just criticism upon the book of the author.

Gentlemen, my client stands in a different position before you from the writer

of the review ; and let me ask, is there a man present, who, if he thought he had cause to complain of any particular publication as defamatory, would think of venting his anger upon the merely mechanical bookseller or printer ; I say mechanical, for the man who hands the magazine over the counter to the attorney's clerk who comes into the shop to buy it, is as mechanical in the part he performs, as the printer who sets up the type. Is there a man present, I ask, who would suffer his indignation to be so much excited, that without seeking to get at the author, if he considered that he intentionally detracted from his good name, without making the author of the insult, perhaps a man of his own rank in life, amenable to the laws of honour, and aiming at his life's-blood, if his indignation would carry him to such an extent ? Is there a man, I again repeat, who, without taking any means to discover the author, would go and half-murder a merely mechanical disseminator of the libel of which he complained ? but such is the course which was pursued by the defendant in this cause, and I challenge my learned friend to shew that Mr. Grantley Berkeley made any demand of the kind, and that Mr. Fraser refused to comply with it previous to the commencement of the assault ; I challenge him to produce any evidence of the sort. The author, says he, is the man I might wish to avenge myself upon, but yet the publisher has got his profit, he wounds my feelings, and triumphs upon my character merely for sordid gain, and if he shews himself, I will wreak my vengeance upon him first, and upon the author if I can find him afterwards ; but would Mr. Grantley Berkeley have met with any difficulty in discovering the author, is he a man like these hiring writers of whom my learned friend has spoken, who escape from responsibility by skulking out of sight ? is he not a man from whom Mr. Grantley Berkeley could have demanded satisfaction for his wounded feelings at any hour or moment he had pleased to ask for him ? there is no evidence to shew

the contrary ; and yet Mr. Grantley Berkeley has selected the publisher as his victim ! My learned friend says, that he has put himself forward as a gladiator to meet the judgment of the public. I thank him for the simile.

I now return to my original ground of complaint, and I ask damages of you for the violent injury which Mr. Fraser has received at his hands. I put it to you, whether, should you even think that the review was too severe—that the Berkeley blood is of the very highest order, and the reviewer had no right to advert to it, nor to assume that the hero of the piece speaks the sentiments of the author himself—even then, on the part of Mr. Fraser, I put it to your calm and deliberate judgment, whether Mr. Grantley Berkeley is justified on that ground for such an act of cruelty and intemperance against the publisher, when it cannot be proved that the author is a man who has eluded his search, or that he has even made any attempt to discover him ? Mr. Moyes, the printer, who has been called before you to-day, or any bookseller in the United Kingdom, if he sell a number of *Fraser's Magazine* to a customer, is just as liable to an action at law, to an indictment, and to all the remarks of my learned friend, as Mr. Fraser ; there can be no earthly doubt that they pursue their avocations for the purpose of gaining a livelihood, and despite the spirit in which the mercantile men of Bristol are treated in the novel, I see no reason why such persons are to be looked upon as lovers of sordid gain ; and as to their participation in the wrong, if any is inflicted by the contents of the books they sell, it is quite idle to suppose that they can be acquainted with those contents, although they are responsible for them. Mr. Longman may have ten thousand volumes in his shop, and not know the contents of one half of them. I hope that, on the behalf of Mr. Fraser, as well as on the behalf of that body of the community of which he is a respectable member, those I mean who are engaged in disseminating the literature of the country, I hope that on their behalf you

will this day make a stand ; I hope that, before you allow a man to make the mechanical disseminator of that which is offensive to him, answerable for it in his body, almost in his life, you will at least take care that he shall have first taken every possible step to get at the author of that with which he is offended. I hope that if he is unsuccessful in his gladiatorship with the public, if the reviewer deals severely with his favourite work, with his first-born child, if he happens to pronounce it to be trash, which certainly must be very painful to his feelings, you will not fail to consider, that Mr. Fraser, for aught we know, has not even read the offensive critique, that, although from Mr. Grantley Berkeley's rank in society, one can hardly suppose Mr. Fraser had not previously heard of him, yet that he may never even have seen him, and that by your verdict of this day you will teach him not to consider himself justified in wreaking his vengeance upon a comparatively innocent party. Will you hereafter have it affixed to your names, that by your verdict you considered it right Mr. Fraser should be offered up as a victim to the vengeance of the defendant, in order to wipe out the family record from the journals of the House of Lords ? Gentlemen, there is a marked distinction between the plaintiff and those members of the press upon whom my learned friend appears to think an infliction of summary chastisement might have so salutary an effect, between him and those who attack private character, merely for the acquisition of sordid gain, and who persevere in such a course of slander, that the object of it, his blood boiling over with honest indignation, might be determined to put a stop to it ; let the consequences be what they may, my client is the mere seller of the review, he has no previous intercourse with Mr. Grantley Berkeley, nor is there any pretence for saying, that either Mr. Fraser or the author of the review have been actuated by private malice ; is it then to be presumed from your verdict, that either the author of the review,

who, after reading the work pronounces it to be trash, or the publisher of it, are to be made responsible even at the peril of life itself, to the gladiatorial writer of the novel for the opinion they have given.

Gentlemen, as Mr. Grantley Berkeley has been put into a situation to ask you to look at the annoyance he received from the review as a set off to Mr. Fraser's claim to compensation for the injury he has received, I trust that you will take the whole bearing of the case into your consideration, be kind enough to remember, that the assault was committed upon Mr. Fraser under every species of aggravation it was capable of. I was intentionally careful in my opening speech, not to make one statement which I did not believe would be fully borne out by the evidence, and I think that I succeeded ; I certainly did let fall the word medical men, but when I saw that my learned friend wanted to set off one action against the other, I shaped my course accordingly ; I did not call the medical men, because I knew that he would elicit from them in cross-examination their knowledge of the article in the review, which would render it unnecessary for him to call any witness to the fact ; and I should thus be deprived of my reply ; with that single exception, I know of no one word I uttered which I have not shewn that I was fully justified in using. Gentlemen, it has been held, that to beat and assault a merchant upon the Exchange, is the more grievous, because it is not done at his home, and among his friends ; let me ask you, is it no aggravation of the assault, that the defendant should come to the very home, the castle of the plaintiff, and there commit the offence ? Look, gentlemen, at the combination which was formed against him : here you have an array of two brothers, who enter Mr. Fraser's house, having first planted at his door, a hireling, pugilistic bully, to knock down any Englishman whose feeling of humanity would not permit him to remain an inactive spectator of such a brutal scene ; what doubt can there be

of this fact, when you find that the man who knocked down the witness, Braine, told him at the same time, in the hearing of Mr. Grantley Berkeley, "you have no right to meddle with *my friends*," and calling him "a damned interfering fellow?" and where is the man who thus addressed the defendants as his friends, and who talked with them as they went away from the house? he is not called to prove one word of what passed at the time of the assault. I suppose, gentlemen, if there were one word of exaggeration in my statement, hundreds of those who were on the spot at the time, might have been called to prove it; but this has not been done. I state, then, that Mr. Fraser was taken unawares, whilst pursuing the peaceful avocations of his business; that he was then suddenly overpowered by numbers, and set upon by a man of bodily strength far superior to his own, who at once laid his victim prostrate and disabled at his feet; that after he was down, a time at which it is repugnant to the feelings of Englishmen to strike a blow, all exposed and helpless as he was lying before him, the defendant continued to torture him,* beating him about the head, the face, and the eyes, the very seat of life, until he was in a state of stupefaction; that then he fell to with the thin end of the whip to bring him upon his legs again. You have it in evidence before you, that while the one brother was inflicting these injuries, the other was standing by cheering him on; you have been told that when at last the plaintiff escaped from them into the streets, and found protection among his countrymen, the defendant followed him, continuing his violence, until the instrument of slaughter, I had almost said, was wrested from him, telling him all the while, "Damn you, I will beat your blasted head off." All this has been proved before you. And is it to be endured, gentlemen, by an English jury, that while the plaintiff was lying on his back, deprived of those senses which are as dear to us as life itself, the defendant shall uplift his arm and beat him about the face and eyes

with the instrument he held in his hand, I will not say with the deliberate intention of cutting out his eyes, but, at least, in perfect regardlessness whether they were cut out and destroyed while he was thus beating the head and face of his prostrate victim? Is it to be said, that because the defendant felt himself annoyed by the mention of some matters about his family, which were before well known; or, that because he was stung by criticism upon his work, in every word of which the writer may have been perfectly justified, for aught you know, from any thing which has been proved to the contrary; that at a time when he might have sought out the author himself, and have satisfied himself even with his life's blood, which, for aught we know, he would not have hesitated to take? Is it to be said, gentlemen, that the member of parliament — the magistrate, who ought to be employed in maintaining order — shall be allowed to summon his myrmidons and vassals about him, and that with their aid, he, who ought to maintain the laws, shall proceed openly to set them at defiance, and triumph over them? I hope not; I hope that you will feel the case to be one of great importance to my client and to us all; and that you will tell the defendant, who, according to my learned friend, has placed himself in the character of a gladiator before the public, that he has no right to seek out, and wreak his vengeance upon the plaintiff in the manner I have described; and that there is no one of you who can lay his hand upon his heart, and say you do not utterly repudiate the deliberate cruelty with which he carried his purpose into execution.

I trust, gentlemen, that in computing the amount of damages to which my client is honestly entitled, you will entirely dismiss from your minds the remarks which my learned friend has made upon what he calls a hireling and licentious press. Mr. Fraser is a respectable bookseller, who does not tamper with that daily scandal which is poured forth to gratify the appetite of those who like to see every thing that

is respectable or noble dragged down and rolled into the dirt; he merely sells those articles which come to him in the regular course of his business, and he cannot be charged with having entertained the slightest feeling of malice against Mr. Grantley Berkeley; and taking this to be the correct view of the case, it only remains for you, by your verdict, to punish him for inflicting a wrong upon the plaintiff, for which the highest damages will never be any compensation, remembering, at the same time, that if any wrong has been inflicted upon the Author of *Berkeley Castle* by the criticism of which he complains, the writer of it is still responsible to him for that wrong in any way in which he chooses to proceed against him.

Lord Abinger.—Gentlemen, this is an action brought to recover damages for an assault, which has been stated to you very circumstantially by the plaintiff's counsel, and, as it appears to me, without any exaggeration; and the only question you have now to deal with, is the amount of damages which ought to be given. This unhappy assault, gentlemen, has led to a variety of discussion; and I am afraid that you are in danger of losing sight of one particular, which is most worthy of your attention. An assault can only be justified by putting upon the record such matters as, in point of law, amount to a justification. The publication of a libel is never allowed to be received in evidence as a justification, where the general issue has been pleaded; the justification must be put upon record, that you may try the issue. It has been held by my predecessors, here, and in similar places, that in actions brought to recover damages for personal wrongs and injuries, the defendant is at liberty—not to deny that the jury must give damages, but to offer evidence in mitigation, shewing that the plaintiff, in some measure, brought the injuries upon himself by his own misconduct; and it is on this account that I have permitted the libel to be re-

ceived in evidence. In this case, the libel was published, either on the 31st of July, or on the 1st of August, and on the 3d of August the assault is committed. Now, the law, unquestionably, would be a very unreasonable law, if it did not make some allowances for human infirmity, in the case of an immediate provocation, which it is not in human nature, when the blood is warm, to resist, impelling a man to the commission of an act which, in his cooler moments, he would be inexcusable for doing. In the case of death itself ensuing from a violent blow, if the provocation is such as, in the minds of a jury, a man of ordinary feelings could not resist, the law in such a case says, that the crime is not one of murder, but of manslaughter—it is not the aggravated crime of murder; but if the provocation had taken place some time before,—if there was time for the blood to cool,—if, in the opinion of a jury, a man, with the ordinary control of his mind and passions, and who ought not to have allowed his anger to remain so long upon his mind,—if his blood had cooled before he came in contact with the offender,—if he in that moment took vengeance upon him, and death was the consequence,—he would be held to be guilty of murder; and the defendants in the case now before you, had death ensued, would not have escaped from the criminal charge. The provocation had occurred by the publication two or three days before, and, therefore, would not afford the defendant the slightest justification for going deliberately, after the lapse of three days, and taking vengeance with his own hands against the offending party. At the same time, upon the question of damages, which is one entirely for your consideration, it did appear to me, and it does now, that it would be somewhat severe to say to the jury, you are to give unmeasured damages for the assault, without looking at the grounds or motives which induced the parties to commit it. When the party seeks for damages, I can never consider the pretext to be unconnected with the

act itself; and it was upon these grounds I permitted the learned counsel to give the libel in evidence, which he alleges to have been the cause of the severe punishment which was inflicted. Gentlemen, let us suppose the libel to have been as atrocious as words could make it; let us suppose it to have been more aggravated, injurious, and personal than, perhaps, you may think it: nevertheless, it is for your consideration, whether, under these circumstances, you will permit a libel of that description to have any serious weight with you in determining the amount of damages you think proper to give. It has been remarked by the learned counsel, that the publisher or bookseller who publishes a book, is as much answerable for damages as the author. And is he so? There is no doubt of it: because the injury done to a man by a libel consists in the publication of it. If the man who wrote a book, put it in his own closet, and kept it there, it would do harm to nobody; it is the act of publishing which makes the offence. But, although this is the law, where a punishment is sought for by indictment, or compensation by action, it is for you to say how far you will apply it in a case like this. There is no doubt that the resentment of a gentleman, when libelled, would be kindled in the first place against the author of the libel; the bookseller would come in only for the second share in it, unless he refused to disclose the name of the author, if he had an opportunity of doing so. If, indeed, he chose voluntarily to throw himself as a shield over the author; or, if indemnified by him, he chooses to do it for purposes of his own, he cannot complain if he is treated as the author; but the first step a gentleman would take, before he aimed his vengeance at the bookseller, would be to endeavour to obtain the name of the author. I think this was a very proper remark of the learned counsel, because, in this case, the defendants had the means of proving that there was such a demand made upon the plaintiff, before they resorted to such violent measures

as they did. But, as it has been justly remarked to you, there is no evidence to shew that any letter had been written, or that any application had been made to Mr. Fraser, to know whether he avowed the publication as his own, or whether he would give up the name of the author: nor does it appear, that at the time the punishment was administered, any such application was made. If the case were stripped of all evidence, you might naturally conclude that the first question Mr. Grantley Berkeley asked would be this,—“Pray, sir, are you the author of that book?” And if there were no means of proving what passed between the parties on this occasion, you, perhaps, might have thought it reasonable to infer, that something of the sort had taken place; and all you would have said would be, that it was much to be lamented, when gentlemen went thus to take vengeance in their own hands, they did not take a competent witness with them, to prove that they took this pains before they proceeded any further; but, in this case, you are not left to conjecture, because, if we may believe the evidence, the two defendants went accompanied by a third person, who was as near as any one else, and he is not called to prove that a question was asked previous to the punishment—

Mr. Thesiger.—My lord, it is in evidence that he was outside the door.

Lord Abinger.—Gentlemen, nothing of the sort is proved. He was certainly seen lurking outside the door, when a person came up; but where was he before? What was he carried there for, but as a witness? And if Mr. Berkeley did take the precaution of carrying a person as a witness, to omit calling him is a proof that he has nothing to say in his favour; therefore the case is altogether denuded of any sort of doubt whether Mr. Berkeley asked Mr. Fraser, “Are you the author of this book? Or, if not, will you give up the name of the author,” before he made this attack upon him. Again, I prevented the learned counsel for the plaintiff from

giving in evidence what he thinks to be a justification for the libel, because the passion of a man might be raised as much by a libel if it were true, as if utterly untrue. You would not, for example, say, if a man called another a liar, and he knocked the man down who called him so, that it would be any justification to prove the man really to be a liar; the point is, what is the provocation at the moment? What excites the man's passion? It is not whether it be false or true; but whether, such as it is, it excites his anger and resentment: and, whether a libel be true or false, if it is calculated to excite the feelings of the party, the question remains just the same. But it has been said, and justly, that a man who publishes a book ought to prepare his mind and feelings against the impressions which might be made upon it by the criticisms which he ought to expect that his work will receive; and no man who publishes a book can fail to expect that it will receive some; and he ought to be particularly cautious in resenting that criticism, that he does not allow his wounded feelings as an author to sway him, as well as those which arise from attacks upon his personal character: and I think, upon this part of the case you are allowed to ask yourself, whether any supposable publication could justify the remarks Mr. Fraser has made, supposing an action is brought against him for a libel, still the provocation remains the same; it is not so much a matter of law, as it is a matter of common sense. If a man publishes a book—suppose a work upon morals, or a work of a more mixed character, combining several circumstances and characters in life, it is fair to consider, whether the author has infused his own sentiments into it, and to judge of him accordingly. It has been said of a celebrated author, now no more, Lord Byron, that some of his principal performances shadow out his own character. Whether this is true or not, I do not pretend to know; but if, from the sentiments and language of the work, the critic thinks he is justi-

fied in drawing such a conclusion, it appears to me that the author ought not to quarrel with him if he says, the man who conceived such a character, must have drawn the picture from himself; that he ought not to consider him as going beyond the province of just criticism. But at the same time, I am not prepared to deny, that whatever justification there may be for attacking and tearing the work to pieces as a work of literature, the critic has no right to attack the character of the author; and that when he does so, the author has a clear right against him in a court of justice, for the injury done to him as a private gentleman. I remember a case affecting a great writer of travels, Sir John Carr, who brought an action for an attack on his work, when the jury were directed to consider whether it was fair criticism; and, if so, although the author was exposed to some degree of ridicule, if the conclusions of the critic were fairly drawn from the work, the writer had no reason to complain. I remember another occasion, on which a nobleman brought an action against a reviewer for taking his work to pieces; when Lord Ellenborough declared, that he thought the public were under great obligations to reviewers, who, by their well-timed endeavours, prevented injudicious publications. The question for you, gentlemen, to consider is, how far Mr. Grantley Berkeley may be considered to have been justified by the provocation he received, as a mitigation of his offence; and whether every gentleman who publishes a work, ought not previously to consider the criticism to which he exposes himself, and guard himself against deriving any improper impressions from it.

There is one more topic before I conclude. The learned counsel for the defendants, in his brilliant speech, has urged upon you the propriety of considering this as a matter of account; the observation appears to me to be worthy of some further notice. Mr. Fraser seeks damages for a violent assault upon his person. Mr. Grantley

Berkeley says,—My apology is the publication of a libel against me, and for satisfaction I have appealed to a court of justice. But this is quite clear, that he ought not to take his revenge both in person and in purse. If Mr. Berkeley had brought no action at all, I think, that whatever he alleges with respect to the libel as a provocation you might fairly take into your consideration in mitigation of damages; but that, having brought the action, it is better to let that account settle itself. If you had had to try both actions (and I wish you had), you might have said how much each party ought to receive; but you are to do justice to Mr. Fraser for the injury he has received, bearing in mind the circumstances urged in mitigation. With that one qualification, the question before you appears to me to be entirely that of the assault; and it does also appear to me, that the assault was carried to a most inconsiderate length. It is clear, from the whole of the evidence, that the plaintiff was assailed in his own shop, having no witnesses on his behalf; that he was knocked down, and, for aught we know, without, being asked a word about the author; that when he was down, Mr. Berkeley was not satisfied, but continued to strike him in a manner which carries with it a great degree of brutality. If he had met him in the public street, and a contest had ensued, the mob would have prevented him from striking him when he was on the ground: that sort of feeling of natural justice, which all mankind, and particularly the people of England possess, will never permit a man to strike another when he is down. Mr. Berkeley, however, was not satisfied

without striking his victim when he was on the ground; but, when there, he beats him in a most unmerciful manner. And supposing a bookseller, or an author to be subject to a castigation, as a punishment for a libel; supposing the law to be, that a man has a right to take the staff in his own hands;—at least give him that sort of protection which will prevent the shedding of blood, even if you consider that the irritation of Mr. Berkeley was, in some measure, a palliation of his offence—at least give Mr. Fraser that satisfaction which is due, if you think that the assault was pushed to a greater extreme than either moderation or justice could warrant.

Gentlemen, with these remarks I leave the subject in your hands. If you desire it, I will read the evidence: it is very short, and perhaps is fresh in your recollection. It appears, that the two defendants went to Mr. Fraser's shop, accompanied by a third person; that one went into the shop, another remained in the passage, and that the third remained outside the door; so that, if the assault was of such a nature that the bystanders were disposed to rush to the spot, and put a stop to the proceeding, they might be prevented from so doing. The plaintiff is seriously injured. The alleged cause is a publication issued at Mr. Fraser's shop—a critique upon Mr. Berkeley's work, containing an injurious statement respecting himself. If you choose to take this publication, and think it ought to mitigate damages, you are at liberty to do so. Damages you must give: the amount of them is a matter wholly for your consideration.

The jury then retired.

Verdict—Damages, *One Hundred Pounds.*

II. BERKELEY V. FRASER.

This, it will be recollected, was a cross action for libel, brought by Mr. Grantley Berkeley against Mr. Fraser, and standing for trial next but one after Mr. Fraser's action for the assault. At the suggestion of Mr. Berkeley's counsel, made in open court, it stood over till Monday, December the 5th; and on being then called, Mr. Grantley Berkeley refused to make up his own jury, by praying a tales; whereupon the trial was again postponed till after Hilary Term, 1837. On the 21st December, Mr. Fraser's attorneys were served with the following Judges' Order of Mr. Baron Gurney, taken out at the instance of Mr. Grantley Berkeley:

Upon hearing the Attorneys or Agents on both sides, and by their consent, I do order that a verdict be entered for the Plaintiff herein — Forty Shillings Damages. And I further order, that each party pay his own costs in this cause, and that all further proceedings in this cause be stayed.

Dated the 21st day of December, 1836.

(Signed) J. GURNEY.

DEFENCE OF FRASER'S MAGAZINE IN THE BERKELEY AFFAIR.

BY W. MAGINN, ESQ. LL.D.

I AM told by those whose opinions I have every reason to respect, that it is incumbent upon me to offer some observations on the case of Messrs. Fraser and Berkeley, so far as I am therein concerned. I intrude myself with reluctance on the attention of my readers. For many years, in constant communication with the public, I have, to the utmost of my power, courted privacy, because I have ever felt that the less periodical writers are urged personally into notice, it is the better for their readers and themselves. But I am now, as it were, forced to come forward, especially as I have been stigmatised as an anonymous slanderer.

First, as to being anonymous:—The custom of the country, and a justly defensible custom, is, that writers in newspapers, magazines, reviews, &c., do not put their names to their articles. A custom justly defensible, because there is always an appearance, and often a reality, of presumption or impertinence in one man setting himself up in critical judgment on labours which have cost certain thought and time to another, or in offering an opinion upon matters of public importance, occupying the serious attention of persons holding high station, and possessed of knowledge derived from sources inaccessible to any ordinary author. The "we" of the political or literary writer is no more than the index of what he wishes to be considered as his view of the opinions of the party which he sometimes follows, but as often ultimately leads. Speaking practically, except in some personal trifles, exclusively of a jocular character, there is really no such thing as an anonymous writer on any part of the press. Who cannot, at a moment's notice, find out the author of an article in the *Edinburgh*, or the *Quarterly*, or *Blackwood*, or *Fraser*, or the *Times*, or the *Standard*, or the *John Bull*, or the *Examiner*? In truth, the prominent writers for newspapers or magazines are exceedingly few in number. I have been almost twenty years more or less connected with some of the most eminent, and in the course of my experience do not think that I could enumerate fifty names. I am sure that at present it would be a matter of difficulty to me to mention twenty persons to whom I should willingly commit the management of any periodical work, daily, weekly, monthly, or quarterly, for which any one cared a thousand pounds. I speak merely as a matter of trade, and a matter of trade on which I feel myself, from practice and knowledge, qualified to speak. It is perfectly idle, therefore, to say that the couple of dozen among us who mainly interest ourselves in periodical literature are anonymous. It, however, suits some, at the bottom of whose impertinence is cowardice or envy, or the more intelligible feeling of hunger, to pretend to consider us so.

Having disposed of the charge of being an *anonymous* slanderer, I may now come to that of our being slanderers at all. Publicly known as we are, I deny the charge as being utterly absurd. I am about to speak of the case in which I am interested, declaring, beforehand, that in what I say I have not the slightest notion of offering any offence to Mr. Grantley Berkeley, beyond what it may be impossible to avoid. I shall presently allude to the peculiar position in which we have lately stood towards each other; but I may unblamed be allowed to remark, that Mr. Grantley Berkeley's novel was not a good one—that the spirit which dictated the writing of a work about one's own ancestors, particularly ancestors so long known, but so slightly distinguished, was not high-minded—that the conception of the hero of the novel was paltry—that the tendency, at least, of the scenes was licentious—that the dedication of a book of intrigues to a lady of unblemished reputation was a thing not to be commended—and that the image of the author was, as usual, to be suspected in the cherished creation of his mind. The article which I wrote might have been compressed into the few lines above printed. If it be any satisfaction to Mr. Berkeley, I shall say, with perfect truth, that I wrote the article in a great hurry, and that business having next day taken me out of town, it was not in my power to revise or correct it after it was in type. If it had been otherwise, I admit that I should have altered some of the expressions most exposed to cavil. For example, I think, on a more serious perusal than under other circumstances I should have deigned to bestow upon *Berkeley Castle*, that though I should have designated its hero, Herbert Reardon, as what he is exhibited in the novel, a liar and a pimp, I should not have laid myself open to the charge of Mr. Thesiger, that I thereby intended to have so designated Mr. Grantley Berkeley. Yet Lord Byron is in general supposed to shadow himself forth in *Childe Harold* and *Don Juan*; and it would naturally occur that the author put forth Herbert Reardon as his own prototype. I repeat it, however, that if it had been in my power to have looked over the proofs, I should have changed some of the expressions which most called forth the anger of the member for West Gloucestershire.

I do not wish to press unfairly the charge of licentiousness on *Berkeley Castle*; and I add, that there are some parts of it pretty fairly written, particularly the commencement of the first volume. With deference to Mr. Fraser's truly able and eloquent advocate, Mr. Erle, the production is scarce worthy of the dissection which he gave it. But I adhere to my original proposition, that there was something so peculiarly provoking in the mere fact of any of the Berkeleys calling public attention to the history of their family, that no critic pretending to common spirit could pass it by; especially after the conduct of Col. Berkeley, now crammed into the Peers as Lord Segrave, towards a man of the name of Judge; and the declared determination of the family—Liberals as they are—to vindicate themselves from the printed expression of any thing displeasing to them by the infliction of the bludgeon. Sprung of a country where bullying is not looked upon as a thing of much moment, and of a caste which never hung back from the free utterance of free opinion, such threats could have no other effect upon me than to urge me to give my sentiments of disapprobation, if I felt any, with the less reluctance.

But I was sincerely and deeply sorry that an act of personal violence fell upon a man who must permit me to call him my friend—on Mr. James Fraser, a gentleman to whom I am under the ties of many obligations, and of the most sincere friendship. It would be absurd if, in the pages of his own Magazine, I further expatiated upon the feelings which actuated my heart and my mind when I saw him suffering from the effects of having been struck down by ruffian violence. I heard and I believe—nay, I know, for why am I here to resort to the professional technicalities of the law?—that foul advantage had been taken of his defenceless situation—that if he had been equal in strength to any of the professed pugilists whom the Berkeleys once were fond of patronising, (and one of whom, in the present instance, it appears was present for the purpose of backing the assailant,) he had, in consequence of the surprise and the brutality, small chance of success—and that against a person of power and agility so much superior, and so much more cultivated, chance there was none,—when I saw this, if I afterwards did what I own is not on the strict principles of

Christian rule to be defended, I hope that there will be found some palliation for my conduct.

The question of duelling must, however, be postponed for a period, until I go into the main ground of quarrel with the article. As for the criticism, I have no notion of apologising. I hold firmly to the right which I or any other person, Whig, Tory, or Radical, possessed of the power of writing, may claim of expressing their opinion on matters literary or political. What I said might be harsh; but if a gentleman knows his business as a gentleman, he should know that words are to be settled by those who speak them, and by nobody else.

Mr. Berkeley was not so ignorant as to believe that the article which offended him was written by Mr. Fraser. If he had any matter of complaint against the review of his book, he might have answered it in literature or in law; or, if he preferred a course neither literary nor legal, he ought to have taken care that he made no mistake as to the person on whom his retaliation was to fall. A literary answer was, I suppose, not to be thought upon without dismay; and as he personally attacked another for what he could not have had the slightest difficulty in finding out was done by me, I must now confine myself to the legal complaints which he made of the injury he had suffered. They are the following:

1. That an attack was made upon his family in many ways, but in a manner most peculiarly insulting and injurious upon his mother.

2. That he was held up, by implication, as being as mean in conduct and character as the reviewer maintained the hero of *Berkeley Castle* to be.

3. That it was insinuated, in a commentary on a passage of the book, that he was capable of such ungentlemanlike conduct to women, as to expose him to the most unpleasant consequences.

4. That an uncalled-for allusion had been made to the Countess of Euston, who had therefore every right to be offended.

5. That Lord Euston had been advised to use a horsewhip over Mr. Berkeley's shoulders.

6. That Mr. Berkeley's character as a gentleman had been conclusively jeopardised by his work.

I cannot find any other matter of much importance in the declaration, and the above were the points on which Mr. Thesiger dwelt. As the first requires an answer at some length, I shall take the others before I proceed to discuss it.

The second and third points, after all, are but one in essence. Of Mr. Grantley Berkeley I scarcely knew any thing; at this moment I do not know him by sight, and should not be able to recognise him if accident were to throw us together. I had heard something of his appearance in parliament; but his efforts at legislation are never alluded to but as matters of jest. Those who take the trouble of reading the review of his novel will see that I, on general grounds, entertain an unfavourable opinion of the class of men to which he belongs. Some affairs, in which members of his house—I repeat it, that of himself I knew nothing—figured before the public, did not tend to impress me with the opinion that works emanating from Berkeley Castle would be remarkable for rigidity of morals. With these feelings I read the work; and finding its hero, not only abandoning, at the bidding of his superior, the lady on whom he had fixed his affections, but actually making himself the go-between of their secret loves, the bearer of notes, the framer of assignations, and the ready messenger to procure stolen interviews—finding him professing the tenderest love for his wife (professing it not merely to herself, whom he wished to deceive, but to his readers, to whom, of course, he was pouring forth his secrets), while he was carrying on a heartless intrigue with a married woman, whose remorse drives her to death, her lover rejoicing in getting rid of the inconvenience of her devoted affection—finding that the novel was filled with low intrigues, and its tone throughout indicative of a degrading appreciation of the female character,—it was not much to be wondered at if I conceived a disgust for such a personage, and a contempt for the writer who made him his hero. I have already said, that if I had written less hastily, or had the opportunity of revising what I wrote, I should have used terms less liable to the angry comments of Mr. Berkeley's counsel. Their purport would, however, have been essentially the same. As for the comment upon the assertion that the writer had, through his devotion to female charms, been occasionally so led away by his feelings as to place himself in situations of an

unpleasant kind, I do not retract a word of it. His meaning is plain; and I hope I shall have the men and women of England in this case with me; that if any man attempts, as the passage clearly intimates, to take advantage of the unprotected condition of a lady, to offer her insult, he deserves to be rung out, or kicked out, according as to what she thinks the more judicious course for her to adopt. Mr. Thesiger most justly described such a man as the meanest of all cowards. I never charged, nor do I now charge, Mr. Grantley Berkeley with having done any thing of the kind; but, speaking hypothetically, I maintained that if he ever acted according to the practice described in his novel as being familiar to his hero, he amply deserved to be treated in the manner I suggested.

As for offering insult to the Countess of Euston, I do not think that any one who reads the passage without prejudice, or a predetermined desire to find fault, could discover any thing of the kind. I most solemnly declare the thought never crossed my mind. Every thing I have heard of Lady Euston—and since this affair I have heard much—is of the most pure and honourable character. I meant no more than what I said. I thought, after the very intelligible declaration that the writer was of so warm a disposition that he could not resist the influence of female charms when placed within their sphere, it was impertinent to allude to the happy hours he had passed in the company of the countess—and I think so still. I am misinformed if her ladyship did not feel the dedication as an intrusive affront. Whether she did or not, I assert that I had no notion of speaking of her in any other terms than those of respect. That I am not now saying this for the first time will be proved by the following correspondence. I should premise, that the assault was committed on Mr. Fraser on Wednesday, August 3d, and that I met Mr. Grantley Berkeley on Friday, the 5th.

LORD EUSTON AND MR. GRANVILLE BERKELEY TO DR. MAGINN.

“*Travellers' Club, Pall Mall, August 7, 1836.*”

“Lord Euston and Mr. Granville Berkeley would be glad to know whether Dr. Maginn has any objection to state, in the most explicit manner possible, that it was not his intention to throw out the smallest insinuation against Lady Euston, when he coupled her name with the two quotations from Mr. Grantley Berkeley's novel of *Berkeley Castle*.”

When this letter was delivered to me, I immediately wrote this reply:—

DR. MAGINN TO THE EARL OF EUSTON.

“*52 Beaumont Street, Marylebone, Monday, August 8.*”

“Dr. Maginn presents his compliments to Lord Euston. He has learnt that his lordship has thought he has reason to complain, on behalf of the Countess of Euston, with respect to some observations in a review of a novel called *Berkeley Castle*, which review was published in *Fraser's Magazine*. It is now a matter of some notoriety that Dr. Maginn is the author of the article complained of; and he hastens to assure Lord Euston, that he never for a moment intended to offer the slightest affront to the Countess of Euston; and that if it is conceived he has done so, he begs to state, in any language that may be desired, his deep regret that he should be suspected of such a piece of uncalled-for and unjust impertinence.

“Dr. Maginn would have addressed this note to Lady Euston, and in terms of stronger apology, but that he feared that her ladyship might have looked upon it as an intrusion not warrantable; he therefore takes the course of sending his letter to Lord Euston.

“*Lord Euston, &c. &c. &c.*”

This note was delivered to Mr. Granville Berkeley, on the condition that it was to be considered as an apology to the Countess of Euston for an imaginary offence, and that no public use was to be made of it. Mr. Granville Berkeley promised, on his own part and that of Lord Euston, that it should not go beyond the private circle of the family; and these gentlemen have, as I knew they would, honourably kept their word. I hope there is no breach of etiquette in publishing their brief and *business-like* note. I have done so to introduce mine, which will I trust shew that an impertinent feeling towards the Countess of Euston never entered my imagination. With respect to the recommendation of the use of a horsewhip, on which so much stress was laid, it is scarcely worthy of a serious thought. If Lord Euston had felt the affront, as I imagine he might have felt it,

he would have acted with great propriety in following my recommendation. I am quite sure, however, that he would not have been such a ruffian as to strike a man when he was down. His lordship must forgive me for the silly joke applied to his personal appearance. It is no harm, after all, to be called a thin piece of parliament. I should be extremely sorry if the heir of the house of Grafton were to emulate the accomplishments cultivated by persons of brawnier frame.

With respect to the sixth charge against me, that I had represented Mr. Grantley Berkeley as undeserving of the character of a gentleman, I leave it to those who have examined his conduct in this and other transactions, to say if I were right or wrong in my inference. It is a matter which much more nearly concerns the gentlemen of West Gloucestershire, if there happen to be any there, than it concerns me.

The first charge against my article is the most material. It is set down as a great crime, that I dared to say that the decision of the House of Lords was that Lord Segrave is illegitimate. Let the quarrel, then, be with the House of Lords. I am amused by some dunderheaded scribblers, who find no fault with my having alluded to the illegitimacy of Lord Segrave, but complain that any notice should be taken of the peculiar *liaison* between his lordship's father and mother. The House of Lords has voted him to be a natural son—so be it; but if you say that his mother was unmarried when he was born, you are a slanderer!

To rubbish such as this I disdain to reply. I repeat what is said in the review,—What brings the man so long known to us as Colonel Berkeley into the House of Lords as Lord Segrave? He once passed by the title of Lord Dursley, and for a while assumed that of Earl of Berkeley. Where are these titles now? With infinite scorn I look upon the pretext, that respect for the fame of the Countess of Berkeley prevents the assumption of the peerage undoubtedly possessed by the family. Of the gentleman who is by law Earl of Berkeley I have not the honour of knowing any thing, and his motives may be respectable; but the fact that Lord Segrave sits in the Peers by any other title than that which would have of right belonged to him if he had been born in wedlock, is of itself a waving of the claim. Nay, more—if Mr. Grantley Berkeley were to survive his immediately preceding brother, Mr. Moreton Berkeley, can he say that he himself would not assume the present *quasi*-dormant honour; or, if he declined doing so, can he promise the same forbearance from his heir? Indeed, his prefixing, by permission, the addition of *Hon.* to his name, while his eldest brother remained without a title, is conclusive, so far as the delicacy of the case is concerned.

I confess, no matter to what degree of being unknown it may consign me, that I thought the Countess of Berkeley was dead. Many years had elapsed since I had heard any thing about her: the events which brought the lady's fame into question occurred more than half a century ago; the investigation into the Berkeley peerage occurred in 1811, which is now distant from us by a quarter of a century. Is it not absurd to think that a reference, in half a dozen lines, to a matter judicially recorded, and annually noticed in every *Peerage*, could excite personal wrath in the bosom of a man who could not have been more than a dozen years old when the Lords were deciding that his mother was not married at the time indicated by what they voted to be a forged entry in a church book. I should as soon have thought of being called to account by the Duke of St. Albans for referring to the case of Nell Gwynn. If the members of the Berkeley family are desirous of finding a mark for their animosity, let me recommend them the Duke of Buckingham, who (he was then marquess) swore that their father committed forgery. They may believe me when I tell them that what is contained in public documents cannot be suppressed; and that their endeavour to put down allusion to it, by resenting its publication on men of humble degree, while they cautiously abstain from taking notice of its solemn assertion by personages of the highest rank, will be worse than useless.

I had not for a long time looked over the Berkeley case; and now that I have in some degree made myself master of its leading features, I say, unreservedly, that I think the Countess of Berkeley to have been an ill-used and a betrayed woman. I think it impossible to have come to any other decision than that at which the Lords arrived; but that she acted upon motives which, if they cannot be defended, may be excused, is plain from all parts of the evidence. The testimony of Mr. Chapeau is much more affecting than a wagon-load of such

romances as *Berkeley Castle*. Lest it should be again imagined that I am writing with an intent to hurt the feelings of the Countess of Berkeley, I pass by all recapitulation of this unhappy case. But I pass them not until I say, that, though stern morality cannot defend lapses from virtue, yet hard must be the heart which cannot find in the story deep and tender palliatives; and immaculate, indeed, should be the hand that would stoop for the casting of the stone. The Countess of Berkeley will not care a farthing for my sentiments on such a subject; but for my own sake, I say, that if I had known the evidence in the Berkeley case six months ago as well as I know it now, no trace of reference to her history should have fallen from my pen. But her own son is in fault. Why drag before us the history of the Berkeleys, with a story so unfortunate prominent before our eyes? Why put people in mind of "my grandfather," when, in reality, of his paternal grandfather nothing whatever is known, while the history of his maternal grandfather is detailed with a searching minuteness in a goodly folio?

It would, perhaps, be only fair to say that Mr. Grantley Berkeley is not the first of his family who has appeared in print. My readers may be amused by a specimen of the correspondence of his aunt, which appears in the above-mentioned folio, p. 168. She was a convenient lady, who lived in Charles Street, Berkeley Square; and the letter is addressed to a Mrs. Foote, with whom the present Countess of Berkeley was at that time living as lady's-maid.

"Madam,—Actuated by the generosity of your caricer I take the Liberty of Scribeling to you Begging if it will not be Too great a favour that my sister may come to Town the week after Christmas as I am obliged to go in the Country the week following and shod be happy to see her before I go I Beg Madam I may not make it lill convenient to you or give you the smallest Trouble would reather suffer any disopintment my selfe than be thought impirtinant or regardless of your favour to my sister, She poor thing has long been in want of a friend and She tells me but for your Kindness to her she woult have been more unfortunatte excuse me Madam for saying Heaven will reward your generous condecension to My sister and Beleave me I am with real humility your humble Sir"
"S TURNOUR."

Such literature is worthy of the authorship of *Berkeley Castle*. Mr. Grantley Berkeley's uncle, Mr. William Tudor (which was his name by perjury), is worthy of being the hero of that romance. In some ridiculous articles which I have seen, it has been objected to me that I called Mr. Grantley Berkeley's father an old dotard. I did no such thing; but Mr. Grantley Berkeley's uncle (see p. 444 of the Evidence before the Lords) called him "a Rogue of Quality." I leave it to the fools of quality to disentangle the difference.

I have now, I think, answered all the objections to the review of *Berkeley Castle*. For that review Mr. Berkeley took what I shall ever consider to be a savage and cowardly revenge on Mr. Fraser; and for half killing his victim, a jury awarded a fine of 100*l*.! I have never heard but one opinion of that verdict. It appears to me to decide that a rich man may wreak his vengeance in any dastardly way he thinks fit, on any person who has offended him, at the expense of a mere trifle. Of the jury who gave the verdict I wish to be silent; except to say, that it has afforded me a justification, to some extent, for having done what I cannot conscientiously approve. The duel is a relic of barbarous ages, when it was deemed necessary, in consequence of the weakness of peaceful law, to guard the feeble against the strong by provisions subjecting personal collisions of moment to certain rules. The unprotected were excused, and the strong were matched against the strong. Law at last obtained the mastery, and the duel was banished to the fantastic court of honour; but there it lost not its original feature. No personal advantage ought to be allowed: the touch of a horsewhip, the flap of a glove, is a sufficient demonstration of hostile intentions. In England, or rather in London, it is supposed that persons occupied in shopkeeping avocations are not expected to give or to receive challenges. It is, therefore, an act of cowardice for a man calling himself a gentleman to assault a tradesman. A countryman of mine was in the habit of saying, that, for duelling purposes, he considered every man a gentleman who wore a clean shirt once a week. Without going to that extreme, we may fairly say, that when we offer insult or violence to any man, we place that man on our level. Mr. Grantley Berkeley, not differing, I admit, from the members of the society in which he moves,

does not admit this proposition. It appears to him, and, I am sorry to say, to the jury, that he may exercise his personal strength in taking any truculent vengeance he chooses for a hundred pounds. Here, then, I think I was called for. I have admitted, repeatedly, that I do not defend the duel; but if it is to be palliated at all, it must be in such cases as that in which I have been engaged. Dr. Johnson has said, that private war is to be defended on the same principle as public war. Some exception may be taken to the analogy of our great moralist; but, in this case of mine, I came forward to protect from brute outrage a class of persons whom it pleases a puppy code to insult. I do not pretend to the family honours of the house of Berkeley; but I am a man whom no one can insult without exposing himself to those consequences which are the last alternative of a gentleman, if I wish to insist upon it. I have no lady nearly connected to me for whom I have either to blush or to bully: and no class of persons with whom I am connected shall, I hope, feel their interests compromised in my hands. Of the details of the duel between Mr. Grantley Berkeley and myself I shall say nothing, further than that I believe both seconds acted in such a manner as they thought most serviceable to their principals; and of my second (Mr. Hugh Fraser), I cannot speak in any other terms than those of the highest approbation. I have heard it said that allowing three shots to be exchanged was ill-judged; but he permitted it in order that the quarrel might be brought to an end at once. He felt, and after circumstances justified him in the feeling, that it was to be made a family affair upon the part of the Berkeleys; and he decided that no room should be left for cavil upon their parts.

I have now done with this dispute, I suppose, for ever; but I must call attention to a part of the speech of Mr. Thesiger. He appealed, in mitigation of damages, to the fact that the gentleman insulted in the article was a justice of peace, an officer in the army, and a member of parliament. Tory as I am, and habitually respecting rank and station, I do not imagine that birth, dignity, or office, command of themselves respect. The holder of these advantages should not abuse them to their dishonour. If ruffian and cowardly violence is a qualification for a magistrate, I recommend Lord John Russell by all means to retain Mr. Grantley Berkeley in the commission of the peace. If striking an unarmed man, with all advantage of strength and numbers, be fitting for an officer under his majesty's colours, Lord Fitzroy Somerset ought to deem Mr. Grantley Berkeley an ornament to any mess table to which he is attached; and if exhibitions of stupidity and violence are qualifications for the reformed parliament, I wish the intelligent and independent electors of West Gloucestershire joy of their representative.

WILLIAM MAGINN.

JANUARY 1837.

IN TWO SONNETS.

BY SIR MORGAN O'DOHERTY, BART.

I.

Travelling along upon the road of years,
 We come to '37. If mystic lore
 Had the same weight it held in days of yore,
 This number would shine potent mid its peers,
 For 3 and 7, each in their several spheres,
 Have magical import and 37,
 If by the multiples, or odd or even,
 Of 3, it may be multiplied, appears
 In numbers of like digit.* Curious fact—
 Which to the sage professors of the U-
 -niversity late chartered at the end
 Of Gower Street, by Johnny Russell's act,
 I dedicate, with love of knowledge, true
 As that which did their jobbery recommend.

II.

In this same magic year, it is our fate
 To be just seven years old. In Tristram's† tome
 You find expounded by a son of Rome—
 Wise Doctor Slop,—the wonders that await
 The number Seven. The Doctor could not state
 (Being no prophet) the complete success
 Of FRASER'S MAGAZINE. The close caress
 Of all the world, and the world's worthy mate,
 Soul-clasping us; and the intense delight
 Which every month awaits our coming forth—
 Form an amazing contrast to the sight
 Of what the nation shews, from south to north,
 When any one presumes to name the hell-born
 Crew that make up the following of Melbourne.

Jack Tapster's,
 Christmas Eve, 1836.

M. O'D.

P. S.—I do not think that there is much sense or meaning in these Sonnets; but they run right, and that is all that can be expected from any Sonnet in ordinary times. I like the last couplet myself, and recommend it to the careful perusal of my readers. The rhyme is good;—I'll back it for that. The word "hell-born" may be hard,—but no matter. I find it applied to some of the original Whigs in Milton.

ANNOTATIONES.

* *Cantiuncula primæ* v. 9.—Habeo factum experimentum per multiplicationem, et invenio quod auctor hujus poematis est rectus; nam, si multiplicaveris numerum 37 per 3, resultabit 111; si per 6, 222; si per 9, 333; si per 12, 444; atque ita ad 999: quod est valde curiosum.—PROFESSOR ARMY.

† *Cantiuncula secundæ* v. 2.—Vide "Vitam et Opiniones Tristrami Shandæi Armigeri," curante Sternio. V. 6.—Phrasis paullo altior atque magis poetica pro "all the world and his wife."—G. D.

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VOL. XV.

CHURCH-RATES.

I. LORD ALTHORP'S PLAN.

II. THE PLAN OF THE DISSENTERS AND RADICALS.

III. THE PLAN PROPOSED BY THE ARCHDEACONS.

IV. FURTHER SUGGESTIONS.

"THE question of Church-rates," says the *Examiner*, in one of its late articles, "is the most pressing question, and it is a vital question, and it will *prop*, or *crush*, the administration. Upon this subject the government has the choice of acquiring new strength, or of *casting itself away*." In the main, we fully agree with this representation, though we probably differ wholly as to the quarter in which the danger will be found.

No one who has given the least attention to the political movements of the last two years, can have failed to observe, that the Church-rate controversy is one fraught with great embarrassment to the existing administration, and that every day places the probability of a satisfactory adjustment of it at a greater distance. As the matter now stands, the controversy promises little good, either to the Dissenters or to the Church—still less to the State; and least of all to those who, holding the reins of government, are expected to find out a satisfactory solution of all public difficulties.

It is much to be lamented that the opportunity was not taken, in the session of 1834, of bringing the whole question, as then opened, to a settlement of some sort. The question is one of that description, in which the parties, maintaining wholly irreconcilable po-

sitions, are not likely to be rendered placable, but rather the contrary, by keeping open the discussion. One bold push, at that moment, would have completed the measure. The more pugnacious and impracticable of the Dissenters would have been forced, ere now, by the pressure of circumstances, to forget their anger; and with the people generally, the utter cessation of the impost would have been a most popular feature in the case. However, that opportunity having been allowed to pass, it is now necessary to take up the question *de novo*, and amidst all the perplexities arising from a state of increased exasperation on both sides.

The country, meanwhile, loudly calls upon the government to find some means of terminating this internal warfare. The existing contention is, indeed, the chief evil of the case; and so much is this felt, that we verily believe that the nation at large, excepting, of course, a few bigoted Dissenters, would rather see the question settled, even by charging the whole amount of the Church-rates on the Consolidated Fund, than that it should remain in its present irritating position.

Let us look, then, at the difficulties which present themselves in the way of an immediate adjustment of the

question. And here we must take up the matter as it is presented to us by the parties concerned. The government has propounded one plan; the Dissenting leaders have strongly objected

to this, and insist upon another. Let us consider each of these in its turn, and thus we shall obtain a view of the difficulties which stand in the way of the adoption of either.

I. LORD ALTHORP'S PLAN.

This we must take as we find it in Lord Althorp's speech of April 1834, considering it to be still, in all its main features, adhered to by the present administration; inasmuch as Lord John Russell has, during the last two years, repeatedly expressed himself in parliament to that effect. Now the plan in question was to the following purport:

The Church-rates, as at present levied, appear by the returns quoted by Lord Althorp, in 1834, to amount to about 597,000*l.* per annum. Of this, about 248,000*l.* is ranked under the head of repairs, and about 350,000*l.* under various other denominations, such as salaries, &c. Lord Althorp's plan allotted a sum of 250,000*l.* a-year, out of the land-tax, to the purpose of maintaining the ecclesiastical buildings; and left the congregations worshipping in them to raise among themselves, by pew-rents and in other ways, the whole of the sums required for carrying on the religious services. In favour of this plan the House of Commons divided, in April 1834; Ayes, 256; Noes, 140—majority in favour of the proposition, 116.

To this plan, then, originating with the government, assented to by the Conservatives, not dissented from by the Church, whence arises the opposition? Solely from the Dissenters, speaking both by themselves, and also through the mouths of sundry other persons, some nominally Churchmen, others of no religious profession whatever, but who are always ready to join in this or any other kind of warfare against the Church.

Let us look, then, at some of the reasons, and at some of the statements which are *not* reasons, which are put forth at dissenting meetings, and in various publications, against this plan.

First, we have a variety of anecdotes of cruel seizures for the rates, in most of which "poor widows" appear to have been instructed how to proceed; refusing to pay some three or four shillings, and then putting their family Bibles in the broker's way; by which device some very pretty stories of "the

Widow's Bible seized for Church-rates" have been got up. Then we have handbills reproaching the members of the Church with providing their sacramental wine by selling a poor Dissenter's table and divers other manoeuvres and representations of the same kind.

To the inventors and propagators of these ingenious devices, it matters nothing that, as respects Lord Althorp's plan, all these complaints have no application whatever. Yet a moment's reflection makes this clear. Lord Althorp's bill would have put an end to all distraints, and to all visits of the broker. Lord Althorp's bill would have left Churchmen to pay for their own sacramental wine, and for all other expenses of their worship, without taking a single farthing out of any Dissenter's pocket for any such charge. And why was not this bill passed into a law more than two years since? Simply because the Dissenters opposed it! But let them bear in mind, when they talk of cruel brokers, and the hardship of paying for washing the parson's surplice, that *this is not the question in dispute*: that they might have been relieved from all such charges two years ago; that they may be relieved from them in a single fortnight, if they please;—in short, that they have none but themselves to thank for their continuance!

A *second* plea, however, goes a step further, and asks, "Why are we to pay for sustaining buildings which we never enter? We maintain our own chapels: Are not Churchmen rich enough to sustain their own places of worship?"

The reply to this is, that the querist mistakes and mistates the whole question. The facts are these: Dissenters, generally, are not of the poorest classes of the community, nor are they an average representation of the middle classes. They are chiefly found among those sections which border on the two, the labouring and the middle classes; not being absolutely poor, nor yet rich; not quite ignorant, nor yet well educated. These join together, wherever their numbers are sufficient, and raise a plain cheap brick building, and oc-

cupy it themselves. They often maintain a school; but as for accommodating the thousands of those who can pay nothing for sittings, it seems scarcely ever to enter their heads. We write this within half a mile of a church containing *twelve hundred* free sittings; and we greatly doubt whether a meeting-house, with half this number of sittings for the poor, was ever yet built.

Yet Dissenters are continually saying to Churchmen, "Why cannot you do as we do?" And sometimes the members of the Church are found to act on this advice. Here and there we find proprietary chapels in the Establishment, chiefly filled with the middle classes, who rent all the sittings. But these places never ask for a *Church-rate*. Nor do either these chapels, nor the Dissenters' meeting-houses, at all affect the present question. The rate is required for a totally different purpose—for a purpose to which the Dissenters have no parallel,—for maintaining a free and open church, in most cases without any pew-rents at all, and in which there is generally large accommodation for the poor. It is, in fact, in theory, and ought to be in practice, a *national* provision, for the use of the whole *nation*.

And if, in reply to this, we are for the hundredth time asked, Why are Dissenters to be made to pay for that from which they derive no advantage, we must for the hundredth time reply, in the words of Dr. Dwight, a Presbyterian and an American, that they *do* derive an advantage, and a very considerable one, from that national religion which they thus contribute to support. The doctor's argument cannot be too often repeated:

"The legislature of every state is the proper superintendent of all its prudential concerns. It has not only a right, but is obliged by an authority, which it can neither oppose nor question, to pursue every lawful and expedient measure for the promotion of the public welfare. To this great purpose, religion, in every country, is not only useful, but indispensable. But religion cannot exist, and has never existed, for any length of time, without public worship. As every man ought, therefore, willingly to contribute to the support of whatever increases his own prosperity, he is, by immovable consequence, obliged to support the religion which, by increasing the common prosperity, increases, of course, his own.

"Should an advocate for the doctrine which I oppose, demand proof that religion is indispensable to the welfare of a free country, this is my answer. Morality, as every sober man who knows any thing of the subject discerns with a glance, is merely a branch of religion: and where there is no religion, there is no morality. Moral obligation has its sole ground in the character and government of God. But where God is not worshipped, his character will soon be disregarded; and the obligations founded on it unfelt and forgotten. No duty, therefore, to individuals, or to the public, will be realized or performed. Justice, kindness, and truth, the great hinges on which free society hangs, will be unpractised, because there will be no motives to the practice of sufficient force to resist the passions of man. Oaths of office, and of testimony, alike, without the sanctions of religion, are merely solemn farces. Without the sense of accountableness to God, without the realising belief of a future retribution, they are employed only to insult the Creator, deprave the juror, and cheat his fellow-men. This sense nothing but religion can inspire or preserve. With the loss of religion, therefore, the ultimate foundation of confidence is blown up, and the security of life, liberty, and property, buried in the ruins.

"In aid of these observations, I allege that no free government has ever existed for any time without the support of religion. Athens, Sparta, and Rome, stood and fell with their religion, false and gross as it was; because it contained some of those great truths and solemn sanctions, without which man can possess no conscience, exercise no virtue, and find no safety. To their religion, Britain, Switzerland, and the United Netherlands, have owed most of their happiness and their permanency; and might say to this celestial denizen, in every period of their prosperity, as the devout and humble Christian to his God, 'Having obtained help of thee, we have continued to this time.'

"In the history of the globe there is recorded but one attempt, seriously made, to establish a free government without religion. From this attempt has sprung new proof that such a government, stripped of this aid, cannot exist. The government, thus projected, was itself never established, but was a mere abortion; exhibiting doubtful signs of life at its birth, and possessing this dubious existence only as an ephemeron. During its diurnal life it was the greatest scourge, particularly to those for whom it was formed, and generally to the rest of mankind, which the world has ever seen. Instead of being a free, just, and bene-

ficient system of administration, it was more despotic than a Persian caliphate; more wasteful of life, and all its blessings, than an inundation of Goths and Vandals. Those who lived under it, and either originated or executed its measures, were the authors of more crimes than any collection of men, since the termination of that gigantic wickedness, from which nothing but an universal deluge could cleanse this polluted world.

"These evils, my antagonist is further to be informed, were the result of the only experiment ever made of erecting a government without religion. They are the only specimen of the genuine efficacy of infidelity and atheism on the mind and on the happiness of man, during the only opportunity which they have enjoyed of possessing an unlimited control over human affairs. Until the remembrance of this experiment shall have been lost, it can never be made again.

"Finally, he is to be informed, that it is wiser, more humane, and more effectual, to prevent crimes than to punish them. He is to be told, what he cannot deny, that religion is the only great preventative of crimes; and contributes more, in a far more desirable manner, to the peace and good order of society, than the judge and the sheriff, the gaol and the gibbet, united. He is to be reminded that mankind, with all the influence of religion added to that of the civil government, are still imperfectly governed—are less orderly, peaceful, and friendly to each other, than humanity must wish; and that, therefore, he who would willingly lessen this influence is a fool—he who would destroy it, a madman.

"I am well aware that, in spite of this and any other reasoning, in spite of demonstration itself, there are men who may, and in all probability will say, that, however good and useful the public worship of God may be, they do not wish to avail themselves of its benefits, and owe, therefore, no contributions to its support. To these men I reply, that he who has no children, or who does not wish to send his children to school, and he who does not use the roads and bridges of his country, because he is either necessitated or inclined to stay at home, may, on exactly the same ground, claim an exemption from supporting schools, roads, and bridges. To such an objector it is a sufficient answer, that these things enter into all the happiness which he enjoys, and that without them he and his countrymen would be hermits and savages. Without religion, man becomes in a short time a beast of prey, and wastes the happiness of his fellow-men with as little remorse as the wolf or the tiger, and to a degree which leaves

their ravages out of remembrance. Even if this were not the melancholy fact, the list of individual enjoyments is as much more valuable in a community where religion prevails, than where it does not, as the safety, peace, and pleasure of civilized society are more desirable than the exposure, discord, and misery produced by the furious and malignant passions of uncultivated man."

Our answer, therefore, in short, is this: We hold it to be the duty of all governments to establish among their people the worship of God. We believe that in so doing the government consults the interest of all, and may, consequently, and in perfect reasonableness, levy the cost of that establishment upon the whole community. As for consulting the preferences or dislikes of individuals, it is a mode of proceeding never yet adopted by any government. Quakers, and those who abhor the idea of blood, are made to pay for the maintenance of a standing army; people who never took the least interest in the arts, are taxed to build a picture-gallery; and men who have no children to educate, are obliged to contribute to support schools. The test in each case is, *the public good*, not the private feelings of individuals. And the public good, in this case, prescribes the maintenance of a national church.

A third objection is, that the revenues of the Church are amply sufficient for all these purposes, without either a rate, or a contribution from the public treasury. The *Globe* newspaper coolly declared, a few days since, that it "*had never heard* it questioned" that the Church's own endowments were quite equal to all these charges. The *Globe* must have had a very bad memory, not to be aware that Lord John Russell himself had *repeatedly* declared, that the revenues of the Church were not more than sufficient for the decent maintenance of the clergy. But whether this has been said or not, and whether the *Globe* forgets it or not, let us look at the facts of the case as they stand on record in the parliamentary returns.

The *whole* revenues of the Church, cathedral or parochial, are found to be 3,490,332*l.* Were we even to abolish at once both bishops and cathedrals, this aggregate, divided among our 10,701 parishes, would give an average income of 326*l.* to each. But if we are not prepared to sweep away Epis-

copacy, and thus utterly revolutionize the Church—and if we, therefore, only look at the revenues of the parochial clergy, we there find that these 10,701 benefices possess, altogether, only 3,058,248*l.* a-year, or about 285*l.* each; being *less than half* the salary of an *assistant* poor-law commissioner!

But it will perhaps be replied, that the bishops may be reduced, and the cathedral revenues almost wholly applied to this purpose. To which we answer, that it was only in the last session that the bishops' revenues were reviewed and equalized by parliament, and that it is too much like child's play to adopt a plan one year and to repudiate it the next. As for the cathedral revenues, the allusion to them reminds us that it is easy to shew that, instead of a surplus,—a superabundance,—there is actually a large deficiency of means; and that the State, if it means to maintain a national church at all, is bound to increase, rather than diminish, the existing revenues of the establishment.

The population of England and Wales, in 1801, was 8,872,980. In 1831, it was 13,894,574. There was an increase of more than *five millions*, within thirty years; but in what way had the Church been strengthened to provide for this vast growth of population? There seems no ground for imagining that the revenues of the Church had increased in any commensurate degree—hardly any for believing that they had increased at all.

The tithes, in the aggregate, surely, could not be higher in 1831 than in 1801, looking at the far lower price of agricultural produce at the later period. What, then, had been done to augment the resources of the Church, so as to enable her to provide for this vast augmentation? By the state, scarcely any thing; by private benevolence, not a tenth part of what the case required. If we admit, then, as the Ecclesiastical Commissioners have admitted, that it will be necessary and expedient to apply a large part of the 271,970*l.* per annum which now belongs to the cathedrals, to the endowment of a considerable body of additional parochial clergy—if this be conceded, as it has already been, still it must be abundantly clear that even the whole of the cathedral revenues might be applied to this purpose, and yet the wants of the added five millions be scarcely half supplied. Instead, there-

fore, of finding any surplus in this quarter, to be applied to the reduction of Church-rates, it is abundantly clear that a *deficiency*, and not an *excess*, exists—a deficiency, too, which the State is bound to supply.

So far, then, from this objection proving to be founded on fact, the very contrary appears to be the actual state of the case. Instead of being in possession of large stores of wealth, easily applicable to this purpose, the Church is found to be greatly deficient in the necessary means of fulfilling her duties, and is seen to have a just claim on the State for an augmented provision.

And the *fourth* objection is equally at variance with the truth—assuming, like the last, not only what is not the case, but the very *opposite* of the real fact.

The same article in the *Examiner*, from which we have already quoted, thus states this objection:

“The abolition of the Church-rates is now only a grace of necessity; for as the people have it in their power to refuse them, and for the *most part* do refuse them, it is not to be supposed that they will suffer any commutation taking from them the power of resisting the odious exaction. The rates *being virtually abolished*, nothing remains to the Church but the disgrace of an extortionate demand.”

Now here the broad assumption is made, that, taking the whole kingdom through, “the people for the *most part* do refuse Church-rates;” and thus that “the rates are virtually abolished.”

This is a most important feature in the case, *if true*. But is it true? So far from it, that the very *opposite* is the actual truth!

Of the 10,700 parishes in England, we may reasonably suppose that many are not in the habit of making a Church-rate at all; and do not, in fact, find one necessary. In some, a small endowment exists for the purpose; in others, a wealthy incumbent takes the expenses on himself; in others, the charges, being small, are paid, by common consent, out of the poor-rates. This being the case, we are inclined to assume, what is certainly a low estimate, that in only about 5000 parishes, or rather less than half of the whole, a Church-rate is usually resorted to.

But, whether the rate be required in 5000 parishes, or in 10,000, to what extent have the Dissenters succeeded in rejecting the rate? The *Examiner*

says, "*for the most part.*" If this were true, we should hear of two or three thousand rejections in a year, or about *fifty every week*. But what is the fact?

The *Patriot*, the organ of the agitating Dissenters, has its agents and correspondents in every part of the country, and it is most improbable that any of these Dissenting triumphs would fail to be chronicled in its columns. Now the *Patriot* does, it is true, report continually such Church-rate conflicts as its friends can get up. But how often? Sometimes *one* such, sometimes *two, three*—scarcely ever *four* in a week! And of these a fair proportion, we believe a majority, terminate, not in the triumph, but in the defeat, of the Dissenters! We do not believe that the most careful search would collect, either from the *Patriot's* columns, or from any other source, so many as *one hundred* cases of Church-rates refused, within the last year. The latest contests that we remember were those of Brighton, Lambeth, and Bridgewater, in all which the Church was triumphant.

But is *one hundred* out of 5000 "the most part"? Is it not preposterous, because in *one case out of fifty* the Church has been defeated, to say, as the *Examiner* does, "Church-rates are *virtually abolished*." Most clearly, in this case, as in the last, the truth turns out to be, not as the facts were stated by the Dissenters and their advocates, but just the very contrary! The Church is in full possession of *forty-nine fiftieths* of her usual supplies; and instead of being obliged, as the *Examiner* would assume, to make the best bargain she can in the matter, she is under no necessity to accept, nor will she accept, any terms which shall cripple her usefulness or diminish her powers of extension.

We find, then, that the four arguments most frequently resorted to, by the opponents of Lord Althorp's plan, have actually no weight or validity whatever. We find—

II. THE PLAN OF THE DISSENTERS AND RADICALS.

This merely goes to abolish Church-rates simply, and *in toto*, without providing any substitute whatever; leaving the churches to fall down or to stand, to be shut up or to be kept open, just as their respective congregations may choose to provide.

That all the hardship of the broker's distraint, all the grievance of paying for sacramental wine and the washing of surplices, would be at once and for ever removed by Lord Althorp's bill; and would, in fact, have been so removed two years since, had not the Dissenters interposed their opposition, and thus continued the very system of which they complain:—

That the objection next raised, that Dissenters ought not to be called upon to contribute in *any way*, directly or indirectly, to a church from which they derive no benefit, is not founded in fact. *Indirectly*, at least, they unquestionably do receive advantage from the establishment of Christianity; and *indirectly*, at least, they ought to be willing to contribute towards that great public advantage:—

That the allegation that sufficient funds could be realized, out of the Church's own endowments, to supply the place of Church-rates, is unfounded, and just the opposite of the truth; inasmuch as the five millions added to the population within the last thirty years demand the allocation of every farthing that the revenues of the Church can spare, for the provision of additional ministers for this vast increase of the people: And

That the arrogant assumption, that the people have already thrown off the burden of Church-rates, and that it therefore only remains for the Church to give up, with the best grace she may, what it is out of her power to retain, is altogether contrary to fact; inasmuch as out of the 10,701 parishes of England, it would be difficult to name *one hundred* which have, in any one year, refused to agree to the adoption of a Church-rate.

The objections, then, to the original proposition of Lord Althorp,—a proposition obtaining the concurrence of Whigs, Conservatives, and the Church itself, appear to be utterly vain and weak. Let us next look at the counter-proposition; which we may call, by way of distinction,

This is the scheme, the adoption of which, the *Examiner* tells us, will "*prop*," its rejection "*crush*," the administration. It is by espousing this project that the government may "acquire new strength;" it is by opposing it that it may "*cast itself away*."

Let us inquire, then, whether the path to this so desirable a consummation is altogether clear from difficulties.

We think not. Several objections occur to us on the instant, as of very serious force against this sweeping proposition. We will enumerate a few, as they suggest themselves to our minds.

1. There is a degree of *impracticability* about the scheme—at least in so far as the present generation is concerned. This appears the very instant we look closely into particulars.

Admitting that the congregations may, or must, find means for carrying on their own religious services, still the annual income of 248,000*l.* is required for the mere sustentation of the edifices. This point the government has again and again pledged itself to maintain. Lord Althorp's proposition went to provide for this annual charge by a grant from the *land-tax*. The Dissenters do not go the length of saying, Let the churches fall; but they say, Take the necessary sums for repairs out of the cathedral revenues.

Now here comes in the first practical difficulty. There are no such cathedral revenues as the proposition presupposes, upon which the legislator can at once lay his hand, and say, *Here! take these* in lieu of Church-rates. The cathedral revenues are, in fact, nothing else than the incomes enjoyed by the present deans, and canons, and prebendaries. Now, no single statesman or legislator has ever risen up in England to propose even the suppression of a mere sinecure, *without regard to existing interests*. To rob the present holders of canonries and prebendal stalls of all their means of existence, is not, we are convinced, intended even by the propounders of this scheme. But without you do rob them, when and where do you get your 250,000*l.* a-year?

The simple truth is, that if it were determined to shut up all the cathedrals, and wholly to suppress their establishments, it might be possible, on the gradual extinction of the present holders, to realize something near the very sum thus wanted—250,000*l.* a-year—in about *forty years* from this time!—that is, supposing that the reforms now in progress had not previously devoted to other purposes more than half the amount. But, admitting that in about forty years the

whole of the present cathedral bodies would be extinct, and that a large income would then fall in, to be applied to the purposes of Church-rates, still, what is proposed to be done during all the long interim which will elapse? Not even the Dissenters themselves have yet said, "Let the churches fall, if they cannot be upheld." What, then, is to be done?

Possibly, some Dissenter, wavering towards moderation, may be ready to say, Oh! we will consent that the government shall lend or give the necessary funds in the interim, so that we are assured of the ultimate extinction of the impost.

Why! you may have the impost removed at once. And as to the deficiency being supplied, *in the interim*, by government, it is obvious that if the principle be a correct one for ten or twenty years, it is a correct one for a century. If it is right that such an application of the public revenues should be made now, and for all the remainder of your life, it is just as right that the same application should be made in the lives of your children and your grandchildren.

The proposition, therefore, if it be made in the *thorough-going* spirit of some of its advocates, means more than it says. It means, Let the churches be left to fall—let them have no funds for their maintenance, till they can derive them from the cathedrals. But if it does not mean this, then it differs little from the ministerial proposition. It only says, Let the Treasury find means for the present; and let steps be taken to provide funds out of the cathedral revenues, *so soon* as anything can be made available from that source.

Meanwhile, however, we remark, that the bare and naked proposition of "taking the Church-rates out of the cathedral revenues" is, during the present generation, clearly *impracticable*.

2. We observe, that this proposition, or any proposition which throws all the burden now resting on the whole state—the whole people, in the shape of Church-rates—upon the Church herself, assumes that which is contrary to fact, namely, that the Church of England possesses a *surplus revenue*,—a revenue larger than the extent of her duties renders necessary.

That this is not the case, might be shewn by the reports of the Eccle-

siastical Commissioners, signed by several members of the present administration, in some of which an extent of spiritual want and destitution is exhibited, far exceeding any means which the Church possesses, even were the whole cathedral revenues at once applied to this purpose. It might also be shewn by the uniform language of Lord John Russell, on many occasions during the last five years. But it will be quite sufficient to refer to one single declaration of his lordship's, made so lately as the 2d of May last, in which he distinctly reiterated his opinion, which had been frequently, before made known, "that the revenues of the Church are only sufficient, or *barely* sufficient, for the religious instruction of the people."*

To maintain this opinion—an opinion grounded on an extensive knowledge of the facts of the case—and yet to listen to a proposition which tends to throw upon the Church a burden of 248,000*l.* a-year, which is at present borne by the rate-payers, would obviously be a grievous inconsistency. There is no surplus revenue in the Church, from which you can obtain this 250,000*l.* a-year. The conclusion, therefore, is obvious: you can only relieve the people from the Church-rates, by providing this sum out of the public revenues.

If we are once more referred to the cathedral sinecures, we again repeat, that those sinecures are already in course of removal—that the plans of Church reform already developed in the reports of the Church Commissioners do most clearly shew, that there is no intention of maintaining the cathedral establishments in their present costliness. But a more legitimate object than that of finding an equivalent for Church-rates, demands all the funds which can be realized from this quarter. The hundreds of new churches which are rising around us, a large proportion of whose accommodation is allotted to the poor, and which churches are generally destitute of all endowment, save the rents of such portions as are inclosed and pewed,—these unquestionably prefer the strongest claim to any funds which the cathedrals may be able to spare. In fact, all those savings will be quite inadequate to this most de-

sirable end. Clearly, then, all idea of a *surplus*, to be applied to Church-rate purposes, ought to be wholly abandoned.

3. The main point, however, is yet to be stated. The one predominant reason why the agitators are resolved upon the abolition of Church-rates *without commutation*,—and why those who conscientiously support an established church ought to be equally resolute that *without commutation* they *shall not* be abolished,—is, that in this dispute is involved the whole question, whether the English nation shall, or shall not, continue to support a national Christian church?

As matters now stand, there is very little to make the supposed union of church and state,—the theoretical idea of an established church,—a practical reality, except the continuance of the law of *Church-rates*.

What is the principle on which we defend a national establishment? It is, That the state is bound to establish the worship of God. But what does the state do, in this country, to establish this worship? Little enough, truly, except in the article of Church-rates.

The endowments of the Church, be it ever remembered, were not bestowed upon her by the state. She received them, as the Universities received theirs, —as Christ's Hospital or Eton College received theirs,—from the Christian liberality of her individual members. All that monarchs and parliaments, for several centuries past, have kept in view, has been, how best to serve their friends at her cost. Courtiers have been provided for, popular statesmen have been recompensed, "the landed interests" have been carefully considered; but at each successive move the Church has generally been the loser. Still, however, the state admits her duty, and constantly professes her willingness to discharge it. Still she orders that each parish and district shall take proper care that all things are provided, so that the worship of God may be carried on, and his ordinances administered, to the whole population of the land.

But terminate this one law, and abolish the Church-rate without replacing it by any charge on the national revenues, and then the Dissenter may at once triumphantly proclaim, with good ground for his as-

sertion, that the union of church and state is at an end—and that henceforth "the Church of England" is an empty title, to which no one body of Christians has any peculiar right to lay claim.

That this is the main object of the whole struggle, is a point which they are not at all desirous of concealing. Again and again do they tell us, that the *amount of money* is not at all the point in dispute—that they will protest as strongly against 5000*l.* as against 250,000*l.*; for that the object is, that the Church shall not be supported out of the national revenues *at all*. "The state," they tell us, "must no longer patronize a sect."

Now, not disputing their right to take and to maintain this ground, if they think fit, still their pertinacity on this point ought to make us equally resolved. There is more in it than a mere whine about "the widow's Bible,"—there is more in it than an objection to the *heavy burden*, which in a few cases has been pleaded against—there is more in it than the mere point of justice, as it is called, that Churchmen should pay for their own organs and their own sacramental wine. Yes, and if we put an end to the rate itself, and thus never trouble the widow with the broker's visit—if Churchmen willingly undertake the whole cost of their own worship, and if the mere repairs are defrayed out of the public purse, and are thus wholly unfelt in the general taxation—still, the Dissenters assure us, will they offer as much opposition as ever; inasmuch as the chief grievance of all would remain unredressed,—*the maintenance of a national church!*

We learn, then, that the real object of the war against Church-rates is, to sever the Church from the State, and to put an end to the national establishment. Our duty, then, who *do not desire* this separation, and who think it the duty of the State to maintain an establishment, clearly is, to determine, that Church-rates shall only be put an end to by an equitable commutation, payable out of the national revenues.

4. Our remaining objection is chiefly personal to his majesty's ministers. We have shewn them that the scheme proposed by the Dissenters and their friends is *impracticable*, inasmuch as it professes to lay hold of revenues which cannot be touched for many years to

come. We have shewn, also, that it *takes for granted a surplus*, which surplus does not exist, and which Lord John Russell has repeatedly declared to have no existence. We have shewn, further, that the declared object of the whole proposition is to deprive the Church of its national character—a character in which the present administration is pledged to maintain it. And we shall now only add, that with a knowledge of all these things, and remembering all the declarations made at various times by different members of the government, it appears quite impossible for ministers to accede to the demand of the Dissenters, without involving themselves in a depth of disgrace wholly without a parallel in the history of party tergiversation.

One of these declarations, and one of the latest, will abundantly suffice to establish this position. On the 20th of last June—little more than six months' since—

"Lord JOHN RUSSELL said,—My opinion on this subject is *exactly the same* as it has hitherto been. I think that it is the duty of the State, either by means of Church-rates, or of some other public fund, to maintain the buildings set apart by the state for Divine worship in good and efficient repair."—"And, whatever may be the anxiety of the Dissenters, they cannot be in doubt as to the opinions of the government. Two years ago, Lord Althorp brought in a bill on the subject, in which the principle was declared, that Church-rates should not be abolished, unless the State provided a substitute. I have never said any thing inconsistent with that principle, or, at least, any thing to lead Dissenters to suppose that ministers meant to abolish Church-rates without an equivalent, or ~~that that equivalent~~ *was to be found in the revenues of the Church*. To that principle I have adhered, and to it I mean to adhere."*

A marked distinction will be seen to exist between this case and that of the Church of Ireland. In proposing an appropriation clause for the Irish Church, Lord John Russell certainly had it in his power to refer back to his previous declarations, and to say, "Although my practice may have varied—although I have held different opinions at different times, as to the expediency of *applying* the principles I avowed, still I can at least claim the merit of having been always consistent

* *Mirror of Parliament*, 1836, pp. 1962-3.

in *theory*. The doctrine I have constantly avowed has always been, that the Church of Ireland possessed revenues beyond her necessities, and that the State had the just and legal right of determining the appropriation of that excess."

We admit the truth of this justification. We acknowledge that in *theory* his lordship has for many years past maintained the same position, and our censure merely extends to this point,—that his willingness to *apply* these theories was marvellously increased between 1833 and 1835, and that no visible cause existed for the change, except *his own* change of position. It was *inconvenient*, in 1833, to press the 147th, or Appropriation clause, in the Irish Church Bill. But in 1835 the case was changed, and the Appropriation clause was highly expedient for his own ends; and hence the altered tone of his language and his policy.

But a like change, in the matter of the English Church, would be ten times more disgraceful and destructive to character. It would not be a change from inertness to activity,—from an indisposition to moot the question, to a sudden zeal for legislation; but it would be an absolute conversion from a fixed, and formed, and well-defined opinion, to its very opposite and contradiction;—from a conviction, held for years, and frequently and publicly avowed, to a directly contrary view; and all this clearly and obviously from no other motives, than a desire to gratify the Dissenters, and a fear that their animosity would lead to his own loss of office. His lordship declared, so lately as June last, his fixed and unalterable opinion, that it was the duty of the State to take care that the churches were kept in repair; that, consequently, it was impossible that he could consent to abolish Church-rates, except by providing a sufficient equivalent; and that such an equivalent was not to be found in the existing revenues of the Church. All these conclusions were enunciated after much thought, after a lengthened official consideration of the question, and on the fullest view of all the facts of the case. Can it ever be possible for a statesman to abandon ground so deliberately taken, and to abandon it merely from the pressure of intimidation—can it be imagined possible, we ask,

for a public man thus to act, without wholly denuding himself of every fragment of reputation, and plunging himself at once into the very depths of scorn and contempt.

A yielding, then, of his fixed and declared opinions, to the pressure of the Dissenters, would cover the statesman so deserting his duty with the most irremediable infamy. But it would do more than this. It would throw the settlement of the question to a greater distance than ever, and would add considerably to the disgust and exasperation already felt by a large body of the higher and middling classes towards the ministry. Their attack on the Church of Ireland has raised in the country a Conservative spirit for which they were quite unprepared, and which already threatens their overthrow. An attempt on the English Church, as it comes nearer home, would immensely augment this feeling, and would render the destruction of the parties making it, quite inevitable. The ministry, then, would sacrifice itself to the gratification of the Dissenters, without being able, in fact, to accomplish even a particle of that for which the Dissenters are clamoring!

For, although it may be easy enough for any half dozen men, whether ministers or not, to *propose* the entire abolition of Church-rates, without a substitute,—to *carry* such a measure will be found by no means so easy. No one will imagine, we suppose, that the House of Lords would for an instant entertain such a proposition, even were it to pass the House of Commons. All that would be effected, therefore, would be to add another to the various questions already at issue between the two houses, and to leave the Church-rates in their present position—*i. e.* voted and collected, in spite of opposition, in *forty-nine* parishes out of every *fifty*! if not in ninety-nine out of a hundred! The Church-rate, then, would be perpetuated, instead of being removed; the dissension between the two houses would be increased; and the House of Peers would be placed in the popular and advantageous position of being the main bulwark of the Church; which Church, whatever the Dissenters may say, is becoming every day more deeply and more extensively beloved. Would such a result be one which a "liberal ministry" should seek to precipitate?

III. THE PLAN OF THE ARCHDEACONS.

But while we are committing these ideas to paper, a third proposition makes its appearance, in the form of a series of resolutions, publicly advertised as having been adopted at a meeting of the Archdeacons of England, specially convened in order to take this subject into consideration. Their plan is thus briefly indicated :

"That this meeting earnestly deprecates all interference with the principle of Church-rates, being persuaded that no other mode of attaining the same object, equally safe and permanent, can be devised.

"That nothing more is required than additional enactments for better raising or making the rate, and for securing to the rate-payer every possible satisfaction as to the faithful application of the money so raised."

This proposition, then, if we rightly understand it, merely desires to perfect the law as it now stands, by removing a practical anomaly, and giving the proper authorities the power of making and levying a rate, without being liable to obstruction by a riotous popular assemblage, either on the making the rate, or in its collection.

There is no doubt that the propounders of this plan are theoretically right. It is a most absurd defect in the law as it now stands, that while the principle is clearly laid down that every parish is *bound* to keep its church in repair, still, in practice, a rabble of Dissenters, or even of opposers of all religion, can step in, and by their votes in a parish vestry entirely defeat every practical proposition. That this is a mere oversight, an unintentional *hiatus* in the law, there can be no doubt. In the making a poor-rate, the churchwardens and overseers are bound, indeed, to summon the parishioners to be present ; but the act of making the rate, subject only to the approbation of the magistrates, is their own sole act, and no one ever thinks of putting it to the *votes* of a majority, whether the poor shall be starved or kept alive—whether a levy shall be made, or the overseers be left without funds.

No doubt it is the wish of the archdeacons merely to put the two rates upon the same footing. And had this proposition been offered a dozen years back, it would have been a valuable one, and would, most probably, have

warded off the present inconvenience and danger. The Dissenters would have wanted foot-room for the contest they are now carrying on ; and thus, finding their efforts unavailing, would probably have allowed the question to remain undisturbed.

At the present moment, however, it appears to us that this proposition comes *too late*. We doubt the wisdom, now that the animosity of the Dissenters has been roused, of forcibly maintaining a system of taxation which must perpetuate and increase the existing irritation. We have no idea of surrendering the *principle* ; but in the mere *mode* of carrying that principle into effect we are willing to be regulated by existing circumstances. We believe that the whole nation is benefited by the Established Church, and therefore we hold that the entire nation ought, directly or indirectly, to be contributory to its operations. But as the Dissenters appear to feel a great dislike to the *direct* levy of this tax, we are quite disposed to withdraw the collector from their doors, to exchange the rate for an equivalent out of the national revenues, and thus to remove all ground of complaint, that "his tables and chairs are taken away, to pay for the washing the parson's surplice." As the benefit received by the Dissenters is not *direct*, but *indirect*, so we would willingly make the payment indirect also.

We believe, too, that a change of this sort is not only desirable, in order to remove grounds of irritation, but also expedient, in order to terminate actual strife and contention, which no plan retaining the *direct* levy can effect. For instance, suppose it were merely enacted, that the churchwarden, instead of being obliged to take the vote of a parish-meeting, should be empowered to make a rate of his own authority, as the overseer does now, in the case of the poor-rate,—what is more obvious than that this would only slightly modify the form and terms of the quarrel, and that in future, instead of opposing a churchwarden's application to have a Church-rate granted, the Dissenters would struggle to gain, wherever they could, the appointment of churchwardens pledged *not* to make a Church-rate. And, after all, if this and a dozen other

difficulties were guarded against, there still remains *passive resistance*; the expedient which the Dissenters will always have, as their *dernier resort*, so long as we persist in a distinct and direct levy upon them for the expenses of the Church.

IV. FURTHER SUGGESTIONS.

It will be seen that our own preference is for the plan propounded by Lord Althorp in 1834. The simple abolition demanded by the Dissenters we must decidedly oppose, inasmuch as it virtually dissolves the connexion between the Church and the State; denies the duty of the legislature to provide religious instruction for the people; and openly declares that for the future the ordinances of religion shall be confined to those who are rich enough to pay for them. But the adherence of the opposite plan, offered by the archdeacons, to the existing system, seems to us inadvisable, and, in fact, almost impracticable: we are therefore compelled to select the proposition of Lord Althorp as by far the best of the three,—though in that plan we cannot help remarking one great deficiency. Upon that deficiency we shall now proceed to offer a few observations.

It is the leading feature of the bill of 1834,—that its chief and almost only object seems to be, to satisfy the Dissenters. It is true that the authors of that bill speedily found, and found to their great surprise, that they had failed in this point; and that nothing short of an entire abandonment of the Church would content the Dissenting agitators. Still, though the attempt was unsuccessful, it was not the less sincere. There can be no doubt whatever, with any who have read that bill, that the chief and almost sole object of its authors was, *to content the Dissenters*.

Now, this was really making a very small though troublesome minority of the people of vastly too much importance. It was surely enough that by their restlessness they had made an amendment of the law almost necessary; but it was quite too much to suppose that in that amendment they were to be the only parties considered.

If the question of Church-rates be opened at all—and that it must be opened appears almost inevitable,—certainly the duty of a statesman is, to grapple with the whole question, and to do all that on a large view of the

Agreeing, then, with the main principle of the archdeacons' plan, we yet feel disposed to think that it has been left unadopted too long; and that it does not fully meet the exigencies of the case, as matters stand at the present moment.

case shall appear necessary; not to tinker up a single hole, or to be content with merely pacifying some momentary clamour.

To borrow an illustration from a measure of the last session—a measure, too, of their own construction, and one, like the present, mainly intended to satisfy the Dissenters:—When the bill for altering the law of marriage was framed, not only did it endeavour to meet and gratify the wishes of the Dissenters, at whose request it had been prepared, but it went further, and took care, also, to remove an anomaly in the Establishment itself, by which chapels of ease and district churches were prohibited from being used for the purposes of marriage, baptism, &c. Thus, though satisfaction to the Dissenters was, naturally enough, the main object of the measure, still a general view of the existing law and its deficiencies was taken, and the opportunity was seized of placing Churchmen, as well as Dissenters, in an improved and reasonable position.

Just so should it be in the present case. As the immediate object of legislating at the present moment is to quiet the complaints of the Dissenters, let their supposed grievances be the first matter provided for, and let the rate-collector and the broker be taken quite out of their way. But let it not be forgotten that there is another party to be considered in the case, and that a great and grievous want exists in the Church also, to meet which the present occasion furnishes a most appropriate and convenient opportunity.

And this, too, though but little has been said about it, is in reality the most important feature of the case. The commutation of Church-rates, though obviously desirable, is a mere matter of arrangement, having little more in view than the removal of an imaginary grievance. But the providing some sufficient means for keeping down the growing Heathenism of our population, is a great, and important, and most vitally essential object. Let

us for a moment examine its extent and bearings.

A general outline of this evil is furnished in the Second Report of the Church Commissioners, dated March 4, 1836, in which the following passage occurs:—

“The most prominent, however, of those defects, which cripple the energies of the Established Church, and circumscribe its usefulness, is the want of churches and ministers in the large towns and populous districts of the kingdom. The growth of the population has been so rapid, as to outrun the means possessed by the Establishment of meeting its spiritual wants; and the result has been, that a vast proportion of the people are left destitute of the opportunities of public worship and Christian instruction, even when every allowance is made for the exertions of those religious bodies which are not in connexion with the Established Church.

“It is not necessary in this Report to enter into all the details by which the truth of this assertion might be proved. It will be sufficient to state the following facts as examples. Looking to those parishes only which contain each a population exceeding 10,000, we find that in London and its suburbs, including the parishes on either bank of the Thames, there are four parishes, or districts, each having a population exceeding 20,000, and containing an aggregate of 166,000 persons, with church-room for 8200 (not quite one-twentieth of the whole), and only eleven clergymen.

“There are twenty-one others, the aggregate population of which is 739,000, while the church-room is for 66,155 (not one-tenth of the whole), and only forty-five clergymen.

“There are nine others, with an aggregate population of 232,000, and church-room for 27,327 (not one-eighth of the whole), and only nineteen clergymen.

“The entire population of these thirty-four parishes amounts to 1,137,000, while there is church-room only for 101,682. Supposing that church-room is required for one-third, there ought to be sittings for 379,000 persons. There is, therefore, a deficiency of 277,318 sittings; or if we allow 25,000 for the number of sittings in proprietary chapels, the deficiency will be 252,318.

“Allowing one church for a population of 3,000, there would be required, in these parishes, 379 churches; whereas there are, in fact, only 69; or, if proprietary chapels be added, about 100, —leaving a deficiency of 279; while there are only 139 clergymen in a population exceeding a million.

“In the diocese of Chester there are thirty-eight parishes, or districts, in Lancashire, each with a population exceeding 10,000, containing an aggregate of 816,000 souls, with church-room for 97,700, or about one-eighth; the proportions varying in the different parishes from one-sixth to one-twenty-third.

“In the diocese of York there are twenty parishes, or districts, each with a population exceeding 10,000, and with an aggregate of 402,000, while the church accommodation is for 48,000; the proportions varying from one-sixth to one-thirtieth.

“In the diocese of Lichfield and Coventry there are sixteen parishes, or districts, each having a population above 10,000, the aggregate being 235,000, with church-room for about 29,000; the proportions varying from one-sixth to one-fourteenth.

“But a comparison between the amount of population and that of church-room will not furnish, by itself, an accurate view of the provision which is made for the spiritual wants of the people; because many of the chapels which contribute to swell the amount of church-room have no particular districts assigned to them, and we consider the assignment of a district to each church or chapel to be necessary to the ends of pastoral instruction, and to carrying into full effect the parochial economy of the Established Church.

“The evils which flow from this deficiency in the means of religious instruction and pastoral superintendence, greatly outweigh all other inconveniences, resulting from any defects or anomalies in our ecclesiastical institutions; and it unfortunately happens, that while these evils are the most urgent of all, and most require the application of an effectual remedy, they are precisely those for which a remedy can be least easily found.

“The resources which the Established Church possesses, and which can properly be made available to that purpose, in whatever way they may be husbanded or distributed, are evidently quite inadequate to the exigency of the case; and all that we can hope to do is, gradually to diminish the intensity of the evil.”

Such is the enormous evil which now disfigures and threatens the very existence of the Established Church; and for which evil no remedy whatever can be found in her own resources. All this, too, is fully stated and explained, not in some hyperbolic fiction of a bigoted high Churchman, but in a parliamentary document, carefully drawn from the most authentic sources

of information, and bearing the signatures not only of "W. CANTUAR," and "C. J. LONDON," but those also of "MELBOURNE," "COTTENHAM," "LANSDOWNE," "J. RUSSELL," and "T. SPRING RICE."

But it may be said that these are all, though Whigs, yet still professed Churchmen, and, therefore, not impartial witnesses in the case. Let us call, then, a known and popular Dissenter,—whose recently published sermon* furnishes us with strong corroboration.

Having shewn that for the population of the metropolis, approaching to very nearly 2,000,000 of human beings, there is not accommodation in all the churches, chapels, and meeting-houses, taken together, for so many as 500,000; and having shewn that, after allowing for three-eighths of the population (infants, aged, &c.) as necessarily absent, there is an actual deficiency of accommodation for 650,000 persons,—that is, that at least *six hundred and fifty thousand* human beings in London *cannot* partake of the public worship of God in any form, or under any sect whatever, the preacher proceeds:—

"Were you, on arising to-morrow morning, to find that by some Satanic enchantment temples had been erected during the night in your various streets—temples to the Heathen idols, Venus, and Bacchus, and Mercury, and the Indian Juggernaut—patrons of the vices; and that all those temples were thronged with worshippers, and thousands of them preparing to immolate themselves in honour of their gods, would you not wither with amazement? But here is all the most fearful part of the scene passing in vivid reality before your eyes. The very temples themselves virtually exist; nothing but the names are wanting; and the votaries flock to them in crowds. Were you, on arising to-morrow morning, to find that by some unaccountable means a colony of hundreds of thousands of Heathens had come from the ends of the earth, and set themselves down in the outskirts of the metropolis; and could you easily go and assure yourselves of the fact; could you see the great living mass of Heathenism fermenting there in ignorance and depravity, would you not fear some moral contagion from their vicinity; and would you not take some instant means for penetrating that threatening mass with the healing influence of the Gospel? But

here they are—and the reality is worse than the supposition—they are *British* Heathens; they are not in your suburbs merely, but in your midst—living at your doors, dwelling around your sanctuaries, and they have done so for years. The contagion arising from their presence has not now to begin—it has long been in wide, active, fatal operation, endangering your children, contaminating your servants, attacking your friends, destroying your neighbours, and keeping thousands in a state of weeping and wasting anxiety.

"And will you not arise to the rescue? Shall it be necessary to remove these 650,000 British Heathens to the plains of India, or to the islands of the Southern Sea, before you will think of them? Will you feel only for guilt and misery which you do not see? Shall a suspicion of insincerity be thrown on all your missionary operations abroad?

"Think of the number which this Society asks you to benefit—650,000, at least. Repeat the number to yourselves as you sit in the house, and as you walk in the way—650,000 souls are perishing in my neighbourhood. Repeat it to night as you are about to cast into the treasury of the Lord—650,000 souls are perishing around me; and it will impel you to increase your offerings. Repeat it as you bow at the throne of grace—650,000 souls are perishing around me; and, like Abraham interceding for Sodom, it will impel you to wrestle with God for their salvation.

"Think of the urgency of their danger. Infidelity is active; proselyting, poisoning, destroying souls. Vice is active—myriads are in its pay—all sworn and devoted to its work—all covered with the blood of souls. Death is active—driving them away in their wickedness—compelling them by tens of thousands annually into the presence of their Judge. And hell is enlarging itself to receive them; hell—and nothing standing between them and it,—absolutely nothing, but the patience of God. And shall Christians be inactive? Will you not act the Christian citizen, and hasten, and plant the cross between them and ruin?"

Thus, then, of the *fact* we have the clearest proof; and, if true, surely it is of the very last importance. The testimony which we have just quoted is given by one who himself proposes to remedy the evil by "the voluntary system." But the facts which he himself states are amply sufficient to destroy every such dream. That very voluntary

* *The Christian Citizen: a Sermon preached in the Poultry Chapel, Dec. 6, 1836, by the Rev. John Harris.*

system has seen and permitted this mass of heathenism to grow up among us;—and can it now remove it at will? Or can the legislature be considered to be doing its duty, while it leaves such a mass of moral evil, such a mine of public danger and calamity, wholly unregarded? Is it not a stark absurdity to profess to believe in the necessity of providing for a Christian ministry, and for the religious instruction of the people, and yet to leave such masses of the population as these, wholly destitute of both?

Mr. Harris, as a pertinacious advocate of "the voluntary system," while he harrows up his own soul and those of his hearers by the contemplation of "*six hundred and fifty thousand British heathens*," can think of no better remedy for this gigantic evil than—to preach a charity sermon! But can any statesman, who has already formed and declared his conviction that the legislature is bound to attend to the morals and real welfare of the people—can such an one hear the preacher's descriptions without exclaiming, It is high time that the government gave its most serious attention to this matter!

But will it be asked, What the State is expected to do? The answer is at hand; she has herself supplied it. The legislature has already voted, for several years past, a considerable annual sum in aid of the erection of school-houses; so that whenever and wherever a school is needed, and the people are willing to raise among themselves 500*l.* for its erection, the government immediately gives them another 500*l.* Now we want an exactly similar provision for the Church. The people are every where shewing their conviction of the want of additional church-room, by large voluntary contributions. In London alone above 100,000*l.* has been raised within the last six months. Yet all these exertions fall far short of the necessity of the case. The report which we have quoted above, signed by Lord John Russell himself, declares a deficiency in London alone of 279 churches; but 100,000*l.* will hardly raise the odd 29!

Is it not, then, quite reasonable to ask, that if the government means to continue to profess a belief of its duty to maintain an Established Church, it shall do something, at least, to shew that such a profession is not hypocritical? Either let the duty be denied at

once, or, if it is admitted, let the actions of the legislature be regulated by that conviction.

We ask, then, that the question of Church-rates shall not be treated by piecemeal. We ask that the claims of one-fifteenth of the population shall not be eagerly conceded, while the expectations of the other fourteen-fifteenths are overlooked or forgotten. We have no desire to delay for a single hour an enactment which may remove from the Dissenter any *direct* tax for church purposes; but we feel it to be a matter of far greater moment to do something to rescue our half-heathen population from the misery and vice into which they have been allowed to fall.

But we have dropped an expression which may be objected to;—we have described the Dissenters as constituting one-fifteenth of the population, whereas, in their later attempts to magnify their numbers and importance, they have given a very different view of the matter. Some of these attempts have really been quite outrageous. In a late memorial, transmitted to Lord J. Russell from his own constituents at Stroud, the following words occur: "It being matter of history that the Protestant Dissenters of England and Wales have already built and kept in repair *upwards of eight thousand* places of worship, and are, moreover, continually adding to their number," &c.

Now, really, one would think that persons who could venture on such assertions as these must be men making no pretensions to either conscience or decency. And yet we find as many as three dissenting ministers actually taking part in the meeting at which it was unanimously adopted! We are compelled, therefore, once more to refer to the facts of the case, as they are established by dissenting testimony.

In the latest and most complete return with which we are acquainted, compiled by Dissenters themselves, and published in the *Congregational Magazine* of Dec. 1829, the dissenting congregations of England are stated as follows:

Independents.....	1289
Baptists	888
Presbyterians.....	258

This gives a total of 2435. But we observe eight congregations, or meeting-houses, which are reckoned in *both*

the first two classes. This reduces the total to 2427. We also remark among the Independents as many as 169 places which are either "*vacant*," or are only "missionary stations;" meaning thereby that an itinerant visits the place at intervals, and preaches in a cottage. Supposing that the Baptists have a like proportion of these cases, we must deduct, in all, 300 from the total on this score, which will leave a net total of little more than 2000 congregations, actually existing, with settled ministers, &c.

Now, of the third class, the Presbyterians, it is well known that four-fifths of their congregations have become Socinian; and the *Patriot*; some time back, calculated their *total* strength at less than 15,000. Of the 1900 Independent and Baptist congregations, we must conclude better things. Probably, an average of about 300 persons to each would be very near the truth. This would give, as a grand total, 570,000; or, with the Presbyterians, rather less than 600,000.

That we are not far below the mark, is clear from the fact, that their own organ, the *Patriot*, declares that "the orthodox dissenting congregations of the three denominations exceed 2200 in England alone; and the *aggregate* of their attendants is *estimated* at *nearly* a million."

What, then, are we to say to the *morality* of men—nay, of *preachers*

even—who, to answer the purpose of the moment, can thus unscrupulously turn *two* thousand into *eight*! and thus assume the weight and importance of a body consisting of nearly half the population, when their own confessions shew them to be well aware that they are not more than a fifteenth part! We know the miserable excuse they would offer,—that in the larger number they include the Methodists. But they are well aware that this in no respect mends their case. The Methodists are not a part of "the Protestant Dissenters;" and the Methodists are not united with them in their warfare against the Establishment. Yet have they unscrupulously included them in their array, in order to *conceal the simple truth*, that those who are actually engaged in this warfare, amount, on *their own* shewing, to only about "2200 congregations, the aggregate of whose attendants is *estimated* at *nearly* a million."

Again do we repeat our protest against the voice of this fraction of the population being permitted to decide on the destinies of the Church. And again do we call on our statesmen, of every class, who are worthy of the name, to settle the Church-rate question in the present session; but to settle it in such a manner as may manifest a due regard to the rights of the Church, and to the real interests of the people.

HUMOURS OF THE NORTH.

No. II.

HINTS ON PARSIMONY.

IN the memoir of Baron Kalchenvogel occurs this passage:—"In Scotland tufts are hunted and *vglued* for their own sakes, even when the wearer is known to be as poor as a church-rat. How, then, dare we censure those of the north for avarice?"

Out of this incidental question, it would be very possible to spin a long yarn; nor is it unimportant to trace, in different nations, the *shades* of character, which an intelligent observer will find as strongly marked as the predominant cast of features, the tone of voice, or the idioms of language. The same virtues and vices exist in all countries, yet are sometimes discoloured and practised after a fashion so different that they can scarcely be recognised for the same, or ascribed to the same originating principles. If a Scotch tuft-hunter differs from a London one, not less will there be found a marked shade of difference between the hunters or conservators of *cash* on the north and south side of the Tweed, and in this respect we believe that the character of the modern Athenians has often been grossly misrepresented.

In both countries the worship of money is, of course, entertained; the "minister" looks to his humble *vicar* of "teinds" as the parson to "tythes;" in both countries money is an acknowledged symbol of power, of merit, of virtue,—in short, of all that is excellent in the moral as well as the sensual world. Yet in London only do we search for the *perfect* cultivation and practice of this worship. A Scotsman in his own country often goes about it awkwardly. He can excel the English in economy, yet, strange to tell, knows not how to become an absolute miser. There are too many *gripping* elements in his composition to admit of this one assuming, as it ought to do, the entire supremacy. By some strange hallucination of intellect, even while obliged to acknowledge parsimony for a virtue, he yet seems ashamed of penury or penuriousness as if it were a *vice*. Whilst his own common sense enforces the truth of the maxim—"Every one for himself;" yet, at the same time,

if a neighbour, or even a stranger, knocks at his door in a rainy day, he cannot resist opening it, and offering a share of his hospitality, though it should be in the shape only of a "*riz-zard haddick*," a bottle of *pinkie*, or gill of Glenlivet. It is not till he comes across the Tweed—till he lives for some time under English laws, in London or, perhaps, in Calcutta, that he thoroughly learns the practice of this admired science or virtue. But *here* (that is, in the county of Middlesex), it must be admitted that the Scotch do frequently become the most accomplished misers under the sun! When their "*perfidium ingenium*" coalesces with our established opinions and system, they "*out-Herod Herod*,"—they far surpass us on our own ground and our own principles.

In London alone could you discover a living example of a *parvenu* worth 500,000*l.* or a million, who resides in a house dark as a dungeon, of which the windows have never been cleaned since he began to occupy it, and where the chimney-sweeper finds no work, because there are no fires; where daily quarrels take place with the old charwoman about cheese-parings and crusts of bread; where hospitality is unknown, and where the unfortunate applicant who ventures to touch the knocker with one hand, whilst with the other he holds a begging petition, will not only meet with a refusal, but with scorn, threats, and contumely. This worthy may, perhaps, be a Scotsman, and, like the late Mr. ****, of ****, may have acquired a large fortune in the East or West Indies; but were he to play such pranks in his own country, and within the walls of "*Auld Reekie*," it would never do! Let him possess two millions of money, and he would, notwithstanding, be *chasséd*, sent to Coventry, branded as the most despicable of mortals. In fact, he would there become thoroughly ashamed of himself, and could not persevere in such a system. Accordingly, it is scarce possible to discover such a character at Edinburgh, whilst in London we could name many of this class, who glory, not merely in their care

and parsimony, but in their abject penuriousness, and undeviating solicitude, without looking to the right or left, for *number one*, or, we should say, for the sole purpose of accumulation. Yet, with all this, whether they are good, rational economists, is a question.

That frugality, good management, and a certain species of self-denial, are prevalent in Scotland, certainly cannot be disputed. *There*, among the middling ranks, you find tradesmen quite as prosperous and respectable in their way as those of London; yet, we ask, will it be possible to fix upon any trunk-maker, tailor, haberdasher, or circulating-library keeper, who has his dinner-table every day supplied with the choicest "delicacies of the season," and who would feel miserable if he had not regularly *one* bottle at least of the best old wine to his own share after dinner? In London this is so customary, that examples are numberless, whilst at Edinburgh such luxury among shop-keepers is almost unknown; but if any one concludes from these premises that the Bond Street tradesman must be liberal, and he of the North or South Bridge a skin-flint, he may chance to find himself egregiously mistaken.

Once more we admit, that in the capitalist of the north there is no want of good-will to keep his treasures untouched; yet, at the same time there is no country in the world where the defences that a rich man sets up to guard his strong box can be more easily broken down, or where he labours under greater disadvantages.—Firstly, the character of a miser is one for which he himself in reality entertains no great respect. As already mentioned, he must live some years in a very different sphere, and *under different laws*, before he feels, in all its purity, the love of gold for its own sake, and the true principles which actuate the worshippers of mammon, who will sacrifice all other objects, affections, and desires, and even immolate himself, in the fervour of his devotion! Even should our northern worthy merit the renown of a true worshipper, he yet strangely endeavours to avoid it, and is ashamed of that in which he should triumph; thus losing a grand strong-hold of the London accumulator, who will even quote St. Paul in defence of his conduct,

and prove, to his own satisfaction at least, if not to that of his auditor, that avarice is the first of virtues! Secondly, you may almost always break the rampart by an appeal to his generosity in behalf of a distressed family, provided they are of a good old clan, and have "seen better days." It was a modification of this principle which ensured the brilliant success of the Baron Kalchenvogel, and (*si fas sit componere*) it was this principle which prevailed in all its force and lustre on the arrival of Prince Charles Edward. But then, you must *prove* the clanship, and that they *have* actually seen better days; moreover, you must prove that, though poor and exhausted in purse, they are yet stout and chivalrous in spirit; that the "gude-man" (though, perhaps, a drunken reprobate) has yet something of the old chieftain about him; and that the lady, however tattered and faded in her appearance, is the lady *still*. These points must be proved, for there is no character a Caledonian abhors more than that of a mean-spirited mendicant.

Thirdly, as I have already intimated, you may always break him down by an appeal to his hospitality. We believe the very devil himself would hardly pass uninvited to a share of the brochan or turtle, whichever it happened to be, that smoked on the board whilst he "tired at the pin." Fourthly, as explained by the biographer of Kalchenvogel, he is very easily taken by tales of the marvellous, and on this point no one is better qualified to speak than the grand *Cazique* of Poyais, if he be yet alive, and chooses to enlighten us. Never had Poyaisian affairs, or the *Cazique*, such brilliant success as at Edinburgh. An accurate narrative of his "doings" at the Caledonian capital, in 1820, would be worth two hundred stories such as that of Baron Kalchenvogel. Yet the principles of the Edinburgh, are quite different from those of the London, *GULL*. You may profit by a visionary gold-mine in Mid-Lothian even more than in Middlesex. Yet, all the while, though the Scotsman gives his money, it is very possible he does not believe you! He gives it, partly, out of a liking for the marvellous stories you have told him; partly out of respect for your talents and ingenuity; and if, like the *cazique*, you chance to hear an old clannish

name, with a grand new title, he will go into the snare with his eyes open. It is not so in London. *There*, you must absolutely blind and mystify your geese or gulls, till they know not what they are about, before you can catch them. Fifthly, your Scottish capitalist is, in reality, kind-hearted, and would consider himself worse than a heretic, and lose *caste*, even in his own estimation, if he *absolutely* closed his ears against an appeal to his benevolence, even in cases where no pretensions are made to antiquity of descent, or to having "seen better days." And there are a hundred other weak points in the fortification; whereas in London you must look to one only, and, having determined to extract money from the miser, must apply directly to his avarice, and convince him, that, for each 100*l.* advanced, he will, in the course of three months, receive *two*: and the larger the sum you treat for the better. There is no other way of breaking through the ramparts *here*! Other methods, no doubt, are talked of and tried, among which the only one worthy of notice is the appeal to what the Rev. Dr. Young chooses to call the "universal passion:" and that vanity affords occasional weak points, there can be no question—hence the sums that have been raised by subscription; but this method is quite as uncertain as the chances of a lottery, and cannot be relied on.

We can remember, long ago, some inhabitants of Edinburgh, who set to work regularly, with the intention of becoming downright misers, but without success. They arrived at economy, indeed, but at the *perfect* and true worship, *never*! We recollect, for example, an opulent land-owner, who insisted that his whole family and household servants, living in a fashionable street, should be maintained for one guinea per week, which, in a London establishment, would, no doubt, have been deemed absolute starvation. But what was the system in practical reality? Why, during the said week, that is to say, every week, he had, invariably, two haggises, a most exquisite production of culinary art, and, when rightly managed, capable of affording great internal variety, compared with which invention the celebrated *olla podrida* of the Spaniards is, at best, a despicable failure. It was impossible that a large haggis, any more

than a large turtle, could be consumed by one family in one day, and, when stitched up again, and reanimated, *secundum artem*, by a skilful cook, it was even better the second and third day than the first. Potatoes, coals, and green kail, can always be had in Edinburgh for nothing; so that, the two haggises costing only three shillings at most, there were seventeen shillings left to spend in whiskey, ale, cheese, sugar, tea, snuff, marmalade, *riccard* haddocks, and other superfluities. It is a clear case, that his estimate, however narrow it appeared in theory, was in practice, quite princely; and, his lands being let to good tenants, at 3000*l.* per annum, whilst he himself did not spend more than 50*l.* or 100*l.* this worthy gentleman was agreeably conscious that, having commenced his plan at the age of thirty, he would, by the time he reached his seventieth year, have realised, *by mere dint of luxurious living*, a snug additional capital of one hundred and sixteen thousand pounds: and this, without reckoning one penny for the interest, which would gradually accumulate at Sir William Forbes's bank!

Such modes of proceeding are, we must confess, of rare occurrence in Middlesex. *Here*, the *auri sacra fames* is experienced in all its fierceness, yet well-contrived systems of economy are comparatively unknown. A hundred ways might be found of illustrating this position; but I shall be contented with one only, and observe, that through the whole of London you might search in vain for that most economical, yet most delectable of all *mude* dishes, denominated, a haggis.

Having remarked, that in Scotland those who are inclined to be misers are yet conscious of a sort of shame, instead of glorying in their own accomplishments, we cannot help adverting to the instance of an eccentric nobleman of the last century, who at first might seem to present the strongest possible exception to the rule, and, in effect, he did so; but the circumstances in which he commenced his career were altogether peculiar, and, though boasting openly of his avarice, he yet always contrived to cloak the practice of this virtue under a guise so extremely *bizarre* and ridiculous, that the character of miser was lost in that of the humourist.

This odd personage, who, by people

that, like ourselves, have lived two-thirds of a century, will readily be remembered by the name of Archibald Lord Drumnanner, was so distantly related to the family whom he at last represented, that his succession to the title and estates might, in the common course of events, have been deemed impossible. So utterly devoid was he himself of any such expectations, that he had been living very contentedly on the profits of his occupation as a "*vreter*," (*Angl.* writer) at the town of Portrose, in the shire of Caithness. But among the ancient stock of Drumnanner death had been dealing his blows, right and left, thick and fast, almost in the same style in which he despatched the numerous family of the Osbaldistons; so that our friend Archibald found himself, *nolens volens*, elevated to the rank of the peerage, and proprietor of an extensive domain, comprising nearly two parishes, but most of which, it is true, consisted only of muirland, moss, and stunted plantations of Scotch fir. Never, perhaps, did any mortal receive the news of his accession to title and estates with such ill-humour as Lord Archibald (afterwards nick-named Lord Archy), who was already fifty years of age, had all the habits of an old bachelor, was wedded to his own elbow chair, knew that he was comfortably independent, and held nothing in more abhorrence and dread than a change of residence and daily habits. But, besides all this, there was one serious and inevitable evil attending the succession: for Archibald thoroughly knew that the late lord had died drowned in debt; that the estate was burdened with mortgages and *badsets* more than it could bear; and that, by inheriting the estates, he inherited also all this load of incumbrances,—not to mention a number of vexatious law-suits, and even personal bonds. And, yet more, dark surmises were abroad that one of the lords of Drumnanner having given mortal offence to certain *witches* in his neighbourhood, a *cuntrip*, or spell, had been cast over the family, by which they, with all their heirs and successors, were doomed to embarrassment and misfortune. There was, indeed, one resource for our friend at Portrose; he might obstinately refuse to take possession or "*intromit*" with the property, thus avoiding all responsibility; and had

it not been for the suggestion of his confidential clerk, John Rugandrive, it is not improbable that he would have adopted that determination.

Having fretted and fumed, and "set his house in order," for two whole days, he seemed, at length, to have "*made up his mind*," and, attended by the aforesaid John, set out on horseback, through a tremendous snow-storm,—for it was in the depth of winter when his predecessor died. "The way was long, the wind was cold," but his lordship was neither "infirm," nor, in his own estimation, "old," and, to the utter amazement and consternation of Mr. Rugandrive, whenever they came to a halting-place, he strenuously objected, on the score of poverty, to refreshments, which the aforesaid John considered indispensable. An entire change seemed to have taken place in the "*umquhile*." Mr. Archibald Cleland, now that he had become Lord Drumnanner; moreover, the *phasis* of this transmutation was the most unlike possible to what might have been expected, and so greatly discomposed the worthy clerk, that he began seriously to regret his master's elevation. If John, in a bitter cold night, proposed to have a glass of something comfortable, his lordship answered, "Very well; he might drink as much as he liked, *provided he paid his own reckoning*." If he ordered a "mutton-chop" or "branded chicken" for dinner, with a bottle of wine, his lordship observed, that "such edibles were very proper for the rich, but for his own part he could not afford to keep a dainty appetite, but must content himself with the corner of a pease-bannock, a morsel of cheese, and a bottle of *pinkie*." John, who on all travelling occasions was admitted (in his character of private secretary) to the same table with his master, ventured, humbly, to represent that, with plenty of coin in their purses, it was rather too bad to starve in such severe weather; and, though he received only an angry reply, yet, when the said beef-steak or branded chicken was set on the board, the temptation proved too much for Lord Archibald, who, by previous habits, was both epicure and *bon-vivant*. He could not resist taking his part in the banquet, including wine; but, at the conclusion, observed, "This expense was incurred by your

orders, sirrah! However, I shall not object to pay *my share* of the reckoning;" and, accordingly, he made his *fidus Achates* pay the exact half of the bill, calculating every penny. This was so unexampled, and out of keeping with the usual manners of his master, who had been noted for conviviality, and habits which in a Portrose "vreter" appeared liberal, that John would unquestionably have been alarmed, and believed him mad, had he not perceived from his *affectedly* crabbed tone of voice, and the roguish twinkle of his eyes, that it was all meant in jest. It was a bitter jest, however, especially on a journey, and in such cold weather.

After three days' laborious travelling, the new lord of Drumtanner arrived, late in the evening, at his castle-gates, where, hitherto, he had scarcely been known as a transient visitor. His first appearance was sufficiently striking. He had a part of some consequence to play; in theatrical language, "had studied," and formed his own peculiar conception of the character, which he resolved to sustain accordingly. His looks and dress were calculated to excite no little mirth, which strangely neutralised the anger and dislike that might otherwise have been produced by the bitterness of his words. Lord Archibald was an odd-looking *dumpy* man, with a pug-nose, rufimund face, wide mouth, and at this time wore a Welsh wig, like a coachman's. For his riding costume he had, instead of boots, a pair of worsted foot-hose, over which were drawn enormous Shetland stockings, encrusted, during the hard frost, with snow and icicles. Above all was a large great-coat, made of glaring tartan plaid, and, beneath all this "travelling gear," a threadbare, antiquated suit of black, the very worst he could find in his wardrobe; which, contrary to the expostulations of his friend John, he had selected for the occasion, on the pretext that the others did not fit well, and would make him feel uncomfortable.

On his arrival, he would not leave the stables till he saw his horse rubbed down, fed, watered, and littered, in which process he assisted with his own hands. This being accomplished, he entered the mansion, where the servants were paraded to receive him, at whom he scowled fiercely, while, at

the same time, an ironical smile pervaded the under half of his eccentric physiognomy.

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight!" said he, counting and poking out his fore-finger; "on my life, there is no lack here of helpers and retainers! *There's* a grand madam, with her silk flounces and furbelows! And you young grinning puppy, with your gold-lace and powdered curls—you laugh, I suppose, at seeing the Lord of Drumtanner with his coat out at elbows!" (turning up his sleeve by way of *ecce signum*;) "but go along, parasitical rascallions! go about your business! You shall be paid, d'ye hear, to the very last boddle! *That's* all you want of me, and all I need say!"

In short, Timon of Athens, after he had spent his whole fortune, could not express greater bitterness and exasperation than did Lord Drumtanner at the moment when he stepped into possession of one. Every mortal that came near him he seemed to regard as a *dun*, and his whole vocabulary was reduced to these words: "poor—out at elbows—but you shall be paid, hang you, to the last boddle!" In the drawing-room he was received by the widow of the late lord, an English lady of immensely dignified manners, who had, probably, intended to address him in a long speech, but scarcely got over the preamble.

"On this mournful occasion, my lord," said she,—"mournful, at least, to me,—permit me, though in your lordship's house, to act, for a short time, the part of hostess, and to assure you——"

"Fiddlestick, my leddy!" answered his lordship, "I want no compliments or conundrums. You are still mistress here; and, for aught that I care, should ever be so. All that I shall request or need from your hospitality, is a jug of *brochan*, and I care not whether it be hot or cold. I have a sup of brandy still left in my pocket-horn. Then, with your leddyship's permission, after we have had our cracks about the jointure, I shall retire to rest; for, after three days' riding in such weather, its no wonder if a man be *forjeskit*."

This commencement was, indeed, strange enough for a new Lord of Drumtanner; the more so, as the family, whether in prosperity or adversity,

had always been remarkable for etiquette and *hauteur* of demeanour. Such conduct, too, was quite out of keeping with the solemnity of the present occasion. But if he shewed no becoming sorrow for the dead, or sympathy with the living, certainly he could not be accused of betraying any satisfaction at his own acquisitions. His manner, for the most part, was that of a man who had been intolerably *put out of his way*, who has been troubled when he wished to be quiet, and whose predominant object is to recover his tranquillity again as soon as possible. To the servants he always gave short and snappish answers. To rigmorale statements about the funeral pomp (which, in those days, was a matter of protracted consideration and importance), he replied, that the sooner and more unostentatiously the dead man was laid in the earth the better; though this was contested by the lady's brother, who insisted much on the duties due to the dignity of the family, whereupon his lordship observed, in a harsh tone,—

"Dignity of the family, indeed!—Were they not openly and notoriously drowned in debt; and is not the estate so burdened with mortgages that it yields no clear income—besides, an infinite number of personal bonds, and other obligations? Should mere paupers make a pothor about the funeral of a pauper? Far better return to the habits by which the lands were first won, when the lords of Drumtanner were obliged to work and fight, both night and day, to serve their king, and so earn their bread, instead of *gulfra-vitching* on what others had earned and saved before them, till all was gone, and scarce even a penny-worth of credit remained."

The truth was, that, with all his oddity, Lord Archibald had an unusual share of that quality which, *when successful* in life, is always termed, "strength of mind," but which, if its purposes are defeated, becomes "obstinacy." Instead of looking with complacency on his peerage and estate, he cherished, or affected to cherish, an indelible impression of his own abject poverty, and his liability for debts, which he, perhaps, might not live long enough to pay, though bound, like a galley-slave, to struggle with the incumbrance. His conduct at the funeral was so capricious, and his appear-

ance so grotesque, that from that hour he obtained for himself the character of being half crazy. In truth, his old ally, John Rugandrive, that sagacious clerk, began to have serious doubts about his patron's sanity; though, with regard to pecuniary affairs, his acuteness was such, that an attempt on the part of any other claimant to the property to get him "*cognosed*," would have been a most inept expedient.

The widowed viscountess and her brother, who was a military officer, were sadly scandalised at his behaviour, and, indeed, hinted, soon after the funeral, their desire of leaving the castle. Little, indeed, did they expect from the generosity of the new lord, and slender enough was the provision made by the late one for his widow. How great, then, was the lady's astonishment, when Lord Drumtanner one morning informed her, that, having considered the jointure as rather narrow, he had taken the liberty to double it, and the additional money should be paid regularly, "to the last boddle," even if the lands did not bring him in a groat; moreover, if there were any nick-nackets in the castle that would be acceptable for the *plenishing* of her new house, she might desire her grand madam with the flounces to make out a list of them, and he was convinced they would not disagree about the price!"

Thereafter, he mustered all the household and farm servants about him, and the dialogue on the occasion somewhat resembled that of Falstaff with his recruits. On his lordship's cross-questioning, they were all found wanting; not even a "bull-calf" was to be "pricked till he roared again." However, at the very close of the examination, there appeared on the background a certain David Duffil, the humour of whose answers seemed to accord with that of the new lord, inasmuch that he was retained, as the sole exception, in his lordship's service, receiving for wages the liberal allowance of five pounds per annum, and three bolls of meal. The first duty of the said David, after his instalment to regular office under the sovereignty of the new viscount, was to go to the town of Portrose with two carts and four horses, from thence to bring all the personal property, that is to say, goods and chattels, of the *unquhile* Archibald Cleland, writer, now Lord Drumtanner:

item, the said Archibald's housekeeper, "Shoosic Lyon," who was to ride in one of the carts, well defended against the weather by feather-beds and blankets, which job occupied David a full fortnight; but at length it was satisfactorily accomplished.

From the very day and hour when these properties arrived, his lordship seemed awoken to new life; "Archibald was himself again!" He removed all the articles of *ancestral* furniture out of two rooms which he had selected for his own particular use, and placed his own in their stead. One of these rooms was a tolerably sized parlour, in a tower called the "Black Steeple," of which the walls were fourteen feet thick, and the other was a closet about twelve feet square, besides the window recess; having a fire-place, however, and somewhat resembling that *elegant* boudoir in which Mary Queen of Scotland supped with (or in presence of) David Rizzio, on the night of the murder. And here, we cannot help exclaiming, *par parenthèse* what a pity, that in those days people had no notion of *circumstantiality* in the relation of an anecdote! Queen Mary, forsooth, was at supper; Rizzio was admitted of the party; he was dragged to an ante-room and murdered. This is nearly all with which the chroniclers favour us. They took every thing else for customary, known, or easily imagined; whereas, on the contrary, how much would we now give to be informed what were the *entrées* and *entremets* that night on the royal table, and how they were dressed! We might then have pickled herrings *à la reine d'Ecosse*, and venison cutlets, not *à la* Thurtell, but *à la* Darneley or David Rizzio.

Long before his personal effects arrived, he began openly to exert his authority; for the new lord, unknown to all in the castle, except his faithful secretary, had been actively at work. Without consciousness of the resemblance, he equalled or surpassed in vigilance and exertion his renowned contemporary, Frederick the Great! The very morning after his arrival he had, with John Rugandrive's aid, prepared an advertisement, which he published in the only two Scotch newspapers then current, to the effect that "all persons having claim on the *umquhile* Reginald, Lord Drumtanner, should send in their account, without delay,

to Mr. James Lowe, writer and town-clerk, at Inverleven" (the said James being himself a tolerably good authority as to the extent of these obligations, whether heritable or personal). Moreover, in about three weeks, by dint of incredible efforts, for he had been constantly at work by seven in the morning, he had, in company with Mr. Rugandrive, traversed every field, bog, mountain, and wood, on the whole estate, and inquired into the condition of every tenant. After this tedious survey, and when James Lowe had reported the state of the debts, his lordship said—"It's a bad case—bad lands, bad tenants, bad servants, the *factor* worst of all (but *them* I can get rid of); bad, relentless, needy creditors; a *leet* enough to drive one mad. Yet it's just barely possible I may end the battle *and win*; that is to say, I may clear the lands of debt, and at all hazards I'll try.'

As he had conceived the character so he pertinaciously sustained it. With the exception of manuscript papers, for which he seemed to entertain a particular affection, every shred and fraction of property in the castle of Drumtanner was, by his orders, sold off by auction. The only articles he himself bid for at the sale, were some old tapestry, which he perceived would go for next to nothing, and some old pictures, which reminded him of his remote ancestors, whose habits he professed to imitate, averring, with an oath, that the battles he had to fight were as tough as any of their baronial forays. The floors of the different rooms in which the tapestry hung he strewed, *more majorum*, with rushes; while their costly and ostentatious furniture was replaced with articles made by a common artisan, whose whole account for new-plenishing of Drumtanner castle was only 24*l.*; and for this immense debt, his lordship stipulated to have two years' credit, paying by instalments of 3*l.* per quarter. A more ghostly looking and uncomfortable residence than Drumtanner Castle now presented, could hardly be conceived; yet, in this desolation our eccentric friend, Archibald, seemed almost to rejoice.

"It was a *toom* house," he observed, "and the walls were bare,—but this was not *his* fault. The estate and title were forced on him; and his predecessors, having chosen to spend their siller and substance on fine madams,

driving, drinking, dicing, and *gultavitching*, had devolved to him the agreeable duty of paying their debts, in the best way he could, out of the little they had left behind them; though, by this means, being now removed from the sphere of his own profession, he had not enough wherewith to support himself."

Accordingly he squared his own personal expenses to sixpence a-day; though it was shrewdly suspected, that this was but a theoretical limitation. On a regimen, which, by his lordship's statement, comprised only two messes of "parritch" and a couple of eggs per diem, it was difficult to account for the additional *rouge* which his visage displayed after the hours at which people usually dine; or for the rotundity of his person, unless, like Falstaff's, it had the propensity to become "puffed up with grief." To the interior chamber, the boudoir, the *sanctum*, which we have already compared to that of Queen Mary, no mortal (not even John Rugandrive) ever had access. The key thereof was even more carefully guarded than that of Bluebeard's blue chamber. It was in this cabinet that he preserved all his most important books, papers, and other treasures. Rumour, also, said that he had discovered recesses or passages in the thick walls, which were unknown to his immediate predecessors, and this mysterious apartment served him as a repository for whatever provisions he himself consumed. Eggs and oatmeal were alone visible; but what other comestibles he might convey thither from the town of Inverleven, with the help of some chosen confidant, or in the pockets of his tartan great-coat, it was impossible to guess. There were not wanting certain wise and reflective persons who spread insinuations that his lordship was actually a *warlock*,—that by this means only he combated the spells heretofore woven by the witches; and that in this blue chamber he had dealings with the devil, who brought him roasted *cappercailzies* and a bowl of brandy-punch down the chimney, whenever he felt disposed for a luxurious banquet.

Be this as it may, the fame of Archibald, Lord Drumnanner, spread far and near, as the very *ideal* of a hitherto unexampled miser; nor did he shrink from such reputation, though whether he in all respects deserved it may be a

question. If any one who had business with his lordship paid him a morning visit, he might find the great man sitting, in a cold winter-day, over his books and papers, at the parlour-hearth, which, meagrely supplied with turf, exhibited only the mockery of a fire. But, out of compliment to his visitor, he would hobble into the *blue chamber*, bring out, *manibus propriis*, some morsels of coal on a broken plate, and place them carefully on the peat embers. If moreover, this happened in the afternoon, and the guest was of such character that, *more Scotorum*, he must be invited to dinner, this was usually done in the following words: "Better take what can be got within the bare walls of Drumnanner, than ride back, fasting, to Inverleven. A bowl o' parritch, a kebbuck, and a drink o' sour small ale—this is all that I can safely promise you." On such occasions, however, his lordship's conduct was precisely the reverse, the very antithesis of the plan adopted by the immortal Mr. Caleb Balderstone, whose visionary pictures of good living were always coloured the more highly in proportion as his means of realising them were contracted. If Lord Drumnanner promised "parritch and a kebbuck," the *initiated* visitor expected only a single *kane* hen, perhaps one of the oldest and toughest, for the banquet. If his lordship, with vehemence and oaths, declared that there was nothing to be had but the "tail of a pease bannock," this was understood as a preliminary flourish for the introduction of a roast turkey or a Christmas goose.

Need it be added, that the actual *symposium* contrasted in a hungry guest's imagination with the previously announced "pease-meal, and kebbuck," always turned out excellent; and that, instead of "sour small beer," there was an ample allowance of brandy and claret, whether brought by the devil down the chimney, or by the smugglers to the back-stairs, was a question with which no one then troubled himself. Few, indeed, were the individuals admitted to the high honour of dining with Lord Drumnanner; and those who enjoyed the privilege were quite as proud of it, in their way, as a "fine gentleman" used to be of having the *entrée* at Carlton House. But it must be owned, the exception was made only in favour of such persons as

"had business," and could promote his own peculiar views; for the idea of mere convivial enjoyment seemed completely banished from his mind.

In the management of his large property, he shewed consummate skill and judgment. Previously, the affairs of the estate were conducted by a "factor," who racked and ruined the tenants, was involved in perpetual squabbles, but who did not fail himself to grow rich, as his employers became poor. His lordship, having trouble enough with the numerous creditors whom he had to satisfy, eagerly grasped on an opportunity of letting the greater part of his lands to one enterprising and prosperous tenant, who, as he thoroughly knew, was able to pay, with rigid punctuality, the very moderate rent for which he had con-

tracted, and also to improve the lands, leaving to himself a good share of profit. The whole income drawn from this lessee, did Lord Drumtanner scrupulously devote to the liquidation of the debts; so that before his death, for he lived to the age of eighty-six, and would not have perished then had he allowed himself fire enough to keep out a severe frost, he had actually survived every "relentless" creditor, and cleared the estate of almost every mortgage; in consequence of which the present owners are prosperous, and, in the usual *English* sense of the word, "respectable." Lord Archibald, by dint of his eccentricities, had completely broken the "witches' spell" which for some time seemed to rule over the house of Drumtanner.

• W. F.

PRINCE HENRY TO THE COUNTESS OF ESSEX.

SIX SONNETS BY SIR EGERTON BRYDGES.

Introduction.

To the Editor of Fraser's Magazine.

SIR,—I permit me to trouble you with six sonnets, in the name of the noble and virtuous Prince Henry (son of James I.), to the celebrated Countess of Essex, whose story forms too conspicuous a part of that sad reign. These sonnets were intended for the *Imaginative Biography*, but reached London too late for the publishers, who were in a desperate and unpardonable hurry to secure their own private interests, and who murdered the work. If I dare to form any opinion, I have not been unsuccessful in these *historic* sonnets. Those on "Harry Hastings" were descriptive; these, I hope, have the higher merit of sentiment and pathos.

I have always observed, that the effect of poetry is more lasting, if, while it is visionary, it has some facts—especially historic facts—to hang upon.

The imagination ought to be the primary ingredient of poetry; yet, through that medium, instruction also ought to be conveyed, and the *understanding* to be enlightened. But where there is no *fable*, there can be no true poetry of a high class. *Creation* is the necessary essence of *poetry*, *ex vi termini*; but the creation may lie, not in the *outline* of facts, but in the *filling up*. In this consists the power of Shakespeare's *historic* plays. His facts are taken from the chroniclers, and have double effect because they are so taken.

If there is any thing, in sentiment or language, *overstrained* in these sonnets put into the mouth of Prince Henry, I am willing to abandon them. I believe that the mob uniformly mistake truth for tameness and want of genius, and contortions for strength; but that which duly fills a space that was before a vacuum, must be good.

To revive the historical dead, and put them into striking lights, is surely no mean or superfluous task. The borrower, the echoer, the copier, cannot do this. Lay before us the annalist, or the biographer;—these, surely, will not enable us to do it. Whom do I copy, when I ascribe these effusions of a warm and chivalrous heart to Prince Henry? Are they in character? Do they read as if they were taken down from his lips? Are they more laboured than if they were prose? The poet must enter into the souls of his heroes, and identify himself

with them. The metrical writer, who cannot carry with him the reader's belief, has not the spell of a poet.

Two of my poems, printed abroad, seem to be utterly unknown in England : *Odo, Count of Lingon*, in six cantos; and the *Lake of Geneva*, in six books, making above six thousand lines. The former is narrative; the latter descriptive, like Cowper's *Task*.

I have written, since 2d October, 1833, no less than 1648 sonnets, making above 23,000 lines.

If the present sonnets are approved, it is my intention to give a long series of what I shall venture to call *Historic Poetry*; or, if you will, *Biographical Poetry*. I flatter myself that such poetry goes beyond mere momentary pleasure, and that it contains permanent instruction. I cannot too often repeat, that in the best poetry there must be much for the understanding, as well as for the imagination.

Among those in whose character I wish to write, in the manner here exemplified, is the ever-memorable and incomparable *Lord Falkland*; for whom see my *Biographical Peerage*, vol. iii. (Sect'land), 1808, where I have defended him against Horace Walpole's mean attack.

I have two or three sonnets on Jean Müller, the able and learned historian of Switzerland. See his *Letters to Bonstetten*, 8vo. Zurich, 1810.

Yours,

C. OF S.

I.

Thou art array'd in all thy splendid beauty,
And all thy wanton charms! I am bewitch'd;—
But now and then an archness in thine eye
Betrays a guile, that crosses me with gloom.
I am aware how much I owe to duty,
And chivalry my spirit has enrich'd;
With my weak passion shall my courage vie,
And my delusion shall not stain my doom.
From boyhood I have vow'd, and stamped by prayer,
To die in glory, and no blot to leave
Upon my name; but sometimes I despair,
When thy enamouring looks my heart deceive.—
Nature has made me frail, but I will strive
To rise above my frailties while I live.

II.

Alas! I sometimes for a moment yield:
From thy sweet face too much of liquid fire
Darts through my bosom, and myself I lose
In wild oblivion of my mighty aims!
• • Draw me not, lady, from the tented field!
Thou canst not long my heart with love inspire;
And I shall curse thee, if thine art subdues
The statesman's wisdom and the hero's flames.
I was not born in ladies' bowers to dream,
And sleep in beds of velvet or of flowers;
My blood demands to struggle with the stream,
Nor ever pass in sloth the languid hours.
Fly me!—thou art a syren sweet; but now
Thou ne'er again shalt break my solemn vow.

III.

I am not vain, but I have burning pride;
And I have sometimes seen thy glances dart
Upon a meaner spirit:—thou may'st love
The royal sceptre dangling o'er my head.
If thou thy secret preference dost hide
At vile ambition's dictates, and thy heart

Disguisest, while thine interest rules above
 Thy passion, thou art piteously misled
 By a mean bosom which thy form belies :
 The beauty of the mind alone can last.
 I never can the shape's delusion prize —
 Away from me the glittering toy is cast ;
 And, scarce escaped from boyhood, by control,
 Wisdom and truth I nourish in my soul.

IV.

What is there in fair woman's rosy smile
 That fascinates us thus ? Does it bespeak
 Virtue within — pure thoughts and pure desires ?
 If not, it is the hateful serpent's guile !
 I have a heart that scorns all craft and wile,
 And cannot look upon a blooming cheek,
 If I suspect it hides unholy fires.
 'Tis the soul's beauty that my heart inspires !
 Lady ! I would believe thee good as fair,
 But clouds and doubts my fearful mind alarm.
 I have seen wanton gambols in thine air,
 And a wild wondering ray when thou would'st charm :
 Thou hast too much of dangerous witchery,
 And now I feel 'tis only safe to fly.

V.

Yet I must for a moment linger still,
 Kiss that white hand, and on that bosom gaze ;
 The cup of dangerous nectar to my lip
 Can I lift up and taste, yet only sip ?
 Have I dominion o'er my erring will,
 And can I bask unburnt in beauty's blaze ?
 Away to glory's fields mine eyes I raise,
 P'aling the flame that in thy glances plays.
 I live distracted by a thousand lights ;
 Fame, virtue, learning, love, and chivalry,
 Each in my breast with struggling fervour fights :
 And I from all could climb into the sky.
 The rival fires my feeble fame will burn ;
 My ashes soon will fill the funeral urn.

VI.

Dost thou not see how wan and pale my cheek
 Begins to turn, and that the bloom departs
 Ere yet the fruit is ripening ? Earthly toys
 Win me no more ; stern death before me stands,
 Shaking his cruel spear. Oh, speak ! oh, speak
 Thy too-bewitching words to wanton hearts !
 I hear a sweeter and more spiritual voice ;
 I am the servant of more high commands !
 I dream'd in folly of an earthly throne ;
 Of earthly pleasures I have drunk too deep ;
 Already are their sad delusions flown,
 And in the grave I seek a transient sleep,
 Till the loud trump shall call my spirit up,
 And at Heaven's feet I taste pure joy's eternal cup.

THE DIAMOND NECKLACE.

(Continued from page 19.)

CHAP. VIII.

The Two Fixed-Ideas will unite.

"Countess de Lamotte, then, had penetrated into the confidence of the Queen? Those gilt-paper Autographs were actually written by the Queen?" Reader, forget not to repress that too insatiable, scientific curiosity of thine! What I know is that a certain Vilette-de-Rétaux, with military whiskers, denizen of Rascaldom, comrade there of Monsieur le Comte, is skilful in imitating hands. Certain it is, also, that Madame la Comtesse has penetrated to the Trianon—Doorkeeper's. Nay, as Campan herself must admit, she has met, "at a Man-midwife's in Versailles," with worthy Queen's-valet Lesclaux,—or Desclos, for there is no uniformity in it. With these, or the like of these, she in the back-parlour of the Palace itself (if late enough), may pick a merry-thought, sip the foam from a glass of Champagne. No further seek her hosiours to disclose, for the present: or anatomically dissect, as we said, those extraordinary chicken-bowels, from which *she*, and she alone, can read Decrees of Fate, and also realise them.

Sceptic, seest thou his Eminence waiting there, in the moonlight; hovering to and fro on the back terrace, till she come out—from the ineffable Interview? He is close muffled; walks restlessly observant; shy also, and courting the shade. She comes: up closer with thy capote, O Eminence, down with thy broadbrim; for she has an escort! 'Tis but the good Monsieur Queen's-valet Lesclaux: and now he is sent back again, as no longer needful. Mark him, Monseigneur, nevertheless; thou wilt see him yet another time. Monseigneur marks little: his heart is in the ineffable Interview, in the gilt-paper Autograph, alone.—Queen's-valet Lesclaux? Methinks, he has much the stature of Vilette, denizen of Rascaldom! Impossible!

How our Countess managed with Cagliostro? Cagliostro, gone from Strasburg, is as yet far distant, winging his way through dim Space; will not

be here for months: only his "predictions in cipher" are here. Here or there, however, Cagliostro, to our Countess, can be useful. At a glance the eye of genius has descried him to be a bottomless slough of falsity, vanity, gullibility, and thick-eyed stupidity: of foulest material, but of fattest;—fit compost for the Plant she is rearing. Him who has deceived all Europe she can undertake to deceive. His Columbs, demonic Masonries, Egyptian Elixirs, what is all this to the light-giggling exclusively practical Lamotte? It runs off from her, as all speculation, good, bad, and indifferent, has always done, "like water from one in wax-cloth dress." With the lips meanwhile she can honour it; Oil of Flattery (the best patent antifriction known) subdues all irregularities whatsoever.

On Cagliostro, again, on his side, a certain uneasy feeling might, for moments, intrude itself: the raven loves not ravens. But what can he do? Nay, she is partly playing *his* game: can he not spill her full cup yet, at the right season, and pack her out of doors? Oftenest, in their joyous orgies, this light fascinating Countess,—who perhaps has a design on *his* heart, seems to him but one other of those light *Papiliones*, who have fluttered round him in all climates; whom with grim muzzle he has snapt by the thousand.

Thus, what with light fascinating Countess, what with Quack of Quacks, poor Eminence de Rohan lies safe; his mud-volcano placidly simmering in thick Egyptian haze; withdrawn from all the world. Moving figures, as of men, he sees; takes not the trouble to look at. Court-cousins rally him; are answered in silence; or, if it go too far, in mud-explosions terrifico-absurd. Court-cousins and all mankind are unreal shadows merely; Queen's favour the only substance.

Nevertheless, the World, on its side, too, has an existence; lies not idle in these days. It has got its Versailles Treaty signed, long months ago; and the Plenipotentiaries all home again, for votes of thanks. Paris, London, and other great Cities, and small, are work-

ing, intriguing; dying, being born. There, in the Rue Taranne, for instance, the once noisy Denis Diderot has fallen silent enough. Here, also, in Bolt Court, old Samuel Johnson, like an over-wearied Giant, must lie down, and slumber without dream;—the rattling of carriages and wains, and all the world's din and business rolling by, as ever, from of old.—Sieur Boehmer, however, has not yet drowned himself in the Seine; only walks haggard, wasted, purposing to do it.

News (by the merest accident in the world) reach Sieur Boehmer, of Madame's new favour with her Majesty! Men will do much before they drown. Sieur Boehmer's Necklace is on Madame's table, his guttural nasal rhetoric in her ear: he will abate many a pound and penny of the first just price; he will give cheerfully a Thousand Louis-d'or, as *cadeau*, to the generous Scion-of-Royalty that shall persuade her Majesty. The man's importunities grow quite annoying to our Countess; who, in her glib way, satirically prattles how she has been bored,—to Monseigneur, among others.

Dozing on down cushions, far inwards, with soft ministering Hebes, and luxurious appliances; with ranked Heyducs, and a *Valetuille* innumerable, that shut out the prose-world and its discord: thus lies Monseigneur, in enchanted dream. Can he, even in sleep, forget his tutelary Countess, and her service? By the delicatest presents he alleviates her distresses, most undeserved. Nay, once or twice, gilt Autographs, from a Queen,—with whom he is evidently rising to unknown heights in favour,—have done Monseigneur the honour to make him *her* Majesty's Grand Almoner, when the case was pressing. Monseigneur, we say, has had the honour to disburse charitable cash, on her Majesty's behalf, to this or the other distressed deserving object: say only to the length of a few thousand pounds, advanced from his own funds;—her Majesty being at the moment so poor, and charity a thing that will not wait. Always Madame, good, foolish, gadding creature, takes charge of delivering the money.—Madame can descend from her attics, in the *Belle Image*; and feel the smiles of Nature and Fortune, a

little; so bounteous has the Queen's Majesty been.*

To Monseigneur the power of money over highest female hearts had never been incredible. Presents have, many times, worked wonders. But then, O Heavens, *what* present? Scarcely were the Cloud-Compeller himself, all coined into new Louis-d'or, worthy to alight in such a lap. Loans, charitable disbursements, however, as we see, are permissible; these, by defect of payment, may become presents. In the vortex of his Eminence's day-dreams, lumbering multiform slowly round, this of importunate Boehmer and his Necklace, from time to time, turns up. Is the Queen's Majesty at heart desirous of it; but again, at the moment, too poor? Our tutelary Countess answers vaguely, mysteriously;—confesses, at last, under oath of secrecy, her own private suspicion that the Queen wants this same Necklace, of all things; but dare not, for a stingy husband, buy it. She, the Countess de Lanotte, will look further into the matter; and, if aught serviceable to his Eminence can be suggested, in a good way suggest it, in the proper quarter.

Walk warily, Countess de Lamotte; for now, with thickening breath, thou approachest the moment of moments! Principalities and Powers, *Parlement*, *Grand Chambre*, and *Tournelle*, with all their whips and gibbet-wheels; the very Crack of Doom hangs over thee, if thou trip. Forward, with nerve of iron, on shoes of felt; like a Treasure-digger, "in silence; looking neither to the right nor left," where yawn abysses deep as the Pool, and all Pandemonium hovers eager to rend thee into rags!

CHAP. IX.

Park of Versailles.

Or will the reader incline rather (taking the other and sunny side of the matter) to enter that Lamottic-Circean theatrical establishment of Monseigneur de Rohan; and see there how (under the best of Dramaturgists) Melodrama, with sweeping pall, flits past him; while the enchanted Diamond fruit is gradually ripening, to fall by a shake?

The 28th of July (of this same momentous 1784) has come; and with it the most rapturous tumult into the

* *Georgel. Rohan's Four Mémoires Pour; Lamotte's Four.*

heart of Monseigneur. Ineffable expectancy stirs up his whole soul, with the much that lies therein, from its lowest foundations : borne on wild seas to Armida Islands, yet (as is fit) through Horror dim-hovering round, he tumultuously rocks. To the Chateau, to the Park ! This night the Queen will meet thee, the Queen herself : so far has our tutelary Countess brought it. What can ministerial impediments, Polignac intrigues, avail against the favour, nay (Heaven and Earth !), perhaps the tenderness of a Queen ? She vanishes from amid their meshwork, of Etiquette and Cabal ; descends from her celestial Zodiac to thee, a shepherd of Latmos. Alas, a white-bearded, palsy shepherd, fat and scant of breath ! Who can account for the taste of females ? But thou, burnish up thy whole faculties of gallantry, thy fifty years' experience of the sex ; this night, or never !—In such unutterable meditations, does Monseigneur restlessly spend the day ; and long for darkness, yet dread it.

Darkness has at length come. The perpendicular rows of Heyducs, in that Palais or Hotel de Strasbourg, are all cast prostrate in sleep ; the very Concierge resupine, with open mouth, audibly drinks in nepenthe ; when Monseigneur, “ in blue greatcoat, with slouched hat,” issues softly, with his henchman (Planta of the Grisons), to the Park of Versailles. Planta must loiter invisible in the distance ; Slouched-hat will wait here, among the leafy thickets ; till our tutelary Countess, “ in black domino,” announce the moment, which surely must be near.

The night is of the darkest for the season ; no Moon ; warm, slumbering July, in motionless clouds, drops fatness over the Earth. The very stars from the Zenith see not Monseigneur ; see only his cloud-covering, fringed with twilight in the far North. Midnight, telling itself forth from these shadowy Palace Domes ? All the steeples of Versailles, the villages around, with metal tongue, and huge Paris itself dull-droning, answer drowsily Yes ! Sleep rules this Hemisphere of the World. From Arctic to Antarctic, the Life of our

Earth lies all, in long swaths, or rows (like those rows of Heyducs and snoring Concierge), successively mown down, from vertical to horizontal, by Sleep ! Rather curious to consider.

The flowers are all asleep in Little Trianon, the roses folded in for the night ; but the Rose of Roses still wakes. O wondrous Earth ! O doubly wondrous Park of Versailles, with Little and Great Trianon,—and a scarce-breathing Monseigneur ! Ye Hydraulics of Lenotre, that also slumber, with stop-cocks, in your deep leaden chambers, babble not of *him*, when ye arise. Ye odorous balm-shrubs, huge spectral Cedars, thou sacred Bosage of Hornbeam, ye dim Pavilions of the Peerless, whisper not ! Moon, lie silent, hidden in thy vacant cave ; no star look down : let neither Heaven nor Hell peep through the blanket of the Night, to cry, Hold, Hold !—The Black Domino ? Ha ! Yes !—With stouter step than might have been expected, Monseigneur is under way ; the Black Domino had only to whisper, low and eager : “ In the Hornbeam Arbour !” And now, Cardinal, O now !—Yes, there hovers the white Celestial ; “ in white robe of *linon moucheté*,” finer than moonshine ; a Juno by her bearing : there, in that bosket ! Monseigneur, down on thy knees ; never can red breeches be better wasted. O he would kiss the royal shoe-tie, or its shadow (were there one) : not words ; only broken gaspings, murmuring prostrations, eloquently speak his meaning. But, ah, behold ! Our tutelary Black Domino, in haste, with vehement whisper : “ *On vient !*” The white Juno drops a fairest Rose, with these ever memorable words, “ *Vous savez ce que cela veut dire* (you know what that means) ; vanishes in the thickets, the Black Domino hurrying her with eager whisper of “ *Vite, vite* (away, away) !” ; for the sound of footsteps (doubtless from Madame, and Madame d’Artois, unwelcome sisters that they are !) is approaching fast. Monseigneur picks up his Rose ; runs as for the King’s plate ; almost overturns poor Planta, whose laugh assures him that all is safe.*

O Ixion de Rohan, happiest mortal

* Compare *Georgel*, *Lamotte's Mémoires Justificatifs*, and the *Mémoires Pour* of the various parties, especially *Gay d’Oliva’s*. *Georgel* places the scene in the year 1785 ; quite wrong. *Lamotte’s* “ royal Autographs” (as given in the Appendix to *Mémoires Justificatifs*) seem to be misdated as to the day of the month. There is endless confusion of dates.

of this world, since the first Ixion, of deathless memory,—who, nevertheless, in that cloud-embrace, begat strange Centaurs! Thou art Prime Minister of France without peradventure: is not this the Rose of Royalty, worthy to become ottar of roses, and yield perfume for ever? How *thou*, of all people, wilt contrive to govern France, in these very peculiar times—But that is little to the matter. There, doubtless, is thy Rose (which, methinks, it were well to have a Box or Casket made for): nay, was there not in the dulcet of thy Juno's "*Vous savez*:" a kind of trepidation, a quaver,—as of still deeper meanings!

Reader, there is hitherto no item of this miracle that is not historically proved and *true*.—In distracted black-magical phantasmagory, adumbrations of yet higher and highest Dalliances* hover stupendous in the background: whercof your Georgels, and Campans, and other official characters, *can* take no notice! There, in distracted black-magical phantasmagory, let these hover. The truth of them for us is that they do so hover. The truth of them in itself is known only to three persons: Dame (self-styled Countess) de Lamotte; the Devil; and Philippe Egalité,—who furnished money and facts for the Lamotte *Memoirs*, and, before guillotine-moment, begat the present King of the French.

Enough, that Ixion de Rohan, lapsed almost into deliquium, by such sober certainty of waking bliss, is the happiest of all men; and his tutelary Countess the dearest of all women, save one only. On the 25th of August (so strong still are those villainous Drawing-room cabals) he goes, weeping, but submissive (by order of a gilt Autograph), home to Saverne; till further dignities can be matured for him. He carries his Rose, now considerably faded, in a Casket of fit price; may, if he so please, perpetuate it as *pot-pourri*. He names a favourite walk in his Archiepiscopal pleasure-grounds, *Promenade de la Rose*; there let him court digestion, and loyally somnam-bulate till called for.

I notice it as a coincidence in chronology, that, few days after this date, the Demoiselle (or even, for the last month, Baroness) Gay d'Oliva began to find Countess de Lamotte "not at home," in her fine Paris hotel, in her fine Charonne country-house; and went no more, with Villette, and such pleasant dinner-guests, and her, to see Beaumarchais' *Mariage de Figaro* † running its hundred nights.

CHAP. X.

Behind the Scenes.

• "The Queen?" Good reader, *thou* surely art not a Partridge the School-master, or a Monseigneur de Rohan, to mistake the stage for a reality!—"But who this Demoiselle d'Oliva was?" Reader, let us remark rather how the labours of our Dramaturgic Countess are increasing.

New actors I see on the scene; not one of whom shall guess what the other is doing; or, indeed, know rightly what himself is doing. For example, cannot Messieurs de Lamotte and Villette, of Rascaldom, like Nisus and Euryalus, take a mid-night walk of contemplation, with "footsteps of Madame and Madame d'Artois" (since all footsteps are much the same), without offence to any one? A Queen's Similitude can believe that a Queen's Self (for frolic's sake) is looking at her through the thickets; ‡ a terrestrial Cardinal can kiss with devotion a celestial Queen's slipper, or Queen's Similitude's slipper,—and no one but a Black Domino the wiser. All these shall follow each his precalculated course; for their inward mechanism is known, and fit wires book themselves on thus. To Two only is a clear belief vouchsafed: to Monseigneur (founded on stupidity); to the great creative Dramaturgist, sitting at the heart of the whole mystery (founded on completest insight). Great creative Dramaturgist! How, like Schiller, "by union of the Possible with the Necessarily-existing, she brings out the"—Eighty thousand Pounds! Don Aranda, with his triple-sealed missives and hoodwinked secretaries, bragged

* Lamotte's *Mémoires Justificatifs*; MS. Songs in the *Affaire du Collier*, &c. &c. Nothing can exceed the brutality of these things (unfit for Print or Pen); which, nevertheless, found believers; increase of believers, in the public exasperation; and did the Queen (say all her historians) incalculable damage.

† Gay d'Oliva First *Mémoire Pour*, p. 37.

‡ See *Lamotte*; see *Gay d'Oliva*.

justly that he cut down the Jesuits in one day: but here, without ministerial salary, or King's favour, or any help beyond her own black domino, labours a greater than he. How she advances, stealthily, steadfastly, with Argus eye and ever-ready brain; "with nerve of iron, on shoes of felt"! O worthy to have intrigued for Jesuitdom, for Pope's Tiara;—to have been Pope Joan thyself, in those old days; and as Arachne of Arachnes, sat in the centre of that stupendous spider-web, that, reaching from Goa to Acapulco, and from Heaven to Hell, overnetted the thoughts and souls of men!—Of which, spider-web stray tatters, in favourable dewy mornings, even yet become visible.

The Demoiselle d'Oliva! She is a Parisian Demoiselle of three-and-twenty, tall, blond, and beautiful; * from unjust guardians, and an evil world, she has had somewhat to suffer.

"In this month of June, 1784," says the Demoiselle herself, in her (judicial) Autobiography, "I occupied a small apartment in the Rue du Jour, Quartier St. Eustache. I was not far from the Garden of the Palais-Royal; I had made it my usual promenade." For, indeed, the real God's-truth is, I was a Parisian unfortunate-female, with moderate custom; and one must go where his market lies. "I frequently passed three or four hours of the afternoon there, with some women of my acquaintance, and a little child of four years old, whom I was fond of, whom his parents willingly trusted with me. I even went thither alone, except for him, when other company failed.

"One afternoon, in the month of July following, I was at the Palais-Royal: † my whole company, at the moment, was the child I speak of. A tall young man, walking alone, passes several times before me. He was a

man I had never seen. He looks at me; he looks fixedly at me. I observe even that always, as he comes near, he slackens his pace, as if to survey me more at leisure. A chair stood vacant; two or three feet from mine. He seats himself there.

"Till this instant, the sight of the young man, his walks, his approaches, his repeated gazings, had made no impression on me. But now when he was sitting so close by, I could not avoid noticing him. His eyes ceased not to wander over all my person. His air becomes earnest, grave. An unquiet curiosity appears to agitate him. He seems to measure my figure, to seize by turns all parts of my physiognomy."—He finds me (but whispers not a syllable of it) tolerably like, both in person and profile; for even the Abbé Georgel says, I was a *belles courtisane*.

"It is time to name this young man: he was the Sieur de Lamotte, styling himself Comte de Lamotte." Who doubts it? He praises "my feeble charms;" expresses a wish to "pay his addresses to me." I, being a lone spinster, know not what to say; think it best in the meanwhile to retire. Vain precaution! "I see him all on a sudden appear in my apartment!"

On his "ninth visit" (for he was always civility itself), he talks of introducing a great Court-lady, by whose means I may even do her Majesty some little secret-service,—the reward of which will be unspeakable. In the dusk of the evening, silks mysteriously rustle: enter the creative Dramaturgist, Dame, styled Countess, de Lamotte; and so—the too intrusive, scientific reader, has now, for his punishment, got on the wrong-side of that loveliest Transparency; finds nothing but grease-pots, and vapour of expiring wicks!

The Demoiselle Gay d'Oliva may

* I was then presented "to two Ladies, one of whom was remarkable for the richness of her shape. She had blue eyes and chestnut hair" (Bette d'Etienneville's *Second Mémoire Pour*; in the *Suite de l'Affaire du Collier*). This is she whom Bette, and Bette's Advocate, intended the world to take for Gay d'Oliva. "The other is of middle size; dark eyes, chestnut hair, white complexion: the sound of her voice is agreeable; she speaks perfectly well, and with no less facility than vivacity:" this one is meant for Lamotte. Oliva's real name was Essigny; the Oliva (OLISVA, anagram of VALOIS) was given her by Lamotte along with the title of *Baroness* (MS. Note, *Affaire du Collier*).

† The Palais-Royal Garden, at this time, had large Avenues of Trees; and extended on all sides over what is now the Rue de Richelieu, &c. It was contracted to its present size, and built upon, few months after; to the great sorrow of Paris; Duc de Chartres (future Orleans Egalité) being in want of money. See Dulaure *Histoire de Paris*.

once more sit, or stand, in the Palais-Royal, with such custom as will come. In due time, she shall again, but with breath of Terror, be blown upon; and blown out of France to Brussels.

CHAP. XI.

The Necklace is sold.

Autumn, with its gray moaning winds, and coating of red strewn leaves, invites Courtiers to enjoy the charms of Nature; and all business of moment stands still. Countess de Lamotte, while every thing is so stagnant, and even Boehmer (though with sure hope) has locked up his Necklace for the season, can drive, with her Count and his Euryalus, Villette, down to native Bar-sur-Aube; and there (in virtue of a Queen's bounty) shew the envious a Scion-of-royalty *re-grafted*; and make them yellow-looking on it. A well-varnished chariot, with the Arms of Valois duly painted in bend-sinister; a house gallantly furnished, bodies gallantly attired,—secure them the favourable reception from all manner of men. The very Duc de Penthièvre (Egalité's father-in-law) welcomes our Lamotte, with that urbanity characteristic of his high station, and the old school. Worth, indeed, makes the man, or woman; but leather (of gig-straps) and prunella (of gig-lining) first makes it go.

The great creative Dramaturgist has thus let down her drop-scene; and only, with a Letter or two to Saverne, or even a visit thither (for it is but a day's drive from Bar), keeps up a due modicum of intermediate instrumental music. She needs some pause, in good sooth, to collect herself a little; for the last act and grand Catastrophe is at hand. Two fixed-ideas (Cardinal's and Jeweller's), a negative and a positive, have felt each other; stimulated now by new hope, are rapidly revolving round each other, and approximating; like two flames, are stretching out long fire-tongues to join and be one.

Boehmer, on his side, is ready with the readiest; as, indeed, he has been these four long years. The Countess, it is true, will have neither part nor lot in that foolish *Cadeau* of his, or in the whole foolish Necklace business: this she has in plain words (and even not without asperity, due to a bore of such magnitude) given him to know. From

her, nevertheless, by cunning inference, and the merest accident in the world, the sly Jouaillier-Bijoutier has gleaned thus much, that Monseigneur de Rohan is the man.—Enough! Enough! Madame shall be no more troubled. Rest there, in hope, thou Necklace of the Devil; but, O Monseigneur, be thy return speedy!

Alas, the man lives not that would be speedier than Monseigneur, if he durst. But as yet no gilt Autograph invites him, permits him; the few gilt Autographs are all negatory, procrastinating. Cabals of Court; for ever cabals! Nay, if it be not for some Necklace, or other such crotchet or necessity, who knows but he may *never* be recalled (so fickle is womankind); but forgotten, and left to rot here, like his Rose, into *pot-pourri*? Our tutelary Countess, too, is shyer in this matter than we ever saw her. Nevertheless, by intense skilful cross-questioning, he has extorted somewhat; sees partly how it stands. The Queen's Majesty will have her Necklace (for when, in such case, had not woman her way?); and can even pay for it—by instalments: but then the stung husband! Once for all, she will not be seen in the business. Now, therefore, were it, or were it not, permissible to mortal to transact it secretly in her stead? That is the question. If to mortal, then to Monseigneur. Our Countess has even ventured to hint afar off at Monseigneur (kind Countess!) in the proper quarter: but his discretion is doubted,—in regard to money matters.—Discretion? And I on the *Promenade de la Rose*?—Explode not, O Eminence! Trust will spring of trial: thy hour is coming.

The Lamottes, meanwhile, have left their farewell card with all the respectable classes of Bar-sur-Aube; our Dramaturgist stands again behind the scenes at Paris. How is it, O Monseigneur, that she is still so shy with thee, in this matter of the Necklace; that she leaves the love-lorn Latmian shepherd to droop, here in lone Saverne, like weeping-ash, in naked winter, on his Promenade of the Rose, with vague commonplace responses that “his hour is coming?”—By Heaven and Earth! at last, in late January, it is come. Behold it, this new gilt Autograph: “To Paris, on a small business of delicacy, which our Countess

will explain,"—which I already know! To Paris! Horses; Postillions; Beef-eaters!—And so his resuscitated Eminence, all wrapt in furs, in the pleasantest frost (Abbé Georgel says, *un beau froid de Janvier*), over clear-jingling highways, rolls rapidly,—borne on the bosom of Dreams.

O Dame de Lamotte, has the enchanted Diamond fruit ripened, then? Hast thou given it the little shake, big with unutterable fate?—I? can the Dame justly retort: Who saw me in it?—The reader, therefore, has still Three scenic Exhibitions to look at, by our great Dramaturgist; then the Fourth and last,—by another Author.

To us, reflecting how oftenest the true moving force in human things works hidden underground, it seems small marvel that this month of January (1785), wherein our Countess so little courts the eye of the vulgar historian, should, nevertheless, have been the busiest of all for her; especially the latter half thereof.

Wisely eschewing matters of Business (which she could never in her life understand), our Countess will personally take no charge of that bargain-making; leaves it all to her Majesty and the gilt Autographs. Assiduous Boehmer, nevertheless, is in frequent close conference with Monseigneur: the Paris Palais-de-Strasbourg, shut to the rest of men, sees the Jouaillier-Bijoutier, with eager official aspect, come and go. The grand difficulty is—must we say it?—her Majesty's wilful whimsicality, unacquaintance with Business. She positively will not write a gilt Autograph, *authorising* his Eminence to make the bargain; but writes rather, in a petting manner, that the thing is of no consequence, and can be given up! Thus must the poor Countess dash to and fro, like a weaver's shuttle, between Paris and Versailles; wear her horses and nerves to pieces; nay, sometimes, in the hottest haste, wait many hours within call of the Palace, considering what *can* be done (with none but Villette to bear her company),—till the Queen's whim pass.

At length, after furious-driving and conferences enough, on the 29th of January, a middle course is hit on. Cautious Boehmer shall write out (on finest paper) his terms; which are really

rather fair: Sixteen hundred thousand livres; to be paid in five equal instalments; the first this day six months; the other four from three months to three months: this is what Court-Jewellers, Boehmer and Bassange, on the one part, and Prince Cardinal Commandator Louis de Rohan, on the other part, will stand to; witness their hands. Which written sheet of finest paper our poor Countess must again take charge of, again dash off with to Versailles; and therefrom, after trouble unspeakable (shared in only by the faithful Villette, of Rascaldom), return with it, bearing this most precious marginal note, "*Bon—Marie Antoinette de France,*" in the Autograph hand! Happy Cardinal! this *thou* shalt keep in the innermost of all thy repositories. Boehmer, meanwhile, secret as Death, shall tell no man that he has sold his Necklace; or if much pressed for an actual sight of the same, confess that it is sold to the Favourite Sultana of the Grand Turk for the time being.*

Thus, then, do the smoking Lamotte horses at length get rubbed down, and feel the taste of oats, after midnight; the Lamotte Countess can also gradually sink into needful slumber, perhaps not unbroken by dreams. On the morrow the bargain shall be concluded; next day the Necklace be delivered, on Monseigneur's receipt.

Will the reader, therefore, be pleased to glance at the following two Life-Pictures, Real-Phantasmagories, or whatever we may call them: they are the two first of those Three scenic real-poetic Exhibitions, brought about by our Dramaturgist: short Exhibitions, but essential ones.

CHAP. XII.

The Necklace vanishes.

It is the first day of February; that grand day of Delivery. The Sieur Boehmer is in the Court of the Palais de Strasbourg; his look mysterious—official, but (though much emaciated) radiant with enthusiasm. The Seine has missed him: though lean, he will fatten again, and live through new enterprises.

Singular, were we not used to it: the name, Boehmer, as it passes upwards and inwards, lowers all hal-

* Campan.

berts of Heyducs in perpendicular rows: the historical eye beholds him, bowing low, with plenteous smiles, in the plush Saloon of Audience. Will it please Monseigneur, then, to do the *ne-plus-ultra* of Necklaces the honour of looking at it? A piece of Art, which the Universe cannot parallel, shall be parted with (Necessity compels Court-Jewellers) at that ruinously low sum. They, the Court-Jewellers, shall have much ado to weather it; but their work, at least, will find a fit Wearer, and go down to juster posterity. Monseigneur will merely have the condescension to sign this Receipt of Delivery: all the rest, her Highness the Sultana of the Sublime Porte has settled it.—Here the Court-Jeweller, with his joyous, though now much emaciated face, ventures on a faint knowing smile; to which, in the lofty dissolute-serene of Monseigneur's, some twinkle of permission could not but respond.—This is the First of those Three real-poetic Exhibitions, brought about by our Dramaturgist,—with perfect success.

It was said, long afterwards, that Monseigneur should have known, that Boehmer should have known, her Highness the Sultana's marginal-note (that of "*Right—Marie Antoinette of France*") to be a forgery and mockery: the *of France* was fatal to it. Easy talking, easy criticising! But how are two enchanted men to know; two men with a fixed-idea each, a negative and a positive, rushing together to neutralise each other in rapture?—Enough, Monseigneur has the *ne-plus-ultra* of Necklaces, conquered by man's valour and woman's wit; and rolls off with it, in mysterious speed, to Versailles,—triumphant as a Jason with his Golden Fleece.

The Second grand scenic Exhibition by our Dramaturgic Countess occurs in her own apartment at Versailles, so early as the following night. It is a commodious apartment, with alcove; and the alcove has a glass door.* Monseigneur enters,—with a follower bearing a mysterious Casket; carefully depositing it, and then respectfully withdrawing. It is the Necklace itself in all its glory! Our tutelary Countess, and Monseigneur, and we, can at leisure admire the queenly Talis-

man; congratulate ourselves that the painful conquest of it is achieved.

But, hist! A knock, mild, but decisive, as from one knocking with authority! Monseigneur and we retire to our alcove; there, from behind our glass screen, observe what passes. Who comes? The door flung open: *de par la Reine!* Behold him, Monseigneur: he enters with grave, respectful, yet official air; worthy Monsieur Queen's-valet Lesclaux, the same who escorted our tutelary Countess, that moonlight night, from the back apartments of Versailles. Said we not, thou wouldst see *him* once more?—Methinks, again, spite of his Queen's-uniform, he has much the features of Villette of Rascaldom!—Rascaldom or Valetdom (for to the blind all colours are the same), he has, with his grave, respectful, yet official air, received the Casket, and its priceless contents; with fit injunction, with fit engagements; and retires bowing low.

Thus, softly, silently, like a very Dream, flits away our solid Necklace—through the Horn Gate of Dreams!

CHAP. XIII.

Scene Third: by Dame de Lamotte.

Now, too, in these same days (as he can afterwards prove by affidavit of Landlords) arrives Count Cagliostro himself, from Lyons! No longer by predictions in cipher; but by his living voice (often in rapt communion with the unseen world, "with Caraffe and four candles"); by his greasy prophetic bulldog-face (said to be the "most perfect quack-face of the eighteenth century"), can we assure ourselves that all is well; ~~that~~ all will turn "to the glory of Monseigneur, to the good of France, and of mankind,"† and Egyptian masonry. "Tokay flows like water;" our charming Countess, with her piquancy of face, is sprightlier than ever; enlivens with the brightest sallies, with the adroitest flatteries to all, those suppers of the gods. O Nights, O Suppers—too good to last! Nay, now also occurs another and Third scenic Exhibition, fitted by its radiance to dispel from Monseigneur's soul the last trace of care.

Why the Queen does not, even yet, openly receive me at Court? Patience,

Monseigneur! Thou little knowest those too intricate cabals; and how she still but works at them silently, with royal suppressed fury, like a royal lioness only *delivering* herself from the hunter's toils. Meanwhile, is not thy work done? The Necklace, she rejoices over it; beholds (many times in secret) her Juno-neck mirrored back the lover-lie for it,—as our titular Countess can testify. Come to-morrow to the *Œil de Bœuf*; there see with eyes, in high noon, as already in deep midnight thou hast seen, whether in *her* royal heart there were delay.

Let us stand, then, with Monseigneur, in that *Œil de Bœuf*, in the Versailles Palace Gallery; for all well-dressed persons are admitted: there the Loveliest, in pomp of royalty, will walk to mass. The world is all in pelisses and winter furs; cheerful, clear,—with noses tending to blue. A lively many-voiced Hum plays fitful, hither and thither: of sledge parties and Court parties; frosty state of the weather; stability of M. de Calonne; Majesty's looks-yesterday;—such Hum as always, in these sacred Court-spaces, since Louis le Grand made and consecrated them, has, with more or less impetuosity, agitated our common Atmosphere.

Ah, through that long high Gallery what Figures have passed—and vanished! Louvois,—with the Great King, flashing fire-glances on the fugitive; in his red right hand a pair of tongs, which pious Maintenon hardly holds back: Louvois, where art thou? Ye *Murèchaux de France*? Ye unmentionable-women of past generations? Here also was it that rolled and rushed the “sound, absolutely like thunder,”* of Courtier hosts; in that dark hour when the signal light in Louis the Fifteenth's chamber-window was blown out; and his ghastly infectious Corpse lay lone, forsaken on its tumbled death-lair, “in the hands of some poor women;” and the Courtier-hosts rushed from the Deep-fallen to hail the New-risen! These too rushed, and passed; and their “sound, absolutely like thunder,” became silence. Figures? Men? They are fast fleeting Shadows; fast chasing each other: it is not a Palace, but a Caravansera.—Monseigneur (with thy too much Tokay overnight)! cease puzzling: here *thou*

art, this blessed February day:—the Peerless, will she turn lightly that high head of hers, and glance aside, into the *Œil de Bœuf*, in passing? Please Heaven, she will. To our tutelary Countess, at least, she promised it;† though, alas, so fickle is woman-kind!—

Hark! Clang of opening doors! She issues, like the Moon in silver brightness, down the Eastern steep. *La Reine vient!* What a figure! I (with the aid of glasses) discern *her*. O Fairest, Peerless! Let the hum of minor discoursing hush itself wholly; and only one successive rolling peal of *Vive la Reine* (like the inmovable radiance of a train of fire-works) irradiate her path.—Ye Immortals! She does, she beckons, turns her head this way!—“Does she not?” says Countess de Lamotte.—Versailles, the *Œil de Bœuf*, and all men and things, are drowned in a Sea of Light; Monseigneur and that high beckoning Head are alone, with each other, in the Universe.

O Eminence, what a beatific vision! Enjoy it, blest as the gods; ruminate and re-enjoy it, with full soul: it is the last provided for thee. Too soon (in the course of these six months) shall thy beatific vision, like Mirza's vision, gradually melt away; and only oxen and sheep be grazing in its place;—and thou, as a doomed Nebuchadnezzar, be grazing with them.

“Does she not?” said the Countess de Lamotte. That it is a habit of hers; that hardly a day passes *without* her doing it: this the Countess de Lamotte did not say.

CHAP. XIV.

The Necklacc cannot be paid.

Here, then, the specially Dramaturgic labours of Countess de Lamotte may be said to terminate. The rest of her life is Histrionic merely, or Histrionic and Critical; as, indeed, what had all the former part of it been but a *Hypocrisia*, a more or less correct Playing of Parts? O “Mrs. Facing-both-ways” (as old Bunyan said), what a talent hadst thou! No Proteus ever took so many shapes, no Chameleon so often changed colour. One thing thou wert to Monseigneur; another thing to Cag-

* Campan.

† See *Georgel*.

liostro, and Villette of Rascaldom; a third thing to the World (in printed *Mémoires*); a fourth thing to Philippe Egalité: all things to all men!

Let her, however, we say, but manage now to *act* her own parts, with proper Histronic illusion; and, by Critical glosses, give her past Dramaturgy the fit aspect, to Monseigneur and others: this henceforth, and not new Dramaturgy, includes her whole task. Dramatic Scenes, in plenty, will follow of themselves; especially that Fourth and final Scene, spoken of above as by another Author,—by Destiny itself.

For in the Lamotte Theatre (so different from our common Pasteboard one) the Play goes on, even when the Machinist has left it. Strange enough: those Air-images, which from her Magic-lantern she hung out on the empty bosom of Night, have clutched hold of this solid-seeming World (which some call the Material World, as if that made it more a Real one), and will tumble hither and thither the solidest masses there. Yes, reader, so goes it here below. What thou callest a Brain-web, or mere illusive Nothing, *is* it not a web of the Brain; of the Spirit which inhabits the Brain; and which, in this World (rather, as I think, to be named the Spiritual one), very naturally moves and tumbles hither and thither all things it meets with, in Heaven or in Earth?—So, too, the Necklace, though we saw it vanish through the Horn Gate of Dreams, and in my opinion man shall never more behold it,—yet its activity ceases not, nor will. For no Act of a man, no Thing (how much less the man himself!) is extinguished when it disappears: through considerable times (there are instances of Three Thousand Years) it visibly works; invisibly, unrecognised, it works through endless times. Such a Hyper-magical is this our poor old Real world; which some take upon them to pronounce effete, prosaic! Friend, it is thyself that art all withered up into effete Prose, dead as ashes: know this (I advise thee); and seek passionately, with a passion little short of desperation, to have it remedied.

Meanwhile, what will the feeling heart think to learn that Monseigneur de Rohan (as we prophesied) again experiences the fickleness of a Court; that, notwithstanding beatific visions, at noon and midnight, the Queen's Majesty (with the light ingratitude of her sex) flies off at a tangent; and, far from ousting his detested and detesting rival, Minister Breteuil, and openly delighting to honour Monseigneur, will hardly vouchsafe him a few gilt Autographs, and those few of the most capricious, suspicious, soul-confusing tenor? What terrifico-absurd explosions, which scarcely Cagliostro, with Caraffe and four candles, can still; how many deep-weighed Humble Petitions, Explanations, Expostulations, penned with fervidest eloquence, with craftiest diplomacy,—all delivered by our tutelar Countess: in vain!—O Cardinal, with what a huge iron mace, like Guy of Warwick's, thou smitest Phantasms in two (which close again, take shape again); and only thrashest the air!

One comfort, however, is that the Queen's Majesty has committed herself. The Rose of Trianon, and what may pertain thereto, lies it not here? That "*Right—Marie Antoinette of France,*" too; and the 30th of July, first-installment-day, coming? She shall be brought to terms, good Eminence! Order horses and beef-eaters for Saverne; there, ceasing all written or oral communication, starve her into capitulating.* It is the bright May month: his Eminence again somnambulates the *Promenade de la Rose*; but now with grim dry eyes; and, from time to time, terrifically stamping.

But who is this that I see mounted on costliest horse and horse-gear; betting at Newmarket Races; though he can speak no English word, and only some Chevalier O'Niel, some Capuchin Macdermot (from Bar-sur-Aube) interprets his French into the dialect of the Sister Island? Few days ago I observed him walking in Fleet-street, thoughtfully through Temple-Bar;—in deep treaty with Jeweller Jeffreys, with Jeweller Grey,† for the sale of Diamonds: such a lot as one may boast of.

* See *Lamotte*.

† Grey lived in No. 13, New Bond Street; Jeffreys in Piccadilly (Rohan's *Mémoire Pour*; see also Count de Lamotte's Narrative, in the *Mémoires Justificatifs*). Rohan says, "Jeffreys bought more than 10,000*l.* worth."

A tall handsome man ; with ex-military whiskers ; with a look of troubled gaiety, and rascalism : you think it is the Sieur (self-styled Count) de Lamotte ; nay, the man himself confesses it ! The Diamonds were a present to his Countess,—from the still bountiful Queen.

Villette, too, has he completed his sales at Amsterdam ? Him I shall by and by behold ; not betting at New-market, but drinking wine and ardent spirits in the Taverns of Geneva. Ill-gotten wealth endures not ; Rascaldom has no strongbox. Countess de Lamotte, for what a set of comorant scoundrels hast thou laboured ; art thou still labouring !

Still labouring, we may say : for as the fatal 30th of July approaches, what is to be looked for but universal Earthquake ; Mud-explosion that will blot out the face of Nature ? Methinks, stood I in thy pattens, Dame de Lamotte, I would cut and run.—“ Run ! ” exclaims she, with a toss of indignant astonishment : “ calumniated Innocence run ? ” For it is singular how in some minds (that are mere bottomless “ chaotic whirlpools of guilt shreds ”), there is no deliberate Lying whatever ; and nothing is either believed or disbelieved, but only (with some transient suitable Histrionic emotion) spoken and heard.

Had Dame de Lamotte a certain greatness of character, then ; at least, a strength of transcendent audacity, amounting to the bastard-heroic ? Great, indubitably great, is her Dramaturgic and Histrionic talent : but as for the rest, one must answer, with reluctance, No. Mrs. Facing-both-ways is a “ Spark of vehement Life,” but the furthest in the world from a brave woman : she did not, in any case, shew the bravery of a woman ; did, in many cases, shew the mere screaming trepidation of one. Her grand quality is rather to be reckoned negative : the “ untameableness ” as of a fly ; the “ wax-cloth dress ” from which so much ran down like water. Small sparrows, as I learn, have been trained to fire cannon ; but would make poor Artillery Officers in a Waterloo. Thou dost not call that Cork a strong swimmer ? which, nevertheless, shoots, without hurt, the Falls of Niagara ; defies the thunderbolt itself to sink it, for more than a moment. Without intellect,

imagination, power of attention, or any spiritual faculty, how brave were one,—with fit motive for it, such as hunger ! How much might one dare, by the simplest of methods, by not thinking of it, not knowing it !—Besides, is not Cagliostro, foolish blustering Quack, still here ? No scapegoat had ever broader back. The Cardinal, too, has he not money ? Queen’s Majesty, even in effigy, shall not be insulted ; the Soubises, De Marsans, and high and puissant Cousins, must huddle the matter up : Calumniated Innocence, in the most universal of Earthquakes, will find *some* crevice to whisk through, as she has so often done.

But all this while how fares it with his Eminence, left somnambulating the *Promenade de la Rose* ; and at times truculently stamping ? Alas, ill ; and ever worse. The starving method, singular as it may seem, brings no capitulation ; brings only, after a month’s waiting, our tutelary Countess, with a gilt Autograph, indeed, and “ all wrapt in silk threads, sealed where they cross,”—but which we read with curses.*

We must back again to Paris ; there pen new Expostulations ; which our unwearied Countess will take charge of, but, alas, can get no answer to. However, is not the 30th of July coming ?—Behold (on the 19th of that month), the shortest, most careless of Autographs : with some fifteen hundred pounds of real money in it, to pay the—interest of the first instalment ; the principal (of some thirty thousand) not being at the moment perfectly convenient ! Hungry Boehmer makes large eyes at this proposal ; will accept the money, but only as part of payment ; the man is positive : a Court of Justice, if no other means, shall get him the remainder. What now is to be done ?

Farmer-general Mons. Saint-James, Cagliostro’s disciple, and wet with Tokay, will cheerfully advance the sum needed—for her Majesty’s sake ; thinks, however (with all his Tokay), it were good to *speak* with her Majesty first.—I observe, meanwhile, the distracted hungry Boehmer driven hither and thither, not by his fixed-idea ; alas, no, but by the far more frightful *ghost* thereof,—since no payment is forthcoming. He stands, one day, speaking with a Queen’s waiting-woman (Madame Campan herself),

* See Lamotte.

in "a thunder-shower, which neither of them notice,"—so thunderstruck are they.* What weather-symptoms for his Eminence!

The 30th of July has come, but no money; the 30th is gone, but no money. O Eminence, what a grim farewell of July is this of 1785! The last July went out with airs from Heaven, and Trianon Roses. These August days, are they not worse than dog's days; worthy to be blotted out from all Almanacks? Boehmer and Bassange thou canst still see; but only "return from them swearing."† Nay, what new misery is this? Our tutelary Ilustrionic Countess enters, distraction in her eyes:‡ she has just been at Versailles; the Queen's Majesty, with a levity of caprice which we dare not trust ourselves to characterise, declares plainly that she will deny ever having got the Necklace; ever having had, with his Eminence, any transaction whatsoever!—Mud-explosion without parallel in volcanic annals.—The Palais de Strasbourg appears to be beset with spies; the Lamottes (for the Count, too, is here) are packing up for Bar-sur-Aube. The Sieur Boehmer, has he fallen insane? Or into communication with Breteuil?—

And so, distractedly and distractively, to the sound of all Discords in Nature, opens that Fourth, final Scenic Exhibition, composed by Destiny.

CHAP. XV.

Scene Fourth: by Destiny.

It is Assumption-day, the 15th of August. Don thy pontificalia, Grand-Almoner; crush down these hideous temporalities out of sight. In any case, smooth thy countenance into some sort of lofty-dissolute serene: thou hast a thing they call worshipping God to enact, thyself the first actor.

The Grand-Almoner has done it. He is in Versailles *Sal de Bauf* Gallery; where male and female Peerage, and all Noble France in gala, various and glorious as the rainbow, waits only the

signal to begin worshipping: on the serene of his lofty-dissolute countenance, there can nothing be read.§ By Heaven! he is sent for to the Royal Apartment!

He returns with the old lofty-dissolute look, inscrutably serene: has his turn for favour actually come, then? Those fifteen long years of soul's travail are to be rewarded by a birth?—Monsieur le Baron de Breteuil issues; great in his pride of place, in this the crowning moment of his life. With one radiant glance, Breteuil summons the Officer on Guard; with another, fixes Monseigneur; "*De par le Roi, Monseigneur: you are arrested! At your risk, Officer!*"—Curtains as of pitch-black whirlwind envelope Monseigneur; whirl off with him,—to outer darkness. Versailles Gallery explodes aghast; as if Guy Fawkes's Plot had burst under it. "The Queen's Majesty was weeping," whisper some. There will be no Assumption service; or such a one as was never celebrated since Assumption came in fashion.

Europe, then, shall ring with it from side to side!—But why rides that Heyduc as if all the Devils drove him? It is Monseigneur's Heyduc: Monseigneur spoke three words in German to him, at the door of his Versailles Hôtel; even handed him a slip of writing, which (some say, with borrowed Pencil, "in his red square cap") he had managed to prepare on the way thither.|| To Paris! To the Palais-Cardinal! The horse dies on reaching the stable; the Heyduc swoons on reaching the cabinet: but his slip of writing fell from his hand; and I (says the Abbé Georgel) was there. The red Portfolio, containing all the gilt Autographs, is burnt utterly, with much else, before Breteuil can arrive for apposition of the seals!—Whereby Europe, in ringing from side to side, must worry itself with guessing: and at this hour (on this paper) sees the matter in such an interesting clear-obscuré.

Soon Count Cagliostro and his Sera-

* Campan.

† Lamotte.

‡ Georgel.

§ This is Botte d'Etienville's description of him: "A handsome man, of fifty; with high complexion; hair white-gray, and the front of the head bald: of high stature; carriage noble and easy, though burdened with a certain degree of corpulency; who, I never doubted, was Monsieur de Robau." (*First Mémoire Pour.*)

|| Georgel.

phic Countess go to join Monseigneur, in State Prison. In few days, follows Dame de Lamoignon (from Bar-sur-Aube); Demoiselle d'Oliva by and by (from Brussels); Villette-de-Retaux from his Swiss retirement, in the taverns of Geneva. The Bastille opens its iron bosom to them all.

CHAPTER LAST.

Missa est.

Thus, then, the Diamond Necklace having, on the one hand, vanished through the Horn Gate of Dreams, and so (under the pincers of Nisus Lamoignon and Euryalus Villette) lost its sub-lunary individuality and being; and, on the other hand, all that trafficked in it, sitting now safe under lock and key, that justice may take cognisance of them,—our engagement in regard to the matter is on the point of terminating. That extraordinary *Procès du Collier* (Necklace Trial), spinning itself through Nine other ever-memorable Months, to the astonishment of the hundred and eighty-seven assembled *Parlementiers*, and of all Quidnuncs, Journalists, Anecdotists, Satirists, in both Hemispheres, is, in every sense, a “Celebrated Trial,” and belongs to Publishers of such. How, by innumerable confrontations and expiscatory questions, through entanglements, doublings, and windings that fatigue eye and soul, this most involute of Lies is finally winded off to the scandalous-ridiculous cinder-heart of it, let others relate.

Meanwhile, during these Nine ever-memorable Months, till they terminate late at night precisely with the May of 1786,* how many “fugitive leaves,” quizzical, imaginative, or at least mendacious, were flying about in Newspapers; or stitched together as Pamphlets; and what heaps of others were left creeping in Manuscript, we shall not say;—having, indeed, no complete Collection of them, and, what is more to the purpose, little to do with such Collection. Nevertheless, searching for some fit Capital of the composite order, to adorn adequately the now finished singular Pillar of our Narrative, what can suit us better than the

following, so far as we know, yet unedited,

Occasional Discourse, by Count Alessandro Cagliostro, Thaumaturgist, Prophet, and Arch-Quack; delivered in the Bastille: Year of Lucifer, 5789; of the Hegira Mahometan (from Mecca), 1201; of the Hegira Cagliostrian (from Palermo), 24; of the Vulgar Era, 1785.

“Fellow Scoundrels,—An unspeakable Intrigue, spun from the soul of that Circe-Megara, by our voluntary or involuntary help, has assembled us all, if not under one roof-tree, yet within one grim iron-bound ring-wall. For an appointed number of months, in the ever-rolling flow of Time, we, being gathered from the four winds, did by Destiny work together in body corporate; and, joint labourers in a Transaction already famed over the Globe, obtain unity of Name (like the Argonauts of old), as *Conquerors of the Diamond Necklace*. Ere long it is done (for ring-walls hold not captive the free Scoundrel for ever); and we disperse again, over wide terrestrial Space; some of us, it may be, over the very marches of Space. Our Act hangs indissoluble together; floats wondrous in the older and older memory of men: while *we*, little band of Scoundrels, who saw each other, now hover so far asunder, to see each other no more,—if not once more only on the universal Doomsday, the Last of the Days!

“In such interesting moments, while we stand within the verge of parting, and have not yet parted, methinks it were well here, in these sequestered Spaces, to institute a few general reflections. Me, as a public speaker, the Spirit of Masonry, of Philosophy, and Philanthropy, and even of Prophecy (blowing mysterious from the Land of Dream) impels to do it. Give ear, O Fellow Scoundrels, to what the Spirit utters; treasure it in your hearts, practise it in your lives.

“Sitting here, penned up in this which (with a slight metaphor) I call the Central Cloaca of Nature, where a tyrannical De Launay can forbid the bodily eye free vision, you with the mental eye see but the better. This Central Cloaca, is it not rather a

* On the 31st of May, 1786, sentence was pronounced: about ten at night, the Cardinal got out of the Bastille; large mobs hurrahing round him,—out of spleen to the Court (See *Georgel*).

Heart, into which, from all regions, mysterious conduits introduce, and forcibly inject, whatsoever is choicest in the Scoundrelism of the Earth; there to be absorbed, or again (by the other auricle) ejected into new circulation? Let the eye of the mind run along this immeasurable venous-arterial system; and astound itself with the magnificent extent of Scoundrelism; the deep, I may say, unfathomable, significance of Scoundrelism.

"Yes, brethren, wide as the Sun's range is our Empire; wider than old Rome's in its palmiest era. I have in my time been far; in frozen Muscovy, in hot Calabria, east, west, wheresoever the sky overarches civilised man: and never hitherto saw I myself an alien; out of Scoundrelism I never was. Is it not even said, from of old, by the opposite party: '*All men are liars*?' Do they not (and this nowise 'in haste') whimperingly talk of 'one just person' (as they call him), and of the remaining thousand save one that take part with us? So decided is our majority."—(Applause).

"Of the Scarlet Woman,—yes, Monseigneur, without offence,—of the Scarlet Woman that sits on Seven Hills, and her Black Jesuit Militia, out foraging from Pole to Pole, I speak not; for the story is too trite: nay, the Militia itself, as I see, begins to be disbanded, and invalidated, for a second treachery; treachery to herself! Nor yet of Governments; for a like reason. Ambassadors, said an English punster, *lie* abroad for their masters. Their masters, we answer, *lie*, at home, for themselves. Not of all this, nor of Courtship (with its so universal Lovers' vows), nor Courtiership, nor Attorneyism, nor Public Oratory, and Selling by Auction, do I speak: I simply ask the gainsayer, Which is the particular trade, profession, mystery, calling, or pursuit of the Sons of Adam that they successfully manage in the other way? He cannot answer—No: Philosophy itself, both practical and even speculative, has, at length (after shamefulest groping), stumbled on the plain conclusion that Sham is indispensable to Reality, as Lying to Living; that without Lying the whole business of the world, from swaying of senates to selling of tapes, must explode into an-

archic discords, and so a speedy conclusion ensue.

"But the grand problem, Fellow Scoundrels, as you well know, is the *marrying* of Truth and Sham; so that they become one flesh, man and wife, and generate these three: Profit, Pudding, and Respectability that always keeps her Gig. Wondrously, indeed, do Truth and Delusion play into one another: Reality rests on Dream. Truth is but the *skin* of the bottomless Untrue: and ever, from time to time, the Untrue *sheds* it; is clear again; and the superannuated True itself becomes a Fable. Thus do all hostile things crumble back into our Empire; and of its increase there is no end.

"O brothers, to think of the Speech without meaning (which is mostly ours), and of the Speech with contrary meaning (which is wholly ours), manufactured by the organs of Mankind in one solar day! Or call it a day of Jubilee, when public Dinners are given, and Dinner-orations are delivered: or say, a Neighbouring Island in time of General Election! O ye immortal gods! The mind is lost; can only admire great Nature's plenteousness with a kind of sacred wonder.

"For tell me, What is the chief end of man? 'To glorify God,' said the old Christian Sect, now happily extinct. 'To eat and find eatables by the readiest method,' answers sound Philosophy, discarding whims. If the *readier* method (than this of persuasive-attraction) is discovered,—point it out.—Brethren, I said the old Christian Sect was happily extinct: as, indeed, in Rome itself, there goes the wonderfulest traditionary Prophecy,* of that Nazareth Christ coming back, and *being* crucified a second time *there*; which truly I see not in the least how he could fail to be. Nevertheless, that old Christian whim, of an actual living and ruling God, and some sacred covenant binding all men in Him, with much other mystic stuff, does, under new or old shape, linger with a few. From these few, keep yourselves for ever far! They may even be left to their whim, which is not like to prove infectious.

"But neither are we, my Fellow Scoundrels, without our Religion, our Worship; which, like the oldest, and all true Worships, is one of Fear. The

* Goethe mentions it (*Italiänische Reise*).

Christians have their Cross, the Moslem their Crescent: but have not we, too, our—Gallows? Yes, *infinitely* terrible is the Gallows; bestrides, with its patibulary fork, the Pit of bottomless Terror. No Manicheans are we; our God is One. Great, exceeding great, I say, is the Gallows; of old, even from the beginning, in this world; knowing neither variableness nor decadence; for ever, for ever, over the wreck of ages, and all civic and ecclesiastic convulsions, meal-mobs, revolutions, the Gallows with front serenely terrible towers aloft. Fellow Scoundrels, fear the Gallows, and have no other fear! *This* is the Law and the Prophets. Fear every emanation of the Gallows. And what is every buffet, with the fist, or even with the tongue, of one having authority, but some such emanation? And what is Force of Public Opinion but the infinitude of such emanations,—rushing combined on you like a mighty storm-wind? Fear the Gallows, I say! O when, with its long black arm, it has clutched a man, what avail him all terrestrial things? These pass away, with horrid nameless dinning in his ears; and the ill-starred Scoundrel pendulates between Heaven and Earth, a thing rejected of *both*.”—(Profound sensation.) •

“Such, so wide in compass, high, gallows-high in dignity, is the Scoundrel Empire; and for depth, it is deeper than the Foundations of the World. For what was Creation itself wholly (according to the best Philosophers) but a Divulsion by the TIME-SPIRIT (or Devil so-called); a forceful Interruption, or breaking asunder, of the old Quiescence of Eternity? It was Lucifer that fell, and made this lordly World arise. Deep! It is bottomless-deep; the very Thought, diving, bobs up from it baffled. Is not this that they call Vice of Lying the *Adam-Kadmon*, or primeval Rude-Element, old as Chaos mother’s-womb of Death and Hell; whereon their thin film of Virtue, Truth, and the like, poorly wavers—for a day? All *Vice*, what is it, even by their own shewing, but Vice transformed,—that is, manufactured, rendered artificial? ‘Man’s Vices are the roots from which his Virtues grow out and see the light,’ says one: ‘Yes,’ add I, ‘and thanklessly steal their nourishment!’ Were it not for the nine hundred ninety and nine

unacknowledged (perhaps martyred and calumniated) Scoundrels, how were their single Just Person (with a murrain on him!) so much as possible?—Oh, it is high, high: these things are too great for me; Intellect, Imagination, flags her tired wings; the soul lost, baffled!”—

—Here Dame de Lamotte tittered audibly, and muttered, *Cog-d’-Inde* (which, being interpreted into the Scottish tongue, signifies *Bubbly-Jock*)! The Arch-Quack, whose eyes were turned inwards as in rapt contemplation, started at the titter and mutter: his eyes flashed outwards with dilated pupil; his nostrils opened wide; his very hair seemed to stir in its long twisted pigtails (his fashion of curl); and as Indignation is said to make Poetry, it here made Prophecy, or what sounded as such. With terrible, working features, and gesticulation not recommended in any Book of Gesture, the Arch-Quack, in voice supernally discordant (like Lions worrying Bulls of Bashan) began:

“Sniff not, Dame de Lamotte; tremble, thou foul Circe-Megara; thy day of desolation is at hand! Behold ye the Sanhedrim of Judges, with their fanners (of written Parchment) loud-rustling, as they winnow all her chaff, and down-plumage, and she stands there naked and mean!—Vilette, Oliva, do ye blab secrets? Ye have no pity of her extreme need; she none of yours. Is thy light-giggling, untameable heart at last heavy? Hark ye! Shrieks of one cast out; whom they brand on both shoulders with iron stamp: the red hot “V,” thou *Voleuse*, hath it entered thy soul? Weep, Circe de Lamotte; wail there in truckle bed, and hysterically gnash thy teeth: nay, do, smother thyself in thy door-mat coverlid; thou hast found thy mates; thou art in the Salpêtrière!—Weep, daughter of the high and puissant Sans-inexpressibles! Buzz of Parisian Gossipry is about thee; but not to help: no, to eat before thy time. What shall a King’s Court do with thee, thou unclean thing, while thou yet livest? Escape! Flee to utmost countries; hide there, if thou canst, thy mark of Cain!—In the Babylon of Fog-land? Ha! is that my London? See I Judas Iscariot Egalité? Print, yea print abundantly the abominations of your two hearts: breath of rattlesnakes can bedim the steel mirror, but only for a time.—And there! Aye, there at last!

Tumblest thou from the lofty leads, poverty-stricken, O thriftless daughter of the high and puissant, escaping bailiffs? Descendest thou precipitate, in dead night, from window in the third story; hurried forth by Bacchanals, to whom thy shrill tongue had grown unbearable? * Yea, through the smoke of that new Babylon thou fallest headlong; one long scream of screams makes night hideous: thou liest there, shattered like addle egg, 'nigh to the Temple of Flora! † O Lamotte, has thy *Hypocrisia* ended, then? Thy many characters were all acted. Here at last thou actest not, but art what thou seemest: a mangled squelch of gore, confusion, and abomination; which men huddle underground, with no burial stone. Thou gallows-carrier! —

—Here the prophet turned up his nose (the broadest of the eighteenth century), and opened wide his nostrils with such a greatness of disgust, that all the audience, even Lamotte herself, sympathetically imitated him. — “O Dame de Lamotte! Dame de Lamotte! Now, when the circle of thy existence lies complete; and my eye glances over these two score and three years that were lent thee, to do evil as thou couldst; and I behold thee a bright-eyed little Tatterdemalion, begging and gathering sticks in the Bois de Boulogne; and also at length a squelched Putrefaction, here on London pavements; with the headdressings and hungerings, the gaddings and hysterical gigglings that came between, — *What* shall I say was the meaning of thee at all? —

“Vilette-de-Retaux! Have the catchpoles trepanned thee, by sham of battle, in thy Tavern, from the sacred Republican soil! ‡ It is thou that wert the hired Forger of Hand-writings? Thou wilt confess it? Depart, unwhipt, yet accursed. — Ha! The dread Symbol of our Faith! Swings aloft, on the Castle of St. Angelo, a Pendulous Mass, which I think I discern to be the body of Vilette! There let him end: the sweet morsel of our Juggernaut.

“Nay, weep not thou, disconsolate Oliva; blear not thy bright blue eyes, daughter of the shady Garden! Thee shall the Sanhedrim not harm: this Cloaca of Nature emits thee; as notablest of unfortunate-females, thou shalt have choice of husbands not without capital; and accept one. † Know this; for the vision of it is true.

“But the Anointed Majesty whom ye profaned? Blow, spirit of Egyptian Masonry, blow aside the thick curtains of Space! Lo you, her eyes are red with their first tears of pure bitterness; not with their last. Tirewoman Campan is choosing, from the Printshops of the Quais, the reputed-best among the hundred likenesses of Circe de Lamotte: § a Queen shall consider if the basest of women ever, by any accident, darkened daylight or candle-light for the highest. The Portrait answers: ‘Never!’” — (Sensation in the audience.)

“—Ha! What is *this*? Angels, Uriel, Anachiel, and the other Five; Pentagon of Rejuvenescence; Power that destroyed Original Sin; Earth,

* The English Translator of Lamotte's *Life* says, she fell from the leads of her house, nigh the Temple of Flora, endeavouring to escape seizure for debt; and was taken up so much hurt that she died in consequence. Another report runs that she was flung out of window, as in the Cagliostro text. One way or other she did die, on the 23d of August, 1791 (*Biographie Universelle*, xxx, 287). Where the “Temple of Flora” was, or is, one knows not.

† See *Georgel*, and Vilette's *Mémoire*.

‡ In the *Affaire du Collier* is this MS. Note: “Gay d'Oliva, a common-girl of the Palais-Royal, who was chosen to play a part in this Business, got married, some years afterwards, to one Beausire, an Ex-Noble, formerly attached to the d'Artois Household. In 1790, he was Captain of the National Guard Company of the Temple. He then retired to Choisy, and managed to be named Procureur of that Commune: he finally employed himself in drawing up Lists of Prescription in the Luxembourg Prison, when he played the part of informer (*mouton*). See *Tableau des Prisons de Paris sous Robespierre*.” These details are correct. In the *Mémoires sur les Prisons* (new Title of the Book just referred to), ii. 171, we find this: “The second Denouncer was Beausire, an Ex-Noble, known under the old government for his intrigues. To give an idea of him, it is enough to say that he married the d'Oliva,” &c., as in the MS. Note already given. Finally is added: “He was the main spy of Boyenval; who, however, said that he made use of him; but that Fouquier-Tinville did not like him, and would have him guillotined in good time.”

§ See *Campan*.

Heaven, and thou Outer Limbo, which men name Hell! Does the EMPIRE of IMPOSTURE waver? Burst there, in starry sheen, updarting, Light-rays from out its dark foundations; as it rocks and heaves, not in travail-throes, but in death-throes? Yea, Light-rays, piercing, clear, that salute the Heavens,—lo, they *kindle* it; their starry clearness becomes as red Hellfire! IMPOSTURE is burnt up: one Red-sea of Fire, wild-billowing enwraps the World; with its fire-tongue licks at the Stars. Thrones are hurled into it, and Dubois Mitres, and Prebendal Stalls that drop fatness, and—ha! what see I?—all the *Gigs* of Creation: all, all! Wo is me! Never since Pharaoh's Chariots, in the Red-sea of water, was there wreck of Wheel-vehicles like this in the Sea of Fire. Desolate, as ashes, as gasses, all they wander in the wind.

“Higher, higher, yet flames the Fire-Sea; crackling with new dislocated timber; hissing with leather and prunella. The metal Images are molten; the marble Images become mortar-lime; the stone Mountains stulkily explode. RESPECTABILITY, with all her collected Gigs inflamed for funeral pyre, wailing, leaves the Earth,—to return under new Avatar. Imposture, how it burns, through generations: how it is burnt up—for a time. The World is black ashes; which—when will they grow green? The Images all run into amorphous Corinthian brass; all Dwellings of men destroyed; the very mountains peeled and riven, the valleys black and dead: it is an empty World! Wo to them that shall be born then! — A King, a Queen (ah me!) were hurled in; did rustle once; flew aloft, crackling, like paper-scroll. Oliva's Husband was hurled in; Iscariot Egalité; thou grim De Launay, with thy grim Bastille; whole kindreds and peoples; five millions of mutually destroying Men. For it is the End of the Dominion of IMPOSTURE (which is Darkness and opaque Firedamp); and the burning up, with unquenchable fire, of all the Gigs that are in the Earth!”—Here the Prophet paused, fetching a deep sigh; and the

Cardinal uttered a kind of faint, tremulous Heem!

“Mourn not, O Monseigneur, spite of thy nephritic cholic, and many infirmities. For thee mercifully it was not unto death.* O Monseigneur (for thou hadst a touch of goodness), who would not weep over thee, if he also laughed? Behold! The not too judicious Historian, that long years hence, amid remotest wildernesses, writes thy Life, and names thee *Mud-volcano*; even he shall reflect that it *was* thy Life this same; thy *only* chance through whole Eternity; which thou (poor gambler) hast expended so: and, even over his hard heart, a breath of dewy pity for thee shall blow.—O Monseigneur, thou wert not all ignoble: thy Mud-volcano was but strength dislocated, fire misapplied. Thou wentest ravening through the world; no Life-elixir or Stone of the Wise could we two (for want of funds) discover: a foulest Circe undertook to fatten thee; and thou hadst to fill thy belly with the east wind. And burst? By the Masonry of Enoch, No! Behold, has not thy Jesuit Familiar his Scouts dim-flying over the deep of human things? Cleared art thou of crime, save that of fixed-idea; weepest, a repentant exile, in the Mountains of Auvergne. Neither shall the Red Fire-sea itself consume thee; only consume thy Gig, and, instead of Gig (O rich exchange!), restore thy Self. Safe beyond the Rhine-stream, thou livest peaceful days; savest many from the fire, and anointest their smarting burns. Sleep finally, in thy mother's bosom, in a good old age!”—The Cardinal gave a sort of guttural murmur, or gurgle, which ended in a long sigh.

“O Horrors, as ye shall be called,” again burst forth the Quack, “why have ye missed the Sieur de Lamotte; why not of him, too, made gallows-carrion? Will spear, or sword-stick, thrust at him (or supposed to be thrust), through window of hackney-coach, in Piccadilly of the Babylon of Fog, where he jolts disconsolate, not let out the imprisoned animal-existence? Is he poisoned, too?† Poison will not kill

* Rohan was elected of the Constituent Assembly; and even got a compliment or two in it, as Court-victim, from here and there a man of weak judgment. He was one of the first who, recalculating against “Civil Constitution of the Clergy,” &c., took himself across the Rhine.

† See Lamotte's Narrative (*Mémoires Justificatifs*).

the Sieur Lamotte; nor steel, nor massacres.* Let him drag his utterly superfluous life to a second and a third generation; and even admit the not too judicious Historian to see his face before he die.

"But, ha!" cried he, and stood wide-staring, horrorstruck, as if some Cribb's fist had knocked the wind out of him: "O horror of horrors! Is it not Myself I see? Roman Inquisition! Long months of cruel baiting! *Life of Giuseppe Balsano!* Cagliostro's Body still lying in St. Leo Castle, his *Self* fled—*whither?*" By-standers wag their heads, and say: 'The Brow of Brass, behold how it has got all unlackered; these Pinchbeck lips can lie no more!' Eheu! Ohoo!"—And he burst into unstaunchable blubbering of tears; and sobbing out the moanfullest broken howl, sank down in swoon; to be put to bed by De Launay and others.

Thus spoke (or thus might have spoken), and prophesied, the Arch-Quack Cagliostro; and truly much better than he ever else did: for not a jot or tittle of it (save only that of our

promised Interview with Nestor de Lamotte, which looks unlikelier than ever, for we have not heard of him, dead or living, since 1826,) but has turned out to be literally *true*. As, indeed, in all this History, one jot or tittle of untruth, that we could render true, is, perhaps, not discoverable; much as the distrustful reader may have disbelieved.

Here, then, our little labour ends. The Necklace was, and is no more: the stones of it again "circulate in commerce" (some of them, perhaps, in bundles at this hour); may give rise to what other Histories we know not. The Conquerors of it, every one that trafficked in it, have they not all had their due, which was Death?

This little Business, like a little cloud, bodied itself forth in skies clear to the unobservant: but with such hues of deep-tinted villany, dissoluteness, and general delirium as, to the observant, betokened it electric; and wise men (a Goethe, for example) boded Earthquakes. Has not the Earthquake come?

* Lamotte, after his wife's death, had returned to Paris; and been arrested,—not for building churches. The Sentence of the old Parlement against him, in regard to the Necklace Business, he gets annulled by the new Courts; but is, nevertheless, "retained in confinement" (*Moniteur* Newspaper, 7th August, 1792). He was still in Prison at the time the September Massacre broke out. From Maton de la Varenne we cite the following grim passage; Maton is in La Force Prison.

"At one in the morning" (of Monday, September 3), writes Maton, "the grate that led to our quarter was again opened. Four men in uniform, holding each a naked sabre and blazing torch, mounted to our corridor; a turnkey shewing the way; and entered a room close on ours, to investigate a box, which they broke open. This done, they halted in the gallery; and began interrogating one Cuissa, to know where Lamotte was; who, they said, under pretext of finding a treasure, which they should share in, had swindled one of them out of 300 livres, having asked him to dinner for that purpose. The wretched Cuissa, whom they had in their power, and who lost his life that night, answered, all trembling, that he remembered the fact well, but could not say what had become of the prisoner. Resolute to find this Lamotte and confront him with Cuissa, they ascended into other rooms, and made further rummaging there; but apparently without effect, for I heard them say to one another: 'Come, search among the corpses, then; for, *Nom de Dieu!* we must know what is become of him.' (*Ma Résurrection, par Maton de la Varenne*; reprinted in the *Histoire Parlementaire*, xviii. 142.)—Lamotte lay in the Bicêtre Prison; but had got out, precisely in the nick of time,—and dived beyond soundings.

ITHE. — THE SMUGGLER'S DAUGHTER.

WHAT an air of romance hovers about this spot! The very atmosphere instinct with the power—the supremacy of the ideal over the grovelling and the sensual—and invested with all the witcheries of the mind and the imagination. Here poesy might linger, unalloyed and undebased by the plodding cares and commonplaces of life. Not like the greater part of this, our highly boasted land, where toil and degradation have wrought down the finer impulses of the spirit, until man hath become more like the dirty and untiring machines over which his existence is consumed, than a being made for immortality—a denizen of the skies!

Wherever we go, save in remote and secluded spots—indebted more, perhaps, to fancy and association for their hold on the spirit, than to any real influence they possess—we find the primeval curse even upon the mind itself; and the soul dead to all the glowing impulses by which nature will ever operate on those whom she has endowed with these finer apprehensions.

Such a scene as this, methinks, were created as a test and a touchstone to that genuine feeling which needs not the stupendous and the terrible to excite—so quiet, and so full of what constitutes the vitality of thought—the very pith of the imagination.

The sea has always been invested with those wonder-awakening attributes, immensity and power. Though brief the space that we can comprehend in a single glance, yet we feel the vast, the immeasurable abyss. We feel that the very wave which rolls carelessly at our feet connects us with far off shores, unvisited and unknown—climes which the immeasurable has clothed with tenfold brightness, and in whose splendours we seem to expatiate; the medium of communication partaking of the attributes with which we delight to envelope the mysterious and the unseen—vastness, incomprehensibility!—its depths never beheld, its bounds never compassed. Every conception we can form of power and sublimity seems to be comprehended in that single, but illimitable idea, which we term THE SEA!

To ordinary conceptions, Staithe would appear nothing more than a

little ugly fishing hamlet, all redolent with marine odours, and embellishments of the most unfavourable description. Irregular, rickety houses, displaying every possible disregard both to uniformity and even convenience, with accessories, in a more than ordinary proportion, of squalling brats and yelping curs, would present a somewhat unpoetical picture to a mind that was not gifted with a feeling for the beautiful and the picturesque, which no opposing influences could destroy;—a sort of poetical alchemy, turning the baser images into representatives of loveliness and power.

A deep ravine, slit up like an immense fissure through cliffs of alum shale, which are the barriers of the coast, extends inland to a considerable distance, letting a pretty rivulet run quietly down to the sea. On the opposing sides of this chasm are the only practicable lines of communication; and, truly, it is no light task for vehicles of any kind to pass up and down these formidable acclivities.

Just where this ravine opens out its tiny estuary, and between cliffs of perpendicular and gigantic height, stands the little fishing hamlet to which we have just alluded. A narrow wooden bridge connects the northern bank with the village. Crossing this, you are fairly launched into the penetralia of a town, whose homely but picturesque construction may excite emotions of pleasure or disgust, according as the mind is tempered to receive impressions from surrounding objects. A platform, several feet above the highest tide-mark, partially prevents the sea from making any serious inroad on the town. Sometimes, however, it rushes on from the main with such fearful rapidity, that the inhabitants can bear witness to the danger they incur, and the damage they have sustained, from these melancholy inroads. Huge and tottering cliffs, undermined by the continued action of the waves, threaten to overwhelm them from above. Nor have they hitherto left their threatening unaccomplished. Instances have occurred when the whole mass beeling above, and almost overhanging the village, has given way, as with an avalanche, and buried hundreds of sleeping individuals beneath its ruins.

In a little back parlour at the Cod and Lobster, one of the half dozen victualling houses with which the village is supplied, sat two men, whose earnest conversation was interrupted only by the capacious whiffs they blew from the choicest Oroonoko. The flavour of the herb was of a most inviting fragrance; and not less so the Schiedam, or *schnaps*, wherewith their cups ever and anon became replenished.

Christopher Trattles, "mine host" of the merry inn, was the only individual, besides his two guests, who seemed to have the privilege of an admission to this privy council-chamber; which truly it was, affairs being often discussed here, in which one department of the king's executive would have been glad to participate.

"Master Fynkel Vander Bloemen," (the person who spoke was George Adamson, an elderly, athletic, weather-beaten fisherman, clad in a coat of blue frieze, studded with horn buttons of surprising magnitude; his head was distinguished by an oil-cased hat, threadbare about the edges with the wear and tear of his vocation, and the voyages he had undertaken for the luxuries they were then imbibing)—"Master Fynkel, I say," he repeated the name with a peculiar emphasis, "the bonny Vrouw may get nabbed by the sharks, after all; and then what becomes of your promises and my daughter's dowry?"

"Blitzen-weerlicht and tunderbolt!" said the Dutch skipper whom he addressed, "when my Vrouw is knocked in, we be stowed in one of her tubs like de pickle herring."

"Very possible—very," said the other, with a long and more than usually vigorous puff from his Delft pipe.

"Mine Gut!—ah, not possible a bit," said the Dutchman; "de Goed Vrouw alway get de vind of de royal cutter. Dertigen acht trips, der duyvel, and een helft, unger te zoilen, de sails steady as de treckschuyt—onze lieve Heer—possible! Mine Gutten, no more possible than catch lobsters in de graat canal."

"No matter how many times the pitcher goes to the well, if it get smashed at last," said George Adamson; "I must have the *gelt*, as you call it—the ready, Master Fynkel—that we may not be playing at hide and seek under the hatches. A brine

tub, you know, may have a hole punched in its bottom more ways than by pricking it with aarning needle."

"Zonder twyffel—like enough," Mynheer Adansone. Daar is more way by killing de herring dan of cutting his throat, or drinking schnaps dan by paying for dem," said Fynkel, eyeing the surly fisherman with a glimmering of fun dimpling his round placid face.

"Very well, Mr. Skipper," said the other, tartly; "a bargain's a bargain, when struck, ye ken; but ours looks like enough to run off for want of the luckpenny. I must have my deposit, and so, good bye; and may your juniper and aquafortis burn a hole in your throat." Here he arose, mightily offended with the Dutchman's allusion to his well-known propensity for imbibing liquor at the least possible expense. "Good bye, skipper. Mary Adamson shall not gang without a good nest-egg."

"Mien Lust! Come, man, down again," said the good-humoured Hollander; "Zo gezeid zo gedaan—soon said as done. What's use dat face? als bad sour krout. Talk again. We shall make bargain ondertusschen. If not, vaar wel. But de lad will run from his wits. Hy is—he be, dat is, in love."

"Well, well, Master Fynkel, if you will talk like a reasonable body, I may sit a while; and so, at a word, what will you settle plump on my daughter, cash down at her wedding-day?"

"Heemel and vaereld! Mynheer Adansone, you be veel mush rash een oogeblick—for Ik ben too poor, just dis present, misschien, till my Koopvaarder, my ship, come from de Nord Zee. And my country-house on de oude canal, where I smoke an' watch de frogs, my dunkt, il me semble, has gotten all my ready guilders, an' my last goude dukaat an' my groot pond, and I must borrow—met my met u—between thee and me, Koopman George."

"Tush, with thy gibber and nonsense—thou art ever on that tack. I tell thee what's use o' throwin' chaff to an old chucky. It'll no do, man. I'll tell my price at a word, and not bate a crooked sixpence,—one thousand pounds English on her wedding-day, and the maiden comes forth Mistress Frow Fynkel Vander Bloemen the younger."

"Mien Gatten, where am I for get one duizend gelt! By hoog an' lag, what tink you I shtea!, or get all my goods vor noting?"

"Very good, Master Skipper, very good. I like a short word and a bargain. Ay or no?"

"Come, come, Ik bid u—let us maak de oder puff an' be friends. Sit dee still, Mynheer George; we must talk about dis Meijuffrow a littel bit. De maan, de moon and dee be too good friends not to love one oder's company. Not come out o' bed yet. She slaapt long to-night. Zo wait till she's op staan—dat is, se lever, rise for a bit of her goed oude face to look at."

"Bless her old round stupid head, one always knows where to look for her, and what sort of a mood she'll be in. Not like your women folk—one never knows which side out they'll be. Laughing or scolding, sulking or talking, it may be; but one can never tell which will come t' next. But the moon, a smuggler's luck to her!—always the same great bright booby face towards one every month; and then, hurrah for the tubs and the tobacco!"

"Ik wist I could maak hy in de goed heid, good humour. But for dis moon one could not see to worken *buiten* widout lanthorns; and they'd tell de tale, mien goed Adansone, Trattles, anoder kan, mien goed vellow."

"Then it's a bargain?" said George, adroitly.

"Thou greedy *vis*, poisson, dee has de best vord of de bargain overal, every where. What can a poor Dutchman's wit maak wid de Yorkshireman? Ha, ha!"

"We'll drink one brimmer to the wedding-day; and may the young birds soon feather their own nests."

The merry pair now began to smoke and talk with great assiduity, until the moonbeams, rising over the dark cliffs, began to glimmer through the casement. This seemed to intrude on the smugglers' sojourn, for they immediately separated.

"Ik wensch u goeden nacht," said Vander Bloemen.

"Goeden nacht," replied George, imitating the other's accent with tolerable accuracy.

But the moon upon that memorable night had other and more interesting duties to perform, than even lighting an old smuggler home, and a frowsy

Dutchman, aboard his schooner in the offing. On Easington heights, about a mile from Staithe, lived George Adamson and his daughter Mary. She was the pride of his heart, though his rough and unyielding temper would hardly acknowledge it. Her disposition was kind, with no slight portion of her father's firmness superadded. Susceptible, perhaps too much so for her own happiness; yet her feelings, when engaged, took deep hold. Fluctuating they might be, like a wave on the ocean; but the object, sunk far in their depths, was unchanged either by the gloom or the glitter on the surface. With a mind far above her station, she had a natural refinement and delicacy of thought, which communicated itself to, and was visible in, every action. Grace was with her, nature itself, unconstrained, obeying every impulse of her being from within. Her gray eye!—but who shall describe it? Exquisitely moulded was the outline of that delicate orbit. The undulating curves by which it was inclosed would have stricken a statuary with despair. None, even the most insensible of animated clods, looking on her face, would have been at a loss to comprehend the meaning of the term beautiful; yet its chief ingredient was expression, setting all language at defiance. Most of her features, considered by themselves, were little better than what might be called ordinary; yet so finely harmonised was every tint and every line, that the whole seemed fitted to make and to give laws—a future standard of comparison for the beautiful and the bewitching. Not fair, nor yet pale, perhaps her complexion was the only defect. There appeared a sallow tinge over the whole, quite the reverse of that clearness which is considered indispensable to a "good complexion;" yet not unhealthy in its tone, but of a wholesome hue, indicating, if not robust health, such a delicacy and tenderness of frame as best befits a woman, giving an air of loveliness and interest even to her faults and her infirmities. Her lips were thin and compressed, yet forming one of the most delicately chiselled mouths that ever sculptor wrought or painter drew. Her teeth were beautifully small, giving a softness and a sweetness to her smile, with which these dental appendages, if large, are

always at variance. Her hair partook of the same undecided tint as her complexion: neither black, nor yet brown, but of an exceedingly uninteresting, and perhaps worthless colour—hardly fit, we must confess, for the head of a heroine. And yet Mary Adamson had a better claim to this appellation than nine-tenths of those for whom our poets and sentimentalists demand our admiration and our love. In stature she was rather tall, and straight as an arrow. Small and exquisitely shapen, with an air of majesty and grace in the turn and disposition of her long swanlike neck, of which many an aristocratic beauty might have been proud; and yet withal so gentle and so kindly, that the veriest child preferred her for its playmate. She had lost her mother when very young; and an old nurse, or housekeeper, was her only companion.

Such was the smuggler's daughter; and, her father being down at Staithe that night on business, she had gone to look at the moon from the Heights.

Behind the house was a new-shorn meadow, which she crossed with a light, but somewhat hurried, step. Passing through a narrow stile, a few yards beyond, brought the whole scene suddenly before her. The cliff from which she looked was at an immense height, rising almost perpendicularly from the sea. The hollow rumble of the wave was but faintly heard, like a subdued murmur, from the rocks below. A mist rose half way up the steep, like a zone encompassing the rugged cliffs far away on each hand. The sea, towards the horizon, was clear, a darker hue dividing it from the sky, save where the moon, poised on the level deep, threw down a pyramid of light towards the eye, twinkling into the mist wreath at her feet. The air was calm and placid. A cool and balmy softness passed over her cheek, flushed and feverish with some late excitement.

Red and huge the moon swung up from her ocean bed; and as she rose calmly into the sky, the vapour by the shore grew of a silvery brightness. She watched the luminary as it became smaller, brighter, and more freed from the contaminations of earth. Pure and cloudless, the wide atmosphere seemed to bask in universal stillness beneath her glance. Save where the shadows were projected on the dewy grass,

every blade was decked with surpassing lustre. It was just day-time, and the balmy air came laden with its oppressive fragrance.

Across the northern horizon, a band of yellow and orange-coloured light betokened the path which the sun was now traversing. On the very margin twinkled one glorious star, like a bright gem among a thousand glittering sands on the verge of that glowing river.

But the maiden looked earnestly out over the sea; and as the moon, brightening while she rose, dissipated the mist, a vessel emerged from it, a few hundred furlongs only from the shore. Her eyes were rivetted on this object, rather than on the magnificent scene we have described, and a sigh struggled heavily from her bosom. "His presence, His protection be with thee!" As she said this, the full tide of feeling burst from her heart, though she had struggled hard to suppress it.

And did sorrow come so heavily and so soon upon that breast? A tear, glistening in the clear and tranquil moonlight, will best answer that question. A deep and bitter sob followed; and she hastily retreated a few paces to a bench, erected by the narrow path which wound along the extreme verge of the cliff. She covered her face, apparently so absorbed, so abstracted from outward sensations, that she heard neither voice nor footstep, until a whisper was at her ear.

"Mary!" was the only sound; but though softly uttered, to the soul it was as though a thousand thunders had spoken. Starting up, she saw one whom she had least expected at her side.

"Harry!" she cried, trembling and agitated beyond measure at his presence; "wherefore—tell me—why art thou here?"

"Because I am not yonder," said he, playfully, pointing towards the ship, as though to quiet her alarm.

"I thought the Goed Vrouw had gotten under weigh ere this?"

"She had; but they have pulled ashore again with the master, and I have a long hour yet ere we return. He is yonder at the rendezvous in the village."

"He is with my father.—Again! Oh, why must we endure it—the agony of parting!" She hid her face, and her lover would have drawn her

tenderly towards him; but she gently disengaged herself. "Do not make me wish now that we had never met."

"Say not so, Mary. And yet my heart lingers on the apprehension, 'We never meet again!'" He was silent; while she leaned on the paling for support, instead of that bosom to which she would fain have clung.

"Hath not my father forbidden?—surely it is enough."

He replied, with great energy: "He has—and wherefore? Is not my birth and condition equal to his own? Have I not with patient assiduity won thy love? And now—oh, 'tis beyond endurance! Would that we were away! Once across yonder friendly deep, our union would be secure. But I am poor, it seems—an exile from the land of my fathers—destined, it may be, never to return."

"I would not fly even with thee. Happiness we all seek, under one form or another; and even the hope of it would depart, and for ever, should I commit the indiscretion thou hast urged me to. Tempt me not again!"

"Then listen, and tremble at the fate to which thou art destined. Since I went aboard, I have learnt—ay, that thou wilt be a bride—a smiling, joyous bride, ere a few short months have passed—almost or ere the tear is dried which thou hast shed for my departure." Then, as if a sudden and desperate thought was the result of this impression, he continued, with the calmness of despair, "But the news, it may be, is but too welcome."

"Speak!—why art thou silent?" said the bewildered girl, incredulous, but terrified at the intelligence. "Why dost thou look at me so fearfully?"

"I will be calm, though I am choking—though the hated words come over my parched lips like a furnace: The old Dutch skipper yonder is making a bargain for George Adamson's daughter!"

"The old man Fynkel!—for me?" cried she, with a look of horror and amazement.

"Ay, for thee!—like a horse or a heifer, to be delivered, may be, with a halter on Martinmas fair. Not for himself though, by the by, but for that handsome boy of his, whom thou hast seen aforetime, some twice or thrice; and of whom, I believe, I once was somewhat jealous." He affected an air of indifference as he said this, but

the tone betrayed him. It betokened any thing rather than the obdurate calmness he intended.

Mary was silent—wonder and apprehension almost overpowered her. She made no effort to speak; and Harry was too hasty to think for a moment, or attribute her silence to the real cause. "What! no effort to refuse so lucky a bargain—so rare, so tempting an offer? The rich smuggler can afford a handsome dowry to his daughter-in-law. Good bye, then, Mary Adamson—I have stayed too, too long!"

It was ungracious—it was cruel—these bitter taunts, and Mary's proud heart rebelled. Alas! how many days, and even years of misery, a few unexplained words have sometimes been the cause. She was still silent; but could that wayward heart who addressed her have seen what was passing in her own, he would have spared the following taunt.

"'Tis well, Miss Adamson; I will not trouble you further. Pardon me, in that I have already intruded so long;" and with that he turned aside to depart.

Stung by such undeserved, such unjust treatment, she was now roused to a reply.

"Henry Graham,—if I have deserved this, pray leave me; but ——" She bit her lip, and with one fearful effort crushed the rising emotion, ere it was too late. "But," she continued, "when love is so soon weary of endurance, and faith halts between us, we had best part—for a while ——"

The latter words were inaudible, at least to him for whom they were meant. Ere they were spoken, her lover had leaped the style, and he knew not the heart-broken tone and tenderness with which they were uttered.

Stunned by this unlooked-for termination of their interview, she seemed as though unable to move. Oh, how different was their parting not many hours before! She could hardly believe that she was awake,—that it was not the offspring of some hideous fantasy,—some dream that troubled her. But the reality clung to every impossible expectation, every hope that it might be some delusion under which she laboured. What could be the cause? She could scarcely trace the source of her present overwhelming sense of calamity—the sudden weight and op-

pression she endured. So slight the cause which led to their disagreement, and so utterly inadequate to account for the sudden transition, that she scarcely knew the full extent of her sufferings, until gradually, drop by drop, she drained the cup of bitterness even to the dregs.

Before, when they had parted, bright hours hovered in the extremity of a dim and shadowy future: hope was yet lingering in the heart. But now, all was gone,—there was nothing left to which she could cling. Her heart was desolate. Bereft of all she had loved and cherished, she must now lie down in loneliness and despair.

He was gone! was it in sorrow or in anger? He was gone with the impression that she had suffered a rival to mingle with and to supplant him in those affections he had thought his own. Gradually she tried to recall every look, every tone and gesture. Was he gone for ever! This question was too torturing, too harrowing, for solution. Every feeling was on the rack, and in her agony she could have entreated his return. But she was spared a humiliation which her proud spirit would too bitterly have repented. He was gone, but not as aforetime, with the kiss of plighted affection on their lips. The whole of their past bright existence was effaced, their vows cancelled, or flung back,—the sport of circumstance, and beyond their own power to control. How different now that glowing and fervid moon—the lover's solace. She could have hated those calm and tranquil beams, so pure and peaceful; and the very spot she had chosen, because it was the scene of their most endearing recollections, now recalled no other images and associations than those of misery and horror.

Sick at heart,—crushed and withering like a worm under the relentless and terrible pressure she endured, yet hardly knowing whither, instinctively she obeyed the impulse, and her footsteps, ere she was aware, had taken their accustomed path. Her hand was on the latch ere sensible she had already gained her home. Her father had returned during her absence; enveloped in a cloud of tobacco-smoke, he sat by the fire, which he had stirred up into a roaring blaze. But Mary, evading his inquiries, pleaded illness; and, indeed, her face and manner be-

tokened severe pain. She retired to her own chamber, but not to rest. Midnight found her at the window; and the moon, looking down so placidly, as though all nature were rejoicing in its smile.

It was the first blight, the first chill, that had passed over the green bud of her affections. No wonder that she shrunk and withered under its power.

Harry Graham and she had been playmates; they were almost incessantly together. When infants, at the same school, all their pleasures and pursuits were centered in themselves.

He was an orphan, brought up and educated by a maternal uncle, in the neighbourhood. He was destined for some mercantile pursuit; and his mind, though far superior to his station, was not discontented with it. He did not repine, nor spurn the good within his reach, by cravings which could never be satisfied. His intellect he had assiduously cultivated, together with an ardent, though well-regulated, imagination. Mary Adamson was the idol of his heart, and the fount of his inspirations. It was even said, or whispered, that he had composed sundry sonnets, and other strange matters, which were addressed to her. Be that as it may, it is more than probable that the passion which seemed to engross, to be the very end and object of his being, was a means, not only of refining his moral and intellectual sensibilities, but of keeping his mind aloof from, and untainted by, the contaminating vulgarities that every where surrounded him. But he was neither known nor appreciated in the circle wherein he moved; and no wonder Mary Adamson alone possessed the power to discriminate—to penetrate the innermost recesses of that heart, and to her alone were its hidden faculties revealed.

We need not describe him. We hate Adonises, and all the tribe of curled, ringleted, bewhiskered heroes, whose outward charms are but as a cloak to their manifold infirmities. Harry Graham was just handsome and well-favoured enough to win his way to a lady's bosom by dint of application, and to keep his hold when taken. Yet, to minds destitute of intellectual refinement, his addresses would have appeared somewhat stale, and destitute of piquancy. He looked upon his lady-love, perhaps, too much in the light of a divinity, and earthly emotions were out of the question.

From the sort of irregularly established connexion existing between the opposite shores, openly connived at, and in some instances encouraged, and even protected, by those high in power and office, a situation of a confidential nature had been offered to him in a mercantile house at Rotterdam. He embraced the opportunity with delight, hoping that he might, ere long, be able to offer himself as an adequate suitor to Mary Adamson; her father having strictly forbidden their union, until his means were competent to sustain the burden of a wife, and the requisite establishment.

It now seemed as though some demon had interposed at the very time when all their love and constancy had anticipated was in a train of fulfilment. A few hours had changed their glowing hopes into darkness and desolation—darkness which might, indeed, be felt!

How strange, how wayward is the human heart. At some critical moments, and there are such, probably, in the lifetime of every individual, our weal or wo depends on what we may call the accidental turn of a thought, or the capricious hue of temper and of feeling—the passing of a shadow!

As charged on by some relentless, inexorable fate—some power that was hurling him resistlessly to ruin, he had no space to repent, and retrace his steps—no time to review and examine the grounds of his own hasty, and, we may say, inexcusable, conduct. A few minutes only elapsed after his return to the village, ere he was summoned on board the old Dutchman's vessel, wherein his passage had been taken for Rotterdam; and an accidental turn of the wind made all the difference between joy and misery to those who were now separated, and apparently for ever. He left without another interview, and two fond hearts were doomed to the miseries of disappointed love. In the morning those painfully beloved shores had disappeared, but not from his thoughts; fixed there, indelibly fixed, were those tall cliffs, and that glorious noon beneath whose glance they had often sat, and on that very spot where they last parted; yet he shrunk from their burning impressions. Jealousy, the most excruciating, threw its own image and superscription over all. He pictured his rival's happiness till the scene exasperated his thoughts almost to frenzy,—his own, his only beloved, in the

arms of another! Here he dashed the hated vision from his apprehensions, and strove to stun them in the novelties which awaited him.

It would be tedious to follow him through all the fluctuations of feeling and of destiny. The dull routine of commercial pursuits hath little to interest, and feelings almost anatomically exposed become painful, and often disgusting. Suffice it to say, that he was favourably situated, and, in all likelihood, on the highway to wealth and preferment.

On the morning which succeeded that memorable night we have described, George Adamson was impatient for the appearance of his daughter. When she entered the chamber, where breakfast had been for some time prepared, her pale and haggard cheek sufficiently exposed the evil effects of the night-vigil. But her father was not of nice discrimination as to these matters, and, drawing his elbow-chair close to the grate, he bade her sit down.

"Come hither, Mary, I have news for thee, child."

Mary's heart leaped almost to her throat. She was fearful that Harry's prior information would be confirmed.

"Come, come, leave off fiddling with thy curl-papers. Come away from the window, and sit down when I bid thee. I saw the old Dutchman last night, the young one's father. Thou hast seen the younger Fynkel once or twice, wench, I know, at the merry-makings; and he sent thee those amber necklaces which thou'd fain have sent him back. Thou must wear 'em now. Throw away those ugly jet things there, and that cross to boot."

Mary had almost forgotten she had put on her jet necklace this morning; it was a gift from Harry Graham, and the bare mention of the bauble caused the blood to rush into her face. Her bosom throbbed,—a dizziness came suddenly across her sight, and she was fain to sit down. But she was silent, and, indeed, unable to speak.

"What ails thee, lassie? Art demented,—be thy wits a wool-gathering so soon? Hark thee! yon old Fynkel, who is as rich as a Jew, says his son has besought him that he may come a-wooing, thou knows where. We have struck hands together, and so the young ones may be happy as soon as the parson will let 'em."

Mary was prepared for this intelligence, and she was likewise prepared for an immediate and peremptory decision. After the first pang, her courage grew with the occasion, and she replied, with amazing firmness,—

"I cannot give him my heart, and I will not deceive him, even by appearances, to give what is not mine to bestow."

"What the plague hast thou to do with such notions? If the lad chooses to take thee for better for worse, it is nothing either to thee or me. Plague take such newfangled dainties. This comes o' the high-flown books that Harry Graham and thee were always mumbling together. But, hark thee, lass! do as thy father bids thee; or, by

"Hold, father! commit not two sins; the oath rashly made may be sinfully broken. Do with me as you will. I will serve you, comfort you—be your support in old age; but this thing I cannot—I dare not."

"Ay, just the likes o' ye all; ye will promise and do any thing but the very matter we want. I tell thee, I heed not thy fair speeches, nor thy promises, when this, this which my heart is set upon, is refused. But I will be obeyed, lassie, or take the worst."

"I have not deserved these upbraidsings. I have been a dutiful daughter hitherto, and will be so still; but I will not dissemble; and even a father's commands cannot control the affections. As you cannot change or direct them, so neither should you attempt to force them."

"Ay, these be some of thy nasty romance readings, and that poetry thou hast stuffed thy brains with."

"Father, hear me! I will remain unmarried, if it so please ye; I will even forbid my heart to love, at your bidding; but I will not take any one to forswear my marriage vow: no power on earth shall force me to be his!"

Here the old man waxed exceeding wroth; his rage hardly knew any bounds. But the maiden withstood his contumely with a fixedness and determination that was, perhaps, in some measure, the result of what she had previously undergone; and yet there was a great deal of what may be termed real heroism—a moral courage, which defies while it endures the shocks, amidst every temptation to deviate

from the straightforward path of honesty and candour.

The result might be expected. The demands of a despot are more likely to encourage resistance than submission. Mary Adamson, who might have been dangerously situated with respect to the constancy she owed to one who had so capriciously deserted her, withstood to the utmost her father's power to wrench her affections from their proper object.

"Young Vander Bloemen will be here with the next cargo, and if thou wilt not then receive him as thy future husband, I will drive thee from my door. Thou art hankering after yonder lad, Harry Graham; but I'll spoil thy expectations there, any how."

And with this threat George Adamson left her to enjoy her own society at breakfast, which was yet untouched.

One misty October morning, Mary Adamson went down to Staithe with a basket on her arm, having some errand incidental to household affairs. She could not resist the temptation to clamber over the low slippery rocks at the mouth of the little bay we have described; and, as the tide was out, an adventurous person, by dint of scrambling round the foot of one of the cliffs, could get a partial glimpse of the deep sea beyond. Hither she and Harry had often extended their rambles, when children, pulling kelp, or poking under the stones for crabs and periwinkles. She crossed the narrow beach, and was soon observed skipping from rock to rock, regardless of the slippery and uncertain footing. When at the extent of her ramble, she looked out long and wistfully over the deep. The scene was so intimately connected with every record of her past existence,—so busy was memory with the detail, that for a moment she forgot her present situation, until suddenly aroused by the splash of oars, and voices close to her ear. A boat shot out immediately from behind the cliff, and, ere she could change her position, a tall and unusually handsome young seaman jumped out on the rocks close to her side. Without hesitation, he addressed himself to her, in a foreign accent evidently, but with great ease, and even fluency of expression. A profusion of dark curls clustered about his face, and his neat, well-trimmed moustaches gave a zest, and almost a bril-

liancy, to the beautifully clear olive tint of his complexion; his eyes were piercing, and pitchy dark, rivalling in colour the jet bead-roll about her neck. Almost glowing with delight, he took her hand, which, with a respectful and gallant air, he would have saluted.

The intruder was young Vander Bloemen, who had that moment only set his foot on shore, and who would soon have been on his way to the Adamsons, had he not met her of whom he was in quest in this unexpected rencontre. His mother was a Spanish lady of good extraction, whom the Dutch skipper had rescued in some onslaught, and to whom she had given her hand, as the preserver of her life and her honour. The young Dutchman, with his mother's personal appearance, possessed also the high and chivalrous pride of her country; and, though his profession might appear somewhat dubious, yet a smuggler, particularly of the class to which he belonged, was not in those days looked upon either with suspicion or contempt. The free-trader, though a sort of outlaw, was not without the pale of society, and that, too, of the very highest class.

"And to what lucky star do I owe this meeting?" said the enraptured lover.

"To an accidental ramble on the rocks this morning, Mr. Vander Bloemen. I dare say you will have business in the village, and I will not detain you," said Mary, wishful to get rid of him, in her present mood, and impatient of his interruption.

"Yes, mine lady bright, there is business forsooth; but I need not go further for it. Ah, there's the remnant of a little tear, and, before Jove, it becomes that cheek mightily."

He strove to rally her on this event, or accident as he called it; but there was a deep and impenetrable gloom which he could not but contrast with the arch and playful glances he had so often felt.

"Miss Adamson, I will not intrude just now; I will come anon. Pray forgive my rude and ignorant speech. I knew not there was sorrow in your heart; indeed I did not."

She burst into tears,—an effort at restraint had only made them the more difficult to repress. Here was dangerous ground; a lady in tears, and a handsome cavalier, all love and devo-

tion, at her side. Is it truly said, that when the wax is warm it soon receives another impression? The development of our story will, perhaps, shew.

He had respectfully asked permission to see her home; but she beseeched him to leave her just then. He bowed low, and departed.

Instead of clambering the hill on her right, as she returned, she ascended from the village, and along a winding glen beside the brook, which had cut its way through those gigantic cliffs ages ago, with a slow but certain process, until it mingled with the waters whence it took its birth. This walk had always been with her an especial favourite; but on the present morning the atmosphere was cold and raw; the drops hung heavily on the branches; the birds twittered a languid and melancholy note, very different from their usual sprightly and jocund expression; the very waters did not babble so cheerfully as before: all seemed joyless and discordant. Alas, the spirit was wanting which gave life and gladness to the scene! The mind looks through herself, and is the medium by which all outward images are tinged; and it is but the reflex act of the soul, the mirror turned back upon itself, if we may be allowed the term, which we look on as the expression of some hidden mysterious sympathy in nature, when its origin is only in ourselves. It might seem that self alone is the foundation even of the purest and most disinterested of our enjoyments. It is, no doubt, for wise and benevolent purposes that our own happiness should be the main-spring of our action and our desire; and this world would be a wilderness, indeed, without an opportunity for the development of our own enjoyments, by contributing to those of others. It is only when self becomes the sole object—when our own happiness excludes or interrupts that of our neighbours, that it becomes our bane, poisoning the source of our pleasures, and our capacity for real enjoyments. A being more devoid of this form of selfishness did not exist than Mary Adamson; she would at any time have done a benevolent action, though apparently to her own detriment: but then we may suppose the pleasure arising therefrom was more than an equivalent for the loss she might sustain.

Having loitered longer than usual on

her return, she found young Vander Bloemen already with her father in the house. She passed on to her little chamber where she was used to work, and amuse herself with reading or spinning flax, when she wished to be alone. In silence and loneliness she now brooded over the dark and sorrowful nature of her destiny.

The old man and his intended son-in-law were in very earnest discourse, and Mary did not wish to interrupt them; she, therefore, stayed apart a considerable time, until the former began to grow impatient. When she appeared, there was a fixed but calm placidity about her gait and manner which betokened that her mind was made up, either with a disposition to yield to circumstances, or an invincible resolution to resist.

"Mary," said her father, with some tokens of impatience, "here is one who is not quite a stranger; you will know one another better by-and-by. So, as I have told him," lowering his tone, and coming closer to her as he spoke, "that I shall feel proud to find him a relation; and I have told him, too, that thou hast consented to be his bride, when things are ready. But I will e'en leave you to settle the preliminaries, and mind that I am obeyed."

Mary was silent, but she was deadly pale. Not a whisper, not a shade of expression passed upon her features that could betray what was passing within; nor did she exhibit any symptoms of exultation at the prospects before her.

Vander Bloemen took her unresisting hand, imprinting thereon, with all the gallantry and good breeding of an accomplished courtier, a respectful salute. The maiden's cheek alone betrayed the depth of her emotion. She coloured violently, but turned aside her head as he spoke.

"Miss Adamson, I am too happy to have the honour of thus addressing you. Excuse my lack of words, and I pray you interpret them as you would love them best. If I may not have one smile, do not look as though it were a sacrifice to receive the homage of a heart long devoted to you."

He had changed his position, so that his eyes were fixed on her countenance, and with such an air of tenderness and respect, that the maiden's heart grew wondrous soft, and she again burst into tears. Sobbing vio-

lently, she covered her face, and sat down. The wooer was a little disconcerted at the outset; but, gathering courage, he requested that he might share in the grief that he could not alleviate. She motioned him to desist, and soon composed herself to reply.

"My father has deceived you. I have not given my consent to him, at any rate; but ——" As she hesitated, the impatient lover exclaimed, —

"But what, my dearest girl? To him I did not apply for your consent. My father did, certainly, make some proposition to yours on the subject; but I would be the bearer of my own suit; and, believe me, I am no party to the sordid bargain which, doubtless, you feel so repugnant to your delicacy. Permit me, Miss Adamson, to assure you, that it is your disinterested, unbiassed love that I would crave; and, though ——"

Here their conversation was suddenly interrupted by the arrival of a messenger, one of the crew, inquiring for his master. Old Adamson, without ceremony, ushered him into the chamber where they were sitting; and his communication, of whatever nature, led to the departure of Vander Bloemen and her father, on some urgent business connected with the vessel.

Mary, to her great relief, was left alone. After some household duties were performed, she betook herself again to her own chamber. The evening waxed on apace, but her father did not return. She was used to these irregularities, — for the uncertain nature of his trade rendered them unavoidable. Whole nights, at times, she was left to herself, while the old smuggler was plying his avocations.

Night had now closed in, when, finding her father did not make his appearance, she threw on her cloak, and rambled towards the cliff, for the first time since the departure of Harry Graham. The moon was far gone towards the horizon, and the night was rapidly getting darker.

She crossed the stile, and again stood on the tall cliff. A gigantic shadow now marked its outline, huge, and far distant on the deep. A star was rising, calm, lovely, undisturbed by the cares and perplexities of earth. She gazed, and wished she were at rest in that bright orb, freed from every connexion with a world where sorrow only was her portion. As she watched

this pure gem rising serenely from the ocean, her thoughts were loosened from the world; she seemed to rise superior to the selfish cares of her existence, and her spirit for a while forgot its load.

Suddenly, her attention was aroused by the report of fire-arms. The sound was at a considerable distance on the right. She looked immediately in that direction, but nothing moved save the smoke from the alum cliffs, where the ignited shale was smouldering. She felt anxious and alarmed. Such an occurrence was not very usual at that hour. She knew no real cause; but the sound suddenly brought her back to earth, and in some degree dissipated the visions of past happiness that were just beginning to steal in upon the heavenly quietude that absorbed her; one thought of him who was far away over that dark billow had passed like a shadow on her heart: that star was perhaps beaming on him. She turned away, for the impression was too keen. The stile, the cliff, the whole scene was like some hideous phantom that clung to her. She could hardly shake off the feeling that Henry was still there, and they were again doomed to enact the horrors of their last interview. It seemed as though some terrible fascination had bound her to the spot; as though madness or insensibility must be the result; when, fortunately perhaps, another shot alarmed her. The spell was broken; she fled as though liberated from some horrible doom, and hastened home. Here every thing remained as it was not an hour before; but her father had not returned. She had been in the habit of going to rest without waiting for him; but now she felt a strange reluctance to retire, in this state of alarm and incertitude. The old housekeeper went to bed early; and, alone, how anxiously did she listen to the sharp, short beat of the clock, almost preternaturally exaggerated to the ear in the deep silence of those hours so fearfully procrastinated. At length she withdrew to her own chamber. Not long after, she heard the outer door opened, and her father's footstep. In a little while he ascended the stairs, and entered his bed-room. He did not, apparently, go to rest for some hours; she heard footsteps in the apartment a long time, while she lay listening on her couch. When she arose in the morning, her father was gone. She was sure that

something more than ordinarily perplexing and mysterious had happened; and, after a hurried and anxious meal, she prepared to set out for the village. On opening a little box below stairs, where she kept a few ornaments, she was surprised to find her jet rosary was gone. She commenced a search for this valuable relic, but to no purpose. In vain she racked her memory; she was positive it had been safely deposited there, and by her own hands, the preceding day. Here was new matter for wonder and vexation; but, after much time had been consumed, she gave up the search, and departed.

The morning was chill and lowering. A few drops met her as she descended the hill towards the wooden bridge which led into the village. After crossing, she was aware of an unusual stir and bustle going on, but without any apparent cause. Her heart misgave her, she knew not why, ere she had crossed the narrow bridge into the street. Before the door, at the Cod and Lobster, there was a great crowd, their curiosity evidently directed towards something unusual within. On seeing her, they left off speaking aloud; but many strange looks and whispers betrayed their discovery of the smuggler's daughter. She entered the public-house under a feeling of absolute desperation; but, as she would have made her way into a side room near the bar almost filled with individuals of both sexes, she met old Christopher Trattle himself, with a look of distress and consternation on his visage.

"Heh, miss, but you've soon heard; you'd better not go in, though," said he, gently detaining her. This made her only the more anxious to enter, and before he could prevent it she had forced herself into a crowd that nearly filled the chamber. Here she saw a spectacle which made her very blood to curdle. A dead body, dripping with wet, livid, ghastly, and stained with recent blood, lay on a low squab, or settle, as it is called; and the maiden, unprepared for this horrible sight, shrieked aloud, and fell, bereft both of sense and motion. Fresh air and other restoratives were resorted to. She gradually recovered from her stupor, but durst not open her eyes for some time, lest that horrible apparition should be at her side. By degrees, she was made acquainted with the particulars. The body had only just been

found, washed ashore, and brought to old Trattle's, for the inquest. It was recognised as the corpse of an unfortunate exciseman, called Craggs, and appearances told too plainly that foul means had been the cause of his death, which the bystanders evidently suspected arose from some affray with the free-traders on the coast. She recollected with a shudder the two shots on the preceding night, and no doubt rested on her mind but that the wretched victim had met his death thereby. Yet, who were his murderers? This apprehension made her very soul to quake. It could not be her father, and yet his absence created surmise. But why should she suspect him? She drove away the intruder; she chid herself that such a thought should have gained admission. No, no; her father, stern and iron-hearted though he was, never could imbrue his hands in the blood of a fellow-creature. She made an effort to rally, and her courage enabled her to regain, at least, the appearance of composure. She questioned the bystanders as to what they had heard and seen the preceding night; but they either did not choose to give any information, or they were really ignorant of what she had too plainly heard.

"Is young Vander Bloemen with you, or is he gone?" she inquired, with as much indifference as she could assume.

"He went yesterforenoon up to the Heights, and I never saw him again," said old Trattles.

"And my father?" she inquired, with a look of increasing trepidation.

"There was a boat put off this morning from the Nab desperate soon, and Geordy Adamson was in her, with two rowers from the Dutchman's brig yonder."

"But she's got under weigh again, and out of sight by this," said Dick Ireby, an old jet-gatherer, who was loitering carelessly about.

Mary felt her heart grow sick at this intelligence. She complained of the heat, and after a little while withdrew.

Scarcely knowing how, she regained her home; but, alas! it now seemed as though it were no home to her. The sudden departure of the ship appeared as though there were some connexion with the murder and those on board. Her father, too, was there. Could he have left, fearful of being im-

plicated in the crime? But the young and gallant Dutchman, so full of courtesy and tenderness, could he be a murderer? She renounced the idea; but still these surmises would come unbidden, and the more she strove to repress them the more strenuously would they come forth to haunt and distract her.

Another night elapsed, but no tidings from her father. The inquest was over, and the verdict "*Wilful Murder*," but "*against some person or persons unknown*." This decision was some relief to the harrowing apprehensions of public odium she endured, and even suspicion would fail to attach itself where she dreaded.

Days and weeks passed over. Her father had rarely been absent so long, and circumstances now rendered it a matter of much anxiety and alarm.

PART II.

It was on the evening of a wintry day that Mary Adamson sat down to her spinning-wheel—she was twisting flax for home use. Humming one or two of the "*ould world*" ballads, she at last lit upon one of a more modern construction. So apt was it to her own situation, that she could have wept, rather than sung this melancholy ditty.

"The moonbeam sleeps upon the wave,
The midnight air is still;
Quench'd every wandering glimmer, save
The watch-fire on the hill.

"Twas such a night, so calm, so clear,—
A wooing Henry came;
I thought his ardent vow sincere,
I knew none other flame.

The day returns, but now no more
Morn breaks upon the soul;
Its light is quench'd, its radiance o'er,—
Dark, dark the storm-clouds roll.

The moonbeam sleeps upon the wave,
Soft creeps the quiet air;
Come light, or gloom, to wrap my soul,
Your peace awaits me there."

Thinking of other matters than the near approach of her father, she saw him enter. She flew to meet him; but congratulations and inquiries flowed faster than replies,—for the old man flung himself, moody and sullen, into his elbow-chair.

Throwing off his great coat and leg-gings, he inquired if there was any thing to eat. She saw that he looked

haggard and out of humour, and was indisposed to be communicative.

Mary looked wistfully towards him, but forbore any further inquiries.

After some refreshment, and a long tug at his pipe, he drew out a hair-pouch, which, with great deliberation, he untied. Mary watched the process of unfolding, as though she expected some marvellous developement from its contents. He at length arrived at the inner compartment, whence he took a letter, closely folded. This he handed over to his daughter, merely observing,

"I have seen Harry Graham."

Mary's heart leaped to her lips at the sound. She could not speak; but she took the offered packet with mingled feelings of joy and apprehension. It was in the shape of a short letter, inclosed in an envelope, addressed to George Adamson, and to this effect:—

"I renounce all claim to your daughter's hand, releasing her at once from any former engagement to me; and leaving her at liberty to amend her choice, which, I am sorry to say, in the first instance, has not been attended with the happiness we expected. Hoping that he to whom her future welfare may be entrusted will be more fortunate, and prove all that her fondest wishes ever anticipated, is the fervent wish of

"HARRY GRAHAM.

"P.S. The lock of hair she gave me, together with some presents, of little worth now, I inclose in a separate parcel."

Her eyes grew dim—the letter fell from her grasp. A deadly sickness came over her, and it was with some difficulty, after a draught of water had been administered, that she got to her own chamber. Here she threw herself on the bed; but the blow that stunned her left her at the same time sensible to all the hopelessness and bereavement of her condition,—love and pride, by turns, goading as with a despot's power. Had he not cruelly renounced her, without an effort or an explanation? She felt as though she could scorn his love,—that she could spurn the spurious affection that on such grounds could trifle with her own.

It required a considerable effort to act the heroine, greater than for any length of time she could sustain. When pride gave way, all the woman rushed to her heart; every bulwark she had raised was borne down as with

a resistless torrent. The blow was however, struck, and probably it required less fortitude, when the first pang was over, than to sustain all the apprehension and suspense which corrodes and paralyses the heart, while it cankers every enjoyment.

The next morning brought the younger Vander Bloemen. He seemed in good spirits, and his handsome person, his careless, buoyant disposition, diverted her thoughts for a time from brooding on her disappointment. She found some relief even in his company, though she could not forget that it was on his account she had to endure the heart-breaking miseries that awaited her. She could not dissociate her recollection of the murder with the individuals before her; yet she could hardly suffer an idea of their guilt to mingle with it. In the one case, she could not implicate her father; and, in the other, it was quite impossible to connect deeds of such horrible atrocity with the open, intelligent, and even beautiful countenance, ever beaming life and kindness around him.

In the afternoon, George Adamson having taken to his usual nap, Vander Bloemen invited Mary to avail herself of the bracing and frosty atmosphere, and enjoy the breeze that was now freshening with the coming tide. She threw on some additional covering, and they sallied forth, taking the road by the edge of the cliffs overlooking the whole wide circumference of waters, now rolling on, chafing the rocks, and tossing up gouts of seething foam from their crests; ever and anon a heavy lunge making the huge cliffs reverberate, as though reeling and quivering with the blow.

They stood for a moment gazing on the wild magnificence of the scene, ere a word was spoken. Very different were their feelings. Mary looked as though unwilling to dissipate or disturb the waking dreams which this sublime spectacle had created.

"You are enjoying this pleasant scene. I would not interrupt your reverie; but I cannot refrain from a desire to participate in the enjoyment."

"Mine!" said she,—the keen, the lacerating associations they produced being the reverse of what her companion seemed to anticipate. Recollecting herself, however, she continued,—"They are not worth dividing; and, if they were——"

"I ought not to have a share. Is that the close of your sentence?"

"What signifies 'my silly thoughts'? They would be little worth either your favour or acceptance."

"Good, my lady bright! Let me be judge, and, if I like them not, fling them away."

"Then fling them where you list; for the best of 'em are in nowise relating to yourself."

"Ah!" said the lover, with a sudden exclamation, either of disappointment or surprise; "why am I sunk so low in the scale of your good opinions?"

"What was the nature of your engagements the night my father left us so unexpectedly?"

"Why so inquisitive on a sudden? We let neither wives nor sweethearts into the secrets of our free-trading, you know. It might give us a lift to the exciseman."

"Exciseman!" A look of horror accompanied this fearful word. She fixed her eyes full on those of her companion: she could detect no other expression than surprise at the alarm she exhibited.

"You have, doubtless, heard of the murder?"

"Yes, if murder it be; which, after all, might prove nothing more than some untoward accident."

"Do you know that my suspicions have, at times, not acquitted you from some knowledge of, or connexion with, the deed?"

"Rest, yourself content; our free-traders are not such desperadoes in that way. If the officers threaten to interrupt our landing, we shove off, and try another. But, indeed, we have little occasion for mistrust; we have both aid and connivance from higher authorities, which makes our business, though nominally contraband, quite official, I assure you; and we have no need to care about these small fry off the coast. We are often employed in very important services, too, on behalf of government."

Mary felt greatly relieved by this frank, and apparently explicit communication.

"But the pistol-shot which I heard?"

"Doubtless, some private signal from the coast."

"And my father is innocent?"

"As far as my own knowledge goes, perfectly so."

She did not continue the subject. It

was no pleasant theme, and she felt glad the result had not justified her apprehensions.

"But, Miss Adamson," he continued, taking her arm through his own, "the time approaches when your father led me to expect my suit might be favourably urged to a consummation. I know not of any impediment, save the poorness of my pretensions, and, it may be, my unworthiness of the favour I would solicit."

"If that were all," said the maiden, who blushed deeply, "you have little occasion to consider your pretensions any bar to that happiness."

"Your father did assuredly hint that former impediments, if such there were, had been completely removed."

"Do not harass me now. I am ill at ease. My heart has been cruelly wounded. My father, may be, knows not how deep is the injury I have sustained."

"But promise that——"

"I will promise nothing," said she, interrupting him with a fearful energy, and in a tone which startled him into silence. Neither of them were inclined to renew the conversation, and shortly they returned. By the way, Vander Bloemen ventured on the following remark:—

"I am glad to see that black rosary has disappeared: I never liked to look on it; I always viewed it as some charm that I could not countervail."

"I have lost it in a most unaccountable manner," she replied, trying to assume an indifference she did not feel; but her voice, belying the purpose of her tongue, faltered, and she was unable to proceed.

They crossed over the high road from the village which led to Easington Heights: When within sight of home, they saw an open carriage, or light cart, driving up the lane. It stopped opposite the gate, when three men, strangers, jumped hastily out, walking up the pathway to the house. Ever ready to take alarm, she watched suspiciously, and saw them enter, without even the ceremony of knocking for admittance.

"What can yonder strangers be about; I like not their appearance. I pray they be not messengers of evil!" and with that she drew her arm away from her companion, outstripping him in her eagerness to ascertain their errand. As she drew near, she heard

voices, and apparently in altercation, — her father's, too, in a higher tone than the rest. She unlatched the door, and beheld George Adamson in the custody of these men, but evidently disposed to be refractory.

"For mercy's sake!" said the terrified girl, who now saw all her fears confirmed, "what means this outrage?"

The leader of the party very respectfully replied, —

"If he is innocent, he has nothing to fear. It is a disagreeable office; but we must do our duty. We have a warrant for his apprehension."

"On what charge?"

"On suspicion only. 'Tis connected with the murder of the excise-man hereabout."

There was no use in contending further. Adamson was placed in the vehicle, and immediately they took the road to Whitby, where his examination was to be held the next day.

She had hoped that misfortune's quiver was exhausted; but another, and another came, and each more deadly than its predecessor. With eyes fixed, as though insensible to any other object, she watched the carriage until it was out of sight; then sunk into a deep swoon — happy, indeed, when consciousness had left her, and awaking too soon to the dread recollection of the events which had befallen her of all. Lover, father, gone; and — oh, horrible! — that father branded as a murderer! Inextricable, accumulating, were the miseries gathering around her. No way of escape was open; not a ray lighted on her path; and it seemed as though she were involved in a labyrinth from which no human aid or foresight could extricate her.

"Will Miss Adamson please to command my services? they may, perhaps, be more useful than she is inclined to suspect."

It was after a long and painful suspense that Vander Bloemier said this, taking her cold, unyielding hand. Mary Adamson started, and looked him in the face with an air of wild and wondering incredulity. His look was that of confidence, and it seemed in some measure to comfort and reassure her. A ray of hope darted through her bosom, and, feeble though it was, how welcome! as she exclaimed,

"Oh, save him — save him, sir, and I will bless you whilst I live!"

The lover smiled. He understood this to be the surrender of her maiden heart, now forgetting its former coyness and reserve. He kissed the hand he yet retained within his own.

"No further impulse was required to quicken mine efforts. My poor services are more than required by such an approval. Rest assured, I will spare no pains; and courage, my beautiful damsel, your father shall be free, or —"

He did not conclude; the alternative lay on his tongue unuttered. What it was would be of little use to surmise.

"I have now no helper, — no friend but yourself; and pray forgive my freedom if I urge your immediate interference."

"I go; but — I understand — Hold!" said he, as though checking himself, "I make no conditions, nor will I appeal to your feelings now. I would not take advantage of your distress to exact promises for the future."

His delicacy and forbearance were not lost upon her. She felt it, and particularly at this time, when, but for his apparent nobleness of nature, he might have exacted conditions to which she must, however reluctantly, have assented. But not the less did she hold herself bound by every tie to her father's deliverer; and yet, alas, bonds and obligations are not the links that bind Love's votaries. He spurns the chain, and, with a web fine as the gossamer, weaves a thread that not all the powers of earth can undo.

The night set in wet and squally; sharp, short gusts came from the north-east, along with a driving scud, that, mingling with the sea-foam, swept over the rocks at the mouth of the little inlet. The whole of the platform was completely drenched that protected the seaboard side of the town. The crest of some seething wave, caught up by the gust, and whirled to a prodigious height, fell in drizzle and in drops on every object within its range.

It was in this dismal and unquiet atmosphere that an individual, wrapped in a heavy boat-cloak, and protected by other coverings from the weather, stepped into a light skiff, that was only kept from being dashed against the beach by the strength and dexterity of the rowers. Four of these, without speaking, commenced a sharp

tug, which brought them to the southern point of the entrance to the little inlet, where a tremendous swell, almost overtopping the huge breakers, would have daunted many a stout heart unused to these perilous seas. The gigantic waves, as they rushed on, broke upon the rocks with a lunge like the sound of distant ordnance. One of these retreating masses drew them past the point, when, with amazing exertions, the rowers extricated themselves from its returning sweep. Here they found a sea comparatively calm; and another half hour brought them in safety to the mouth of a narrow creek, into which they entered. Perpendicular walls of alum rock rose to a fearful height on each side; and a terrific roar resounded through this dismal gulf, though the wind had little power on its surface. Suddenly the boat shot through an immense archway, into a natural cavern opposite the entrance. Hitherto there had been a glimmering sort of twilight in the atmosphere, though clouded, which had served their purpose; but now this source of illumination was gone. The stranger uncovered a dark lantern; and, as they shot along, their shadows were projected on the sides in grotesque and ever-varying attitudes.

Few words were spoken, until, with a simultaneous "Yo-ho-e!" they threw themselves prostrate in the boat, entering under a very low archway, at times within a few inches from the water. This mode of access could only be accomplished at certain periods of the tide; and at all times required a perfect acquaintance with the method of transit. Pulling themselves along by the roof, they soon emerged from this disagreeable avenue, and entered a lofty cavern. To the right a fire was blazing, bright and vivid—the red and flickering glare fiercely thrown upon the crumbling walls of the cave, until they glowed like a furnace. By the fire were several figures, in various dresses, some reposing, and others busy in culinary operations. Tubs and packages were stowed about in great profusion; bales of merchandise were piled along the sides; and cutlasses, sabres, and other deadly instruments, giving it very much the appearance of a storehouse, or haunt to some desperate banditti. Over the fire was an iron brazier, from which, on a long crook, hung a capacious cauldron—the steam regaling

the senses with a foretaste of its savoury ingredients.

The boat was made secure; and the steersman with his companions joined this nocturnal party, who received them with marks of surprise, but, at the same time, with a shew of deference to the individual they had conveyed hither. "Dick Ireby," said this personage, who was none other than the younger Vander Bloemen.

"Here," shouted a short husky voice from one side of the cave, where, in a straw-furnished dormitory, reposed the object of his search. Immediately Dick, the jet-gatherer, presented himself, yawning fearfully—looking as though more asleep than awake, and not at all disposed to understand the meaning of his being roused from a delicious nap.

Now, Dick's avocations were of a multifarious and motley sort—some of them not generally understood. Ostensibly, his labours were confined to a very precarious mode of subsistence, by gathering jet, and selling it to the dealers at Whitby, and casually elsewhere. But along with this visible source of his gains, he had other, and more important, functions to perform. He was a regular spy, and in the pay of the smugglers, who procured much valuable information through his agency. Under a vacant, gaping, and unintelligible look, which sometimes procured him the *soubriquet* of "Silly Dick," was concealed a wary and a cunning disposition, apt to seize on circumstances to his own advantage, and ready at a lie or an evasion whenever necessary. He was generally on the look-out about the coast, and by that means a pretty accurate observer of what was going on. In fact, he was of the utmost use to his employers; who paid him but scurvily for his services—doubtless, under the apprehension that he might get too idle or too independent for their purpose. Yet he served them faithfully and with a ready will; and neither coaxing nor punishment could have wrung out a secret from Dick that he was indisposed to divulge.

"Go with my men," said the Dutchman; "they will give thee a passage in the yawl to Whitby. The wind sets fair, there is a snoring breeze, and I expect you will reach the port in an hour or two. Find our agent there, Master Chapman. Put this into his

hands, and he will instruct thee what thou shalt do. And, hark thee, see that it be speedily accomplished. If thou fail, there may be a rope's-end in pickle for thee somewhere."

"Ay, ay, Master Fynkel; when Dick Ireby lets the wind out of his sail, I'll give 'em leave to hang him up in't to dry."

"Hold; thou mayest as well take some of those dresses with thee, and a pistol or so, in case of accidents. Every one a belt, too, with cutlasses and ammunition—they will serve you at a pinch."

"And a keg to keep out the pinch of the weather, master—we shall want fortifying there, I've a notion. Plenty of ammunition about us, and of the right sort, too," said Dick, looking round.

"Take what will be needed, and no more—I expect thee back again before daybreak."

"That's if—" said Dick, winking significantly, and laying his finger on his nose, in one of his most favourite attitudes: "I know, or think I know, somewhat o' my errand; and nobody but Dick Ireby for the boring of a gimblet-hole."

"Go along, and leave off thy foolery," said Vander Bloemen, pushing him away good-humouredly. "Thou hast no time to lose: the tide serves but for a little space. I will await here thy return."

Dick, after dipping a large hook into the kettle, fished up his share of the meat with wonderful dexterity. He then leaped into one of the boats which lay basking in the blaze that had been newly roused. The crew arranged themselves and their cargo, and were quickly engulfed in the dark waters beneath the chasm.

George Adamson being conveyed by the constables to Whitby, in an obscure house on the northern beach, belonging to one of these officials, he was locked up, prior to an examination before the magistrates on the following day. By dint of some well-placed inquiries, he made himself acquainted with the nature of the charges against him; and certainly, as far as circumstantial evidence could go, they looked convincingly illustrative of his guilt.

He was seen the night of the murder in company with the exciseman, walking homewards along the cliff.

High words were heard by another individual as they passed on. The report of a pistol was twice heard; and the murdered man was never seen till his dead body floated on the rocks, a fearful witness against his destroyer. It was furthermore asserted that the prisoner had immediately absconded; probably, as it would seem, until he heard whether he was suspected or not. The evidence was purposely kept secret, in the hope that he would return, should he find that suspicion had not attached to him. The event justified their caution; and it now behoved him to prove his innocence in the best way he could—but that he had better reserve all he had to say against his trial. This was the substance of their communications. The old man persisted in his innocence, and seemed very wishful to explain and make his case good, to the satisfaction of his companions, during their journey. He said the gauger and he had fallen in company together when they left the Cod and Lobster; that he was drunk and noisy, but that they parted near the division of the road, the gauger taking the lower one towards Easington. He asserted that he knew no more than they did as to the cause or manner of his death. His hearers smiled incredulously, but made no remark—at the same time preserving a courteous, but cautious, demeanour towards him, as their prisoner.

In a low and dismal-looking chamber, sitting on a truckle-bed, miserably furnished, George Adamson was apparently suffering greatly from some inward anguish. The wind now dashing the salt spray in heavy showers upon the window, which was in the gable, and well barricaded, looking towards the beach, the loud, fierce gusts made the rickety panes jingle in their sockets. Now and then the prisoner would rise and, though it was dark, look out anxiously towards his own beloved sea, where he had long laboured in his lucrative, but dangerous trade, hitherto with but little interruption.

As he was sitting on the bed, he heard a light footstep on the stairs. The gaoler's wife entered with a candle, telling him that an old woman was below, with a message and a few articles from his daughter. Tears started into his eyes at this intelligence, and he earnestly requested that he might be allowed to see her.

"I know not," said the dame, who looked as though she pitied the old man, whose bleached locks and venerable aspect excited her commiseration—"my husband is just gone out, and he never lets any body in without he be by."

"Then come with her. Dost think I'll escape in the old woman's pocket?"

"Why, no; but there be other guess ways of getting out of our clutches. Best obey orders, and keep all safe. I'll be back with her directly."

Here she ran down-stairs, first carefully locking the chamber-door. Immediately she returned, accompanied by an ill-favoured personage, attired in a gray cloak. Round her bonnet was an oil-case hood, as a defence against the weather; and a handkerchief tied down under the chin made all complete. George Adamson surveyed her with a searching and an eager glance, but she was a perfect stranger. He thought it best, nevertheless, to hold his tongue.

"Mary Adamson, bless her soul!" said the envoy, in a querulous, disagreeable tone, something between a croak and a scream, "she has sent me with a few changes of linen, and your Sunday clothes, which you'll maybe want afore long. She'll be here herself most likely in a day or two."

He would have taken them at her hands, but the gaoler's wife interposed. "Stop a bit," said she; "I must just examine it first; and have a care there be no picklocks and gimcracks here for the breaking of our prison-bars."

She opened out the bundle with great deliberation, penetrating into divers crannies and obscure corners, in each separate article of raiment, with such a ludicrous and important system of scrutiny, that even the messenger was tempted to grin at the officious mode of her examination.

"Now that you've done, I'll thank you for them," said the prisoner, gravely.

Just then a thundering knock at the outside door below made the suspicious housewife jump, and her little round eyes seemed to enlarge as she listened. "Bless me, who comes now? Matty!—Bob!—they're never i't'way. I'll be back in a twinkkle."

With her usual wariness, she bolted the chamber-door outside, descending the stairs with considerable celerity. Immediately the old woman took

George by the hand. In great haste she took from beneath her cloak another parcel, the contents of which were of a very different nature. At a sign, which he understood, George hid this underneath the bed-clothes; and soon recognised in his visitor that mysterious and useful personage, Dick Ireby. He was rejoiced at the discovery. He felt certain that some plan was now in progress for his escape. "To-night," said Dick—"the window—we will wait—our boat is by the beach."

A few seconds only were permitted for this important communication. They heard the busy dame hurrying up-stairs in a great storm, being moved thereto by an extraordinary, but natural heat in her temper. "I'll make the rascals smart," said she, her cheeks red with rage: "if I catch these run-away knocks, I'll lay some of 'em by the heels where they'll not run so fast. Come, old dame, budge—you've been long enough—no time for mischief, I guess. Come along, old crab-face."

Dick preceded her down-stairs with great submission. George Adamson immediately, but with the utmost caution, proceeded to the examination of Dick's credentials. Unfolding several envelopes, he was soon aware of the contents,—a little saw of an exquisite temper, a file, a chisel, a small crow-bar, and some other implements of the like nature. He immediately saw the purport of Dick's embassy, and the meaning of his visit. His first feelings were those of thankfulness and hope; but anxiety and apprehension soon arose in their place, while harassed with all the forebodings incident to his condition.

In about an hour he heard the doors locked below; and the gaoler entered to ascertain the safety of his prisoner. He was already in bed, feigning himself asleep. He listened for some time after his keeper had departed. All was quiet, and he cautiously commenced his operations. By dint of filing, and a judicious use of his tools, he succeeded in removing one of the bars from the window. The wind was a most valuable auxiliary, considerably lessening the chances of detection from the noise which the rattling panes made in their sockets. He went to work again with renewed alacrity; another and another of the stanchions were disposed of in the same way.

There was now sufficient space to creep through, provided a corresponding aperture could be made in the window; but this, in consequence of the noise to be apprehended from the glass, became a matter of doubt and consideration. An unlucky stroke here might be fatal, and he paused—his hand trembled while the panes, loose and out of joint, shook under his touch. Several of them he found yielded easily to his pressure, but they were small; and the leaden framework, which was strengthened with iron bars on the outside, presented another and a more formidable obstacle to his escape.

Incautiously, and in the eagerness of baffled expectation, he pressed too hard against the casement, and a portion of the whole gave way, precipitating him half through the aperture, where he hung, with his head downwards, unable to return, had he been ever so much inclined. He saw no prospect of escape but by forcing himself forwards. He was momentarily afraid of some person from below seeing his strange attitude, and giving the alarm. With a desperate effort he sprang out. Luckily the night was dark, and nobody within sight or hearing. He fell on a heap of sand, which merely stunned him for a moment or two, when he ran off with great precipitation towards the beach; but here he saw two persons between him and the object of his search. They were friends; and an explanation was just taking place when they saw a sentinel approaching, who was on duty near the entrance to the port. He hailed them with the password, to which one of the party as promptly replied. They walked on, but in silence; and George soon beheld the yards and masts of a little skiff tossing between him and a blush of brighter sky which the wild gusts had blown bare of clouds, and the moon, just rising, had suffused with light. His heart leaped gladly, and he grasped the arms of his deliverers, who made all haste to get under weigh. The sails were filled with the utmost possible expedition; and the light bark sprang through the foam, as though conscious that the safety of the crew depended on the rapidity of her flight. The dark and rugged walls of the abbey were just above them, black and bare, like huge crags beetling from the summit. Gradually the cliff

and its beautiful superstructure sunk lower as they swept on. The little bark, as though instinct with intelligence, seemed to urge on its course with desperate rapidity. The cliffs to their left passed away, like the moving of a shadow. A line of soft, hazy light lay on the sea, along the horizon, on the right; but over head the clouds chased each other forwards with amazing swiftness. Now and then a star peeped out from between their gigantic masses, like a far off home of light, giving to this dark world assurance of a fixed and unchanging hope, beyond the skies, though clouds and ever-shifting barriers are between.

Dick Ireby, having acted his part in the drama, lay wrapped up under a heavy tarpauline, and George Adamson at his side. The wind now became more changeable and squally, veering about in every direction, making their progress tedious and uncertain. A heavy sea at times took them, but not at unawares; and a continual pitching rendered their passage not without danger, especially in the night time. But her crew were men of bold hearts, and used to every emergency that could happen, save that of actual drowning. They were now beyond even the apprehension of pursuit; and, as the first light of the coming morn streaked the far off waves with a tremulous radiance, they saw the welcome cliffs which marked the termination of their adventure. A boat moored by the creek conveyed them to their destination. The first splash roused Vander Bloemen, who directed an anxious glance at the number and nature of the cargo. "Welcome," said he, as the old man sprang out once again upon this subterranean shore: "we never leave a comrade, you know, in the fangs of the enemy, without a pull at his legs, at any cost."

George shook his head. "But the sharks will scent me out,"—he said this in a tremulous voice,—"I cannot hope to escape them even here." And he looked round with a troubled and suspicious glance.

"As for that," said the Dutchman, smiling, "we will soon stow thee under the hatches. The cupboards here will hardly be safe. Thou must be under weigh for the opposite coast ere an hour be gone. The ship is just ready. Once on board, thou mayest laugh at thy pursuers."

A heavy sigh from the old man announced his disinclination to this sudden exile. But there was no alternative ; and an hour had scarcely elapsed ere George Adamson, after some parting admonitions with regard to his daughter, was safely embarked in the *Goed Vrouw*, bound to Rotterdam. Vander Bloemen, after seeing him on board, with all possible speed hastened to communicate the result where he knew it would be most welcome. Mary looked paler than usual when he entered. She sprang forward to meet him, but the dreaded inquiry hung on her lips.

"I will not prolong your suspense, Miss Adamson," said her lover, with some trepidation : "your father is safe."

"Where ? oh, where ?" cried the anxious girl, almost clinging to him, in the fervour of her desire to know every particular relative to her father's safety.

"On the high seas, where the best and fleetest will not overtake him."

"Thank Heaven !" she exclaimed, looking upwards, with an expression of filial gratitude on her countenance. But she suddenly withdrew her glance, and with a look of horror, as though she had encountered the frowns of Him whom she acknowledged as her deliverer — "'Tis a terrible thought — if my father should be — a ——" Her lips refused to utter the word. She covered her face and wept.

"My dear Miss Adamson," said Vander Bloemen, and he took her hand tenderly, "fret not yourself with these apprehensions, nor withhold your gratitude to that Providence for the blessings already vouchsafed, by unavailing regrets or unwarrantable anticipations of future evil."

"Oh, sir, I cannot, I cannot live under such a disgrace ! If my father is innocent, why not as anxiously aid him to prove it, as enable him to escape from punishment that could only have attached to his guilt."

"Trust me, that my poor services shall be exerted to this happy consummation. He is innocent — at least, he informs me so ; but circumstances, he says, have rendered it next to impossible that he could clear himself from suspicion at present. And, though the task be difficult, it is probably more in your power than you may be aware of to bring it to a happy issue."

"Name it," said she, with a glad

and eager surprise, though with a look of doubt passing over her anxious and expectant countenance, "and I will hazard all, though it were my dearest earthly hope. My life hangs on the issue."

"It was your father's last admonition ere he went : 'Tell my daughter,' said he, 'that as she values her father's good name, that she obey his injunctions — his guilt or innocence in the eyes of the world are involved in it. If she wishes him to be branded as a murderer, and an exile for ever, let her refuse ; but if she fears a father's disgrace, she will not hesitate to obey.'"

"What are the conditions ?" said she, looking earnestly at her lover : "he little knows the depth of that devotion, if he thinks a daughter would shrink from any sacrifice it might involve."

"Miss Adamson" (he said this in a voice tremulous with the tenderness it conveyed) "little knows me, if she thinks that I would take advantage of her situation — that I would make this noble and self-denying devotedness to a parent's honour a means to any degrading conditions in my favour. No, believe me, I would do all in my power to extricate you, without one condition that would be inseparable from the freedom of choice, which is your birth-right, and the best security for your future happiness. Your father's secret is unknown to me. His words were mysterious, and, I thought, severe. He says he is innocent, and he can prove it ; though not — shall I name the alternative — until our union !"

Mary Adamson's cheek grew pale, then flushed, as though with some hidden pain ; but she gave him her hand. He took the precious deposit, and doubted not that he had won her heart's consent. He pressed that outward token to his own. "May I urge a speedy fulfilment to your promise. Your father waits but the news of our marriage to return."

An early day was named ; and Mary Adamson was now the betrothed of another. But where was Harry Graham ? She had not heard a whisper from him, not a word of recognition, save that cruel slight, and almost insult ; which he had thought a meet return for the unalterable affection with which she still continued to regard him. And now, when the compact was made,

She felt as though a fearful, an insurmountable barrier, had been suddenly thrown between her and some still cherished hope, once the dearest, the only, object of her thoughts and anticipations. Oh, who shall ever know, or do justice to, the depth, the transcendent worth of woman's first, her purest affections. Many waters cannot quench them. No second impressions can ever efface the first scorching blast of love! And yet is woman accused of levity, inconstancy. Little do they know the secret depths of her heart who say this. Some who pronounce this unrighteous sentence do not believe what they assert; and others have never known the bliss, the delight, of inspiring her with aught worth calling a sentiment or a passion. And yet the veriest trifler, the silliest cipher in the scale of humanity, pules and prates marvellously, forsooth, of the inconstancy of woman!

It was on a bright morning, in one of the earlier months of the year, that the plain, primitive-looking church at Easington was the object of universal interest throughout the neighbourhood; and many a meek-eyed, many a laughing damsel, directed her steps to this humble memorial of our faith and our hope beyond the grave. A country wedding is an event of no mean importance. A wedding at all times is a matter of interest, both to old and young, married and single—a sort of jubilee—a stirring up of the stagnant impulses through all the bygone years of thought and feeling—and a new era to those whom it more immediately concerns. There is a solemnity about it which seems to communicate its influence to all within the sphere of its operation; and, though an opportunity for joy and gratulation, yet there is a foreboding, an apprehension, as though it were a leap into an untried state of existence, which hangs over, and represses, our mirth—and we feel it a season less meet for gladness than for tears.

But the wedding about to be solemnised was more than usually interesting, and even mournful, if we might judge from the countenances and expressions of the groups that were assembled about the little wicket leading to the church. Mary Adamson and her betrothed, the handsome young foreigner, were well known; but there were circumstances connected with this

event which rendered it but too probable that their union would be any thing rather than a source of happiness to either. It was generally surmised that she was an unwilling bride, sacrificed by the wish, and even command, of her father to the wealth of which this stranger would have the disposal. That father's terrible and mysterious accusation, too, was the theme of many an "auld wife's" gossip, under the hedge-rows and wall-sides skirting the road. The intended bride was a great favourite with her neighbours, and, indeed, wherever she was known. The foreign intruder was envied by some, and many looked on with a jealous eye that he should be allowed to carry off the prize. Harry Graham was remembered by most; and though the lucky winner was rich and handsome, yet, in proportion as they hated and reviled his good fortune, did they compassionate the loser, who would probably have been equally an object of dislike, had he succeeded in appropriating this precious jewel to himself.

On that morning, when Mary Adamson arose from her couch, marks of weeping were but too visible on the pillow. Dreams had painfully agitated her short and unquiet sleep. Harry Graham, the companion of her youth, and the object still of an unconquered attachment, had been with her in many a fancied scene of misery and bliss. The cliff where last they parted—all its agony and its horror had been again enacted, and with a more vivid, a more appalling reality, than ever thought or memory could have produced. No wonder she awoke in a far different frame of mind than that with which she had retired to rest. She could not resist the temptation to gaze once more on the scene which had been so vividly depicted in her dreams;—it was only, perchance, to refresh her fevered frame—once more to feel the morning air on her cheek, and to throw off the burden that oppressed her. She had not yet put on her gay and bridal attire. In her plain simple russet she again stood upon the cliff, whence all her earthly hopes, her visions of future happiness, had departed. Her eager glance looked as though it were bounding over the bright and glowing waters, even beyond their extremest verge. What she beheld we know not, but she suddenly withdrew it, as though from objects too painful to contemplate.

The air was chill and clear. A pleasant breeze blew from the north. Light clouds flew past the sun, already risen from his bed. A few dark specks were on the ocean, apparently still, from the distance of these little barks from the eye of the spectator. The whiter wing of some sea-bird was gliding below her, wheeling about the cliff where its nest and its mate were hidden. At distant intervals, the curl of some "toppling wave" might be seen rising up out of the dark dim waste of waters. She watched them from the dizzy brink whereon she stood, rolling onwards to the shore, where they broke and disappeared, as bright and as transient as the hopes she had once indulged. A dark figure might be seen here and there, like a speck on the rocks below—probably some jet-gatherer plying his uncertain trade, unconscious either of care or foreboding, save for the next few hours of his existence. Towards the south-east, lazy clouds of dun heavy smoke, from the smouldering alum cliffs, were sailing down the wind, completely shutting out the prospect in that direction. Westward, and at a considerable distance inland, like a peaked sugar-loaf, bright with the morning sunbeams against the dark blue sky, rose the conical summit of Roseberry Topping, peeping over the bleak moorlands which stretch out from the Cleveland Hills in that direction. Nearer, the smoke from the adjacent villages rolled away in a dull blue haze, contrasting beautifully with the dark olive green patches, which, though the woods were but partially in leaf, lay on the slopes of the hills, and by the fertile streamlets which intersected the landscape. It was not overstocked with wood; but sparkling glades here and there admitted the slanting sunbeams in many a chequered light on the quiet nooks and avenues, the homesteads and the abode of many a domestic scene of humble but enduring enjoyment. But she saw not these objects, or, if she did, no impression was made on the mind, so as to enable her to recognise them—she knew not, she comprehended not, those scenes which, under other circumstances, under other moods of the mind, would have awakened up associations of happiness and beauty—feelings of which such objects are but the outward types and images. A lark up sprung from his dewy couch, almost

at her feet; but his song was glad, and its note awakened no response in her bosom. She sat down on the bench; an icy chill, a shudder, she could not resist, involuntarily crept upon her. She covered her face, and was lost, for a space, to all surrounding objects. Footsteps were approaching, but she heard them not. A gentle hand touched her shoulder. She started as from a dream; and her look was wild and embarrassed as she gazed on the intruder, the happy bridegroom who now stood before her.

"Mary, you have been astir even earlier than myself, and I was eager as the lark whose matin song I just heard. You are not conscious, perhaps, the company at home are waiting, and we shall be later by a full hour than I anticipated. Time has passed with you unnoticed. But you have been weeping! Surely, surely," he spoke as though some fearful apprehension had fallen on his heart, "my suit is not hateful to you."

"Oh, sir," she replied, her eyes bent upon the ground, "I owe you too much—indeed I do. Forgive me now that I do not feel glad—I cannot help it. I came here once more to taste the fresh—to breathe the air, as once I have done—but I cannot—I am not as I once was." She turned her head and sobbed convulsively.

"I do trust, Miss Adamson, that you have no other attachment. I never mentioned this before, but I have mustered courage now. Pray, answer me candidly, as you value my happiness and—your own."

Mary ventured a glance towards him. His handsome form, his eloquent eyes, and the intense gaze with which he regarded her, even as though he would have pierced to the innermost depths of her soul, rendered that glance neither unmeaning nor inexpressive. The feelings, the conflict in her bosom, may be imagined, but not described. Her father's safety, his honour were at stake. Her own dishonour would be the result of his. Maybe no small portion of gratitude and admiration might intermingle, and shame that he should have detected her, even on her bridal morn, still brooding with more fervency than she could have imagined on the memory of one, who, if not unworthy of her regard, had, at least, shewn himself as such. The Rubicon was passed;

she threw off, as she thought for ever, the last lingering regret she should indulge, and, without prevarication, or even reserve, as she imagined, but with a deep sigh, she answered, "None!"

"May I lead you hence? This air is too keen. Peradventure, there may be some early recollections that are keener still, if I mistake not. You will be better when they are withdrawn."

He took her unresisting arm, and, as they left, her heart appeared to recover some of its wonted elasticity. She stepped into the house, to issue forth but once more ere she became a bride.

When they returned, the bridesmaid and her company had been waiting for some time; but breakfast was despatched, and the visitors, with the exception of the bridegroom, had strolled out, whilst the bride and her female companions were preparing for the ceremony. As Vander Bloemen was waiting alone, a cursory glance through the casement shewed him a horseman coming along the high road from the left, and at a pace which betokened some pressing emergency. He turned through the gate leading to the house, galloping up the narrow road. In a trice he had dismounted, and flung his bridle on the ring by the porch. Vander Bloemen went to meet him. He inquired hastily for Miss Adamson.

"She is engaged," said the bridegroom.

"I must see her, nevertheless."

"Must! and, pray, by whose authority?"

"By one she will not dispute."

Vander Bloemen looked both nonplussed and confused. He was positive he had heard that voice before-time, and, somehow or another, no very agreeable recollection was connected with the idea. How surprisingly accurate is the instinct, the sympathy, which pervades all nature,—the universal chain, of which every soul and every atom is a link, rendering our sympathies and our antipathies, though the most obscure and mysterious, yet the most true. Reason is a doubtful and a disputatious guide: instinct, though blind, never errs; and these hidden, unaccountable impulses of the mind are, in all probability, either remnants of a former and more perfect state of existence, or direct communications with intelligences of a more exalted nature.

They were standing together in the

entrance by the porch. Vander Bloemen gave way, and the stranger walked on with a rapid and unhesitating step. He looked disappointed when he found the object of his search was absent.

"I thought Miss Adamson was at home," said he, hesitatingly, and with a look of anxious inquiry.

"She will be here shortly. Pray, sit down."

The stranger, from his manner, evidently knew Vander Bloemen, though he had not yet called him by his name. A very embarrassing silence ensued; the bridegroom trying if he could possibly remember whether or not he had seen his visitor before, and the latter directing his eyes towards the door, evidently expecting Miss Adamson's approach with great impatience. A bustle was heard above stairs; the stranger's eyes were turned towards the entrance; his lip quivered. She entered in bridal attire, pale; but her loveliness not even grief and suffering had been able to subdue. The intruder exclaimed, with a deep and thrilling vehemence.

"Oh, Miss Adamson, I am not, surely, too late?"

"Harry Graham!" shrieked the astonished and bewildered bride; and, but for the interposition of some friendly arm, she would have fallen senseless on the floor. She was speedily conveyed to her chamber; and the gentlemen were left to a *tête-à-tête* under no very agreeable aspect of affairs.

"I am sorry to be under the necessity of interrupting, and may be retarding, so agreeable and happy a ceremony as that which I see was approaching."

"Retarded, certainly," said Vander Bloemen, colouring; "but only for a short space, I trust!"

"That depends pretty much upon your own feelings. To a lover's impatience, a few hours, or even minutes, are sometimes lengthened into ages," replied Harry Graham, in a tone of bitter and scarcely suppressed irony.

"You have a message, sir, of importance to the lady who has just left?"

"I have."

"May I presume to inquire, and, especially as you must now be aware of the relation in which I stand here,—may I inquire its purport?"

"Certainly; and methinks, that I cannot do better than break it to your own ear first. Excuse my precipi-

tancy; there is little time for delay: George Adamson, the father of your intended bride, is dead."

"Dead! how? Whence comes this news? My heart misgave me that thou wert a messenger of evil tidings. Who art thou?"

"We have never spoken before; but we have met, though you knew me not then. My memory is keen,—more sensitive, perhaps, than your own. I have not forgotten, nor ever shall, the man who supplanted me in her affections."

"These are hard words, sir."

"They are no harder than you are liable to bear."

"I knew not, as my word is worthy of belief, that she was attached to any other; nor will I now believe it, unless from her own lips. I think I recollect your name; as one who left this place some time ago in my father's vessel, and bound for Holland."

"I did; and, until then, she who is now affianced to you was mine own,—ay, mine! Look not so incredulously. From our infancy almost, or ere we could lisp affection from our tongues, Mary Adamson and Harry Graham were inseparable. But that cursed love of gold hath blasted ours; we have been separated, and, perhaps, for ever. I will not blame *her*; I blame my own rashness more. She has been hardly dealt with—deceitfully dealt with——"

"Hold, sir!" said Vander Bloemen, his eyes lighting up, and distended with rage.

"Not by you," replied Harry Graham; "I blame you not; I know all, and I was too rash. I pray you pardon me, in that I charged you with any share in this deceit. But let me, I pray you, proceed. 'Tis better now that the whole should be told. By one of those inscrutable but retributive dispensations which in this life proclaim the unceasing control of an all-wise Providence, George Adamson, not very long after his landing, was attacked by a fatal disorder. I heard of the arrival and illness of a countryman; I sought his dwelling in a narrow, unhealthy part of the city; but little did I expect to find in the dying man the father of her whom I once loved above all earthly objects. Never shall I forget his look of horror, when he saw me leaning over his couch. He was evidently dying; every symptom be-

tokened that a few days only, if not hours, might close his earthly career.

"Harry Graham," said he, struggling for breath, and gasping as though in great agony, "Oh, leave me; I do not deserve your pity—your aid; and yet," he added, with surprising energy, "I am glad that I can make confession ere I die,—some atonement for my guilt, my deception." I bent over him, fearful to lose one word; but he was now exhausted, and it was only after long intervals that he was enabled to communicate the following details.

"You recollect," continued he, "a packet which you despatched by some private hand to England, and which you particularly requested might be given into my daughter's hand by Craggs, the exciseman, whom you strictly charged to return the answer he might receive. I suppose he was an old confidential friend of yours; and this answer was to be forwarded as secretly as possible, by the first conveyance, to you, at Rotterdam. I learned from Dick Ireby that a package had been delivered from you to the exciseman, for my daughter. Dick saw it given into his hands, and heard the message, though it was but a whisper in his ear. It was night when he set out from Staithes, where I happened to be; and I determined to get the package into my possession, fearful it might blow up all my schemes, should the correspondence be continued, and confirm my unhappy child in her obstinacy. I had set my heart on her marriage with the son of that wealthy old Dutchman, Fynkel Vander Bloemen, as it would have given me a great lift with my contraband trade, and have afforded me a safe and ready asylum, had matters turned out cross and disastrous. I followed Craggs up the hill, and civilly asked him if he would let me deliver the letter to my daughter. He refused; at the same time making use of some silly speech which I did not like. High words ensued; still I kept him company, until we came to where the road runs close upon the edge of the cliff. I was just before him, and here I turned round, telling him that I'd have the parcel, or we must try which was the stronger. He replied, drawing out a pistol—for he was a little in liquor—that, if I did not move on, he would either shoot me or fling me over the cliff. I was not the man to be daunted with such

threats; and, as I was armed too, I pulled out my own, bidding him fire, if he durst. Instead of drawing back, as I expected, he made a desperate push to get hold of my pistol. As he laid hands on it, by his own rash and desperate deed, as I must ere long answer for my offence, he touched the trigger, and the contents went at once to his heart. He fell, without a word, or even a groan. I knew not what to do. His own pistol was yet in his hand, when, as I bent down to examine the wound, it went off, and I narrowly escaped the shot. I was desperately afraid lest I should be found in this terrible plight, and I determined to hide the body; I, however, took care to get possession of your letter for Mary, so that, if the carcass were found, it might tell no tales. This done, I hurled him over the cliff. The blood I carefully scraped away, and wandered about a long time before I went home. Lest, however, some discovery should take place, I determined to return in the ship with Vander Bloemen, which, luckily enough, was obliged to set sail immediately, and quite unexpectedly, on some matter of importance. I determined to come back the next trip, if I could do it with safety. It was very late when I went home to fetch a few articles I thought I should want during my sojourn here. My daughter was gone to bed; but in her little work-room below I saw she had left the jet beads you gave her. She had put them carefully by in a small box, which I opened, recollecting that they would be of great use to me in my designs to break off your engagement. You remember my seeing you, and how you took the news I brought from my daughter. I told you false when I said that she had received and read your letter of explanation, wherein you expressed great sorrow for your cruel and abrupt departure, and unjust suspicions. I told you that your vows of attachment were useless, after what had passed; and she desired you would consider all correspondence with her at an end, being determined not to open any more letters on the subject. To shew this, I said she had returned the keepsake you gave her, at the same time requesting whatsoever you might have of hers in return. I believe I told you that she was about to be married to young Vander Bloemen; and that,

however sorry I might be at the strange and uncertain nature of woman's fancies, yet I would not forbid, but let her satisfy her own whims. As she would not open any more of your letters, I begged you would write to me, and inclose it with the package you might have in return. I went back with the next cargo, understanding that all danger was over. But, how just are the ways of Providence! when we fancy we are walking in our own steps, we are but fulfilling the purpose He has marked out. While every means I took was intended to evade the just punishment of my offence, they were the very cause of my detection. Shortly after my return, I was taken, and sent to prison; nor could I clear myself, I knew, without telling the truth, and thus, no doubt, preventing the marriage of Vander Bloemen with my daughter. I knew not what to do; but Vander Bloemen himself found means to effect my escape. Again I left for this coast; but, ere I departed, I sent by him a last injunction to my daughter, beseeching her that, as she valued her own honour, and was wishful to wipe off her father's disgrace, with as little delay as possible, she would become his wife: till that was done, I could not clear myself from the foul charge against me, but must remain an exile from my country. When the marriage had taken place, I assured her that I would immediately return, and prove my innocence; but circumstances, of which, she was ignorant, prevented it before."

"Judge my dismay at this harrowing recital. At the conclusion, the old man sunk exhausted on his pillow, and I thought his last breath was heaving. But he lived, and only lived, to sign a short document, stating the facts in this unfortunate affair with the excise-man. On that same day, he rendered up his trust; and, may Heaven have forgiven him the misery and misfortune he has occasioned!"

"Amen!" said Vander Bloemen, who turned to hide the emotion he was too proud to betray.

"I anxiously inquired the time when the marriage might be expected; but he could not tell. He urged my immediate departure, if possible, and said he should die happier, if he thought his confession would avail to prevent the further irremediable misery his own avarice had already brought on

his offspring. That very evening I went aboard a vessel bound for Whitby, and a few hours only have elapsed since I landed. My errand is now done,—the rest remains with Miss Adamson and yourself."

"Tis well that the first communication has been made to me," said Vander Bloemen. With a frank and generous avowal, he took the hand of him whom he now learned was his rival, and, it might be, his adversary.

"I wish I had known it before. But the generous-hearted girl would not make me unhappy. She knew that a father's honour, and perhaps his life, depended on her acquiescence, and she determined to make the sacrifice, and even to wreath a garland on her brow as she was led a victim. Now, do not interrupt, nor attempt to persuade me from my folly, if such it be; I will not, dare not, see her again. I should, may be, rue, or I might feel harder beset, and even disqualified for my duty; and so, good bye! and may

that Power which has so wonderfully interposed, bless and protect you!"

Saying this, the noble-minded, but unfortunate, lover rushed from the door; and with one rapid glance, and a wave of the hand, he was out of sight, ere a word could be uttered by his astonished rival.

The rest is soon told. When the secret is out, the adventure is soon concluded.

When the days of mourning were ended, Mary Adamson was a glad some bride; and Mary Graham, in after years, the mother of a pretty numerous offspring, who lived long to recite their parents' history, and to bear witness to the happiness they enjoyed. The cliff is still as we have described it, and the bench—all there, as depicted in our story; and a visit thither, and to the little fishing hamlet below, would amply repay any curious reader, both for the toils of wading through these pages, and for those incident to so rude a journey.

FOX'S BOOK OF MARTYRS.*

THE celebrated martyrologist, whose works are the subject of our present article, has the following observations on the press:—

"Hereby tongues are known, knowledge groweth, judgment increaseth, books are dispersed, the Scripture is seen, the doctors be read, stars be opened, times compared, truth discerned, falsehood detected, and, with finger pointed, and all through the benefit of printing. Wherefore, I suppose that either the pope must abolish printing, or seek a new world to reign over; or else, as this world standeth, printing will doubtless abolish him. But the pope and all his college of cardinals must this understand, that, through the light of printing, the world beginneth now to have eyes to see and heads to judge. He cannot walk so invisibly in a net but he will be spied; and, although through might he stopped the mouth of John Huss before, and of Jerome, that they might not preach, thinking to make his kingdom sure; yet, in-

stead of John Huss and others, God hath opened the press to preach, whose voice the pope is never able to stop, with all the power of his triple crown. By this printing, as by gift of tongues, and as by the singular organ of the Holy Spirit, the doctrine of the Gospel soundeth to all nations and countries under Heaven, and what God revealeth unto one man is dispersed to many, and what is known to our nation is open to all."

The pious martyrologist conceived that every one would make as good use of the press as he did himself; and, with this impression on his mind, and with a high but just estimate of its powers, he anticipated the day when it would pour forth upon the man of sin successive torrents of argument, and eloquence, and truth, that would sweep away the Vatican and all its battlements. We have sanguine hopes respecting the energies and ultimate achievements of the press, but, we

* *Acts and Monuments of John Fox.* With a Preliminary Dissertation by the Rev. George Townsend, M.A., Prebendary of Durham, and Vicar of Northallerton, Yorkshire; and edited by the Rev. S. R. Cattley, M.A. of Queen's College, Cambridge, Rector of Bagthorp, Norfolk. With Woodcuts, Portrait, Memoir, &c., and dedicated by permission, to His Majesty William IV. London. Vol. II. Seeley & Co.

believe, that before its triumphs can come, the Devil, and Infidelity, and Popery, and the other subordinate shapes of Liberalism and Radicalism which they assume, must be driven away from it, and Christianity and sound Conservative principles occupy their place, there to wield those powers that may be employed for good or for evil. It is painful to think that so many evil and destructive spirits bestride the press at the present hour, directing its strength against the fear of God, the advancement of the Church, and the perpetuity and peace of our native country. These first contaminate, and then subject; they generate a spurious and depraved taste, and then minister to its cravings. There are the Sunday Radical papers, vomiting forth their hebdomadal abominations; there is the unstamped trash, chiefly encouraged by the lowest in fidelity of the lowest grades of society; and, according to the statements of the January Number of the *Catholicon*, a Roman Catholic Magazine, two of the most notorious at least, of the daily papers are enlivened by the editorial lucubrations of Papists. At p. 12, of this Popish periodical, we have these words,—“The *Morning Chronicle*, moving in a truly splendid career at the head of the metropolitan papers, enjoys the co-operation of a Catholic gentleman, of great talent, of extensive information, and ready command of language. The gentleman to whom we allude, is Mr. Quin.” This is the same gentleman who has entered into partnership with O’Connell and Dr. Wiseman, and embarked in the editorship of the *Dublin Review*.

“The *True Sun*,” continues the magazine, “is, we understand, under the direction of Mr. Dias Santos.” At such a crisis in the press, and its productions, when Popery threatens to subjugate the power it dreads, and to turn to its own aggrandisement and defence that very machine, which it laboured, by foul and fair means, to crush and expatriate from the world, it does appear most appropriate and important, that such a child of the Protestant press (for the press is of Protestant and not of Popish origin) as the *Acts and Monuments of Fox*, should make its appearance. Its entrance is that of a Samson among the Philistines. The faithful testimonies contained in the volumes of this first and most laborious of all martyrologists, will do more

to demonstrate the anti-scriptural, intolerant, and persecuting principles of Popery, than all the ingenious arguments and clear deductions of the ablest champions of Protestantism. The scenes which Fox describes—the tragedies he records, from personal observation, to have been acted upon them—the names of the holy men whom the servants of Popery murdered—the principles of liberty at which the emissaries of Rome aimed their deadliest blows—the truths of Heaven, which they thought to burn in the fires that consumed the teachers; and the Bibles they tried to bury in the grave that contained the ashes of the martyr,—are powerfully fitted to rally the Protestant recollections of Britain, and to awaken within our bosoms those at present dormant feelings which, in other days, preceded the most hallowed triumphs, and introduced our fathers and their children to “happy homes and altars free.” These volumes are the faithful registers of the doings of the Church of Rome—the imperishable proofs of that sanguinary and intolerant spirit which has waged war with the immunities of mankind—made our country an Aceldama, and attempted, in its mad and rebellious outbreaks, to dethrone the Almighty, and exterminate his commands and his people from the earth.

We do think that an accessible edition of Fox was loudly called for, on several accounts. The original shape in which *Fox's Martyrs* appeared, was in Latin, bearing the following title,—*Commentarii Rerum in Ecclesiâ gestarum, a Wiclefi Temporibus usque ad Annum M.D. 8vo. Argentorati, 1554.*

A much larger volume made its appearance five years after this, bearing title and date as follows,—*Rerum in Ecclesiâ gestarum, maximarumque per Europam Persecutionum, ac sanctorum Dei Martyrum Commentarii. In folio. Basilæ, 1559.* Nearly four years after the appearance of this second edition, one Henry Pantaleon published likewise at Basle a continuation of the martyrology of Fox, which appears to have been incorporated with the subsequent editions of the *Acts and Monuments*. We do not know in what collection or catalogue the first edition is now to be found. The second edition is in the Bodleian, and, we believe, in the Lichfield Cathedral Library also.

According to the most accurate au-

thorities, Fox was employed as a corrector of the press at Basle; and, during his intervals of respite, he collected and prepared this great work.

The probable date of the first English edition of the *Acts and Monuments* is 1563, as Dr. Dibdin thinks. Its title is as follows:—*Acts and Monuments of these latter and perilous days, touching matters of the Church, wherein are comprehended and described the great persecutions and horrible troubles that have been wrought and practised by the Romish Prelates, especially in this realm of England and Scotland, from the year of our Lord a thousand, unto the time now present. Gathered and collected, according to the true copies and writings certificatory; as well of the parties themselves that suffered; as also out of the Bishops' registers, which were the doers thereof.* By John Foxe. Lond. 1562-3. From the press of John Day.

The second edition of Fox appeared in two volumes folio, in 1570, printed by Day, with considerable additional matter, and evidently better digested than the former. Besides several cuts not found in the first edition, it contains an index. There is also in this edition a woodcut of the printer, a mark of respect shewn to the professors of this art not usual in the 16th century.

The third edition appeared in 1576, with the following title:—*The first volume of Ecclesiastical History.—The Sufferings of the Martyrs. Newly recognised and enlarged by the author, J. Foxe.* 2 vols. folio. 1576. There is a little additional matter in this edition also.

The fourth edition, of which the present is a reprint, made its appearance in 1583, in two volumes, under the following title:—*Acts and Monuments of matters most special and memorable happening in the Church, with an universal history of the same, wherein is set forth at large the whole race and course of the Church, from the primitive age to these latter times of ours, with the bloody times, horrible troubles, and great persecutions against the true martyrs of Christ, sought and wrought as well by heathen emperors, and now lately practised by Romish prelates, especially in this realm of England and Scotland. Newly revised, and now the fourth time again published.* By John Foxe. 1583. This edition is found in the Bodleian library.

The last edition of the 16th century

appeared in 1596, entitled, *Acts and Monuments of matters happening to the Church, &c. now again, as it was recognised by the author, Master John Foxe. The fifth time newly imprinted, anno 1596.* All these editions of the 16th century appeared in black letter; and it was not till the close of the 17th century that an edition was published in the Roman character, 3 vols. folio, bearing date 1684.

We have enumerated the successive editions of the great martyrologist, partly to convey a correct idea of the progress and development of the thought first suggested to the mind of Fox at Basle, and partly to shew, what needs no demonstration, the great popularity of the work in the earlier days of our history. Upwards of twenty editions had appeared before the commencement of the 17th century, thus bearing testimony to the strong but just fears that our forefathers entertained of the spread and contagion of Popery, should the recollections of its past doings be obliterated from the minds of the people. Fox was, in these days, the safeguard of the Protestants of England; and from reading his unaffected records, that strong British and Protestant spirit was fostered which has since been done, and is fitted to do more to keep down the rampant spirit of Rome, than any acts which the wisdom of the legislature can now devise. When the Revolution came to be fully, and, to all appearance, unchangeably established, and the Hanoverian family and the Protestant Constitution alike inviolable, the nation exulting in the change, and, fearless of other Marian days, began to lose sight of the features of the Church of Rome, and either to imagine her dead—while, like Marius amid the marshes of Minturnæ, she kept up her head, and cherished the hopes as she planned the means of ultimate ascendancy,—or to believe that the bulwarks they had raised around the ark of the Lord, and the glorious political constitution on which it shed forth its glory, were more than adequate to resist all aggression. This security, or slumber, was not unobserved by the wily agents of Rome, and, at the same time, by no means unimproved to their advantage. From the Revolution to the reign of William IV., the priests and bishops of the Popish Church have plied their trade and pushed forward their schemes in this country; and so fatally successful have these men been

in instilling into men's minds that wretched liberalism on which, as on a congenial soil, Popery luxuriates in England; and so remiss have the ministers of the Protestant churches been in firing and fostering the spirit of Protestantism, that, in 1829, a vast body of the Protestant people clamoured for, and Protestant Lords and Commoners (oh, what a falling-off was here!) conceded what we must regard as the death-blow of our once noble Constitution, the Roman Catholic Emancipation Act. Concession after concession has naturally followed this: the endowment of Popery in the colonies—the countenance of Popery in Ireland, to the very verge of recognising it as one of the Ecclesiastical establishments of Britain, and the gratifying of that organ of Rome—that filthy mouth-piece of filthy priests,—“The Big Beggarman” of the Emerald Isle, are pregnant epitomes of the doings of our recent administrations. There is now little hope, humanly speaking, that Popery will be kept down by legislative enactments, because the high vantage ground on which we could do so is reft away from us. The battle must now be fought on other fields. We must recur to the means that Fox and his immediate successors employed, and endeavour to raise in the hearts of the people of this realm, that hatred to the death of the dogmas of the Church of Rome, which made the tongues of our fathers eloquent, and nerved their right arms with almost superhuman strength. The facts embodied in the martyrology of Fox, and the feelings which these facts awakened in the bosoms of the Protestants of the period immediately prior to the Revolution of 1688, were, under God, the mainstay which the country possessed against the enactments of Rome; and who can say that the exhibition of these principles in all their atrocity, as contained in the authoritative documents illustrated during the ascendancy of Popery, and faithfully recorded by Fox, will not raise in men's minds a rampart against the progress of the anti-social doctrines of that creed, which will prove more effective and abiding than rescripts and acts of parliament? If Fox's *Martyrs* were deemed a superfluous addition to the libraries in which it had, before that time, occupied a prominent place on the elevation of William, the representative of Protestantism, in 1688, surely—now that the

Revolution principles have been broken in upon, and are further assailed by Popish demagogues, abetted by atheistic revolutionists; now that Popery, elated with the elevation to which she has risen, is seeking to grasp in her talons the altar, the Bible, the throne,—the *Acts and Monuments* must be felt to be doubly necessary, and worthy of a place in every Briton's library, and of a perusal by the cottage “ingle,” and amid the family group of every peasant. The *Acts and Monuments of Fox* are fountains out of which we have a pressing call to draw largely at the present day.

The first English edition was dedicated to William, our noble deliverer from Popish tyranny; and there is something more than accidental in the fact, that the splendid and accurate edition now on our table is DEDICATED TO WILLIAM IV.; A PROOF, WE TRUST, OF THE PROTESTANT SPIRIT OF OUR MOST GRACIOUS KING, AND AN OPEN EVIDENCE OF HIS CONVICTION, THAT PROTESTANTISM IS THAT ONLY ELIXIR IN WHICH THE LIBERTIES OF BRITAIN CAN BE PRESERVED. It is an unequivocal declaration to the inhabitants of this great empire, that Protestantism placed the sires of his majesty upon the British throne, and that, by the maintenance of that scriptural and pure faith alone can their royal descendants wield the sceptre and wear the crown of the widest and most powerful nation that the sun ever shone upon. The gracious permission to have the *Acts and Monuments of Fox* dedicated to his majesty, is the *imprimatur* of royalty, that the people of this country need to be reminded of what their liberties and their immunities cost their Protestant fathers, and of what principles and of what cruelty that system is made up, toward which there are arising so many and so painful partialities, even among those whose knowledge of history (if they feel history any thing better than an old almanac) ought to induce them to shrink from encouraging the aggrandisement of the Papal power, as they would from wooing “the pestilence that walketh in darkness, or the destruction that wasteth at noonday.” We do trust that this patronage of almost forgotten Fox—this elevation of that faithful chronicler to the high places of our country, is a fruit of principles already fostered where they were but too far forsaken.

There are not a few objections which have been mooted already, and will be again brought forward, against the resuscitation of the spirit, and the excavation of the records of Fox. It will be regarded as the lighting-up of extinguished feuds, the introduction to the community of days and scenes better buried in oblivion, and the exasperation of sect against sect, and party against party. If the Roman Catholic Church has, in its corporate capacity, publicly abjured the principles that led to the practices recorded by Fox, then this appeal to events repented of and solemnly abandoned, is alike unchristian and inexpedient. To rake up crimes that have been buried amid the tears of the criminals, renounced and abhorred, is to act a most inhuman part. Repentance and restoration are the utmost we can demand. To be dissatisfied with these, is to be cruel and unreasonable. But if the Church of Rome has not, in sackcloth and in ashes, declared that, had she been in the days of the fathers, she would have acted far otherwise; if she has neither expunged the principles her canons contained, nor repented of the practices her children were guilty of prior to the days of Fox, then to confront her with her own doings, and to apprise Protestants of her yet unmitigated cruelties, is neither uncharitable nor unchristian.

Before we have finished our remarks on Fox, and the forthcoming edition, we shall take care to establish the unchanged and unextinguished ferocity of the Church of Rome, by a series of facts as painful to the feelings as they are conclusive to the judgment; and these will do more to vindicate the republication of Fox than any arguments yet introduced on the subject. One admirable effect of this republication must be the excitement of a spirit of stronger attachment to our national blessings and religious privileges, seeing them handed down to us at the expenditure of life, and the sacrifice of all sublunary blessings.

"If," said the Rev. H. Melville, at the meeting of the Protestants of London, for the relief of the Irish clergy; "If I could call up to your view martyrs and confessors; if I could crowd this building with the forms of those who, in bygone days, made a rampart with their bodies against the encroachments of Popery, with what awe and veneration would you gaze on the noble

company. How would you gather, from beholding Crammer, and Ridley, and Latimer, fresh ardour in withstanding a religion which gave to the flames so illustrious a group. I know that the memory of martyrs wakes the pulse of a holy indignation; and that the breathing of their names, like the trumpet-peal of a righteous war, sends the throb of a high resolve throughout this assembly." The spectacle supposed by the reverend orator, and regarded as likely to inspire so much of zeal for truth and antipathy to error, is positively realised in the work before us. The sanguinary persecutors, insatiable in their murderous thirst, implacable in their hatred, and asserting or believing that they had mercy's seal to murderous deeds, and that Heaven sanctioned the fires that consumed its children, and dishonoured its cause, are set before us on the one hand; and the patience of the saints, the unearthly meekness of the martyr as he was tied to the stake, and the firmness with which he advocated truth, and the rich consolations by which he was sustained amid the pangs of his mortal agony, are distinctly submitted to our view in the other: and the impressions that must arise from the blended spectacles, cannot but operate powerful and salutary results. The following short narrative, from the pages of our author, is a case in point. The only crime was reading God's word; and the awarded punishment, the following refinement on human cruelty.

"In the days of Henry VII., 1506, in the diocese of Lincoln, in Buckinghamshire (William Smith being at that time bishop of the diocese), one William Tylsworth was burned in Amersham, in a close called Stanley; at which one Joan Clark, being a married woman, which was the only daughter of the said William Tylsworth, and a faithful woman, was compelled, with her own hands, to set fire to her dear father; and, at the same time, her husband did penance at her father's burning, and bare a fagot. The cause was, that they would talk against superstition, and were desirous to hear and read the Scriptures." This is but one among a thousand equally fiendish exhibitions of the character of Popery.

It is well known, perhaps, to the generality of Protestants, that the Papists have had recourse to every expedient, from the exposed and exploded falsehood, to the wiles and

inventive wickedness of Jesuitry, to blacken the memory and disprove the narratives of Fox. Harding, the antagonist of Jewel, was one of the most desperate and determined assailants of his veracity. He says,—“ There have not so many thousands of your brethren been burned for heresy in these last twenty years as ye pretend; and this is the chief argument ye make in all that huge dunghill of your stinking martyrs, which ye have entitled *Acts and Monuments*.” Such is a specimen of the chaste terms in which a Popish Jesuit introduces his arguments on this head. With this compare the clear and pungent appeal put by Bishop Jewel to the recollections and the conscience of his adversary: “ Ye have imprisoned your brethren; ye have stript them naked; ye have scourged them with rods; ye have burned their hands and arms with flaming torches; ye have famished them; ye have drowned them; ye have summoned them, being dead, to appear before you; ye have taken up their buried carcasses and burned them; ye have thrown them out into the dunghill; ye took a poor babe, newly born, and, in a most cruel and barbarous manuer, threw him into the fire. All these things are true: they are no lies. *The eyes and consciences of thousands can witness to your doings.* Ye slew your brethren so cruelly, not for murder or robbery, or any other grievous crime they had committed, but only that they trusted in the living God.”

And again, adds the bishop,—“ The worst word that proceeded from them was, ‘ O Lord, forgive them, they know not what they do; Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.’ In the meanwhile ye stood by, and delighted your eyes with the sight. *Oh, Mr. Harding! your conscience knoweth these be no lies.* They are written in the eyes and hearts of many thousands. These be the marks of your religion. Oh, what reckoning will ye yield, when so much innocent blood will be required at your hand!” Long after the Hardings, *et hoc genus omne*, had been withered into a contemptuous grave by the holy and honest facts of Fox, and the argumentative appeals of Jewel, a race of kindred spirits, imbued with the principles of Harding, but clothed in the garb of liberality and love, after the prescriptions of a subtle policy, have appeared to stem the reviving principles of Fox, and the increasing attachment to our

national privileges, and the Protestant basis, on which alone they can flourish and endure. Among these, Lingard, and Milner, and Murray, hold a prominent place. The Popish historian maintains, with an effrontery we should marvel at, did it not come from the pen of a Papist, that “ Mary was one of the best of the English princesses;” and Milner, in his *End of Controversy*, backs the historian in these words, “ that Cranmer, and others of the Protestants, were consigned to the flames because they had been guilty of high treason; that Fox is a liar, and not to be believed even when he speaks the truth; that to call a man one of Fox’s society, is become the same as to call him a rogue.” And while the Popish writers have pronounced the martyrs of Fox, in the days especially of Mary, to have been rogues, they have endeavoured to shew that the Popish miscreants that were hanged for their crimes were all saints. Every vile Jesuit traitor, hanged in the days of Elizabeth, for endeavouring to overturn the government, and resuscitate the spirit of Mary, is chronicled at Rome as a martyr; and every Protestant, who was burned in the reign of that bloody princess, for reading God’s word, is set down as having met with his desert. The Papists who were condemned by Elizabeth, were condemned, not for their Popery, but for *perjury and treason*, openly and by indictment; whereas the Protestants, that were inhumanly butchered in the reign of Mary, were thus visited ostensibly and openly for their *religion*. During the last few years of the tyranny of Mary, it is recorded that TWO HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-FIVE were burned at the stake, and that upwards of FOUR HUNDRED suffered various tortures, ending in death, in consequence of their attachment to truth, their reading the word of God, and their hatred of the abominations and the superstitions of Popery. Every subsequent investigation has served to cast additional credibility on the writings of Fox. The personal and patient examination of living witnesses, on the part of the martyrologist, on his return to England, after the death of Mary; his careful investigation of every accessible record; his correspondence with Grindal, marked by so much sincerity and anxiety to record the truth, and nothing but the truth; his well-weighed evidences, received from eye-witnesses; and his

"... Quæque ipsa miserrima vidi,
Et quorum pars magna fui,"

in reference to other portions of his history: all combine to elevate our author to the rank of a faithful narrator of facts as they actually were, and to pour reputation on the attempts of interested Papists to blacken his memory and detract from the weight of his evidence. "He was a person," says Neale, in his *History of the Puritans*, "of indefatigable labour and industry, and an exile for religion in Queen Mary's days; he spent all his time abroad in compiling the *Acts and Monuments*, which were published first in Latin, and afterwards, when he returned to his native country, with enlargements: *vast was the pains he took* in searching records and collecting materials for his work; and such was its esteem, that it was ordered to be set up in all the parish churches in England." "No books," adds the same author, "ever gave such a mortal wound to Popery as this." It has been sometimes objected to the writings and records of Fox, that he displays frequently great warmth of temper, which leads him to speak in strong language, not always, it is asserted, consistent with truth. To this we have but one reply, that the bitter persecutions which the historian witnessed, and the indignation that must have been awakened within him at the spectacle, are adequate and natural reasons for strong expression; and as to the truth of his records, no subsequent evidence has touched his testimony or impugned his veracity. Fox is hated by the partisans of Rome, as a matter of course; yet Fox is not the only chronicler of the cruelties of that system. The censorship of books, the *Index Librorum Prohibitorum*, is still in existence. So is the bull of Leo X., full of virulent and murderous anathemas against the Reformers, beginning "*Exurge Deus*," &c. The historical fact concerning this pope is known to all, that while he proscribed the reading of God's word, he prescribed the perusal of the profanest parts of Ariosto. The bull in *Cana Domini* is read every Maunday Thursday at Rome. The following words are in the oath taken by Dr. Murray of Dublin, and every bishop of the Church of Rome:—"Hereticos (non hæresim), schismaticos, et rebelles eidem domino nostro, scilicet Papæ, vel successoribus prædictis pro posse persequar et impugnabo." *Dg-*

minus Dens is lying on our table, with a dedication to the Most Rev. Dr. Murray, with the *imprimatur* of the same archbishop, and with the living and the dead illustrations of the practical nature of Dens' lessons in the parsonages and in the graves of the Protestant clergy. But we must reserve a few seasonable remarks on this head, till some more of the martyrologist's narratives make their appearance. In the meantime, it looks like the doing of Him who precipitates the wicked into their own pit, that just after Dens had been dragged to light, instigating to murder and proscription, under the archiepiscopal, episcopal, and clerical seals of the Irish portion of the Church of Rome, honest Fox should just peep out of his retreat to confront him. Could we conceive these two leading men,—leading in their respective walks,—to meet together and interchange a few words, the conversation might be in this way:—

Dens. Good morning, Master Fox; you and I have met in remarkable times.

Fox. Very remarkable; you want a register-general for your exploits in Ireland, I presume.

Dens. A liberal age this, else you would not be suffered to run at large. I merely hint, *et verbum sat sapienti*, if Lord John Russell, or Melbourne, or O'Connell, or Murray, catch you by the hip, they will feed fat the ancient grudge they bear you.

Fox. Ay, and so there are Protestants that disbelieve me, or profess to do so. It used not to be so with all the Russells; but I understand you have been busy in Ireland, and that your orders are in that island executed with amazing alacrity; and here I am to register the doings of the 19th century, as I have honestly done those of its predecessors.

Dens. It is this register of yours that we deprecate. We want to work in a quiet way, leaving no gravestones and epitaphs for our victims, but such as have appended the infallible *permissu superiorum* from Rome. My anathema on all the Seeleys, the vile resurrectionists that they are.

Fox. You need not fear truth, Master Dens.

Dens. Truth! we stuck her in the index long ago. We all detest her, as much as O'Sullivan or M'Chee.

Fox. Liberty of the press?

Dens. We speak as you speak on that head; but we mean differently.

Fox. The march of intellect?

Dens. We mean by that the march of Popery.

Fox. The majesty of the people?

Dens. We mean by that doing what I bid Dr. Murray — what he bids the priests — what they bid the people.

Fox. The 19th century?

Dens. You cannot have read Lord John's last, wherein he demonstrates, *pro virili parti*, the absurdity of binding the 19th century by the chains of the 17th, or any of its parents. For our part, we came to the conclusion in our last conclave, and at the arrangement of our last *Ordo Dominum Dens sequentes*, that our only hope in this same century, is the continuance of Melbourne and Co. in power. If by "Rents," O'Connell, and Justice, and National, we can manage to keep the "friends of the people" in power for a couple of years, we expect then to have Ireland to ourselves; and I pledge myself, quite in a friendly way, that if you, Master Fox, or any of the same genus, set foot on the Emerald Isle, there will be fire and fagot at Derrynane, resirvous enough to add your name to the rest of your martyrs. Moreover, on such a consummation, we mean to make Ireland a sort of outpost to the pope, and an intervening semaphore, in order that assaults may be sustained against the heretics of England, and intelligence of our success transmitted to Rome.

Fox. Would you burn Dr. Whately?

Dens. When we have done with him.

Fox. Would you injure after this the Whigs, that helped you to ascendancy?

Dens. Crush them, like reptiles, by St. Mary, and all the saints!

Fox. What would you do with Archdeacon Magee, Dr. Cook, Robert McGhee, and O'Sullivan?

Dens. Read my treatise *De Virtutibus*.

Fox. Would you favour O'Connell?

Dens. Canonise him! embalm him! assign a day for him in the Missal, provided he continue an obedient boy to the Church.

Fox. What would you propose for the editor of the *Times*?

Dens. Turn to the biography of Huss; read Dr. McCrie's account of the Inquisition; burn his leaders; quarter the editor. Oh, for his head between my grinders!

Fox. The *Standard* — the *Herald*?

Dens. Turn, or burn.

Fox. The *Chronicle* — the *Globe*, and the rest of the Rads?

Dens. Make them wrapping-paper for popes' bulls, or wadding, or fuel for burning heretics, — thanks to their honours.

Fox. Seeley's shop?

Dens. We have plenty of Guy Fawkes' in Ireland.

Fox. His majesty the king, God bless him?

Dens. Winds, and waves, and birds, have ears: we have dethroned heretical kings before now.

Fox. Summary work, Domine Dens; what would you do with *Fraser's* Oliver Yorke, Sir Morgan, and the whole train?

Dens. Order Father Prout to do penance for his too great freedom of utterance; make over the editorship to one or more joints of the "Tail;" and get Dr. Murray appointed to the censorship of articles, with an additional salary of 1000*l.* per annum.

Fox. A perfect revolution! But really, to be candid, I am anxious to give a history of the practical developement of your principles in Ireland, and to demonstrate that I am wanted in the present day. Will you meet me at *Fraser's* during the sitting of the House?

Dens. No objection to hear you, at least. I cannot prevent you making your martyrology of the 19th century as public as that of those that have gone before it, in the confounded age when the Church is chained. I may as well hear you, as I may be able to make a few suggestions.

Fox. Your address, Mr. Dens?

Dens. At his grace the most rev. Dr. Murray's, Mountjoy Square, Dublin.

Fox. By post, or private hand?

Dens. Get a frank from O'Connell.

We intend to hear Fox's martyrology of the 19th century, by occupying a secret corner in Mr. *Fraser's*. We shall then be prepared to meet the charges brought against us for sanctioning the recollections of past and obsolete days. We have said, and do now assert, that nothing can be more seasonable than the re-appearance of Fox, to teach us what the Church of Rome has been and what she is, in her creeds and canons unrepealed and unrepented of; and nothing will be more demonstrative of the claims of the Church of Rome to the character, *semper eadem*, unchanged and unchangeable, than an-

other Fox's martyrology of the 19th century.

The second volume of this national production is now on our table; the first, which contains the preface, biography, &c. being postponed to a later period in the issue of the work. It is well got-up, sold at a reasonable rate, and worthy of the respectable and Protestant publishers under whose auspices it has appeared. We are, naturally enough, anxious to see the preliminary dissertation by Mr. Townsend; but patiently await its appearance. We only regret that the orthography and texture of words and sentences have been occasionally altered and transposed. This injures the authenticity of this valuable work to a greater extent than we could desire. An exact reprint would have been more to our taste. We wish, also, the editor had taken the trouble to refer more to original writers, and less to mere compilers. Neither Stockdale nor Mosheim are sufficient authority,

if their referees can be had. Many of the original woodcuts are very curious, and we hope they will be accurately copied. The finest impressions of these, in any of the old editions which have come under our notice, are found in a folio edition, published in the last century, by Dr. Wright, and dedicated also to the king. We would strongly recommend the publishers to transmit a copy of the work to the library of the Royal College of Maynooth, to the titular archbishop of Dublin, and to the honourable member for Kilkenny. More money has often been wasted for worse purposes. It would be a return of the compliments of the season, Dens having been strongly recommended by his patron to all learned men. But we leave the interchange in the hands of Messrs. Secley on the one side, and Mr. Coyne on the other, as publishers alone are likely to be best acquainted with the courtesies of the craft.

BLUE FRIAR PLEASANTRIES.

NO. I.—A SCENE IN TICKLEBROOK CHURCH.

INTRODUCTORY.

"I feel now the future in the instant."—SHAKESPEARE.

It is well known (but the anecdote is good enough to be again repeated) that the attempt once made to stimulate an Irishman's ambition by a reference to posthumous fame, was met by the reply, "Why should I do any thing for posterity? Posterity never did any thing for me."

The Blue Friars, however, who have an equal power with Macbeth's witches to look into futurity, are by no means in the Irishman's case; for, unless they are much mistaken, they clearly see, as a thing already done, what posterity will do for them, and are duly grateful.

Their modesty will not suffer them to transcribe all that the discriminating critic of the future is pleased to say in their eulogy; but they are amused with his speculations as to the origin and nature of the brotherhood, and as to the who and what of the blue brothers individually.

The B. F.'s, therefore, saying nothing themselves on these heads, are content to let posterity speak for them; and, accordingly, posterity thus speaks:—

"*Researches concerning the Monastic Orders of Great Britain, from the earliest times until the final extinction of the celebrated Order of Blue Friars, in the nineteenth century. Dated 2836.*"

(Extracts from pages 406, 410, and 411.)

"About this time—one thousand years back—we first hear of that order of wisdom, wit, and good fellowship, whose members were the authors of those volumes of *pleasantry*, which are among the most val—

times, ancient ~~or~~ modern."

The foregoing hiatus supplies the place of pages 407, 8, and 9, which are replete with commendations not to be hoped for from contemporary critics. The antiquarian thus proceeds:—

"The origin of the Blue Order is involved in obscurity; though writers have been found determinate in the belief that it was forest-born with Robin Hood and his merry men. The reader will instantly see an objection to this in the fact of Robin's having been a *green*—and not a *blue*—man; but even this discrepancy is met with an explanation by Professor Grubdust, whose hypothesis chiefly rests on what he imagines to be a true decipherment of the monastic seal, still fortunately preserved to us, and a copy of which is here adjoined.



indicate the ferocity of their high-way maraudings, and the fun of their indoor revelries),—that the "ngs nostraque" denotes their corporate interests, and that the clasped hands mean nothing more than "honour among thieves,"—that they *were* green brothers, until the dissolution of monasteries in the time of Harry the Eighth, after which they became blue—because they had good reason to look so. The professor further believes, that with the change of their coats they also changed the habit of their minds, and subsequently became mere innocent freebooters in the whims and oddities of humanity, the fruits of their gatherings being now before the world in their volume of "Pleasantries."

Professor Mustyhead reads the seal differently, and gives it as his opinion, that the blue brothers have never been false to the colours which they originally nailed to their mast; that, although exclusive as it respects their monasticism, they were philanthropic in regard to the practical good which emanated therefrom; and that they could alternately chatter with the magpie or philosophise with the owl. "Then," says he, "look at the double-headed crest, with 'cinnamon and ginger' in the one face, and wisdom and water-gruel in its fellow—exemplifying that exact medley of jollity and asceticism which should distinguish every mortal, who, with good cause to be merry to-day, can yet say, with Mercutio, 'ask for me to-morrow, and you'll (perhaps) find me a *grave* man.'" The four mysterious letters are translated by Mustyhead into Wisdom, Hilarity, Innocence, and Noodledum,—shewing how the wise, the happy, and the innocent, may consistently indulge in a few occasional freaks of fantasy not exactly appertaining to the philosophy of mind. Professor Threadbare supports an opinion, that W. H. I. N. are the initials of Will, Harry, Jack, and Nathaniel; but with less reason than he might adduce in proof that they stand for Wine, Harico, Jelly, and Nutcrackers. Others incline to the belief, that the four letters are the initials of the founders' names; and, certes, as they say, B. F. may signify *Brothers Four* as well as *Blue Friars*. But B. F. may also signify *Brothers Fifty*,—leaving us to conclude that the fraternity is of heathen origin, being descended from the fifty sons of Ægyptus, who got their throats cut—"all save one"—by marrying the Danaides.

For our own parts, we incline to believe that they comprised a *fraternity* which associated under the patronage of "two-headed Janus," by whom they swore, as the merry Gratiano instructed them; and that they held themselves free to laugh at a jest, without caring a whit whether Nestor deemed it laughable or not: that they were in the habit of holding periodical conclaves, when, under

the invigorating influence of the wassail-bowl, each brother delivered an essay on men, manners, and things; and that from the collection of papers thus made, were subsequently selected those which we now possess under the title of

"BLUE PRIAR PLEASANTIES."

Concerning the individuals who comprised the fraternity, we know little more than is to be gathered from the signatures of those whose contributions have been published to the world. These are observed to be as follow:—*Herrick* (the cardinal), *Tuck* (the prior), *Locke* (sub-prior), *Bacon*, *Somno*, *Prism*, *Glastonbury*, and *Roger* (sacristan). Of these, *Tuck*, *Locke*, *Roger*, and *Bacon* are, on two occasions, alluded to as "*the four*" distinct from the others,—leaving us to imagine that the fraternity at one time consisted of these only, and, at all events, making it certain that *they* were contemporaneous.

In *Locke's* poem of the "*Bridal Banquet*" we have the following:—

"Such glist'ning eyes and habits gay
As on this Hymeneal day
Have sure been seen by few:
The bravest knight and fairest dame
Were seen to head the line; then came
A hundred guests of honoured fame,
And four, at last, of worthiest name,—
God bless the Brothers Blue!"

Again:—

"The twain are gone—my song is o'er,—
The guests have parted—save *the four*:
They entered last of all the rout—
They'll be the last to vanish out;
For, ere they go, they must unthrottle
The neck of many a balsam-bottle,
And spice with many a joke their liquor,
And sing 'a fido for the vicar.'
And if, when Sol the morn shall greet,
They're found not on the banquet-seat,
With caps and noses red,
Then look below upon the ground,
And if they may not there be found
'Tis like they're gone to bed.
And so, good night, Sir Prior Blue,—
Roger, Bacon, Locke, adieu!"

Whether these were the *original* or the *surviving* "*four*," must be left open to discussion, together with a variety of other indications which may be gathered from a careful perusal of the *B. F. Miscellany*. It is, however, clearly ascertained, that at one happy period of the monastery's existence the celebrated *Charles Mathews* (who stood *alone* in the comic department of the drama) was its most distinguished member. This fact is expressly recorded in a sketch of the last days of the Hogarthian actor, penned by one of his Blue Brothers, and first issued to the world by *James Fraser*, of well-beloved memory, under the title of '*My Acquaintance with the late Charles Mathews*.'* His actual name not appearing among the autograph signatures, leaves us to presume that the brethren, on their admission into blue orders, were invested with certain cognominations independent of those given to them by their godfathers and godmothers; nor is it improbable that '*Brother Prism*' was no other than the monastic appellation of the *prismatic* minded *Mathews*, through whom, as an optical medium, the world saw itself in all its multiformity."

We are content to let the foregoing stand as it is. There is "no offence in it," at least. Perhaps our contemporary readers will regard it as "much ado about nothing;" nor will we hazard the chance of making that "*much*" more.

From our Cerulean Cell, this 15th January, 1837.

LOCKE.

* See No. 75. March, 1836.

A SCENE IN TICKLEBROOK CHURCH.

"Bottom. I have an exposition of sleep come upon me."

Midsummer Night's Dream.

DURING a short tour in the month of July 1830, I became weather-bound one Saturday afternoon in the pleasant little village of Ticklebrook, and was compelled to throw myself for a day or two on the tender mercies of mine host of the Pig and Blunderbuss. It was desperately hot—the sky "pall'd in the dunnest smoke of hell"—the barometer and thermometer at variance, and on the most "distant terms"—the result of the whole being a thunder-shower, which might have passed muster with Noah for a sucking deluge; on the termination of which I was glad to escape from that catacomb of spit-toons, saw-dust, and defunct *bakky pipes*, ycleped by courtesy "the best parlour," to the more satisfactory-atmosphere of the neighbouring church-yard. The only visible tenant of this place, besides myself, was a huge he-goat, who appeared to be nuzzling among the tombs, as if endeavouring to awake to companionship the ghost of some departed bachelor of the "anti-Malthusian club;" when, perceiving me, and fancying, perhaps, that I might be the said Malthus, or Miss Martineau in unwhisperables, he approached with such indubitable symptoms of hostility, that I was under the necessity of *rebutting* his attacks with the *butt* end of my horse-whip. The exterior of the church wore a character of antiquity, which bespoke my curiosity for a further investigation; but, from the height of the windows on one side, and the dirty opacity of the glass on the other, I was obliged to defer the internal survey until the morrow. On returning to the parlour of "mine inn," "taking his ease" in the chair which I had recently vacated, was a respectably dressed, unctuous little personage, whose latitude and longitude presented the same relative proportions as those usually bestowed on a collar of brawn—the resemblance thereunto being still further maintained in the mottled lustre of his visage. This worthy lay coiled up, like a hedgehog, in the extreme recesses of the capacious chair, and proclaimed triumphantly through his nasal trumpet the victory he had achieved over the cares of this world. Being somewhat tired myself, I left

him to the society of Morpheus and his empty rummer, and soon tumbled into bed, to the mutual annoyance of myself and a prolific colony of fleas, whose claim to the title of "industrious" was amply established on various parts of my body corporate during the night. Having taken summary vengeance on some score or so of these *fleabottomists*, I descended to breakfast to the tune of the matin chimies; and in due time repaired to the church, where accommodation was proffered me by a well-to-do looking family, evidently of some note in the village, from the spacious seat in baize and brass bedight, and the stalwart build of their prayer-books. Almost in a line with my *locute*, on the opposite side of the aisle, was a large aristocratic-looking pew, unoccupied, save by sundry scarlet cushions of estimable plumpness, and corner pillows to match, right portly in dimension. The service had proceeded to the end of the first lesson, and I was speculating with myself to what magnate of the land this luxurious chapel of ease might appertain, when a bustle in the aisle immediately leading to it interrupted my cogitations, and, lo!

"Like some infernal demon sent,
Red from his penal element,
To plague and to pollute the air"—

or, rather, like a twelve-inch globe, in "flame-coloured taffeta"—appeared the burnished frontispiece of the very worthy whom I left snoring on the previous evening in the parlour of the Pig and Blunderbuss. That he was a "stranger," was evident from the inquiring glances he shot off in quest of a seat; yet nobody "took him in." Either the pews in his immediate vicinity were already occupied, or the proprietors of any chance vacancies manifested no great alacrity in seeking a nearer contact with this little *ignis fatuus*. In this dilemma his eye at length lighted on the gorgeous vacuum before-mentioned; and, entertaining, with Dame Nature, a charitable abhorrence for such a state, he made for the open door, and without more ado trundled his pogy periphery into the snugest corner of the pew, and appropriated a brace of the well-

stuffed pillows for the especial solace of his dorsal extremities. Here he nestled like a mouse in a meal-tub, and, if I mistake not, slept, until aroused by the pulmonary efforts of the choir and congregation in giving due effect to the old 100th Psalm. However, at the singing he stood up, and, moreover, paid decorous observance to the established ritual during the communion service, and the succeeding psalm. But scarcely had the latter "tumult dwindled to a calm," ere his loins were again consigned to the soothing embraces of cushion and pillow—his hands, linked together, reposed in affectionate guardianship on his ample diaphragm—his lobster-like eyeballs "paled their ineffectual fires"—the lids flickered like an expiring rushlight—and he gradually merged into a state of total oblivion, with the startling text, "Awake, thou that sleepest!" for his lullaby. In spite of the zeal and eloquence of the preacher, which were of no common order, I could not prevent my attention ever and anon swerving from the subject of the discourse to the insensate lump of mortality in the opposite pew; more especially as the recollection of his last night's nasal powers begat a nervous apprehension lest a similar performance should subject his present untimely eclipse to a public rebuke from the pulpit. My anxiety, however, on this head, was speedily diverted to an object which threatened an interruption of more formidable character. In consequence of the excessive heat of the weather, some of the doors of the church were necessarily left open during the service. Now, whether it was that he only meditated a retreat from the fervour of the noonday sun, or that he was compelled to seek the shelter of the sacred edifice from the wanton annoyances of certain profane loiterers in the churchyard, I know not; but certain it is that my bearded enemy of the previous evening, the he-goat before noticed, made his appearance in the porch, immediately within my ken; and after executing a prefatory *pus seul*, not strictly of the Taglioni school, he gradually insinuated himself through the aisle, until he came directly opposite the open pew occupied by the unconscious contemner of the text. Here he planted himself, and deliberately surveyed our sleeping hero with a curious attention. Naturalists,

learned in the domestic economy of these animals, assert that they are, for the most part, of a headstrong disposition, and much given to warfare among themselves; and, moreover, that their signal for battle is invariably conveyed by three nods of the head. How far this is worthy of credit, I am unable to verify beyond the instance now narrating. Howbeit, the immediate object of the goat's contemplation had by this time taken a far journey into "the Land of Nod," and soon acknowledged the attention of the animal by a bow of jollying profundity. Billy, as if perceiving some indefinite symptoms of capriciousness about him, answered it with a short nod of defiance; a second declension of the head met with a similar response; and the third dip had scarcely reached zero ere the challenge was accepted by the goat, who, lowering his horns, rushed *full butt* through the doorway, and pitched into his supposed antagonist in a style which would not have disgraced the palmiest days of Cribb or Game Chicken. In a few moments after "the collision," the church was in an universal uproar. The seat-door was closed on the combatants; and our hero, thus unceremoniously recalled to his senses, and a half consciousness of the scene of his delinquency, verily believed himself delivered over as a prey to the archfiend in person. In the extremity of his fear he seized one of the pillows, which he brandished as a shield, and the which at the next onset became fixed on the horns of the enemy. In this state, an energetic kick deposited the latter in the opposite corner of the **pew**, where our little man pelted him with prayer-books, bibles, pillows, hymn-books, hassocks, and every other extempore piece of ammunition within his reach. After which, in a paroxysm of bewilderment, he scrambled into and over some half score of seats and pews with the agility of a chimpanzee, bolted like a blazing meteor through the nearest doorway, and finally effected a lodgment in his bed-room, at the Pig and Blunderbuss, in a state little short of insanity.

On my return to the inn, some two hours after this extraordinary exhibition, I demanded from the waiter what had become of the gentleman who had played so conspicuous a part in it, and learned that he had not yet left his apartment. Considering the state

of excitement in which he must have entered it, this seemed to me somewhat odd ; and I could not help entertaining vague conjectures that a sense of shame, consequent on his recent *exposé*, had driven him to commit some act of desperation on his own person. However, as I had no right to meddle with the affairs of a perfect stranger, I suppressed my suspicions, and paid my respects to a rump steak and magnum of port, with the orthodox zeal of a true Blue Friar. At length, as the evening closed in, and I sat ruminating on the past occurrences of the day, my former anxieties returned ; and, learning from the waiter that the gentleman was *still* in his bed-room, and had not yet ordered dinner, I ventured to suggest to that functionary the propriety of ascertaining the real state of the case by a personal application at the door of the said dormitory. In this expedition I offered to bear him company, and be alone responsible for thus violating the privacy of the recluse. I might have spared myself this latter work of supererogation ; for no sooner had we reached the chamber, and the ear of my companion approached the key-hole, than the listening contraction of his face dilated to a most expansive self-laudatory grin, as he exclaimed, " I'm blowed if I didn't think so—he's at it again, snoring away like a bass-viol. I neverd see no sich a varmint for sleeping as that 'ere chap in all my born days. Blest if I don't think he'd sleep in a belfry all through the king's birth-day ! But here comes master—he'll tell ye all about the gentleman."

From the landlord I gathered, that the party in question had arrived by the London coach some few days before ; and, after taking a hasty dinner, retired to bed, desiring to be called at eight o'clock the next morning : that at the hour appointed, to the repeated vociferations of the waiter, " 'Tis past eight, zur," accompanied by a furious cannonading on the door-panel, no sort of notice was vouchsafed by the inmate : that a forcible entry was therefore

deemed expedient, when, to the consternation of the assembled besiegers, our little hero was discovered seated at the foot of the bed, bolt upright, dead asleep, and in full snore, his left arm embracing one of the pillars with most amatory zeal. In this situation he must evidently have remained through the night, his candle being quite burned out, and the operation of undressing having proceeded no further than the doffing of coat and waistcoat, and one boot and stocking—the boot-jack being still attached to the heel of the other foot. The single " Hollands bottom" recorded against him in the bar-book, quashed the rising suspicion of intoxication as the cause of his outrageous nap ; although this might reasonably have been entertained from the cool manner of his informing the waiter, who awoke him after no very gentle fashion, that " he thought he would have his *tea* now, and go to bed, as he felt somewhat tired from his journey." At length, however, conviction of the real state of affairs stared him in the face, and he stammered out some incoherent apologies for his apparently extraordinary conduct—that it had been an infirmity with him since his birth—and he was constantly being betrayed by it into the most awkward situations. This was all the landlord knew of him ; but, connected as it was with his luckless contretemps in the church, it begat an interest about him, which determined me on taking the earliest opportunity of making his acquaintance, and ascertaining a little more of his history. On descending to my breakfast the next morning, I discovered, to my mortification, that he had contrived to get the start of me, and was off again by the London coach,—a ticket, which had escaped from his carpet-bag, being the only clue to the mysteries of the " local habitation and the name" of this scion of the " Seven Sound Sleepers ;" and which afforded the satisfactory evidence of the said bag belonging to " S. B., passenger."

ROGER.

THE DIVER.

BALLAD.—TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER, BY EGERTON WEBBE.

“**BEHOLD!** into this boiling grave
 A golden cup I cast!
 What ho! brave hearts! is there knight or knave
 Dares plunge him now in the whirlpool vast?
 Down the black throat the goblet’s gone—
 Whoso shall save it—it is his own.”

Spoke the king, and from where he stood
 The goblet he swift did throw,
 From the towering crag that o’erhung the flood,
 Into the howling gulf below.

“What heart so daring? I ask again,—
 What heart so great among all my men?”

They heard the king—the knights, the knaves,—
 Heard;—but with arms afold
 Mutely they glared at the rampant waves,
 And coveted not the drowning gold.
 And again the king:—“This prize to win—
 Is there none,” he cried, “that adventures in?”

And still there was silence on every side;
 When a youth from the ranks among
 Of the cowering vassals, steep in pride,
 And his mantle away and his girdle flung:
 And knights and ladies with looks amazed,
 On that youth of a noble aspect gazed.

And as from the edge of the frowning cape
 His eyes o’er the deep he threw,
 Charybdis strong, from her horrid lap,
 Flung back the waters foaming new:
 With a noise like thunder they rushing are;
 With a noise like thunder that’s heard afar.

And they bubble and boil, and they hiss and roar,
 As when water with fire hath met;
 And flood over flood they plash and pour,
 ’Till the broad face of heaven with foam is wet.
 And still of that tempest no end can be—
 For still of a sea is born a sea.

Yet calmer awhile is the sea around:—
 ’Mid the milk of those billows spent,
 Opens a gulf,—night-black, profound,
 As though to the roots of hell it went.
 And a thousand billows have left the morn,
 Down that dark foaming crater borne.

Now, quick, ere the waters shall back be driven,
 The youth he hath mutter’d a prayer:
 Oh! a cry of amazement goes up to heaven!—
 The whirlpool is seizing—hath seized him!—there,
 In its terrible jaws hath it toss’d him o’er;
 And now the brave swimmer can none see more.

And the ocean slept to the hollow sound
 Of Charybdis’ whirling bell:
 And from mouth to mouth the word went round,—
 “High-hearted youth—alas, farewell!”
 And hollower still, and deeper fell,
 The sound of Charybdis’ whirling bell.

And were it thy crown thou threwest in,
 And saidst thou,—“ Who bringeth the crown,
 He with my crown shall my kingdom win,”—
 Unequal the prize yet to tempt me down.
 Oh! never a soul returned to tell
 That which the dark gulf hideth well.

Many the brave ship gone to wrack,
 Drawn in that fatal tide;
 Keel and mast flew shiver'd back,
 And nothing escap'd a grave beside.
 But hark!—wheeling nearer and nearer still,
 Like the voice of the coming storm, whistling shrill;

It bubbles and boils, and it hisses and roars,
 As when water with fire hath met;
 And flood over flood it splashes and pours,
 Till the broad face of heaven with foam is wet.
 Like the sound of thunder its rushings are;
 Like the sound of thunder that's heard afar.

And see! in the dark tide labouring,
 What raises itself swan-white?
 An arm and a neck, fair glistening,—
 And seas fall back before human might.
 'Tis he! 'tis he!—and his hand is up,
 And he waveth aloft the golden cup!

And he breathed long, and he breathed deep,
 And he hailed the blessed sky:
 All hearts for him with rejoicing leap,
 All voices are greeting him with outcry;
 Saying, “ He lives!—he hath conquered death!—
 He hath 'scaped from the brawling hell beneath!”

He comes; glad numbers his way prepare;
 At the feet of the king he falls:
 Kneeling presenteth the goblet there,
 And the king to his lovely daughter calls,
 Who chargeth the cup to its golden mouth.
 Then thus to the king that noble youth:—

“ Long life to the king!—rejoice who dwell
 In the rosy light above!
 But, oh! beneath—it is terrible;
 And the Gods have secrets man must not prove.
 What they graciously screen with terror and night—
 Oh! never of that desire a sight.

“ Like a flash from heaven was my downward course,
 Till met by the counter tide,
 Rushing enormous from its vast source,
 Far in a cleft rock's aching side.
 There, as a top, all helplessly,
 I spun in the folds of a double sea.

“ To God in my highest need I cried;
 And straight was seen, where hung
 In the 'mid ocean, reaching wide,
 A coral reef;—thereto I clung.
 And embedded there, lo! the goblet lay,
 That else had plung'd, and plung'd, for aye.

“ For below—all round—the mountainous deep,
 Lay stretch'd in purple night;

To the ear no sound—eternal sleep—
 But to the shock'd eye many a sight :—
 Salamanders, and serpents, and dragons fell,
 Bestirr'd themselves in the jaws of hell.

“ Darkly did crawl, and obscenely twine,
 Each fish without a grace ;
 Armed roach, and the haberdine,
 And foul Zygæna's horrid face.
 And that grim sea-wolf, the prowling shark—
 Prowl'd with his bared tusks thro' the dark.*

“ And my thoughts were of human things, as I hung
 In the depths of the ocean drear,
 The only warm-feeling breast, among
 Spectres, and monsters, and shapes of fear.
 I thought of the light and the air above,
 And of human voices, and human love.

“ Just then, lo ! I turned, and I saw a beast
 Urging a hundred joints ;—
 Instant, with frantic dread oppress,
 Have I quitted my hold on the coral points !
 Instant am borne by the torrent away !—
 But, oh ! 'tis to life, and the warm, warm day.”

The king he heard, and much wondered he,
 And, “ The goblet is thine,” he said ;—

“ And now, behold, I bequeath to thee,
 With costliest jewels fair bespread,
 This ring,—if again thou'lt the ocean range,
 And bring me report yet of sights more strange.”

But the daughter wept, for her heart was sore,
 And thus she her pain declared :

“ Oh, father, this terrible sport give o'er,
 The youth he hath done what none other dared ;
 And if in your breast such a passion raves,
 'Twere but fair that the knights now shame the knaves.”

There seized he the goblet—that king severe—
 And into the gulf flung straight ;

“ Place me once more but that goblet here,
 And in all my court shall be none so great ;
 And thou shalt embrace for thy wife, I vow,
 Her that would plead for thee even now.”

Then a heavenly strength seized all the soul
 Of that youth, and his eyes made dart
 Heroical fire ; a glance he stole—

Saw the dear love of that tender heart,
 Her pallid cheek, and her failing breath,—
 Saw it—and plung'd for life or death.

Still heard is the torrent, still pours the black tide,
 And its coming in thunder is told ;
 And the eye of sweet love looketh far and wide,
 And the waters are rushing a hundred fold,
 And over and over they plash and pour ;
 But the youth—he returneth never more. .

* For fishy horrors, the curious reader is requested to look at the incomparable catalogue *raisonnée* of Spenser, in the *Fairy Queen*, book 2, cant. xii. v. 22, et seq.

DRESS, DANDIES, FASHION, &c.*

It is amusing to walk down Regent street in the height of the London season, and see the changes that each year produces in the costume of the promenaders; to speculate on the impression the fashions of the day would produce on the minds of the beaux of a century back; and think how insignificant the close-cropped, plain-coated, trousered dandies that we meet, would appear in the eyes of those "trim gallants, full of courtship and state," that figured on the stage of life in all the magnificence of cocked hats, flowing wigs, embroidered coats, ruffles, shorts, swords, powder, and trunk hose.

Looking back to the reign of Charles I., we cannot perceive any greater change in our national characteristics, than what has taken place in the dress and appearance of an English gentleman. Less than two centuries will place us in the days of Vandyke, a period ever considered most felicitous in elegance of costume; and though it is our intention to deal more with later years, yet, it may not be amiss to commence with a sketch of the costume of a gallant cavalier, during those times, and trace from thence the changes down to the present day.

"It consisted," says the *History of British Costume*, p. 284., "of a doublet of silk, satin, or velvet, with large loose sleeves, slashed up the front; the collar covered by a falling band of the richest point lace, with that peculiar edging now called Vandyke; a short cloak was worn carelessly on one shoulder. The long breeches, fingered or pointed, as we have already mentioned, met the tops of the wide boots, which were, also, ruffled with lace or lawn. A broad leafed Flemish braver hat, with a rich hat-band and plume of feathers, was set on one side the head, and a Spanish rapier, hung from a most magnificent baldric or sword-belt, worn sashwise over the right shoulder. The doublet of silk or velvet was frequently exchanged, in these troublesome times, for a buff coat, which was richly laced, and sometimes embroidered with gold and silver, and enriched by a broad silk or satin scarf, tied in a large bow, either behind or

over the hip, in which case, the short cloak was, perhaps, dispensed with—in some instances, the buff jerkin without sleeves was worn over the doublet.

* * * * *

"The beard was worn very peaked, with small upturned moustaches; the hair long in the neck, and sometimes, it should seem, powdered."

With Charles II. commenced the corruption and decline of the Vandyke costume. "The doublet was made exceedingly short (p. 295), open in front, without any under waistcoat, and displaying a rich shirt, which bulged out from it over the waistband of the loose breeches, which, as well as the large full sleeves, were exceedingly ornamented with points and ribands. Beneath the knee hung long drooping lace ruffles, and the falling collar of lace, with a high-crowned hat and plume of feathers, still preserved some of its old gallant cavalier character. But the fashions of the court of Louis XIV. of France, soon found their way across the water to 'Whitehall Stairs,' and the servile imitation of the courtiers of the Grande Monarque, gave rise to that absurd and detestable monstrosity, a periwig. His majesty, it appears, when a little boy, had remarkably beautiful hair, which hung in long waving curls upon his shoulders; and the courtiers, out of compliment to their young sovereign, had heads of false hair made to imitate his natural locks, which obtained the name of peruke. When the king grew up, he returned the compliment by adopting the article himself; and the peruke speedily lodged upon the heads and shoulders of all the gentlemen of England, under the corrupted appellation of a periwig. 'Misfortunes never come singly,' says the proverb: so extraordinary a head-dress as the periwig demanded a different covering to the high-crowned hat or broad-leafed Spanish sombrero. Down went the crown, and up went the brims at the sides; a row of feathers was placed round it in lieu of the chivalric plume; and the first approach was made to the cocked hats of the eighteenth century."

About the middle of the seventeenth

* *History of British Costume*, published under the superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. Knight, London.

Five Minutes' Remarks on Gentlemen's Dress. John Nichols, London.

century, petticoat breeches and long stockings, made very wide at the top, and fastened to the breeches by ribands, were introduced from France; and in 1659, Holmes gives us the following description of a gentleman's dress. "A short-waisted doublet and petticoat breeches, the lining being lower than the breeches, is tied above the knees; the breeches are ornamented with ribands up to the pocket, and half their breadth upon the thigh; the waistband is set about with ribands, and the shirt hanging out over them."

Toward the conclusion of Charles II.'s reign, the doublet, or jacket, was elongated to the middle of the thigh, with sleeves to the elbows, terminated by ribands, from under which, bulged forth the sleeves of the shirt, ruffled and adorned in a similar manner. Thus the doublet became transformed into a coat; and, in an inventory of apparel provided for his majesty, in 1679, we find a complete suit of one material, under the present designation of "coat, waistcoat, and breeches." Neckcloths were worn towards the close of this reign.

The reigns of William and Mary were productive of little change in costume; a variation in the adjustment of the petticoat breeches and stockings, which were drawn up to the middle of the thigh, being about the only one. The periwig increased, and we learn, that it was the fashion for beaux to comb them publicly, with the same air that a modern exquisite twirls his moustaches. The broad brims of the hats, too, began to be turned up in a variety of "cocks," as they were styled, and some wore feathers and ribands in them. * In No. 319 of the *Spectator*, we find a lady complaining that her lover changed the form and style of his wig, and cock of his hat, so often, as to assume a new face almost every day during the first month of their courtship; and that a beau, wearing a mixed feather, had lured away a female friend, who took him for an officer of the guards, but who proved to be an "arrant linen-draper."

"Square-cut coats (p. 311), and long-flapped waistcoats with pockets in them, the latter meeting the stockings, still drawn up over the knee so high as to entirely conceal the breeches, but gartered below it; large hanging cuffs and lace ruffles; the skirts of the coats stiffened out with wire or buck-

ram, from between which, passed the hilt of the sword, deprived of the broad and splendid belt in which it swung in the preceding reign; blue or scarlet silk stockings, with gold or silver clocks; lace neckcloths; square-toed short-quartered shoes, with high red heels and small buckles; very long and formally curled perukes, black riding wigs, bag wigs, and night-cap wigs; small three-cornered hats, laced with gold and silver galloon, and sometimes trimmed with feathers,—composed the habit of the noblemen and gentlemen during the reigns of Queen Anne and George the First."

Sir Roger de Coverley, in discussing of the changes in fashion among the portraits of his ancestors, points out one, whom he designates as "a soft gentleman," with small buttons, little boots, laces and slashes about his coat, who, he said, would sign a deed that passed away half his estate with his gloves on, and yet, would not put on his hat before a lady, if it were to save his country; and, in the forty-eighth number of the *Spectator*, we find the old beau describing himself as "mounted in high-heeled shoes, with glazed wax leather insteps." In the *Tuller* of June 1709, red-heeled shoes are mentioned as "essential parts of the habit belonging to the order of smart fellows;" and in a postscript to an advertisement of Mr. Tiptoe's dancing school, in the 180th number, it is observed, that dancing shoes not exceeding four inches in height at the heel, and periwigs not exceeding three feet in length, were carried gratis in the box of the coach that conveyed the pupils to and fro. In the inventory of a fop's effects, seized to defray the expenses of his interment, there were found in a large glass case, containing the linen and clothes of the deceased, two embroidered suits, a pocket perspective, "dozen pair of red-heeled shoes, three pair of red silk stockings, and an amber-headed cane. The contents of his "strong box," would lead us to infer, that he had expended his means in the most necessary articles for maintaining the appearance of "his order;" for it only produced five *billets doux*, a Bath shilling, a crooked sixpence, a silk garter, a lock of hair, and three broken fans!

Will Sprightly, the Brummell or D'Orsay of those days, mentioned the silver-clocked stocking, in a dissertation

on the mode of introducing a fashion, or "striking a bold stroke," as it was called. Will says, that the tailors, when they took measure of them, used to inquire, "whether they would have a plain suit, or strike a bold stroke." "I think," says Will, "I may without vanity say, that I have struck some of the boldest and most successful strokes of any man in Great Britain. I was the first that struck the long pocket two years since; I was, likewise, the author of the frosted button, which, when I saw the town came readily into, being resolved to strike while the iron was hot, I produced, much about the same time, the scallop flap, the knotted cravat, and made a fair push for the silver-clocked stocking. A few months after, I brought up the modish jacket, or the coat with loose sleeves. I struck this at first in a plain *daily*, but that failing, I struck it a second time in blue camblet, and repeated the stroke in several kinds of cloth, until at last it took."

Cherry-coloured hoods were, then the fashion among the ladies, and Will threatened to astonish the town with a new dress, part of which was to consist of a cherry-coloured hat, in which he said he should speedily appear at White's. He considered the cherry-coloured hood to be the boldest stroke the sex had struck, for one hundred years then last past.

Fashion, during the early part of the eighteenth century, appears to have been strangely capricious, and furnished ample material for the satirists of the day, who in many instances treated their subjects with ludicrous H.B. felicity. "Country gentlemen" appear always to have fared rather badly at the hands of their fashionable brethren of the town; and we find them censured in several places for wearing red coats, Monmouth cocks, &c.; and there is a description of a "rural squire" in the *Tutler* (No 96), who appeared in the Park with a carriage and behaviour made entirely out of his own head. "He was of a bulk and stature larger than ordinary; had a red coat on, flung open to shew a gay calamanco waistcoat; his periwig fell in a very considerable bush upon each shoulder; his arms naturally swang at an unreasonable distance from his sides, which, with the advantage of a cane that he brandished in a great variety of irregular motions, made it unsafe for any one to

walk within several yards of him. In this manner, he took up the whole Mall, his spectators moving on each side of it, whilst he cocked up his hat, and marched directly for Westminster."

The ingenuity of the fashionables, during the eighteenth century, was principally engaged in altering and devising new cocks for their hats, and forms for their wig. Pigtales were introduced about the middle of it, and some young men wore their own hair profusely powdered. Lord Chesterfield's celebrated letters to his son throw a good deal of light upon the habits and customs of this period. In December 1748, he writes:—"Your dress (as insignificant a thing as dress is in itself) is now become an object worthy of some attention; for I confess, I cannot help forming some opinion of a man's sense and character from his dress; and, I believe, most people do as well as myself. Any affectation whatsoever in dress implies, in my mind, a flaw in the understanding. Most of our young fellows here display some character or other by their dress: some affect the tremendous, and wear a great and finely cocked hat, an enormous sword, a short waistcoat, and a black cravat; these I should be almost tempted to swear the peace against, in my own defence, if I were not convinced that they are but meek asses in lions' skins. Others go in brown frocks, leather breeches, great oaken cudgels in their hands, their hats uncocked, and their hair unpowdered; and imitate grooms, stage-coachmen, and country bumpkins, so well in their outsides, that I do not make the least doubt of their resembling them equally in their insides. A man of sense carefully avoids any particular character in his dress; he is accurately clear for his own sake, but all the rest is for other people's. He dresses, as well and in the same manner, as people of sense and fashion of the place where he is: if he dresses better, as he thinks—that is, more—than they, he is a fop; if he dresses worse, he is unpardonably negligent: but, of the two, I would rather have a young fellow too much, than too little dressed; the excess on that side will wear off with a little age and reflection; but, if he is negligent at twenty, he will be a sloven at forty, and stink at fifty years old. Dress yourself fine where others are fine, and plain where others are plain; but take

care, always, that your clothes are well made, and fit you, for otherwise they will give you a very awkward air."

In May following, we find him writing thus:—"Mr Hearte informs me, that you are clothed in sumptuous apparel: a young fellow should be so, especially abroad, where fine clothes are so generally the fashion. Next to their being fine, they should be well made and worn easily; for a man is only the less genteel for a fine coat, if, in wearing it, he shews a regard for it, and is not as easy in it as if it were a plain one."

We subsequently find his lordship saying, that, "at his age, he does not wear feathers and red heels, but takes care to have his clothes well made, his wig well combed and powdered, his linen and person extremely clean."

A large broad-brimmed hat, called a "kerenhuller," imported from Germany, distinguished the commencement of the reign of George III. "Some," it is said, "had their hats open before like a church-spout, or the scales they weigh flour in; some wore them rather sharper, like the nose of a greyhound; while others wore them with corners, which came over their foreheads, in a direct line pointing into the air."

The turfites of those days had a peculiar hat, edged with gold binding, as may be seen in any of the old paintings by Stubbs, Gilpin, and others. Flareit's letter in the *Connoisseur*, Nov. 7, 1754, about Newmarket, says, "I cannot help telling you, that I was dressed in my blue riding frock with plate buttons, with a leather belt round my waist, my jenny turn-down boots made by Tull, my brown scratch bob, and my hat with the narrow silver lace, cocked in the true sporting taste." This is pretty much the dress now worn by grooms. In 1770, says the author of the *History of British Costume*, "the Nivernois hat was the rage. It was exceedingly small, and the flaps fastened up to the shallow crown, which was seen above them, by hooks and eyes. The corner worn in front was of the old spout or shovel shape, and stiffened out by a wire. Gold-laced hats were again general in 75; and, in 78, were adopted by many, to give them a military and distinguished air, and to escape the press-gangs that were remarkably busy that year."

Cocked hats went down with the French Revolution, though we are un-

able to trace the derivation of the round ones of the present day, that succeeded them. The old three-cornered hat was nicknamed "an Eggham, Staines, and Windsor," from the triangular direction-post to those places, which it was said to resemble. The facetious author of *Geoffrey Gambado* makes his hero lament their disappearance; for he says, "besides the dignity a cocked hat gave to the most unhappy countenance, it was wonderfully useful to equestrians: for if in windy weather the wearer is blinded, in rainy he is deluged, with a round one; whereas one properly cocked, retains the water until he arrives at his baiting-place, and keeps the head (which riding might have heated) agreeably cool; having much the same effect on it that a pan of water has upon a flower-pot." Wigs vanished with the eighteenth century, and are falling into disuse, even among the judges when off the bench. When the full-bottomed ones were abolished for general use in courts of justice, an old author declared, that the laws were degraded, attributing the increase of thievery to it, and insisted that ten men were hung for every inch curtailed in the judge's wig. The transition from the courtly dress of former times to the unpretending costume of the present day, was rapid in the extreme: so much so, indeed, that the owners of the former had not time to wear out their clothes; and at every fancy dress ball, there are abundance of young old belles and beaux, supplied with the proper costume from the wardrobes of their parents or immediate ancestors.

But we must retrograde a little, in order to notice the important period in the fashionable world, when his late majesty shone forth as Prince of Wales. It was about 1780, when he commenced on a scale of magnificence that we never hope to see again. Whatever his late majesty did, was little short of wholesale: whether his fancy led him to patronise the arts or architecture, the turf, jewels, plate, equipage, dress, or what not, he did it upon the most extensive scale. The 30,000*l.* a-year, appropriated for personal expenses, soon proved insufficient; and twice in twelve years, he broke up his establishment, and disposed of his horses, carriages, &c. On the first occasion, twenty grooms paraded his race-horses through the streets up to Tattersall's,

and, in 1792, he had five hundred horses there, of one sort and another. His beautiful phaeton and six, the leaders guided by a diminutive postilion, and the rest driven by himself, will still be in the recollection of some of our readers.

No man could compete with his late majesty in the choice and arrangement of his toilette, or shew off what on another man would have been absolutely ugly, to so much advantage. Whatever he put on became him; and those who remember him in the hey-day of life remember the finest looking man, and the most polished gentleman, in the world. We have him in our mind's eye now, in the well-appointed courtly train gliding up the course on Ascot Heath, returning, with a grace so peculiarly his own, the welcome of his loyal subjects, as they pressed forward in line on either side to greet him, and think we hear the acclamations that rent the air, as he presented himself at the window of the royal stand:—every inch a prince!

He was a great patron of military costume, and one of the latest supporters of hair-powder. It is said, that the Princess of Wales, shortly after their marriage, grievously offended him, by saying that he looked "like a great sergeant-major with his powdered ears."

Sir N. W. Wraxhall, in his *Posthumous Memoirs*, describes a medal that was struck in 1789, to commemorate the appointment of the intended regency, in which his royal highness's side-face appears, "the hair dressed in small curls as then worn, which might easily be mistaken for a tie-wig loosely floating down his back. He wears," he adds, "a coat embroidered at the button-holes, a part of his star just appearing, with a prodigious *jabot* or frill of lace at the breast." The morning costume, at that time, was a frock-coat, leather pantaloons, and Hessian boots with tassels; and it was considered a virtue to have the pantaloons made so excessively tight, that the wearers used to be slung into them by pullies, and had to work their way down by sheer bodily exertion. A fine gentleman in one of Foote's farces, giving orders to his tailor for a pair to be made in the height of the fashion, emphatically observes, "now mind, if I can get into them, I won't have them."

The Hessian boots gave way to very short brownish coloured tops, reaching

about half way up the calf of the leg. Leather pantaloons were still in vogue; and the length of the one, and the shortness of the other, produced the witicism, that the wearers paid "double price for their breeches, and half price for their boots." Gradually the boots lengthened, until, after a large interregnum for the purpose of displaying the pink silk stockings, they finally closed up in the manner they are now worn in the hunting field. Beau Brummell, of immortal fame, who is said to have fed the pampered appetites of his boot-tops on champagne, introduced the rose coloured-ones in lieu of the old brown or mahogany-coloured tops. Nimrod, in his crack riders of England, published in the *New Sporting Magazine*, describes him stepping out of the Duke of Rutland's carriage at the cover side, to mount his well "groomed hunter;" and in an old hunting song of the last century, he is thus portrayed:—

"Beau Brummell! O bless us! how ventures he here,
Delighting our eyes and our noses?
He splashes through ditches, in kersey-
mere breeches,
All streaming with otto of roses."

Very light-coloured coats, the lighter the more fashionable, were the rage in the early part of the present century, and it is only within very recent times that the last of them has disappeared. The X.X. Lord Scarborough used frequently to appear in the Park in what was called a pepper-and-salt one, as did the late Mr. Brandling, M. P. for Northumberland. Shorts, and "continuations," as long gaiters were sometimes denominated, had a run towards the decline of top-boots. Knee-breeches had all this time been gradually falling into disrepute, and trousers had found their way into the opera. The lady-patronesses of Almack's made a stand on behalf of their favourites, which only had the effect of confirming their sentence, and banishing them altogether. They are now seldom seen, except on the persons of a few antiquated peers, butlers, and waiters who "attend parties on the shortest notice." Opera hats expired with shorts, or were degraded into the flat crush hats of the present day.

Loose trousers are said to have been copied from the Cossacks, and Wellington boots bespeak their author: these,

with frock coats, copied from the French, seem acclimated among us. The rage for trousers broke out about 1814, when the "crowned heads" paid their visit to this country, and were a conspicuous article in the costume of the "dandies" that flourished so vigorously about that time. Their dress was quite as absurd as any we have described, without having the redeeming quality of beauty or convenience to recommend it. A dandy may, perhaps, be best described as a being who had not one article of clothing to fit him. Every thing was at variance with nature: his hat was so small, as to look like a child's put on by mistake; and it was perched on a pyramid of hair swept round on either side, protruding over each ear in huge bushy curls. His coat was the most forlorn, starved-looking thing imaginable, for it was small, tight, and scrumpy; the collar was very narrow, and placed at the bottom of the neck, to shew off an immensely wide, stiffly starched, white cravat, which, with very high and equally stiff embroidered shirt-collars, or gills, as they were then called, so completely enthralled the wearer as to make him a prisoner for the rest of the day; for, once "made up," as the saying was, he could only obtain a side view by turning his whole body round. The waist of the coat was placed half way up his shoulders, the buttons being small and close together, from whence protruded a pair of very long, narrow, stiff, swallow-tails, reaching generally below the back of the knee. Some increased the misery of their situation by wearing stays, and having their coats stiffly padded about the breast and at the sides. When Lady Oldtown asked Sir Henry Millington to sit down beside her, the worthy baronet was unable to comply with her request, because he was not on that evening *made* to sit down,—he had only his *standing-up coat* on!

The waistcoat of a dandy was very short, and single-breasted, with a low standing up collar, and generally padded into a pigeon breast, the prevailing colour being buff; the coats blue, with metal buttons—a fashion, by the way, that is just now coming round again. As if in derision of the scantiness of the upper garments, the trousers were most extravagantly wide, but so short that it appeared doubtful whether they

had not been meant to terminate at the knee; and a pair of very long Wellington boots, made so tight at the foot, that the boot-makers used to recommend the wearers to stand in a pool of water a few times prior to bringing them into regular wear, were set off by a pair of very high heels with clanking iron plates, and long ringing steel or brass spurs. It was, also, considered good breeding to be short-sighted, and the exquisite's glass was in constant requisition. The "getting up" of a dandy was a matter of moment, and, being thus pillorised, he was fit for nothing until he was released.

This fashion, too absurd to last, was succeeded by one in the direct contrary extreme. Suddenly, all the swallow-tails and short waists vanished, and long-backed jackets reigned in their stead. It was no unusual sight to see a man enter a dining or a ball-room, cropped so close behind as to look as though he had been in the trap along with the fox that lost its brush. Single-breasted duck-hunters, generally green, brown, or olive colour, were the fashionable morning costume; the trousers were lengthened, and shaped out over the foot. Summer trousers, at this period, were uncommonly gay: broad, pink and blue stripes, the stripes at most respectful distances, were the order of the day; and large double-breasted rolling-collared waistcoats, of a wide diamond pattern, of a similar colour, were worn. White neckcloths yielded to fancy stripes, which gradually became "small by degrees, and beautifully less," until, blues, and reds, and greens, stood forth undisputed masters of the field. After striped trousers, came Russia ducks, bleached and unbleached; but the tailors, foreseeing that their neatness and simplicity would ensure them a long run, prudently introduced a fashion, which, while it could not possibly last, would oblige all who followed it to have a new set at no distant period. To this end, they altered the position of the pockets, placing them on the side of the hip instead of at the top, and puckering the trousers round the waist in large folds, until they "stood off" like those of a Dutch burgomaster. As a necessary consequence, the next step was the abolition of trousers' pockets altogether (no loss to many who had nothing but their hands to put in them),

and the more comely substitution of tight waistbands. Few things have had a more successful run than the Scotch plaid trousers of recent times, unless we except the duffle or Harrington frock coats, which are equally comfortable and popular. It has been said, that with a black stock, a good double-breasted close-buttoning frock, a pair of trousers, and Wellington boots, a man may appear well dressed without another article of clothing on his person.

Dandies and fops have always been ephemeral productions, and the former are now extinct, or sobered down into gentlemanly well-dressed men. Within the last ten years, we have had some stars of considerable lustre in each department, but few survive the trial of three summers. Mr. Ball Hughes, or Mr. Hughes Ball, *alias* "Golden Ball," as he was called, may be mentioned first for his taste in dress, appointments, and equipages. The papers rang with his doings, and he succeeded to the seat of fame then lately vacated by the "fortunate youth." Mr. Ball was a man of exceedingly good taste; and, in whatever he did, he never lost sight of the appearance and character of a gentleman. Coaching was the rage of the day; and those who saw his well-built dark chocolate-coloured coach, with the four white horses, and two neat grooms in brown liveries behind, saw that it was possible for a gentleman to drive four in hand without adopting the dress or manners of a stage-coachman. Mr. Ball was a beautiful dresser; his colours were quiet—chiefly black and white; and he was the only man we ever saw that could carry off a white waistcoat in the morning. He was the introducer of the large black-fronted cravats, which helped to set off this otherwise difficult attire. It is said, that no man is a hero in the eyes of his valet. Mr. Ball was an exception to the rule; for we heard of his valet declaring publicly, at a *table d'hôte* on the Continent, that he was the handsomest man in the place, *except his master*. Mr. Ball has resided for some years in Paris.

Mr. Haine was a contemporary of Ball Hughes, though immeasurably below him in point of taste. He entered life with all the advantages that fortune could bestow, and, for a time, shared the polite attention of the newspapers. He is now remembered as the owner of

a dressing-case that cost 1500*l.*, and the wearer of a pea-green coat in the spring of 1825, which he threatened to wear brown before the autumn of that year. This gentleman, we believe, resides at Brussels.

Mr. Long Wellesley is, also, a man of excellent taste, though he rides in kid gloves, which Brummell used to say, a man should be scouted for doing. He was one of the first of the "turned-back-wristband" gentry, and was rather in the Ball school, substituting a blue frock for a black. His taste in equipages is quite unexceptionable. Mr. Wellesley is also abroad.

Mr. Bailey was a dandy of the butterfly order: he was a patron of bright colours—light-blue coats, coloured silk cravats, fancy waistcoats—and was a warm supporter of nankeen trousers. To have seen him cantering up and down Rotten Row on a summer's evening, on his well-groomed black, perfuming the air as he fanned the flies from the noble creature with the well-scented cambric handkerchief, and to observe his gauze silk stockings, thin pumps, and silver buckles; or to have seen him lounging with folded arms against the door of the crash-room at the opera, his hair hanging in ringlets over his ears, with a waistcoat of pink or blue satin, embroidered with silver or gold, and all his apparel of the finest, gaudiest, and most expensive texture, a stranger would have set him down as the impersonation of a puppy: and yet, he would have been wrong, for Mr. Bailey was a fine manly fellow, and thrashed all the watchmen in Bond Street, single-handed, one night. Still, he was by far the gayest dandy that has been seen about London for years; and, when he reached the end of his tether, and the day of reckoning arrived, the tailors' bills for cashmere trousers, and the mercers', for French cambric shirts, excited the astonishment of the humble-minded jurymen who sat in judgment on the charges. The last time we saw him, he was vegetating on the beach at Ostend.

Count D'Orsay has long been raised to the presidency of fashion's court, by general acclamation. He is a beau of established reputation, having arrived in this country with credentials from half the courts in Europe. We remember him in Paris, the star of the opera, with his blooming bride, on their first arrival from Naples. If we recol-

lect right, he used to wear a full dress suit of rich black velvet, and his equipages and gray horses were at once the envy and the admiration of the Parisians.

We should be doing this great master of the art an injustice, were we to class him as the follower of any school. His changes are so rapid, so numerous, and so complete, that he may be said to be of "all schools, but blindly wed to none." Still, were we to name any particularising feature, we should say, his was the "shew leg" school. Whether he wears the tight white buckskins and patent leather Hessian boots, or the more unassuming trousers, there is always an abundant display of the limb that excited the admiration of Mr. "Penciller Willis." We cannot say that we admire the cut of his coats, which are too broad and fan-tailed for our taste. Count Charles de Moruay, who reigned before Count D'Orsay, essayed to bring them into fashion some few years ago, but gained few followers; and we trust the latter may not be more successful. Still, Count D'Orsay is always beautifully dressed, though his versatility of talent in this line will prevent his leading a fashion, because no one can possibly follow him. We see what he has on to-day, but there is no saying what he may wear on the morrow; so his followers,

"Like the-hindmost chariot-wheel are
 curst,
Still to be near; but never to be first."

Lords Ranelagh, Chesterfield, and Castlereagh, have each figured on the town, and each tired of the trouble of being very smart. Lord Poltimore has excellent taste, both in dress and equipage. Lord Albert Conyngham, is a well-dressed man—so is his brother, the Marquess; and Mr. Sutton promises well. Mr. Reynolds, commonly called Beau Reynolds, has as much taste in dress as any body; and his clothes fit better than most people's. He has all the advantage of height and figure that Bailey possessed, with a soberer taste in his colours. Mr. Charles Jones, brother of the Welsh baronet of that name, is what is regularly called, "well put on."

Mr. Duncombe, M.P. for Finsbury, is one of the best-dressed men of the day. He selects and matches his colours admirably; there is a subdued

richness about every thing he puts on; all harmonises and are in good keeping. His quondam friend, Lord Edward Thynne, is (or was) extremely correct in his costume; and Mr. Horace Claggett has long been celebrated for his taste in dress, horses, &c.

Lord Jersey is at the head of the sporting school of dressers, and has always had a host of imitators. He is regarded as an authority in all matters relating to dress or appointments; and the Jersey hat and Jersey spur are in equal repute. We believe, he introduced the tight-kneed order of trousers. The Duke of Leeds is a very well dressed man; so is the Duke of Dorset, though of the old top-boot school. Col. Lea and Sir Charles Knightley are equally neat and firm in their support of that costume; nor must we omit to mention "old John Warde," the father of foxhunters, who, like Sir Roger de Coverley with his doublet, has worn leathers and boots till they have been in and out of fashion over and over again, and is the last man we know that sports ruffles instead of wristbands. There used to be a breed of swells in the city, great, fat, bluff, tight-dressed fellows; but we think they are all off the *pavé* at present.

Looking at the great change that has taken place within the period we have glanced over, it must, we think, be admitted that, if we have gained in comfort and economy, we have lost in point of beauty, dignity, and elegance of costume. Moreover, the confusion of classes occasioned by the removal of the lines of demarcation in society that dress afforded, is productive of any thing but convenience, or the maintenance of aristocratic pretension. Formerly, a gentleman was known by his clothes; indeed, by the sumptuary laws, his income was almost defined by his dress: now, the only difference between a gentleman and his valet is, that the valet is frequently the better dressed man of the two. Instead of its being necessary for a man to dress in accordance with his station, a new rule has been introduced, which says that, "when a man's character is established, he may wear an old coat." The meeting of the two gentlemen in the theatre, is a happy illustration of the confusion a similarity of dress occasions. Coming from different points, each in a great hurry, one addressed the other with, "Pray, are you

the box-keeper?" "No," replied the other: "are you?"

At the present day, when every man dresses according to his fancy, it is difficult to say what is the fashion; and the silk collars we have lately seen substituted for velvet, the bits of silk that appear on the fronts of the coats, the cut of the cuffs, and the turn of the waistcoat collar, &c., all bespeak the shifts tailors are put to, to devise something to make people get new clothes before their old ones are worn out. Last spring, some bold genius of the craft struck an expensive sort of fancy-button, like Will Sprightly's frosted one of old; but, generally speaking, we should say, the young men of the day incline more to the Tim Dapper than the Will Sprightly school; they are more given to exhibit their fancy in trifles, than to surprise the town by striking "bold strokes." Thus, one is curious in gloves and linen; another, in studs and pins; a third, in shoes: while some delight in jewellery, and shine forth in rings, chains, buttons, and brooches; but, whatever may be their taste or costume, it is quite clear, that there may be as great puppyism in the plainness and simplicity of attire, as in the most gorgeous and pompous apparel. We see it every day in Quakers.

Jewellery is the peculiar province of the ladies, and, like the language of flowers, is capable of great expression. Speaking of these sort of things, an old writer observes, that you may know by the very buckles of a gentleman usher, what degree of friendship any deceased monarch maintained with the court to which he belongs; and trinkets are equally capable of denoting the degree of affection existing between a lover and his mistress.

Considering how generally interested we all are in the matter of dress, it may not be amiss to devote a few words to the economy of the thing. We do not mean to enter into the mysteries of an exquisite's toilette, nor yet to recommend the management of Addison's old beau, who, with 90*l.* a year, and the ambition of being a man of fashion, was sorely put to, to bear the mortality of princes,

and had a new suit of black for one king, turned * it for a second, kept his chamber while it was scoured for a third; and who used to mark his regret for any potentate of small territories, by a new set of buttons on the iron-gray suit, and add a crape hat-band for a prince whose exploits he had admired in the *Gazette*; nor yet the frugality of the two eminent men of Charles I.'s time, who are described as having but one mind, one purse, one chamber, and one hat: but we purpose looking at the question of dress in its homely every-day garb, as it affects the generality of people.

The clothes that a man *really* and truly wants, are very few; all that he gets beyond what are necessary, are got either from caprice or fashion, which, as Shakespeare observes,

"Wears out more apparel than the man."

A man of thirty, or five-and-thirty, will be surprised to look at his tailor's bills when he was twenty or five-and-twenty. The amount is produced by a too rigid adherence to what the tailors pronounce new, or the fashion; the unlimited credit that many take; and the number of bad debts that accumulate on a fashionable tailor's books, which are necessarily distributed among those who pay. We have known many men remain five years on their tailors' books without a dunning; though we think, if the law of arrest was abolished, tailors would be gainers instead of losers: for, at present, it is thought all right and proper to make a tailor suffer; † and, though they are armed with a power in the law of arrest, all respectable ones agree upon the inexpediency of using it. The great economy in dress consists in adhering to one costume, having it well made, and of the best material. Dealing with a respectable, old-established house, is, therefore, indispensably necessary. Still, there is a medium between those who charge for a name, and the advertising tailors, as they are called. We have now before us a bill from a once-celebrated Bond Street tailor, in which a plain black dress coat figures in the following grandiloquent item:—

* An economist of our acquaintance was in the habit of turning his trousers; and one day, by mistake, the servant sent a pair to the tailor's that had already undergone the operation. Complaining of the error, the tailor consoled him by saying, "that one good turn deserved another."

† "Who's the sufferer?"—*Tom and Jerry.*

A superfine black cloth Coat, lappels sewed on, cloth collar, cotton sleeve-linings, velvet hand-facings, embossed edges, and fine wove buttons.....£5 18 0

The neatness with which the amount is made to draw upon six pounds, and yet to leave an impression on the mind that the price was about five, is good, and reminds us of a lady we saw cheapening a yard of riband the other day. The shopman asked one shilling and a penny, which she observed was dear; "Suppose then, inarm, we say *thirteen pence*." The lady took it.

A plain black waistcoat is charged 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*, and a superfine dark olive cloth, Wellington coat, single-breasted, embossed edges, and fine wove buttons, is charged 6*l.* 6*s.*, with 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* for silk sleeve and skirt-linings!

By way of contrast, we will extract the cash prices set out in the *Five Minutes Advice on Gentlemen's Dress*, the sight of which suggested this paper.

Dress Coat, any colour, best	£.	s.	d.
West of England cloths..	3	5	0
Do. do. black or blue, do. do	3	9	0
Frock Coats, any colour, silk linings, do.....	3	18	0
Do. do. black or blue do. do.	4	4	0
Trousers, any colour, kerseymer do. do.	1	12	6
Do. black or blue do.....	1	16	6
Waistcoats do.	0	16	0
Great Coats, waterproof do.	4	8	0
Cloaks, from 3 <i>l.</i> 3 <i>s.</i> , 4 <i>o</i> circular sizes	4	15	0
Riding Habits, best style, from 5 <i>l.</i> to	6	18	0
Court Dresses, &c., &c.			

Despite of what Mr. Bulwer, a man whose "soul is in his clothes," makes Brummel say about Stultz's aiming at making *gentlemen*, not *coats*, we question whether any tailor in town excels that house in workmanship and materials. A Stultz coat is as easy the first day on as the last; and they never fail in places, but wear out fairly and evenly to the end. Jackson, in Cork Street, and Perkins, in Argyle Street, are, also, excellent tailors, and a shade or two lower than Stultz in their prices. Coats made by these men will wear out two of inferior cloth and workmanship, looking well to the last; while, what are termed "cheap coats" are invariably the dearest in the end: they are not good enough to wear, and too good to give away. As to price, we

should say, from comparison of various bills, that for four guineas and a half, with a twelvemonths' credit, or 5*l.* per cent discount for ready money, a man ought to get as good a black dress coat as can be made, and a black surtout *complete*, for from five guineas and a half to six guineas at the utmost; with those made of coloured cloths, cheaper in proportion. The great mischief of tailors is, that they charge for a coat first, and then for the materials in the shape of extras. In the country, of course, prices are much lower; but there is a comfort about a well-made London coat that few people like to dispense with, after having once known it. Indeed, many of the London tailors make periodical visits into the country, for the purpose of "renovating" their customers' "outward men."

Trousers, pantaloons, and breeches, now exercise the talent of distinct *artists*. It is true, that all tailors profess to furnish them; but, if a man once enjoys the luxury of a pair of really well-made ones, he will soon allow, that it is not every one that can make them as they should be. Anderson and Wright, of South Audley street, are considered at the head of this department, and, though their charges appear high at the first glance, yet the excellence of their workmanship, and the lasting, we might almost say, everlasting, quality of their materials, insure them the continuance of a customer. The mention of "unmentionables" reminds us of a curious example of the instability of fashion, evinced in this article of dress, within these few years. "Nimrod, the historian of the chase," writing of the Cheshire (Sir Harry Mainwaring's) hounds in 1825, observed, that there was one peculiarity attending the members of the Cheshire hunt—almost all of them rode in leather breeches. "That they are well adapted to the saddle and for riding long distances," said he, "no one will doubt; but in all other countries, they are accounted dead *slow in the field*:" adding, that "in most countries, 'going the pace' in them, was considered an impossibility." Half-a-dozen years after this was written, saw almost every man pretending to be a sportsman clad in them.

Waistcoats are the indiscriminate productions of tailors and breeches-makers, and afford a wider scope for the display of originality, taste, and

eccentricity in the wearer, than any article of male attire. Bulwer reckons them the most difficult of accomplishment; an opinion to which we by no means subscribe, though they certainly exercise an influence over the rest of the apparel. A dashing waistcoat strikes the eye immediately; a fact that a certain ex-joint of the tail was, so well aware of, that whenever he intended to speak, he used to attire himself in one of such dazzling brilliancy, as to attract the speaker's eye the moment he rose, by which manœuvre he frequently gained possession of the house. A person thus adorned, cannot be passed over without due notice and observation.

Pelham makes Brummell relate, how, at the age of six years, he cut his aunt's best silk petticoat into a waistcoat. Judging from what we have seen in recent years, we should be inclined to think, that some aunts' shawls had shared a similar fate. These have now exploded, and been succeeded by all sorts, principally plaids and dark-grounded spotted ones, in a morning, and beautifully embroidered silk ones in the evening. The ladies are now occupied in flowering shawls for themselves and waistcoats for their favourites. Were it not for the delicate sentiment the tasteful blending of lilies and heartsease with forget-me-nots, &c. is capable of conveying, we should be almost tempted to say a word on behalf of our old favourite, the well-washed, well-starched white.

Waistcoats are good friends to the tailors; for, as the fashion is constantly varying, and the material generally difficult of definition, they are enabled to charge a little for fashion, and a little for curiosity. It is no bad economy to get one now and then from a first-rate maker, and employ a country tailor to follow the pattern; but most of them are above copying, and seem to be of Dr. Johnson's opinion, that "no man ever became great by imitation."

Still, we have had as good waistcoats made in the country, for 10s. or 12s., according to the material, as we have paid 30s. and 35s. for in London. "Our village" tailor charges us 2s. 6d. for making a waistcoat, let the job be ever so "critical," as he calls it. This is good economy; for, independently of the saving, there is a good half-crown's worth of amusement in watching its progress — no small consideration to men of few resources.

The hat is a matter of great moment, inasmuch as nothing alters a person's appearance so much as the shape of his hat. Few men seem aware of this; and follow whatever the hatter tells them is the fashion, without considering whether it becomes them or not. There is no face to which some peculiarly shaped hat is not more becoming than others; and when a man has once ascertained what that is, he should keep to it regardless of the caprice of the day. A good hat, is the only article a man can wear with indifferent clothes, without their suffering by the contrast; indeed, a new one, almost sets off an old coat.

A cheap hat is sad economy; and, strange as it may appear, we do not think it is possible to get a good one out of London. There are hatters in all large towns, who profess to sell those of the best London makers, whose names they fearlessly stamp in the linings, and offer them at *less* than the town price, leaving us to infer, that they live upon the loss sustained by the transaction. A good hat lasts a long time, even at rough work, and when too old for day work, will dress and new line for night wear. Nothing knocks out to pieces so much as hunting in it, or carrying it into crowded rooms. Twenty-eight shillings ready money, ought to get as good a hat as can be made. Jupp is considered about the top of the tree, though the late king used to employ Cator, in Pall Mall. One of the latest acts of his majesty's dandy existence, was striking a "bold stroke" at Ascot Races, in the whitey-brown one with a broad riband, which afterwards graced the brow of the late veteran police-officer, Townsend.

From the head to the foot, from the hat to the shoe — is a natural transition: and we must not conclude without saying a few words on behalf of the feet. If the hat gives the air, so the foot gives the finish to the man, as nothing sets off the *tout ensemble* more, than a neat well-polished boot. Patent leather and French polish now effect this in a superlative degree; and a monkey might literally shave himself by the hoot of a modern exquisite. We think it is rather overdone, and have no doubt that, ere long, we shall return to honest "Day and Martin." Patent leather pumps were introduced at Paris, about the winter of 1828, by the cele-

brated Spanish beau Valdez. When not too bright, they are very excellent things, particularly convenient for travellers, being always bright and ready for wear. The importation of boots and shoes from the Continent is very considerable; but the French leather cannot compete with the English. There is a great economy in new foot-ing boots, which makes them as good as new at two-thirds the expense. In London, boots are charged variously, from 30s. to 2l. 18s. 6d. a pair. Cloth boots are the most sensible introduction of modern times. Top boots are difficult of accomplishment, and it requires great practice to make them properly. Bartley, in Oxford Street, is, perhaps, the most skilful and best maker of the day. A new dress boot, combining the patent leather pump with the silk stocking, is at present the rage, and are very comfortable for winter wear.

Having now traced our subject from early times to the present day, and examined it from top to toe, we will not

dwell longer upon a point that to some may appear trivial and unimportant; though we confess, we incline to Lord Chesterfield's opinion, that ~~dress~~ ^{dress} is a thing that ought not to be wholly neglected. A prepossessing appearance is the best introduction; and it has been well observed, that few things make a man appear more despicable, or more prejudice his hearers against what he is going to offer, than an awkward or pitiful attire; inasmuch, that had ~~Billy~~ ^{Billy} himself pronounced one of his orations with a blanket about his shoulders, more people would have laughed at his dress than have admired his eloquence. A man's appearance falls within the censure of every one that sees him: his talents and learning, very few are judges of.

We are no advocates for puppyism; yet, sooner than see a young man meanly or shabbily attired, we should be tempted to reiterate the words of the old beau, "*Pray, Jack, be a fine gentleman!*"

THE REMEMBRANCES OF A MONTHLY NURSE.

SIGNORA BASSANO.

"WELL, and what do you mean to make the subject of your next narrative, my good madam?" said a friendly critic to me the other day (and they *can* be friendly, I do assure you, notwithstanding nature has given each of them a *nez retroussé*, and a pair of boar's tusks; the nose uplifted for the purpose of scenting out faults, the teeth to tear their prey to pieces withal). "I trust," continued my kind admonisher, "that you do not mean to give us any more *poisoning stories*, like your last; as, really, at this season of the year, we have quite enough to do with our own melancholy climate and constitutions, without having inflicted on us tales of horror and *felo-de-se*."

"My dear sir," said I, "it would give me the greatest pleasure in the world if such tales existed not in real life,—if this portentous record of mine (shewing him my note-book) contained only joyous histories, and the recital of christening fêtes, &c.; but, if I am to draw from *life-models* alone, you must take them as they arise. I can assure you, sir, your intimate friend, Mr. R——, that able and acute re-

viewer (and moreover, a Scotch cousin of mine), threatened to "haul me over the coals," if I detailed any more *birth-stories*; his fastidious (and I think overstrained) delicacy of taste told him, he added, "that the subject was altogether a revolting one, and might with justice be called a prurient one, also." So he advised me, with the most friendly air in the world, to suppress, or very lightly pass over, every thing relating to a lady's *accouchement*.

"How am I to steer between these two opposing rocks, the dangers of which you and my Scotch relation are good enough to lay down in your charts?" said I; "one telling me to avoid *death*, the other *birth*, as both of them are, you say, disagreeable subjects."

"And what answer did you give to my friend R—?" said my English critic. "I should like, for curiosity's sake, just to hear a *woman's reason*. They (that is the sex) are sure to find out some ingenious excuse or other for any thing they like to do; and sometimes the cunning rogues, going their own way to work (like Mr. Crosse, at the

Quantock Hills), hit upon something worth hearing, if it were only for its oddity. What did you say to Sandy?"

"Why I told him," replied I, "that, so far from thinking a *birth-story* a revolting or a prurient subject, I considered it as a sacred one—a holy mystery. That as we must all *be born*, even more certainly than we all *must die* (there being some few exceptions on record to the usual end of mankind), I never could imagine that any circumstance connected with the first entrance of our race upon the theatre of human life, could be uninteresting, or in the slightest way disgusting; and I even, with a good-humoured smile, hinted that I much feared, if a fault existed any where, it must be in the sickly state of my cousin Sandy's own mind; for," said I, tapping his hand as I spoke, to soften a little the stroke I made at him, with a weapon from an authority I knew he truly revered, "when we are in a morbid state of body, you know, my dear cousin, the most wholesome ~~and~~ becomes unpalatable, and turns sour on the stomach: so with regard to the mind,—a healthy, moral constitution will not easily take exceptions,—'for to the pure all things are pure.'"

"You are as cunning as the rest of your sex," cried my friendly adviser, the English critic, chuckling at the rap I had given to his friend and mine, Sandy R—. "Well, go your own way," added he; "wilful woman will ever take it, whether we like it or not; and if you should bring the whole host of our fraternity upon you, my good madam, remember I have warned you. If they choose to make mince-meat of you for their Christmas revels, it is no fault of mine; e'en write what you will, I, for myself singly, promise you, I shall never hurt a hair of your head; but, *beware of the north*."

To the north, then, like the polarised needle, do I turn, whether in apprehension or in confiding security will be learned from the following fragment,—for such it is, more than a regular narrative,—a detached bit from a tale, which might be spread out into, at least, three volumes; but it is my duty in this place to condense my story as much as possible—to pack up a great deal of interesting matter into a small compass, as they do preserved meats in tin cases, for an East India voyage—meats that will keep well for years.

And I saw a case of this same provender that had been brought home by Capt. Parry, and had his voucher written upon it; it was as sweet and good then as when first packed: so, I trust, will be the stories of the "Monthly Nurse" for many years to come.

General Harcourt renewed to me, with many flattering promises, the offer he had made me before his lady's death, of my residing in the West Indies with him, and continuing my care of his darling Jytleton; but this offer, for many reasons, I declined: so, at the expiration of a twelvemonth after Mrs. Harcourt's death, I consigned her lovely infant to the charge of a female relation of the general's, who gladly undertook the office, from real regard to him, and the wish, also, of bettering her own straitened income.

Why should I speak of the pain it gave me, when I returned to Kensington, and looked on the vacant cot, the empty high chair, and the old discarded toys of my late little companion? Who can behold the smiles, or receive the soft embraces, of infancy, and not say they are the brightest and the most heart-touching things on earth. The smile of an infant seems to come direct from heaven, or from some internal cause,—for it is not called forth like those in later life, by what we see, hear, or understand; and as for the caress of a young child—the soft pressure of its little arms, the breathing freshness of its rosy mouth, its innocent delight, nay, triumph, when these lips have learned the way to kiss! Let all bachelors and ancient single ladies pass over the last sentence, or grace it with a "Pshaw!" I retract not in the least; a child, beautiful, healthy, and good-tempered, of a year old, is a most delightful creature; and so was my sweet boy, Jytleton Harcourt.

"I will not give up my pretty house at Kensington, however," thought I to myself, looking at the last generous remittance I had received from General Harcourt, and making a little calculation of my affairs; "I will keep my faithful Bridget here on board wages, when I am called out, and she can let part of the house for me; for I will have no more boarders,"—Mrs. Fortescue and her amiable mother having both been carried out by the undertakers in the space of six months, and each of their deaths having caused me a great deal of suffering.

Nothing particular occurred in the first family I attended after my pretty boy's departure. But in the second! Will it not be thought a mere flight of fancy,—a flight out of the probable and the natural into the misty regions of wildness and romance? I cannot help the thoughts of others; nor is it my fault if circumstances in real life sometimes occur decked out with all the seeming improbabilities of the world of fiction. I have only to relate one of those "romances of real life" that far exceed any thing the imagination could of itself portray.

I had often noticed in Kensington Gardens a young couple in deep mourning; nor was the outward sign of bereavement confined to their dress alone,—there was a touching air of sadness in the countenances of both that interested me much. They had picked up an acquaintance with little Lytton and his maid; nor did I like them the less for the admiration they bestowed on the beauty, both of limb and feature, so eminent in my young favourite. Self-love is mixed, more or less, in all we do, or think, or say; so I have little doubt, were I to analyse the thing, that there was much of this alloy in the pleasure I received at hearing the praises of the child I had the exclusive care of, as it administered a delicious dose to my self-love,—for it told me, as plain as words could speak, "What excellent care you have taken of this child! What capital management!"

The young gentleman and lady who thus drugged my vanity, without being at all conscious of it, seemed to miss nearly as much as myself the presence of the child, the usual companion of my walks in those shady gardens, for whom I now tried to substitute a book—the dead for the living volume. They looked uneasy, and whispered to each other. As I was dressed in mourning, in compliment to the mother of Mrs. Fortescue, whom I tenderly loved and respected, I conjectured that they imagined the child was dead; that some sudden convulsion had taken off, in his teething-age, their much-noticed, rosy favourite. I answered to their looks, which I have rather an odd way of doing always,—looks being to me quite as intelligible, sometimes more so, than the common forms of speech.

"No, madam, he is not dead, thank God!" I said to the lady, who was evidently in the way soon to become a

mother herself; "the dear little fellow is only gone to his friends in the West Indies, and I have lost my pretty playfellow; but to tell you how I miss him is impossible. What would I give to hear that crowing laugh of his—to have a romp with his sturdy little limbs!"

"Then you are not related to that sweet boy?" inquired the lady; but she blushed at what she fancied I might deem an impertinence, in a stranger putting so leading a question. But, detesting all mysteries of man's making, as poor trumpery attempts to copy the unknown workings of nature, who ever shrouds them in a mystic veil, I told her exactly how I had been situated with regard to the infant,—that its mother had died about a week after its birth, and had extorted from me a promise to take the charge of it one entire year. "That year is now ended," I said, "and I am sorry for it; but General Harcourt will not share my regret, I am sure, as he has longed for some time to see the child, and have it with him."

"Oh, Algernon!" said the young lady to her husband, "surely this is a providential meeting. Could we but secure the kind offices of this experienced, intelligent lady, perhaps there might be a chance —"

I was placed here rather awkwardly: the husband might have been of a different opinion from the wife, and yet he might not like to say so immediately in my face; so I bowed, and resumed my walk. But it was not many minutes before they sought me out, and, telling me their name (and a most distinguished one it was), they requested me to dine with them the following day, as they wished to have a little confidential conversation with me. I, of course, accepted their invitation, and put on my last new black silk dress; or, rather, it was what they call a satin turque, trimmed with crape, and a white crape cap of the same pattern as those worn by Mrs. Fortescue's mother (and certainly one of the most becoming ones I ever wore), with black jet ornaments of the greatest beauty. I am rather particular in giving the minutæ of these matters, as it tends, I think, very much to help the fancy in the reader, when he seeks to form a picture; it gives the materials to work with; and, after all, the reader of a tale does quite as much as the writer

of it,—his fancy—that is, the reader's—going on hand-in-hand with that of the author's, and giving an identity and *alto-relievo* to the outlines afforded him. I always endeavour to assist this co-partnership as much as I can; and I trust the other partner will make the most of the job in his power.

Mrs. Meredith was polite enough to send her carriage for me at five o'clock; when, after half an hour's ride or so, I entered their elegant drawing-room, at Kew, where the lady received me quite alone.

"Algernon will not dine with us, Mrs. Griffiths," said the lady; "but will return very early in the evening. Indeed, I persuaded him to leave us together for a few hours, as it will spare him hearing the repetition of our past sufferings, our present regrets, which I will hasten over as quickly as I possibly can,—for touching them makes my wounds bleed afresh."

"But why need you, my dear madam," said I, "touch upon so painful a subject at all? If there is any thing I can do to serve you, command me; but it is not necessary, I should think, for you to lay open wounds not yet sufficiently healed. The skilful surgeon will not suffer the rude air scarcely to enter, where he has a cure to effect upon the body; and it is often as salutary to 'bind up the wounds of the broken-hearted' from the gaze of the multitude. I mean not literally, madam," said I, "the word broken-hearted to apply to your case; but rather those wounds that time and religion will, I hope, entirely cure."

"You are very good," replied Mrs. Meredith; "but I feel it necessary that you should know precisely how I am situated, that you may give me advice and assistance."—The reader must, however, have a help or two now (not an American one), in order that he may form a distinct idea of the lady who has just been speaking.

She was a beautiful Italian, but spoke English in the purest manner; there was a slight, very slight, foreign accent about it, but it gave only fresh interest to her discourse. She had the most charming eyes. Who can describe those dark Italian eyes and long fringes? Her face was oval, and fair for one of her country; her eye-brows black and arched. She had a look of the most profound melancholy, but it was so very lovely, that it would have

been a pity almost to have had it changed for that of joyfulness. She resembled a good deal, with regard to feature, that young, enchanting vocalist, Giulietta Grisi; but her countenance possessed, also, the sentiment, the intelligence, and, when excited, the animation of that child of genius, our dear, departed Malibran. I say *our*,—for here her spirit took its flight.

Mrs. Meredith briefly told me that she was a Roman lady, and had first seen her husband, the son of an English viscount, at the Chiesa di S. Silvestro, in Capite. She had been educated in this college, the first patrician Catholic school at Rome, and was, of course, a Catholic. But the Hon. Algernon Meredith had soon overcome her own religious scruples, on account of his being a Protestant; and, having no parents living, she had accepted his addresses, married, and accompanied him to England; but they had lived much abroad since that time.

Who shall dare to say that all the Italian women are naturally intriguing, artful, and inconstant? The beautiful Rosalia Savelli sufficed alone to contradict so illiberal an assertion. She was pure, tender, impassioned, pious, and charitable. No wonder that her husband adored her, and that all his relations and acquaintance loved and respected her. She brought over with her, she told me, a maternal aunt, a Catholic as well as herself; but a violent bigot and devotee, who passed nearly all her time in a small oratory that Mr. Meredith had with much kindness fitted up for her exclusive use. She was of a dark, melancholy temperament, and loved nothing on earth but her niece, Rosalie Meredith, who had a great affection for her in return, and did all she could to get her to mix a little in society. But she seldom came into the drawing-room, except when Mr. Meredith was from home, as she disliked all Protestants; but this evening her niece had prevailed on her to join us there after dinner, and introduced me to her, as the kind lady who had promised to attend her during her expected confinement, and she would reside with her a few months afterwards, with the hope that the fondly expected child might be permitted, by the blessed Virgin's mediation, to remain with her and her beloved Algernon longer than the little blossoms she had lost before, one after another.

I must own I did not much relish the company of this same Signora Bassano,—for her eye rested on me with no friendly expression, as she believed I was a heretic, and, therefore, an outcast from God, and all true Catholics. She understood very little English, and did not wish to learn more,—for she only tolerated this country because her niece was in it; but I soon found treated with contempt every person and thing in it, except her confessor, who sympathised with her in her horror and regrets, that so bright an ornament of their most holy church, one so rich and beautiful as Rosalia Savelli, should be allied to a vile Protestant.

It was in the presence of her aunt, Signora Bassano, that Mrs. Meredith told me that, young as she was, only two-and-twenty, she had already borne her husband four children—three boys and one girl; but, from their extreme delicacy, or her own bad management, in addition to a fatal accident to one of them, she had lost them all, one after another, which had left her almost in despair of ever keeping so great a blessing. She trusted, she said, that she might now have suffered enough to expiate her sin, if such it was, in marrying out of her own persuasion; although she certainly confessed she had never been able to repent of it; for, even if this next hope should be blighted,—even if her heart should break in seeing another little one lie dead before her, like the flower of the night-blowing Cereus, that never lasts till morning,—still, such was her love for her Algernon, she knew that she should—she must, act again as formerly, and give her hand to him.

Of course I said all I could to inspire hope in the expectant mother. I assured her that much of the future health of her infant, and, consequently, her chance of keeping it alive, depended on her banishing despondency from her mind. I told her that I had ever been very fortunate with regard to my treatment of young children; and I promised her I would watch over hers, since she wished it, with maternal care.

I concluded that the aunt, the saturnine-looking Signora, did not comprehend half I uttered,—for she still scowled on me with almost demoniac malignancy. Enveloped in a black hood, or mantello, she sat rocking her-

self on a low chair before the fire,—sometimes looking at her breviary, richly emblazoned,—sometimes muttering an *Ave Maria*,—and sometimes peering on us both from her black cloud, with eyes so harsh, and yet so piercing, that right glad was I when the knock of Mr. Meredith at the street-door sent her, with little ceremony, hastily to her own chamber. She vouchsafed me not even a bow of salutation, as she vanished through the door.

“My aunt is growing old and infirm,” said the extenuating, gentle niece; “we never heed her manner here. She dislikes my excellent Algernon, and tells him so every time she sees him, which is but seldom,—for she keeps out of his way all she can. But he makes every allowance for the prejudiced manner in which she has been brought up, and the influence of Father Jerome, who is quite as bigoted as herself. We never vex her, if we can help it; but pay every attention in our power to her comfort. Algernon, except in allowing her to deprive himself of too much of my company, never thwarts her; and this exception is a fault I can easily forgive in him.”

I found Mr. Meredith quite equal in personal attractions to his lovely wife; and in intellect he was far above her,—exceedingly well informed, accomplished, and manly. He expressed himself much pleased at the arrangements we had made—his lady and myself—and also at seeing that she appeared a little more cheerful than she had been since their last infliction—the death of their infant Rosalia; and rejoiced at the hope that was reviving in her, that the next child might be spared to them.

I entered on my engagement with Mrs. Meredith about a fortnight after this time; her husband coming himself to fetch me. It was much earlier than I expected, or the lady either,—for she had received, he told me, a severe fright—something of a *spectral illusion*, that had stood at her bedside, she said, during the night, and had alarmed her dreadfully. But, as we both knew that her nerves had been dreadfully shattered by so many afflictions, so many “hopes deferred,” it did not astonish either of us much, that she should have dreamed of, or fancied, that she saw her deceased mother, clothed in white, hovering about her

bed. I hastened on to Kew without delay, and found that the fright had produced the worst effects—a child of eight months was already born.

"There, Mrs. Griffiths!" sighed out the desponding mother, "my fears are verified. This beloved creature will follow all the rest! it has not even the same chances of life that they had,—for they had come to full maturity; but this ——" And she crossed herself, and murmured an ejaculation to the Virgin.

"I have seen many eight-months' infants thrive, and grow apace, madam," I said, with a cheerful voice. "We shall soon get up the time; but, indeed, indeed, you must encourage hope: if you do not, all my care—and it shall be exerted, believe me for this little innocent—cannot save him."

"But I have seen my departed mother," whispered the lady; "and she told me—but pray do not inform my poor Algernon—that 'God wanted this infant also.' So I must not hold him, for it would be opposing my divine Father's will,—that as Samuel was called, so had he called my blessed babe."

I could not persuade Mrs. Meredith from the belief that she had actually beheld her departed mother; who had bent over her, kissed her forehead, and told her of the fate of her expected offspring. "I saw," she added, "I marked, the peculiar mole on her cheek; and though I could scarcely be said to breathe, from extreme affright—though my blood was congealed, and my hair erect, yet my eyes fixed distinctly on that mole, and I could not be deceived: such a one had my departed mother."

"Was Mr. Meredith in the room with you, madam?" I inquired; but I cannot tell why I put the question: perhaps (but it could not be that, for I am not in the least superstitious), because I felt a secret thrill of fear myself at the steadiness with which she persisted in assuring me that she had seen clearly, when wide awake, the spirit of her mother, and I wanted to know all the particulars of the scene; for we love the marvellous—any thing that savours of the unknown world, although inwardly convinced that the whole of spiritual appearances are but illusions of the senses.

"No," replied the lady, "Mr. Meredith was up late, writing some letters

of importance. When he came upstairs, he found me insensible; but, believing me asleep, would not disturb me. So that, how I got through the night I cannot tell; for my love for him is so great, so disinterested, that I did not like to inform him that our fifth child is fated also. I could not conceal that I had seen my mother."

"You must not talk of fate, my dear madam; if you do, you will be lost in a labyrinth, indeed. We know not what is to be our fate, or what will be that of this little innocent creature, who really looks as likely to live as any child I ever saw in my life. Why, I am an eight-months' child myself, and, yet, see how portly and how healthy I am!"

By slow degrees, Mrs. Meredith was half persuaded to think that it might be only the night-mare, or a dream, that had so alarmed her. Her husband reasoned with her most forcibly on the subject, telling her the total impossibility of human sense perceiving a disembodied spirit; that the nature of each was so different, that one could not be recognised by the other; or, rather, that body could not behold any thing immaterial. She tried to believe what she so much wished; and I saw her in her drawing-room safe and well about five weeks after the birth of the little Algernon.

How beautiful is devotion! on women, especially, it sits as a grace and a charm. "Scepticism," some old author has it, "is like a coarse sackcloth on the person of a female,—it deforms her, and conceals her native loveliness." Mrs. Meredith had, perhaps, too much of the opposite of scepticism; her faith was as soft, complying, and ductile as her own form, temper, and habits. Her love for her husband was devotion; her whole life was enthusiasm; all her thoughts were aspirations; all her wishes, prayers.

She looked so like a saint when, with the infant in her arms, she prayed to God for him, that I have recorded the very words of her address to Him, and to the Virgin, in her native language—the one that, of course, she understood the best.

"Santissimo Iddio! mai da me abbastanza ringraziato, per il favore che mi avete concesso nel farmi dare alla luce del mondo una creatura sì bella! Quante benedizioni di misericordia avete fatto piovere sul mio capo, e che

Io non meritavo affatto. Io mi sforzerei di educare questo mio parto con le vere massime di religione e con di sentimenti di gratitudine che professo a voi, mio buon Padre, ed alla Vergine Santa mia, e vostra madre, e spero che un giorno questo fiore darà frutto di gloria al suo Creatore."

And how, it will be asked, did Signora Bassano conduct herself all this time? Why, better far than I expected. She was constantly uncovering the face of her grand-nephew, and breathing prayers over it. She was even civil at times to myself, and tried to make me understand that, if Mr. Meredith would but consent that the babe should be christened in the Roman Catholic faith, she should be very happy, indeed; and she begged me to use any influence I might possess over his mind, and use every argument I could muster, to persuade him, that the reason why he had been deprived of his other infants was, "because he persisted in alienating those young blossoms from the true faith, the root of eternal life, and the religion of their ancestors;" forgetting that his own forefathers were of a contrary sect, and that children legally belong to their father.

I one day ventured to ask Mrs. Meredith, as we were sitting in her aunt's oratory, and she with us, as well as the sleeping infant, who was lying on a pillow snug and warm, "What particular disease had robbed her of her three other little ones?" and this I did, not to awaken painful recollections in her bosom, but the rather that I might guard the present child, if possible, from any constitutional tendency to particular complaint, if any existed, or any particular food that might be injurious to it.

To my astonishment, Signora Bassano burst out into so violent a fit of passion, when she understood the nature of my question, that for the first time I began to think she was insane. She called me the most injurious names, for my *curiosa impertinente*, as she was pleased to call my question; and her fury was so excessive, that I thought she would have struck me,—for she shook her hands with extreme violence in my face, whilst her own was perfectly convulsed.

Her amiable niece immediately rose, and taking the hand of the Signora, gently led her to the foot of the large ivory crucifix placed near the oriel

window in the room. She pointed with the other hand to the Saviour there sculptured, in his dying agonies. She softly whispered, as she sunk upon her knees before it,—"*Mio Dio! fute che essa vi possa imitare!*" It had the desired effect; the rigid features of her aunt relaxed; she prostrated herself also before the crucifix; and I left them at their devotions.

Long did I ponder upon this scene. I thought of it in twenty different ways; but they all ended in one of the following two: that either Signora Bassano was absolutely mad, or that she had perpetrated some fearful crime, which made her apprehensive of the slightest inquiry into the past events of her family; nervously anxious that no one should dare lift the veil that Time ever throws over the days and the circumstances that are gone,—thickening the fibres of this shroud as the years roll away, until they, and all that passed in them, are totally lost in obscurity. It is the nature of the human mind to forget, although some are more tenacious of remembrances than others. Were it not for History (who, certainly, is not the child of Nature), what should we know of the past?

When Mrs. Meredith joined me soon after, in her dressing-room, she sought to excuse the violence of her "poor aunt," by telling me she was often so, and that she knew not what to think of her, as her fits of passion were now more frequent and more violent than formerly. "But she has an antidote near her, I trust, Mrs. Griffiths," she added, crossing herself, "which will never fail to calm her. If it were only this one instance that we have just witnessed of the efficacy that religion has over the hearts and passions of us poor human beings, it would be fully proved. If my poor aunt had not her little sanctuary, and her crucifix, she would, I scruple not to own it, be insane."

"But I trust you, madam, do not think *impertinent curiosity* prompted the question I just now put to you," said I. "Believe me, I only wished to be on my guard against any mischief that might be working secretly within this dear little innocent—any 'worm in the bud,' that I might be happy enough to eradicate."

"You have seen no symptom, no dreadful sign, about my precious babe, have you, Mrs. Griffiths?" exclaimed

the young mother, almost as much excited as the signora, though in a far different manner of expression. I assured her that I had never seen a more healthy infant in every particular; and asked her what sign or symptom she meant? or whether it was a foreign idiom alone that made her use the word *sign*?

"No; I use it most advisedly," answered Mrs. Meredith. "Three of my pretty babes exhibited marks on the throat and breast, some few days previous to their death; my little girl was (but I believe I told you before) overlain by a heedless nurse."

"What did your medical attendant say to these marks you describe?" I inquired anxiously. "Did he state, madam, the cause of the disease?" She told me that their confessor, Father Jerome, who was also well skilled in medicine, a thing very common in Italy, had always attended her children when ill; and he had assured them these spots were features of a malignant fever, something of the typhus kind. "But should these fearful signs again appear," she said, "Mr. Meredith would insist on calling in the best advice in London, as he was not perfectly satisfied with the treatment of Father Jerome. But we happened to be on the Continent every time that we lost our three boys; so we thought one foreign physician quite as good as another, especially as Jerome was thought a great deal of at Rome."

"Were you in England, then, madam, when you lost your little girl?" I asked; but could assign no reason for my questions; I had no precise one that I can even now detect for putting it.

"Yes," replied the lady, turning very pale; "in this very house my pretty Rosalia was found by my aunt Theresa, early in the morning, smothered by a careless nurse, who had rolled over her tender frame in the night. My aunt's screams brought Mr. Meredith and myself instantly into the room, where we witnessed what these eyes will never lose sight of, this heart never forget." She burst into an agony of tears; and snatching up the baby near her, pressed it with inexpressible emotion to her breast, whilst her eyes were cast upwards in silent prayer. "I could never endure the sight of that nurse again," she added; "so Mr. Meredith discharged her instantly."

Again I pondered long and deeply on the information I had received, "in wandering mazes lost." I was resolved that the old medical priest should not have the charge of this child, at least whilst I had any thing to do with it; and I determined to ask a very clever practitioner, a private friend of my own, on the first opportunity, the nature of that disease, shewing such indications, and its proper instantaneous remedies, if such there were. I had never heard of such purple spots on the breast and throat; it must be some foreign or some constitutional complaint, peculiar in its kind, I continued, in my musings. I have witnessed what they call arterial weakness, where the body of the patient, at the slightest touch, exhibits marks of a very large size, resembling bruises. Once I saw a woman who was afflicted with this weakness, and she had several of these black, and blue, and yellow spots over her body, some as big as a plate, but she did not die of it; though afterwards she broke a blood-vessel internally, from the same cause, which did, carry her off. I do not feel easy about it, and will certainly inquire of a wiser head than my own.

I did inquire,—for I sent a note the next day to Mr. B——, of Welbeck Street, requesting him to call on me immediately. We had a long and most interesting conversation; but I shall not tell the nature of it here. He looked at little Algernon, by my particular desire, unknown to any of the family, and gave his opinion, that at present no incipient disease was lurking about the child,—that it was as fine and healthy a babe as ever lived.

I had been sitting quite silent in the dressing-room of Mrs. Meredith, buried in profound thought, when I made her start by the sudden question of, "Did you ever behold the apparition, or, rather, the objective vision, of your late mother, madam, *before* that night when I was summoned to you? Pardon me, I have a very particular reason for asking you this—a reason that I cannot at present explain."

"You will think me, perhaps, as crazy as my poor aunt," replied the lady, mournfully, "when I assert that I have seen the same appalling sight exactly six times,—once prior to my marriage with Mr. Meredith, the other five during my pregnancies, but not exactly at the same period of them. You will

tell me, no doubt, that it was owing to the state of my nerves each time: perhaps it was so; but during the time of each appearance, believe me, they were to me certainties, positive realities, as much so-as you are to me at this moment."

"It is very extraordinary, indeed," said I; but it was spoken more to myself than her. "I forgot to ask you madam," I again inquired, "if you heard words spoken before the last time,—if more than one sense, that is, of sight, was under such an illusion at the same time? if hearing participated in the same morbid weakness occasioned by the nerves being overstrained? and also what Mr. Meredith thought of those visitations?"

"To tell you the honest truth," replied the beautiful Italian, "I never informed him of any of these apparitions but the last, and then I am sorry it escaped me, though I concealed the purpose of that visitation. He has long thought my poor aunt a little touched in the head, and he might imagine that I myself am tainted with a complaint that is deemed hereditary, if he knew I was in the habit of beholding, or fancying I beheld, beings from another world, the mysterious dead,—for he is a sceptic as to their coming back, at least visibly to the human senses. How dreadful would it be for him the thought that I might entail madness on his children. I am sorry I ever mentioned it to him at all!" and she sighed deeply.

"You have not the slightest shade of obscurity over your mind, madam," I said, cheerfully; "there is not a cloud the size of 'a man's hand' over its brightness, and its clearness; and, as to insanity being transmitted from father to son, and so on, perhaps, for ever, I have heard a very sensible physician say, and one well acquainted with that dreadful disorder too—for he has the care of one of our public lunatic asylums, that the very fear of inheriting this complaint has often produced it. Constantly dwelling on one painful idea—watching with keen sensitiveness our own thoughts—dreading the detection of some aberration in them—was enough to upset the balance of the strongest mind, and occasion the very thing it so much dreaded."

Oh, how tenderly did Mr. Meredith regard the smiling features of his darling boy! yet fear and hope ever strug-

gled within his breast as he looked upon him: it seemed too great a blessing for him that the child should be spared. He had so often felt the chastening rod, that he felt as if he were constantly awaiting it, and strengthening himself to receive the blow. "He is very like our first darling, my Rosalia," he exclaimed, as they were both hanging over him; "your eyes, love, but my complexion: I wish it had been yours! A fair skin in a man is not half so desirable as a dark one—that is, a darker one than mine. Do you not think so, Rosa?"

"I think," returned his lady, "that I should like to have my son the perfect resemblance of its dear father. Those eyes of yours, Algernon, can they be equalled by these jet black ones that are unfortunately placed on our boy? Believe me, dearest, I prefer your hazel ones to any in the world; but we must be contented, I suppose," and she kissed the bright dark orbs of the infant, and handed him to her husband, who followed her example. I perceived the Signora Bassano enter the room during this tender scene, and from her black hood, scowl upon the affectionate pair with so malign an expression, that I absolutely shuddered; but she quickly retreated to her own chamber, unseen by her niece and her husband; and as I passed it, shortly afterwards, I saw her nearly prostrate on the ground, before a picture of the Virgin Mary. She had forgotten to close the door in her agitation; so I stepped to it, and was gently putting it to,—for I thought it better that the domestics should not behold her in that situation at her devotions, as they passed. She turned round, and her eyes met mine. Decidedly, madness glared in them, and of the most terrific kind. She misunderstood my intention with regard to closing the door, and again muttered out "*impertinente!*" and shook her extended hand towards me with much fury.

From this time there was open hostility between the bigoted signora and myself. She could hardly restrain herself within the bounds of common decency towards me, because I would not permit her to nurse the little Algernon, alleging, as an excuse, "that for the time I had him in charge no one should take him for a minute from my arms, excepting his parents,—that I felt

how responsible I was ; for an accident might happen in a moment. They have lost four little ones already," said I, "one after the other, in some mysterious manner ; we cannot be too guarded respecting this." I fixed my eyes full upon her as I uttered this, and hers *quailed beneath my own*.

Mr. and Mrs. Meredith, knowing the prejudices of Signora Bassano, had conferred the name of Algernon on their child quite privately, at the church of Richmond ; nor did they even say afterwards to her that he had received the rite of baptism ; but when, the day afterwards, they called him openly by his name of Algernon, which, from some superstitious feeling, is never done before the christening, she sharply demanded, "whether they had consigned another descendant of the Bassano and Savelli families to everlasting perdition, by initiating him in a heretic and damnable creed ?"

It happened that Mr. Meredith was present at this violent attack upon his own principles. His lady turned exceedingly pale, and even I felt much alarmed ; for the thing was so very gross and indefensible. But the good gentleman shewed the superiority of his own mode of faith over hers, by the extreme forbearance he manifested. Thus did he answer her.

"My child, and that of your beloved niece, my dear madam, is now a Christian : be satisfied. The sacred type—the waters of regeneration, have touched his forehead, and the symbol of the holy cross has been marked upon his infant brow ; what matters it whether by a Roman or a Protestant priest ? If it would give a moment's gratification to this dear child's mother, it shall receive the baptismal sign in her mode of faith, as well as mine. Speak, my Rosalia, shall your confessor, Father Jerome, perform the rite again ? Will it ease your mind, my love ? and, pray, speak your thoughts with freedom."

Mrs. Meredith owned that it would give her the greatest satisfaction to have the rite performed anew, according to the forms of her own religion, and she gratefully accepted his kind proposal. Then, turning affectionately round to her aunt Theresa, she explained to her how very considerate and generous it was in her dear Algernon to concede such a point to her maternal feelings. "I am sure," she

added, "you in particular will rejoice in this, as you will be enabled now to consider your little nephew, at least *half a Catholic*."

"*Half !*" retorted the violent bigot, swelling with indignation ; "and can you for a moment suppose, that our good and pious confessor, so excellent a Catholic, would dare to receive into the blessed fold of St. Peter, a creature that has just been *polluted* by the accursed rites of an alien creed ?—No ! had but the child been *first* adopted into our blessed faith, then you might have done unto him, even as you would,—all your priests of Belial, could not have injured his immortal soul !"

To argue with so blind a fanatic, so furious a bigot, Mr. Meredith justly considered would be indeed a "vain thing ;" so, mildly turning to his agitated wife, who was much alarmed by the violence of her aunt, he took her hand in his, and told her, "to be of good cheer, for that the Church of Rome was too fond of making proselytes, and procuring members, to deny the rite of baptism to *any one* whatever. But, we will speak Rosalia," he added, "to Father Jerome himself."

The young brother of Mr. Meredith, a fine boy of fifteen, whom he tenderly loved, came now to spend the holidays with him. He was an Etonian, and had his mind much developed ; but, like all school-boys, he liked to play off a joke or two on those whom he deemed were ridiculous enough already, to be the objects of still greater ridicule. And who deserved such high, distinguishing notice, he thought, as Signora Bassano, in her black silk hood, with her small twinkling black eyes, and her cross and rosary ? This boy, happened to hear the foregoing conversation ; so, to tease the old lady, he cried out very thoughtlessly—"I am sorry that people cannot be christened over again though, signora,—I had some thoughts of turning Catholic myself."

He said this with so much mock gravity, that it completely deceived the Signora, who told him, "that in *particular cases*, the priests had a discretionary power, and that she had little doubt she might, through her influence with Father Jerome, prevail on him to confer so vast a benefit upon him. I shall see him," she continued, with a patronising air, "this morning, and will consult him on the subject." She

then left the room, much appeased by the hopes of gaining a youth of so much promise, to the Holy Church—a convert from so high a family.

"You should not make a joke of such matters, William," gravely remonstrated the elder brother, "nor should you, indeed, joke at all with a being of so infirm a mind as Theresa. She is an object of pity, not of ridicule; and I cannot permit you to trifle with her feelings—no more of this foolery, then, I desire."

"But ought she not to be laughed or teased out of her abominable prejudices?" argued the boy, with much warmth; "did she not presume to say in my hearing, that my pretty little nephew, here, was '*polluted by the accursed rites of an alien church*?' Hang the old wretch, I say; only hanging is too good for her. Polluted! indeed! why I would cut her in pieces, as I do this pen; and ———— Oh! how I have cut my finger, with this vile pen-knife; I vow, it is down quite to the bone!"

"And it serves you right, William," said Mr. Meredith;—"how dare you talk of Theresa's intolercancy, when you would, if you dared, slash and hack her body, as you have done your own finger. You should be more liberal, more forbearing."

"Let me bind it up for you, William," said the boy's beautiful sister-in-law—it is a very deep cut, sure enough! Where is my pocket-book, with my court-plaister? Bless me! it is in my desk, down stairs;—and my keys?—I have left my keys in my work-box. Be so kind, Mrs. Griffiths, as to ask my aunt Theresa, to give you either some court-plaister, or some gold-beater's-skin—I know she has both."

Have patience with me, gentle reader; do not think that age has made me quite a twaddler—that I am *blowing out* my story, till it is ready to burst; stretching it until it cracks again; spinning out its threads finer than a spider's. This school-boy's cut finger, small a thing as it may appear to you, my criticising friend, is of the greatest importance to my tale; so, as I said before, "have patience with me," and let me unfold its awful involvements in my own way. I will not make one detail longer than is absolutely necessary; so, I must return, and I hope shall take you with me, to the dressing-room of Mrs. Meredith, where the foregoing scene had taken place. I went

from thence to the signora's oratory:—"Have the kindness to give me a piece of either gold-beater's-skin or court-plaister, signora; for there has been an accident in Mrs. Meredith's room."

"To the child?" demanded she; and there was a look of fiendish expectation and of joy in her eyes, that made me turn from her with horror.

"Have you the plaister, madam?" I demanded impatiently; "I have not time now to explain *who* needs it."

Signora Bassano, went to a small drawer in the table that formed the altar of her oratory, and gave me from it a piece of gold-beater's-skin; but some sudden idea crossed her mind as she did so, for she tried to snatch it again from me, saying, "No, not that, I have better; here—" but I was gone before she could finish her sentence, for I liked her not. I cut a piece from the skin she had handed to me, which was applied to Master William's finger; and I then put the remaining piece carefully into my own pocket-book, and slid it into my pocket; and I did it as *secretly* as possible.

If I had been asked at that precise moment, *why* I had so carefully appropriated the remainder of this gold-beater's-skin, instead of leaving it openly on the table, I should not have been able, perhaps, to have answered the question. I have before spoken of *moral instincts*; I am convinced that we possess them—that they are constantly within us, urging us by their *mute influences*, to a thousand things that we never do; and endeavouring to restrain us from a thousand acts, that we nevertheless perform, totally disregarding of these angelic monitors, who can only speak in that '*small still voice*,' that is, alas! constantly overpowered by the clamours of our wishes, our passions, our habits, and our vices. We attribute to accident, what is the leading of the divinity. We call that 'a lucky' or 'a disastrous chance,' which, may be, is the key-stone to ten thousand thousand future events!—a link of one infinite chain of causation:—but, enough of moralising; the boy's finger got well, and I pondered, and pondered again, over the bit of gold-beater's-skin, that I carried in my pocket. I looked upon it, as if it had been a leaf from the sibyl's book. "Was it not a piece of ass's-skin, madam, belonging to your grandfather?" I hear my friend, Mr. H., inquire. "No, sir! it was a piece of gold-beater's-skin, that

had been painted or dyed of a dark brown-colour, and out of which had been cut, exactly six, round, small, pieces, about the size of a pepper-corn, leaving six holes in their places." And it was over this mystery, I ruminated with deep and intense inquiry; quite as much so, as antiquarians do at the unrolling of a mummy, or as if I had been investigating the great Pythagorean problem, contained in the following short dialogue between that great philosopher and one of his disciples. I put it in here, purposely to make some of my sour-faced critics storm with indignation; a good thing this cold weather, as it heats the blood without the expense either of coals or brandy—both very expensive things at this season of the year. Yes, I know they will rage and storm, that a "monthly nurse," a low, vulgar, illiterate woman, as they all are—one who always carries a small drop of mountain-dew, in a black bottle in her pocket, ready for use—should presume to write the name of Pythagoras, and pretend to know the meaning of the word problem!

Notwithstanding the ire of those benignant beings, I shall give the dialogue I promised.

Pythagoras. How do you reckon numbers?

Disciple. One, two, three, four.

Pythagoras. Do you see? what you conceive four—these make ten; and a perfect triangle too, and our oath.

The triangle was with Pythagoras and his sect, a sacred symbol, and one of their holy mysteries. Is it not so at present? But how did four express it? Why thus; and I claim to myself much higher honour, than did the disciple of Pythagoras, who could make nothing at all out of the matter; whereas, I solved my problem at last: but let that of the ancient master be got rid of first. Why, then, the numbers one, two, three, four, thrice joined, and touching each other, as it were, in three angles, constitute an equilateral triangle, and amount, al o, in calculation, to ten—thus:—

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  O   O   O
O   O   O   O

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I am not the first woman who has attempted to put lordly man into a towering passion, and then, as they say, 'run away by the light of it.'

Well, gentlemen, my problematical piece of gold-beater's-skin had but six of these little round spots cut out from it; and I now ask, with the sweetest smile in the world, of my choleric friend from the north, who has worked himself clear out of his passion, and has taken up the book again, to tell me, on the honour of a Scotch reviewer, what he can make out of this hieroglyphic? I thought so; just nothing at all:—but my good, kind sir! "the monthly nurse" unravelled the whole of this mystery. But it shall remain one still, a short time longer.

I had been now six months in the family of the Merediths—a well-recommended nurse-maid, one of my own selection, had arrived long before, to take the charge of little Algernon. I had schooled her enough about her care of him, in all conscience; she thoroughly comprehended, she told me, my way of treatment, which had succeeded so well, that both father and mother insisted that it should be strictly adhered to by Elizabeth. I was wanted now in another quarter, and really engaged, yet, still I lingered on week after week, and could not prevail on myself to give up the charge of the infant, healthy as it was, to its impatient new attendant.

Day passed after day, still I remained at Kew: the new nurse had quite a sinecure place of it, and yet she was not contented; she would have told me so at once, to my face, but as they say, "I carried too many guns for her;" she was afraid to attack me openly, but she formed a league with aunt Theresa, and tried to work me out by a masked battery; and this determined me how to act. I saw that Mr. and Mrs. Meredith began to wonder themselves, though perfectly contented that I should continue the charge of the child, if it had been for a couple of years; but every thing must come to an end some time or other, and so did my plans and determinations, on one point at least.

There was an exquisite painting of the Madonna, by Murillo, in the oratory of Signora Bassano. Mrs. Meredith was a most charming artist herself, and had requested her aunt to allow her to take a copy of this painting, which the signora could not well refuse, seeing that

it really belonged to Mr Meredith, who had furnished it, and hung it up there as a compliment to the religious feelings of both his wife and her relation.

It was a very faithful copy Mrs. Meredith had made, but the fond mother, with that vanity which is so venial, almost so graceful, in the maternal character, had wished to paint her own beautiful infant, with its bright black eyes, as the Saviour of the world, and place it in the arms of her copy of *Myrillo's* virgin: for this purpose, the little fat fellow was stripped of his clothes, and some slight drapery thrown round his limbs, as if part of that belonging to its supposed Holy mother. I held him in my lap during the first and second sitting, when, so capital seemed the likeness to the delighted mother, that she ran down stairs to fetch up her husband, that he might admire it also.

At a distance from them sat Signora Bassano, rocking herself, as was her wont when much excited; she pretended to be reading, but her feline eyes were constantly watching all our operations, with ill-concealed abhorrence. Her amiable niece, free from all evil passions herself, observed not the hell that blazed upon the features of her aunt, who deemed it, I suppose, almost a sin against the Holy Ghost—most dark and unpardonable, to paint the picture of the infant Jesus from an heretic; for she thought nothing, or worse than nothing, of the second baptism Father Jerome had been prevailed on to administer to the child Algernon.

"It is, indeed, a most wonderful resemblance my dear Rosalia!" said the idolising father; "I should know him any where—either at Somerset House, or the British Institution. This picture will be doubly valuable to you, dearest—religion and maternal love united together. Is it not most delightfully done, Mrs. Griffiths?"

I felt my heart beat violently, as I ventured to say—"Forgive me, madam, but you have omitted to paint the mole below the dear babe's cheek—you see he has one; and you have told me, that your deceased mother had one precisely in the same place."

I said this, not at all in my usual tone of voice, but slowly and deliberately, with marked emphasis, keeping my eyes fixed in the most significant manner, on the Signora Bassano, who

actually trembled beneath their severe infliction.

"True," replied Mrs. Meredith—quite astonished at my manner—"out of compliment to my beloved mother, I ought not to have forgotten the mole; yet religion it was, that bid me withhold that family mark, for I wished the Saviour of the world, not to have a stain or spot about him!"

"It was a very delicate thought, dear Rosalia!—and just like you, too," remarked Mr. Meredith;—"Mrs. Griffiths, it was much better taste to leave out the mole. What does our good aunt, Theresa, think?" he said good-humouredly; "she ought to be a better judge than you or I, in these matters:—should the mole be painted?"

I answered, instead of her, "Signora Bassano had better see how a mole would look in that picture, before she makes up her mind:—do not, madam, paint it in yet, but allow me to cut you out one from this gold-beater's-skin, which is the exact colour of what moles generally are, and you can stick it on in the proper place." All this time I kept my eyes on the faltering Theresa.

As I spoke, I took from my pocket-book the identical piece, of which so much has been said, and, cutting out another little round spot, I handed it to the astonished Mr. Meredith, who saw I had much meaning in what I did—he stuck it on the picture, whilst I added with most marked emphasis, addressing myself to the almost sinking Theresa, "There, madam! the mystic number, *seven*, has now been fully used—once by myself, six times before by you! Have you any further use for this perforated piece of gold-beater's-skin?"—but she heard not all—Signora Bassano had fainted!

"What is the meaning of all this?" cried Mr. Meredith; for he had no clue to guide him—his lady had; but still she had not yet arrived at a full interpretation of my riddle—but it grew upon her by degrees. "Then I have been imposed upon," said she fervently, "and have seen no visitation from another world! My mother's spirit is not disturbed, then, by me; and for this assurance, Mother of God! I thank thee:"—and she prostrated herself before that very painting she had herself copied.

"Still, I am at a loss to comprehend this scene," said Mr. Meredith: "compose yourself, my own beloved

Rosalia! and tell me what Mrs. Griffiths means by six times before."

"Algermon," murmured his gentle lady, "forgive me! but I have concealed from you, that before our marriage, and five times since, I have imagined I beheld my mother's spirit come to reproach me with my love to you; I have even feared that the loss of our four dear babes, was occasioned by the resentment of God for having had them baptised into the Protestant faith; but I have just found out, that beings of another and brighter world have not their joys interrupted by any thing that happens here."

"But, how have you learned all this, my Rosalia?—I see not how a mole on our boy's cheek has taught you this: but, why have you not communicated all this to me?—is there a grief of yours, I would not share with you?"

"Allow me, sir," interrupted I, "to explain all this:—Signora Bassano is, I have heard, extremely like in person her deceased sister, the mother of your lady, excepting, that she has not that little spot, your child inherits from its grandmother, near her cheek; to frighten her niece from a marriage she disapproved, that artful and fanatic lady has played the ghost, and, once succeeding in alarming Mrs. Meredith, she has continued this scandalous trick, since, no doubt, for purposes of her own. The last time she acted it had nearly deprived you of your heir, and might have robbed you of your beloved lady also. But, let me be bold enough to advise you—for most imperative reasons I cannot now explain—affect not to have comprehended me; and you, madam, especially, pretend to be all ignorance also. Let me entreat you to favour me thus far; perhaps, we may learn more of the motives of this strange farce the signora has pleased to play off in that family where she has been treated with so much kindness and distinction—but, she is reviving; I trust you will take no notice whatever of the knowledge you have gained; let all be as usual."

"I cannot dissemble well," said Mr. Meredith, "and feel so incensed with her, for her cruel, wicked conduct to my wife, that it is far better I should leave the room before she is quite restored, or I might speak to her in a way, such as she has never yet been spoken to by me; but she shall answer for this another time."

Mrs. Meredith was so truly rejoiced to have such a weight taken from her mind, that her forgiving nature made her forget the agonies she had formerly endured; so she affectionately applied a smelling-bottle to the nostrils of the signora, and, in the softest voice, inquired, "if she were quite recovered? Could she do any thing more to assist her? Would she take some *sal volatile*, or a glass of wine and water?" For my part, I employed myself in dressing the child in his own clothes, and would not appear to notice her in the least. For the first time since I had ever seen her, she assumed an air of deep humility, said she had not long to live, and thanked her niece for her constant kindness to her. I left them together; and the next day I took care to say publicly, "that I was packing up my things to go away;" and I gave some further directions to Elizabeth, the new nurse, in the hearing of the signora, respecting the care of the child, adding, "that if he was not as fat and sprightly three months hence, when I hoped to call and see him, I should attribute all the blame to her."

"You forget the child is about to cut his teeth," Mrs. Griffiths, argued Elizabeth, rather piqued: "I will do the best I can; but not all the care on earth can prevent the Almighty's hand from reaching him, if it pleases him; and I hope no fault will be found with me, without occasion for it."

I went into the oratory of Signora Bassano, to take my leave of her, before my departure—and I did depart, but it was only to return by the back entrance five minutes after, and creep upstairs privately, having implored Mr. and Mrs. Meredith to suffer me to have my own way; so I took up my abode in a small chamber adjacent to the nursery, where there were usually kept boxes, and trunks, and other things, not usually wanted; in short, it was a lumber-room, always kept locked: but I heeded not the lumber, but, unperceived of all, save the parents, stole in there towards the dusk of evening, and, for reasons that will explain themselves, I stood sentry at that door, peeping through a small hole I had made with a gimlet in the boards—my heart throbbing with painful expectation. But I might have saved myself all this trouble for the first night, and have slumbered quietly in my bed, as did Elizabeth and her

pretty charge in the room adjoining, for he was never taken to his mother until the morning. I saw her carry him off, and then I sank into a chair, and fell myself into a disturbed sleep, for a few hours.

"I may be wrong, after all," said I to myself, "but I will watch one night more, however." I persevered, therefore, and was seen by no one in the house all the ensuing day; Mrs. Meredith herself supplying, by stealth, my wants, pitying and thanking me for my constancy and zeal in her service.

It is well I did persevere: on the following night, that is, about two in the morning, when all the rest of the house were fast bound in sleep, I heard steps approaching from the apartments of Signora Bassano—I gasped for breath; I was at my post in a moment; I heard her softly open the door of the nursery, and pause there: she might easily ascertain that Elizabeth was fast bound in the arms of the poppy-god, by her breathing, so was the child. I had my hand on the lock of my door, to be ready in a moment, should I be wanted.

Slowly did this Italian fanatic steal to the side of the bed, where lay the unconscious child—it was on my side of the room; I saw her by the light of the lamp; I heard her murmur these words, in Italian—but how did she pervert their sacred meaning from what the Divine Speaker purposed,—“Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven.”

As the feline animal creeps along, so did Signora Bassano; she insinuated her hands beneath the bed-clothes, and I heard a suffocating noise; but, like a flash of lightning, I was upon her—I seized her by the arm, and pulled her with violence from the bed. Elizabeth instantly awoke, and screamed aloud; the infant cried also: how did I rejoice in that infant's cry!—Mr. and Mrs. Meredith were both in the room immediately: the latter snatched her infant to her bosom—there was a slight mark, or rather redness, on the infant's neck; but the spot was only an *indication* of the purpose of the bigot, for the gripe of the murderess's fingers had not time to close upon its intended victim! Another moment had been fatal!

It required the whole of my strength to hold the infuriated fanatic: long

had madness smouldered in her veins—now, foiled in her strong purpose, it blazed out like the flames of a volcano, dark, murky, and sulphurous. She wrestled with me to get free, and brandished in her hand a stiletto she had taken, Italian-like, from her bosom; her long grisled tresses flowed over her convulsed features: it was, indeed, a sight of horror! “I have sworn,” she shrieked, “to save that child also!”

Mr. Meredith flew to my assistance, and wrenched the poniard from the hand of the poor insane wretch; for such she now undoubtedly was, and, indeed, had been so for years, although it was veiled over by what is called extreme bigotry. In a moment, the irritated father comprehended the whole, and, as he tightly bound her hands behind her with his handkerchief, he upbraided her, in the harshest terms, with the murder of his former innocents,—now, for the first time, flashing upon him the real truth. How much did my heart sympathise with the anguish of these two bereaved parents, at this conviction!

Boldly, coolly, did the signora avow the deed; with straining eyes and gnashing teeth did she lament that she had not used the poniard at once upon the sleeping infant, that she might have given it, she said, “one feeble chance for salvation,—for infants were always acceptable to God;” and he might, she was almost sure he would, be inclined to pardon the involuntary sin of having been sealed with the mark of the beast; for that the blessed symbol of the Cross, having been signed by vile and heretic hands, had been transformed into the burning mark that the followers of the beast wore upon their foreheads. “Yes,” she added in her native Italian, with the most violent gestures and contortions, “I glory in what I have done! I loved these little ones with unutterable fondness at the very moment that I stopped their vital breath. This is real love, indeed! and how superior to that of yours, wretched mother of a more wretched child! I preferred their eternal happiness to my own selfish gratification; I gave them a chance of obtaining it,—for had they lived, as this ill-fated infant may now probably do, their doom had been certain: stained with their own crimes, and bearing the mark of eternal death upon them, they had sunk to everlasting torments. Even your daughter Ro-

salia I immolated ; the servant injured her not !

"Yes," she added, with increasing vehemence and frenzy, "it was to avoid all this that, warned by our most Holy Virgin, I habited myself the first time as a spirit from another world, and visited thee, most wretched Rosalia. I would have saved thee from a marriage that my very soul abhorred,—for was it not with a heretic and a blasphemer ? I trusted that, thus awed by a mother's disapproval, this abominable contract had been broken off ; but, no !—passion was superior to religion and to filial duty : Meredith triumphed, and my beloved Rosalia is lost, I fear—(but I will wrestle for thee) everlastingly lost !

"Oh, what anguish have I silently endured when informed by thee, my beloved niece, that a new race was likely to be born, descendants from two noble houses, only to be accursed ! How have I prayed that they might never see the light of day ! It was for this I again visited thy couch, my unhappy niece, in the hours of midnight and of solitude, again habited as the shade of thy respected mother, my own beloved sister Rosalia. I trusted that the agonies of terror might have produced premature birth, and these little ones would have been taken at once to the bosom of their Saviour. But the evil one had power, and I was frustrated ; then I vowed at the foot of the crucifix that I would send them to the tribunal of offended justice as soon after their involuntary crime as possible. Oh, that I could have done it before those rites ye Protestants falsely call baptism had been performed upon them ! but I watched in vain for opportunity ; it was not then permitted. Last night I would have performed this holy deed, but was interrupted ; I met the accursed father of this most miserable child, as I was stealing from my chamber : he had been writing, he told me, and gave me a blessing as I passed—a heretic's blessing ! I might have stabbed him then readily,—for I had the poniard in my bosom,—ay, a thousand times before ; but it would not have saved his soul, and, therefore, it had been unavailing.

"What was it withheld my hand from slaying thee, my niece, my much-loved niece ? I have contemplated this action times without number, and have stood over thy sleeping form with that

same instrument thou see'st, meditating the blow ; but I could not do it. Oh ! how have I loved thee, from infancy until now ! how have I watched beside thy little couch, and held thee to my heart ! and yet—and I own my mortal weakness with much shame—I loved thee not enough to save thy immortal soul. For this shall I have to answer. Plead for me, Mother of God ! divine Lady ! Holy Virgin ! Marie the Blessed ! plead for me, that I wanted strength, moral strength, to strike the blow on her, and send my then unpolluted niece, the daughter of my much-loved sister, to Paradise. It was a heinous sin ! Abraham would have offered up his only child at the command of Jehovah, when no danger awaited him of judgment ; but I could not obey thy strict injunctions, oh, Madonna ; and how have I been punished ? Four victims instead of one, and six immortal souls perilled—perhaps lost—by my disobedience."

* * * *

Thus did the Signora Bassano rave the whole of that night, extended on the floor before the crucifix, in her own oratory, where she had been conveyed, her hands secured, and Mr. Meredith and myself sitting up with her, fearful that, if left, she would destroy herself. By what she uttered, there could not be the slightest doubt of her reason being irrecoverably gone ; she was, indeed, mad in the very worst sense of the word,—for the taking away of life under certain circumstances appeared to her distorted imagination as a deed of the most heroic virtue. Oh, how frail and imperfect are we ! How know we that our own judgments are ever clear and true ? May not all of our deeds be done through a false vision of our mental faculties ? It was a heart-breaking sight to see, a harrowing thing to hear, an aged woman lying in self-abasement on the ground, totally unconscious, from her mind's anguish, that others witnessed her agonies, reproaching herself, with bitter self-revilings, that she had not struck a dagger to the heart of one of the most amiable, most beautiful, and most beloved of God's creatures—her own nearest relation. Even Mr. Meredith (and it was in him, indeed, Christian charity) *pitied her*.

After the paroxysm of her passion was past, Signora Bassano rose, with the countenance of a martyr, from the

floor; and seating herself, with no little share of dignity, opposite Mr. Meredith and myself, addressed to him in her own language something to the following effect. How apparently well do sometimes insane persons reason, only it is upon false premises. There is nothing like investigating the ground on which we build, or the whole superstructure may be as contrary to the rules of sanity, as was the preceding conduct of the poor signora, and her reasoning upon it.

"Mr. Meredith, I have never loved you. How was it possible? But still you have been kind to me. I have taken from you four precious babes, as dear to me as to yourself. You have a duty to perform, and may you do it better than I have done mine,—for twice have I failed in it." Not a muscle of Theresa's face moved as she proceeded. "You, sir, think differently from myself, and, no doubt, believe that I have forfeited my life by taking those of your children; vain it would be attempting to convince you that I have only wished to save them—save them for countless ages of eternity. To me consolation has been offered,—for, since my self-abasement there, the Virgin, pitying my sorrows, has imparted to me that consolation which the world could not give me, nor you, sir, take away. She has informed me that, through my means, and her intercessions, these beloved ones are blessed! They are in Paradise; let me rejoin them. By my own hands I am forbidden to die, and I love my God too well to disobey his laws; but you, Mr. Meredith, possess the power. Let me suffer by the laws of your country,—for I have broken those laws; but I shall be tried eventually by the laws of my just Creator,—for his laws have I, though imperfectly, endeavoured to obey. I swear to you that I will not destroy myself."

We were both weeping; and I, by an impulse I could not withstand, rose up, and unbound her hands,—for no danger could arise, I thought, as there were two of us in the room, and the door was locked—the key out of her reach. "I thank you, madam," she said, with much gracefulness; "you have prevented my doing what God had ordered; but it was in ignorance you acted as you did, and I forgive you. I do not dislike you now, Mrs. Griffiths, for you have a spirit like my own."

Long seemed the watchings of that night; but nothing further was spoken by the signora to us, except that she pleaded for one thing, the last, she said, she should ever ask at the hands of Mr. Meredith, as it was, indeed, the first,—that he would give her that painting her niece had just taken of the Virgin, from Murillo, with the addition of the portrait of her infant son, as the Saviour, in her arms. "I, of course," said she, "shall leave the original behind me; but I should like that painting. Will you give it me?"

• How beautiful is benevolence! Did not the excellent Mr. Meredith approach nearly to the example set him by his Divine Master, when he prayed for those who had nailed him to the cross—"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!" The injured father felt that this unhappy creature "knew not what she did" when she bereaved him of his children; yet he could not endure to look upon her, and shaded his eyes with his hand, as he slowly murmured out—"Yes, I grant thy parting request, most miserable woman! I present thee with the painting of my child,—for God has preserved the original to me, through your means, dear, dear Mrs. Griffiths! Oh, what angel informed you of what was going on?"

"It was merely observation," I replied; "the slightest circumstance often is the clue to the greatest event: and, then, my medical friend, whom I sent for so long ago, without informing you of it, had his suspicions as well as myself, from what I related to him, that your children had been unfairly dealt by,—that those spots were not the marks of disease."

"What did he say respecting the conduct of Father Jerome, who attended my children at Rome, Paris, and the Spa, where they were born? Had he no suspicions of him?"

"Why, it is hard to say, sir," I replied; "his observations were very just. In the first place, he said these doctor-priests are only half-educated men, and know but scantily the causes and symptoms of diseases; then, secondly, as confessor to so high and so rich a lady as Signora Bassano, he would not wish to divulge her confessions to the world, although they affected life; and even, thirdly, so strong is bigotry amongst Roman Catholics, he might have approved her

motives. My friend advised me to keep my suspicions to myself, as I had no proof; and, above all, to be constantly on my guard against their machinations; and this, believe me, I have done, both by night and by day."

"You have saved the life of my child, and, perhaps, the reason of its mother," said Mr. Meredith, passionately. "I will not name reward to a mind like yours; you have already received it in performing the act; but you must allow me to be grateful."

All this had been said apart, and in an under tone; but, hearing a slight noise, we turned. Signora Bassano was employed in cutting away with her scissors the portrait of the child Algernon from that of the Virgin. She was muttering thus over her work:—

"This profanation, blessed Virgin! I am sparing thee. To place in thy divine arms a Protestant! Forgive, forgive this sacrilege! Thou knowest she is not strong of mind—that she is easily led away—a mere lamb within thy fold. Oh, Madonna, pardon my niece Rosalia!"

In the morning, we learned that Mrs. Meredith was in a high fever: no wonder. The scene of the preceding night,—the knowledge of her babes' murder had been too much for her. I could not, of course, leave the house in its present state of confusion; but I prevailed on Mr. Meredith to send for my friendly and clever practitioner, Mr. B——, who, by his judicious treatment, soon restored her; but we could not conceal from her that her hapless relation had been consigned to the care of the persons keeping the private establishment for the reception of the insane, called Brook-House, at Clapton, near Hackney.

With that consideration that might have been expected from so humane and good a man as Mr. Meredith, he had requested that an oratory might be fitted up for the exclusive use of his afflicted relative, in the establishment; and that she might have the use of a carriage whenever she wished it, with every comfort that wealth can bestow. He even insisted on her taking the original painting of the Virgin she so much admired; and sent the mutilated one to a skilful picture-dealer, who contrived to replace the child in the arms of the Madonna, so that the mending could not be perceived.

It was part of my duty, in concert

with Mr. Meredith, to accompany Signora Bassano to Brook House. She was perfectly aware that it was a lunatic asylum; but religious frenzy so far overmastered her reason, that she firmly believed that *we* were the really insane persons; that it was the pleasure of God to deprive her of her personal liberty, as a punishment here to her, for having, in the first instance, failed to immolate her darling niece, prior to her marriage; and for this dereliction of her duty, as she called it, she constantly asked the intercession of the Holy Mother, and her tutelar saint, Theresa. As she thinks, now, that she is no longer a responsible being, from her liberty being taken from her, she has become composed, and resigned to her fate. She still loves, with unabated affection, her darling niece, for whom she is constantly netting purses, and working reticules; but Mr. Meredith most judiciously refuses permission that his wife should visit her relation in her present abode, lest it should prove too much for her gentle mind.

What have I more to relate of this most strange and eventful history? Why, it shall be as the conclusion of the Book of Job,—“that the Lord gave Job twice as much as he had before;” and “that in all the land were no women found so fair as the daughters of Job; and their father gave them inheritance among their brethren.”

Though not exactly to the strict letter of this quotation, yet the last time I visited this truly amiable family, the foregoing words struck me most forcibly,—for I saw the father and mother surrounded by six children; and, certainly, to judge by the infant graces of their two daughters, Rosalia and Giulietta, they gave great promise that, “in all the land, few women would be found so fair,” when they arrived at maturity, as the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Meredith. As for my own boy, Algernon, I must not indulge myself in talking about him, or it may be thought advisable by my medical friend, Mr. B., in concert with my equally considerate acquaintance, the critic of Scotland, to get a certificate of insanity signed for me by Drs. Uwin or Haslem, and take me off to keep company with poor Theresa Bassano, who is in the asylum considered so good a Catholic, that she is the admiration of all the other inmates.

During one of my periodical visits

to this poor Italian lady, I heard the story of one of the persons confined under the same roof. I should like, one of these days, to relate this narrative in my own rambling way; or, rather, in the disjointed manner in which I heard it from the lips of the heroine herself; but, then, I shall go out of my own vocation, and, oh, sad restraint! shall not be able to mix up myself much throughout the tale. In this last story I certainly figure away, by my own shewing, in the most brilliant colours. Such forethought! such perception! such perseverance! such contrivance! Surely, all the ladies in the land will desire to have so accomplished a creature with them during nature's convulsion. Vain is their wish—unrequited will be their desire! I sit in my own lively and agreeable little drawing-room, at Kensington, have the prettiest patterned carpet and hearth-rug in the world, with the brightest grate and fire-irons! Here I sit at my ease, in my purple morocco elbow-chair, a present to me from my own Algernon Meredith, with my writing-desk before me, inlaid with brass, and a very grand affair, too, given to me by his fa-

ther, with a hundred luxuries beside. Here I sit, in my Indian shawl and black silk dress, as comfortable as any person in the land, and have quite given up attending ladies at their own houses. I did not intend to serve them any where; but one lady has intruded on my privacy, to request such kindness as I might be induced to bestow upon her in the trying hour. Intrude! did I say? No, best and most cruelly treated of human beings, thou hast not intruded. Willingly, cheerfully have I received thee; and here shalt thou stay, as long as there is a fire upon this hearth, or a glow of warmth within this bosom! as long as thou desirest it.

"Mercy on us, what a tirade!" sixteen knots an hour by the log! Farewell, gentlemen, you may make wry faces as much as you like; but I think it a pity to spoil Nature's handywork. Allow me to present you each with a small pocket-glass, and always place it before your own features when you are going to review a new work, scold your own wife, and, more especially, in writing strictures on "The Monthly Nurse."

LORD BROUGHAM'S RECORD COMMISSION.*

"Things, sire, base."—*Cymbeline*.

ALL things subject to Lord Brougham's influence, like the progress of the Irishman's pig, tend contrarywise to their destination.

The preservation and convenient use of the public records have been often authoritatively stated as the "primary objects" of the Record Commission, organised by Lord Brougham. By placing his lordship's name at the head of the article, our readers are sufficiently warned that we do not meditate a dissertation on records.

We shall treat of his lordship's Re-

cord Commission, and, consequently, have little to do with records, but with illustrations of "corruption boiling and bubbling till it run o'er the stew," negligence, incapacity, *charlatanerie*, the false economy of gratuitous irresponsible agency, and, at the same time, afford a practical specimen of the nature of his lordship's reforms.

The first Record Commission was nominated in 1800, at the instance of Mr. Abbot; and so long as it was directed by him, though it neglected to provide for the good arrangement of

* Report from the Select Committee on Record Commission, together with the Minutes of Evidence. Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 15th August 1836. Price 11s. 9d.

Octavo Edition of the Report, with Illustrative Notes, selected from the Evidence taken by the Committee, and Documents printed by the Record Commission. Ridgway and Sons. Price 2s. 6d.

records,—its first and most imperative business,—it proceeded with activity, at least, in publication.*

The Duke of Wellington, in 1830, had threatened to reform, if not to abolish the Record Commission, but it was spared to be enumerated amongst the many of Lord Brougham's "projects of plausible beginning." Some few persons were beginning to scrutinise the value the public had received for 362,400*l.* 16*s.* 11*d.*, which parliamentary returns, procured by Mr. Edward Protheroe, member for Evesham, shewed to have been expended, by the commission.

The extreme inaccuracy of the commission's publications had been detected and exposed. Loud and just complaints against the fees exacted for searching the records, had met with no attention. The impediments to the access and use of the records had not been removed or modified. In short, the commission which Lord Brougham undertook to remodel, was little better than a vehicle for transferring 10,000*l.* per annum of public money into the pockets of jobbers; and had his lordship been minded to qualify himself for the business of reforming this commission, it was no very difficult task. But, alas! every project of his lordship—his Law Reforms—his Libel and Education Bills—his Charity Commission—his London University,—*cum multis aliis*,—all have been afflicted with a fatality; all swamped, or run on rocks, under his pilotage; and his Record Commission was destined to share the same fate.

In 1800, the king issues a commission, because the records are "unarranged, undescribed, and unascertained; exposed to erasure, alteration, and em-

bezzlement; and lodged in buildings incommodious and insecure." In 1806, 1817, 1821, and 1825, other commissions tell the same tale; and in 1831, the great law-reformer discloses to the world that the "records *are* unarranged, undescribed, and unascertained," &c., and so forth; and proposes to redress the same evils by the same machinery. After thirty years' experience of the working of the unpaid, irresponsible Record Commissioners, he re-constitutes another Commission, on the same identical principle, and in the very same words; except, indeed, that some additional duties are imposed on the present commissioners. They are commanded to make "full and diligent inquiry whether any beneficial alterations or reforms can be introduced into the offices and repositories of public records, and the general course of business therein." The numbers of the Commissioners, which, in 1800, were twelve, were now increased to twenty-five, and some new members introduced. Mr. Cooper was substituted as secretary for Mr. Caley. "And," says Sir H. Nicolas, "if any thing could redeem the selection of the commissioners, it was the nomination of the secretary!"

It was expected that twenty-five persons, one-half of whom were fully occupied with other business, the other half literary *dilettanti*; and none of them either paid for what they did, or called to account for what they did not do, would do the business much better, now that they were appointed by the great law-reformer.

We shall proceed at once to shew how far this most rational expectation has been realised. The means of doing so are furnished by the report of a

* *Comparative Statement of Commission's Proceedings between 1800 and 1831.*

	Length of duration.	Amount of Parliamentary grants.	Originated No. of separate publications.	Completed No. of folio volumes.	No. of reports presented.
Commissions from 1800 to 1819, managed by Mr. Abbot.....	19 years	173,650 <i>s.</i> 17 <i>d.</i> 2	19	36	2
Commissions from 1819 to 1831, managed nominally by Mr. Mannors Sutton, Lord Spencer, &c.....	12 years	130,714 <i>s.</i> 11 <i>d.</i> 4	3	14	None.

We have taken the publications only, because in all other respects their result was

select committee of the house of commons.*

We begin with the practical operation of the board.

"Great stress," says the report, p. 37., "is laid on the importance of having high officers of state on the commission, to give it dignity, and facilitate its operations. Some, it is supposed, were to insure it access to those offices of which they possessed the legal custody. For this purpose, also, judges of the various courts are said to have been placed on the commission. But there is an ample evidence of a necessity having on many occasions arisen for the interference of these high official and judicial persons, in order to procure the commission sufficient control over the different offices. It does not appear to your committee that this aid has in any case been given by the official or judicial members of the commission. * * * *

"The present master of the rolls has attended only at one of many boards to which he had been summoned, that being the only occasion 'on which he could attend without interfering with the business of his court, which he considered more important.' * * * *

"The presence of the chancellor of the exchequer might, it is supposed, have been serviceable in regulating the financial arrangements of the board; and it has been argued that this minister, the speaker of the house of commons, and other parliamentary members would form a convenient medium of communication between the commission, the two houses of parliament, and the executive government. It appears, however, that the present chancellor of the exchequer is the first who has ever appeared to take the slightest interest in the business of the board; and that he has only attended once. . . . No secretary of state for the Home department attended from the formation of the present commission down to January last. . . . It appears that the commission has been, since the first period of its existence, cramped by the incompleteness of its original powers; and that no one of its parliamentary members has ever made any exertion in either house to procure it legislative aid."

Mr. Allen (the master of Dulwich College), a commissioner, asked,

"(7350) Have you ever seen Lord Melbourne?—I have.

Or Lord John Russell?—Lord John Russell I have seen too.

The chancellor of the exchequer, you never saw but once, Mr. Spring Rice?—Mr. Cooper tells me that Lord Althorp came once, but I probably was not present."

As Mr. Allen defends the constitution and working of the commission, it was to be expected that his pretensions would have been strengthened by accuracy. At a board held 19th of Nov., 1832, the names of Lord Althorp and Mr. Allen, are *both* returned as being present together. (Appendix F, p. 847). Mr. Allen has witnessed Lord Melbourne's presence at the board, which is odd, because, by a return of the names of all who attended the boards of the commission, his lordship appears not to have attended a single board.

The great functionaries, when they did attend, were employed as such functionaries in such cases always are—as shields. Sharing the responsibility, they shared the inducement to defend even mischiefs which they had no hand in.

The prelates were put on the commission, to look after the records of the church. "The Archbishop of Canterbury," says Mr. Allen (p. 632), "must have weight with all who have ecclesiastical papers and muniments in their custody." These are the advantages and exercise of this "great weight." In 1832, Mr. Protheroe, in a letter printed by the commissioners, for their especial edification, says, p. 26. "I am very desirous that the board should manifest some solicitude about the testamentary records of the kingdom." In March 1836, Mr. Protheroe says, and proves, "that nothing has been done;" and that these records "have been most scandalously neglected." The remaining members of the board must be considered by Mr. Allen, in a theory he propounded on its constitution, as representing "persons of moderate but independent fortune, who have given their attention to the history, literature, and antiquities, of their country."

Mr. Wynn, Mr. Hallam, and Mr.

* This inquiry was conducted by Mr. Charles Buller, and was the longest and most tiresome of the past session. It has demonstrated, that a member, among the most distinguished for his lively and versatile talents, can exert an industry and patience calculated to surprise those who think that nothing but dulness can be laborious.

Allen, are of this class: Mr. Louis Hayes Petit, Mr. Utterson, and Mr. William Brougham, may be, "persons of moderate but independent fortune;" who, if they have given attention to the "history, literature, and antiquities, of their country," have taken signal pains to suppress all evidence of the fact. Mr. Protheroe, was nominated because he had been troublesome to former commissions,—a principle of choice, very generally adopted in such cases, and founded on no little experience of human nature; though this gentleman has not exactly answered the expectation under which, we may venture to surmise, he was chosen.

Lord Aberdeen and Mr. Grenville never attended a single meeting of the present Commission (v. Appendix, F. 1); and we can readily believe, that they were rather indisposed to co-operate with Lord Brougham's triumvirate—Messrs. Belleuden Ker, W. Brougham, and Cooper.

The Bishop of Landaff, is a man of letters, and shewed, in a letter published by the commission, that he had an accurate view of the duties committed to him as a Record Commissioner. His fitness for superintending the arrangement of record offices, or selecting works for publication, was not employed; the only business he was set to perform, was to check the accounts of the secretary. A business he executed, in the secretary's opinion, very ill; inasmuch as he detected inaccuracies in them.

Active superintendence of the arrangement of records, was not, perhaps, to be expected from Messrs. Hallam and Allen; particularly from Mr. Hal-

lam, who had exhausted his stock of activity, long before he ceased to be a commissioner of stamps. Yet, being eminent as having "given their attention to the history, literature, and antiquities, of their country," it might be thought they would have interested themselves in selecting works for publication. Not at all: these gentlemen, too, figure only as auditors of accounts, and, consequently, were occupied with arithmetic, and not the literature of the commission. They are not to be complimented for their manner of performing even this business; and, throughout their respective evidences, they disclaim all knowledge of several departments of the commission's affairs. Mr. Allen says (Ev. 7393), "I was very rarely the person that selected. I should think that the chief persons were, in the first instance, Lord Brougham, and afterwards Lord Canterbury. I always imagined so." Mr. Hallam says (Ev. 7578), "With respect to many of the publications, both of the last and the present commission, I am not competent to speak. . . . I can say very little about the parliamentary writs." Be it remarked, that Mr. Hallam actually sat as a member of a committee, which recommended that the publication of these writs* should be continued. But then Sir F. Palgrave, the editor, is on terms of intimacy with Mr. Hallam.

Mr. Hallam is asked (Ev. 7611), "Have you generally known what works were going to make their appearance under the sanction of the board?—Not entirely."

It may be seen below,† how far Mr. Williams Wynn is informed of the commission's proceedings.

* Report of the Committee, June 1832.

† Mr. Buller, in his speech, condemned the appearance of a work, entitled "Cooper on Public Records," as a *private* work, when the public had paid nearly 400*l.* for the printing alone, besides 80*l.* to Mr. James Bacon, nominally, for "assisting" Mr. Cooper in its compilation, and innumerable small sums for the somewhat singular item of coach-hire, and portrage of books to the Regent's Park, to aid Mr. Cooper in his labour. Thereupon, a Parliamentary Commissioner said, "The honourable member who brought forward this motion, was wholly misinformed as to the Portuguese work of which he had spoken. He (Mr. Wynn) could only say, as one of the Commissioners, that he never saw or heard of such a work; and as to the book published by Mr. Cooper, that publication took place solely at Mr. Cooper's own expense, and not at the expense of the Commission. The honourable member should, therefore, have informed himself better on this point, before he made the statement he had put forth."

Mr. Jervis enlightened the Commissioner's darkness, by exhibiting the Portuguese pamphlet (*Memoria da Comissão dos Arquivos da Gran-Bretanha*, App. p. 781), and the printed Parliamentary Returns; in which the cost of Mr. Cooper's work, paid by the Commission, was vouched for by the Commission itself. So well acquainted are these gentlemen with their own proceedings.

As far as can be made out from the evidence of the secretary,—which is made up “of subtle turns and shifts of sense” (Ev. 7713, &c. 7748),—Mr. Bellenden Ker, a satellite of Lord Brougham, has had something to do with the publications, but what, cannot be exactly discovered. Sir F. Palgrave (Ev. 5263), indeed, testifies, that Mr. Bellenden Ker and Mr. Uttersen “are gentlemen well acquainted with art and antiquities in general; who have been of considerable use to him since the new commission, in advising upon the artists for the works;” but he does not explain what “artists,” and what “works,” he alludes to.

It will, perhaps, be supposed, that although the far greater part of the commissioners knew nothing of their own proceedings, except what they were told by the person by whom these proceedings were really transacted; yet, some members of the commission must have attended, and that by these, the business ostensibly transacted in their names, was really done, or, at the very least, controlled.

Now, see the real fact. “It appears from a return laid before your committee, that, in a period of nearly five years, thirty-eight boards were held, and only seven of the twenty-five commissioners attended at more than half of these. These boards were called by the secretary, at his discretion. They sat rarely more than two or three hours; their duration depending on the time at which some of the leading official members could conveniently come, and that at which they were forced to go away, to attend to other business. The business to be done at these boards, was arranged by the secretary. The correspondence of the commission was carried on by the secretary. Letters of great importance were not laid before the board. Notices and communications of the commissioners themselves, appear in the same way to have been liable to be suppressed, or only partially communicated to the board. Some business of the commission was, also, done by committees.”—Report, p. 32.

There was not the slightest communication between the board and the persons in its employment. Its editors were in communication only with the secretary; though the commission had reminded itself, by printing Mr. Protheroe's letter, of “the very beneficial

effects that would result from the maintenance of a frequent and settled intercourse, between the board and sub-commissioners.”

All judgments of the commission were, therefore, formed upon the second-hand information of the secretary—afforded at his option. No one but he ever penetrated into the sanctuary of the board-room.

Mr. Joseph Hunter says (Ev. 3231), “He has never attended any meetings of the board, as sub-commissioner.” Mr. Hardy, editor of works characterised by the secretary, as “the noblest monument that was ever raised to the ancient glory of a people” (Ev. 1280), “never had any personal communications with the board.” (Mr. Hardy, Ev. 3536). Mr. Cole, performing the duties of sub-commissioner, “never saw the board.” (Ev. 4598). Mr. Stevenson, a sub-commissioner, appears never to have come in contact with the board. (See his Ev.). Sir Harris Nicolas (Ev. 4212), the editor of the privy council books, says, “I have no knowledge of my own, of the existence of the commission; I mean, although I have been editor of an extensive work under the commission for three years, I never once came into contact with the commissioners as a board.”

• Sir F. Palgrave alone contradicts this alleged indifference of the commissioners; and it is an odd coincidence, that the only person certifying the *official* intercourse between commissioners and sub-commissioners, happens to be in the habit of meeting them in private society.

Not only did the commission never communicate with its editors, &c., but, with one or two exceptions (when Lord Brougham interfered), it was left to the secretary to determine who should be its editors. Mr. Cooper says (Ev. 2863), that “it was Lord Brougham who suggested it would be better for Sir F. Palgrave to take 1000*l.* per annum, and that he should be at liberty to occupy himself with other matters.” The very principle on which Lord Brougham appointed his charity commissioners. “Every member left at liberty to employ himself in his professional pursuits, for any portion of his time, at pleasure” (*Boa Constrictor*, or *Helluo Curiarum*, p. 67). And Lord Brougham, being resolved that Sir F. Palgrave *should* “have other matters to occupy himself with, was

Thus we have seen realised the invariable consequence of entrusting public business to numerous boards, especially unpaid boards, composed of *amateurs* and persons engaged in other

occupations. The single *paid* officer, the executive, becomes the sole manager of the concern, while the others kindly consent to lend him the screen of their nominal responsibility; a responsibility

gurgens (seven cucumbers); thou mistakes Siebenbürgen (Transilvania), for Siebenbergen (seven hills). Indeed, Mr. Cooper admits his deficiency in saying (Ev. 3102), "Dr. Drescher was almost always at my elbow, and I should have consulted him, he is a very excellent geographer."

Mr. Cooper never flinched from his duty: he read lectures even to a cabinet minister when the spirit of public virtue was upon him. Learning that the "sinecure" keepership of the chapter-house was to be given to some other person than Sir F. Palgrave, whom Mr. Cooper desired to patronise, he remonstrated with a cabinet minister, with whom he was on "terms of intimacy," and threatened to accelerate that parliamentary investigation into the matter, with which, doubtless, he is now so much gratified. "I am told (Ev. 1474), what I cannot indeed believe, that * * * (the copy omits the name) is to have the chapter-house. If this be the case, it is a breach of faith on the part of the government towards myself, and a gross and foul job, and I trust will be inquired into in the house of commons. *Your lordship knows me too well, to imagine I shall hold my tongue.* It will be a farce to attempt to reform the record system; and the only thing left to me, will be to resign the secretaryship."

"Here's a large mouth, indeed,
That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and seas;
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions,
As maids of thirteen do of puppy dogs.
What cannoneer begot this lusty blood?
He speaks plain cannon-fire, and smoke and bounce;
He gives the bastinado, with his tongue." — King John.

But, whilst he chastened cabinet ministers, he was not niggard to others of his praises, when merited. He commends the "clearsightedness" of the chancellor of the exchequer, and even condescended to crack a joke with him. He has "jestingly observed to Mr. Protheroe, and since to the chancellor of the exchequer, it was in his power to have gone off to America with the amount of the grant in his pocket" (Ev. 1477, 2262, &c.). Some might accuse him, like *Parolles*, of being "more saucy with lords and honourable personages, than the heraldry of his birth and virtue gives him commission."

Mr. Cooper's financial administration, was not very profound; but ignorance in such matters is considered rather gentlemanly. Indeed, in his case, it was carried to such an extent, that it was necessary for his clerk to "inform" him, how many odd hundreds of pounds he spent annually on books. — Ev. 1280.

What return can a grateful public make for the following act of munificence! He told the committee, certain books "being wanting, to bring my task (a self imposed task, too!) to a satisfactory close, I have myself bought, out of my private funds, all the books that were wanting, and which my clerk informs me, have cost me more than 500*l.* When done with, they will not be incorporated in my own library, but exchanged for other books or sold; and, probably, at a considerable loss to myself." Nevertheless, Mr. Protheroe (Ev. 1423) says, when auditing the accounts, "We expressed, as well as I remember, some uneasiness to Mr. Cooper, at the large amount of expenditure on printed books, which I think exceeded 700*l.*; but our observations were damped by perceiving that Mr. Cooper disliked them, and he very plainly told us, that his zeal in the service of the commission would be seriously diminished, if we cut off from him the privilege of making this expenditure."

He took no periods of relaxation: to the composition of his great work with the luminous title of appendix A! performed, of course, gratuitously, says he, "I devoted the whole of the long vacations of 1832, 1833, and 1834: and part of the long vacation of 1835; and the greater part of the Christmas and Easter vacations of those years" (Ev. 1280). "More than half his whole time is devoted to the business of the commission" (Agenda, p. 7). And he impressed upon the committee, that "it would be a foolish affectation, were he to allow the committee to suppose, that Mr. Caley (the late secretary) ever bestowed on the business of the record board, one-fourth of the time which had been bestowed by himself" (Ev. 1474).

We trace a similitude between Haman, the son of Hammedatha, the Agagite, and Charles Purton Cooper, the "sec. com. pub. rec.;" as he delighteth to subscribe himself. As "all the king's servants that were in the King's Gate, bowed

good for nothing as against them, but a good and sufficient shield for him.

Having seen by *whom* the affairs of the commission have been managed, we shall now see how.

A merchant's account-books afford good *prima facie* evidence of the state of his prosperity, and fraudulent bankruptcies may generally be detected by this test. To judge of the state and

and revered Haman," so all the king's servants that were in the king's commission, bowed and revered Cooper. And, as "the king said unto Haman," so the commission said unto Cooper: "the *silver* is given to thee and the people also, to do with them as it seemeth good to thee." (We beg to say, we see no further resemblance between the fates of Haman and Cooper. "The king said, hang Haman on the gallows, and then was the king's wrath pacified").

Feuds rent the bosoms of two chivalrous gwelphic knights, employed in the commission.

"Illi inter sese duri certamina belli
Contulerunt" ————

Accusations of "mendacity," "spite," "enmity," "want of temper," "unprecedented avarice, &c." were tilted about; yet both chaunt the praises of the great secretary. For example, Sir H. Nicolas extols the "zeal of the secretary" to the Record Commission, "for the promotion of historical knowledge" (Preface to the Chronology of History, p. 19). And, in Sir H. Nicolas' deliberate judgment, "the secretary was a most fit person to be one of two record commissioners" (Letter to Lord Brougham on Record Commission, in 1832, p. 89). It must be noticed, that Sir Harris withdrew his "encomiums" on Mr. Cooper, when he found the secretary's conduct to be under investigation by the committee (Ev. 3906). Sir F. Palgrave, before his contest with the secretary, when he told the public, "no gentleman would be contented to act under Mr. Cooper's sway" (*Reply*, p. 63)—thought it an important fact, bearing on his "Rise and Progress of the English Commonwealth," to make known to posterity, that Mr. C^SP. Cooper, in "the full activity of his profession, had yet found time to investigate the literature and science of the law."—p. 648.

The secretary was not very scrupulous, whether the recognition of his excellence and power, were voluntary or not. It seems "that it was at Mr. Cooper's earnest request, that Mr. Hurdy dedicated a work to him" (Ev. 3655). And Mr. Hardy says, in some preface, that he found it "necessary to state, that the public is indebted to Mr. Cooper, for recommending the publication of the Rolls of the reign of king John." But the *ne plus ultra* of laudation, is to be found in the glowing language of the "Rev." Joseph Hunter, whose salary, by the way, had been raised from 300*l.* to 450*l.* a year, by "an agreement made between Mr. Hunter and the secretary" (Mr. Cooper's Ev. 2855; also Mr. Hunter's, 3213.—*et seq.*). "I venture," says that "Reverend" gentleman, "to add, that the gratitude of all such inquirers, and of all who delight in the results of inquiries, or, who are in any way benefited by them, will rest on those who established a commission for this great purpose (*viz.* the publication of an 8vo. volume of Ancient Fines, edited by Mr. Hunter), on the members of the commission itself, and not least on their vigilant, enlightened, and zealous secretary!"—Mr. Hunter's Preface to the Fines, p. 41.

The present seems a good opportunity to qualify these disinterested eulogiums. We select the proceedings of the secretary and commission, with respect to a work called the Parliamentary Writs, as an antidote to Mr. Hunter's praises. Mr. Cooper having induced Sir F. Palgrave, the editor, to entrust to him all his papers, &c. (*v.* Mr. Palgrave's "*Reply*"), hands them over to Sir H. Nicolas, together with all the official orders, minutes, reports, &c. touching the work, without any permission from the board; from these materials, Sir Harris compiles certain "*Observations*" (printed 1832, by the Record Commission). Mr. Cooper thereupon, writes to Mr. Bellenden Ker, a commissioner, telling him, that *he* has written the "*Observations*," at his and Mr. W. Brougham's (another commissioner) "desire and particular request." Messrs. Ker and Brougham request Mr. Cooper, by letter, to "print them and send a copy to each member of the commission." Mr. Cooper does so, claiming the authorship. Sir F. Palgrave replies; and again Sir Harris, in Mr. Cooper's name, publishes more "*Remarks*." To crown this transaction, Mr. Cooper transmits a copy of these observations, with other documents printed for the *private* use of the board, to the British museum, in a *fictitious* name, because "he was secretary to the board" (Ev. 2801), accompanied by the following letter:—

Ross, June 1833.

"Sir,—The tracts in the volume that I now beg to present to the British museum, were given to my late uncle, by a gentleman in one of the record offices in London. He informed me, that they were very rare, only fifty copies being printed of each,

management of the commission by any other test, would imply some acquaintance with the technicalities of its business; but its system of finances is the foot by which Hercules can be known.

The following summary view of the mode of conducting the finances of the commission, is collected entirely from Mr. Cooper's own evidence (Ev. 2267): "There were no account-books whatever belonging to the old board:" "360,000*l.*, and more, passed through their hands; and there is no trace of it whatever." "When I was appointed secretary, I found no account-books. I thought the system defective, and I immediately directed my clerk to prepare two books. The one has been, most improperly and ignorantly by me, sometimes called a ledger. I am told (!), by persons conversant with accounts, it is a mere journal. The other is called, and improperly also, a petty cash-book" (Ev. 2269). The present commission has received parliamentary grants to the amount of 48,000*l.* in five years, all of which have been paid into the hands of the secretary. Mr. Cooper says (Ev. 2262), "The first year I went to the exchequer, and I found, to my great amazement, that I was to receive, in cash, the sum of 10,500*l.* I was very much surprised at it: I might have put it into my pocket, and gone off to America the next day." Having received that sum of money, he did not announce the fact "officially" to the

commissioners; and it no where appears that the commissioners made any inquiries after it. The money was placed in a banker's hands, and was drawn out by Mr. Cooper;* "without any other signature whatever?" He adds, "Yes; and, in the first instance, might be misapplied by me." "The Board never previously makes an order" (Ev. 2278). And thus the funds were disbursed just as Mr. Cooper pleased. The secretary of the commission, "prior to 1831, could have obtained money to any amount from the king's printers; and, from 1807 to 1830, a sum of 49,750*l.* 3*s.* 2*d.* was advanced by them." Here was a field for jobbing! The commission accommodates the king's printers by employing them, the king's printers accommodate the commission by advancing loans at interest; and the same secretary, who borrows the money, certifies the accuracy of all the printers' bills, both for money advanced and for work done.

This same system of borrowing from tradesmen was also followed by the present commission, though the secretary would have us believe to the contrary. "This system," says Mr. Cooper (Ev. 8114), "I determined not to adopt; and the board sanctioned my proposal, that, instead of the secretary drawing upon the king's printers, and the monies paid to his order being included in their bills, they should advance a gross sum, which should be paid into a banker's."

which induces me, as I am leaving England for some time, to take the opportunity of a friend going to town, to send the volume containing them, to be placed in the fine library confided to your superintendence.

"I am, Sir, your's,
"CHARLES HUGHES."

When we think of the secretary as "Charles Hughes;" his illegal seizure of the augmentation office, "arising out of an interview with Lord Grey" (Mr. Vincent's Ev. 1687, &c.); his ordering transcripts to be made *sub rosa* (Ev. Mr. Cooper, 1134. Mr. Petrie's Ev.); the discrepancies existing in the parliamentary returns; his plagiarism and surreptitious use of Mr. Petrie's work (Ev. Mr. Petrie, &c.).—Mr. Cooper's secretaryship reminds us of the proverb,

"Con arte e con inganno
Si vive mezzo l'anno,
E con inganno ed arte
Si vive l'altra parte."

* Mr. Hallam, with the coolest indifference, says (Ev. 7616), "The money is certainly lodged in the hands of the secretary: I do not think that is altogether the best mode, and that might easily be rectified." This nonchalance is not without parallel: on another occasion, when Mr. Hallam attempted to "excuse, if not to justify, the practice of leaving blank signatures," with reasons, from which the Lords of the Treasury "entirely dissent."—Vide Minute of the Lords of the Treasury, 6th Oct. 1826, printed by House of Commons, 15th June, 1827.

The difference of the two systems was merely this:—In the first, the printers paid sums of 50*l.*, 100*l.*, or 200*l.*, to A, B, and C, according to the secretary's order; and, in the second, the king's printers advanced a large sum of 1000*l.*, or so, to the secretary, which the secretary himself paid out in sums of 50*l.*, 100*l.*, or 200*l.* The treasury stopped this practice in July 1834, "considering loans of this nature from tradesmen to be, in principle, decidedly objectionable."

The secretary (for, in truth, the commission knew nothing and did nothing) was not to be baffled, even by the treasury. He admits, that, "in consequence of the treasury's condemnation, no more money was borrowed from the king's printers; and the only thing we could do was to get it from the bankers." And it appears the treasury was given to understand, that the secretary advanced the money himself.*

Our space will not permit our quoting an examination of Mr. Cooper, from 7839 to 7867, touching the responsibility involved in this system of borrowing; but we will select the most striking phrases. "It was a ticklish question," says Mr. Cooper (Ev. 7840), "whether the secretary borrowed on his own individual responsibility, or on that of the board." "The bankers took no note of hand, or acknowledgement, for the advance." "The bankers, in August 1835, had advanced between 4000*l.* and 5000*l.*, without any security whatever, either from the secretary or any other person." "No formal report was made to the board of the large advances which the bankers were making" (Ev. 7850). "The board gave no authority; the board merely acquiesced in what was considered to be an improvement upon the ancient system." "The *unfortunate* secretary has been left to get on as well as he could."—Ev. 8113.

Before the treasury would pass the commission's accounts, it was necessary that they should be certified as

having been authorised by the commission; and the farce of an audit was also acted, because Mr. Protheroe had busied himself about the matter, and in the following manner:—Three commissioners, Messrs. Protheroe, Hallam, and Allen, met, and "It was agreed," states Mr. Protheroe (Ev. 1400), "that our duty was solely limited to seeing that the vouchers agreed with the bills, and that both agreed with the entries in the book." They demanded no authority for the disbursements, which had been made at the pleasure of Mr. Cooper. Mr. Protheroe says (Ev. 1417), that "an expenditure of 700*l.* to 800*l.*, upon certain objects, had been incurred," and not known to the commissioners until their audit; and Mr. Hallam, in his usual off-hand way, says (Ev. 7618), "In auditing the accounts, I have seen the items of expenditure for the foreign collections;" of which the transcripts alone, in Dec. 1835, had exceeded 3135*l.* 12*s.* 9½*d.* The accounts having been thus audited, they were certified by Lord Brougham. *Twice* has his lordship informed the treasury, that the "expenditure has been made by the authority, and under the direction, of the commissioners" (Mr. Cooper's Evidence, 7927); and, having done so, on the 13th June, 1836, after he had been enlightened by the evidence of the committee, he positively writes: "I strongly recommend that the audit should be made an effectual one. I never, till I read the evidence, had any doubt that the auditors required the authority for the expenditure, as well as the vouchers for the fact!"—App. G 1.

"Various returns of the commission's expenditure have been ordered by the house of commons, on four occasions, since 1833. To these Mr. Cooper, without consulting the commissioners (Ev. 2246, &c.), has vouchsafed to give only such answers as he pleased. He did not submit them to the board, or seek any instructions.

* Thus, in Dec. 1835, the Treasury auditors say, that a balance of 4934*l.* 4*s.* 9½*d.* should be carried to Mr. Cooper's credit in his next account (App. D.); the fact (of which the Treasury was kept in ignorance) being, that the money had been advanced by the bankers. Messrs. Williams were the first bankers, but were changed for Messrs. Snow, Strahan, and Co. soon after the secretary commenced borrowing from the bankers. It may be remarked, *en passant*, that Mr. Strahan, of the firm of Snow, Strahan, and Paul, is the nephew and heir of the late Mr. Strahan, for many years the head of the establishment of the king's printers.

No inquiries were made by the board itself regarding the first order (Aug. 1833). Mr. Cooper not only did not comply with the resolutions of the House, but presented returns which *disagree* with the actual expenditure. To two other orders on the motion—viz. of Mr. Harvey in 1834, and Col. Sibthorpe in 1836—for returns of the expenses of all existing commissions (including, of course, the Record Commission), his replies were tantamount to saying that the Record Commission was not a commission; and he condescended to give no other information whatever.

In another return, Mr. Cooper presumed to alter the words of the resolution of the House. He was ordered to make a return of the "*date of EVERY payment*;" he changed the wording of the order to the "*dates of the CHIEF payments*" (App. C 3, p. 766), and entered such items as those mentioned below,* without any dates or specifications.

We conclude the subject of finances with observing, that the commission inherited a debt of 16,000*l.*, which, in five years, it has increased to 24,000*l.*

A word or two upon the remuneration and contingent expenses of Mr. Cooper himself. He received a nominal salary of 500*l.* per annum. Numbers of clerks, in nowise concerned with the records, perpetually haunted his chambers: in one year

they cost 302*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.* One person wrote Mr. Cooper's correspondence, at 65*l.* a-year. His own law-clerk kept the accounts for a matter of 55*l.* a-year. Dr. Drescher, "the excellent geographer," received 80*l.* a-year for being "almost always at Mr. Cooper's elbow" (Ev. 3102). Repairs and fixtures† in Mr. Cooper's house cost, in one year, 382*l.* 15*s.* The annual rent of the offices, which were also employed as Mr. Cooper's law-chambers, was 70*l.* The annual disbursements unconnected with the execution of the real objects of the commission, amount to little short of 2000*l.* per annum. (See Ev. of Mr. Protheroe, 2135, &c.; also Parliamentary Returns, App. C., p. 3.) Mr. Cooper, of course, gives a denial to all these expenses, which the reader may see (Ev. 7944-5), if he thinks it worth the trouble.

"It appears that, without any authority from the commission, a large library, of what the secretary calls palæographical books, has been purchased, at a cost of 1576*l.* 13*s.* 3*d.* . . . The existing library is kept at the secretary's chambers in New Boswell Court."—Rep. p. 33.

A most unintelligible and inaccurate catalogue of the books was returned to parliament. Mr. Cooper, upon a proof-sheet being transmitted to him by the printers to correct it, according to a request previously made, when he found himself in a scrape (Ev. 3152)

* We find the following in the last return to parliament (App. C 3), in which the sums are not apportioned to each person or purpose:

" Messrs. Murphy, Bacon, &c. (seven others), miscellaneous .	£399	16	7
Rymer's Fœdera; 35 persons (names all clustered together) ..	3135	12	9½
Three Bricklayers and Carpenters—Heard, Parker, Skipsey (Parker received about 6 <i>l.</i> of this 981 <i>l.</i>)	981	3	10½
Dixon, &c. for Stationery, &c.	2062	10	1½
Expenses of forwarding Works to the Continent, &c.	253	14	1
Leaver and others, Copying Clerks, &c.	161	9	7
Interest to Eyre and Spottiswoode, Williams and Co., Snow and Co., for Money advanced	719	3	9
Postage, Carriage of Parcels, extra Portage, Coach-hire, Cab- hire, Van-hire, Cart-hire, Boat-hire, Truck-hire, &c. &c.	674	16	9½
Other Disbursements, not comprised under any of the fore- going heads	397	9	0½
	£8785	16	7½."

A pretty good sum to be spent in two years, without telling the public the particulars!

† Mr. Protheroe specifies the repairs, in the very words of the bills, to consist in alterations in the attic story, *coppers fixed, stoves altered, new stoves supplied, refixing chimneypieces, contracting chimneys, rebuilding fire-places, and book-cases* (Ev. 7640). Mr. Cooper makes his usual attempt at mystification, without rebutting the facts; and actually concludes with saying, "Nor did any reparations take place at the cost of the commission."—Ev. 7944.

about "Siebenburgen," "considers the trouble of correcting and verifying needless in so unimportant a document."—App. C 3, p. 788.

The secretary not only made purchases without authority, but sold and exchanged the books so purchased equally without authority. In the return (App. C 3, p. 772) he states, in the note which he subsequently desired to have expunged, that "two or three large lots of books were sent to a bookseller and stationer, to be exchanged for parchment, vellum, and paper," but were afterwards "sent to the British Museum, or exchanged for other books." No credit to the commission is ever found on the score of books, and no specification of an exchange is given. The making presents to the British Museum is preposterous. The funds which parliament considers sufficient are annually voted to the Museum. Nor does it appear that the books which the Record Commission happened not to want, were books

which the Museum happened to want, and not to have. Of these books thus exchanged or given, a return was made (App. C 6); but this is not to be trusted. *By inspecting the original booksellers' bills* (App. E.), various books, purchased at different times, are not mentioned in any returns. Among the books thus omitted, are some of those the propriety of purchasing which would obviously be most questionable.*

The report (p. 33) remarks:—"It does not appear that these books were generally made useful for the purposes of the commission." . . . "It is stated in the return to parliament, in defence of the formation of this library, that it was intended for the use of a school of young transcribers; but of this school no such satisfactory account has been obtained by your committee, as would authorise such an appropriation of the public money"†

With such a board, and such an executive, it can be no matter of

* "Ware's Ireland, by Harris, 4 vols. 12l. 12s.; O'Conner's *Rerum Hibernicarum Scriptores Veteres*, 4 vols., very scarce, 31l. 10s.; Rushworth's *Historical Collections*, 8 vols., best edition, 7l. 17s. 6d.; Fosbrook's *British Monachism*, 2l. 12s. 6d.; Dibdin's *Tour*, 3 vols. 2l.; *Archæologia*, 22 vols., with Index and Catalogue of Books of the Antiquarian Society, 24 vols., 28l.; Nichol's *Literary Anecdotes*; Dunlop's *History of Fiction*; Ellis's *Metrical Romances*; Weber's *Romances*, &c. &c.

"The prices paid for books seem very capricious (App. E). In the same bill, the price of one copy of Adam's *Index Villaris* was 6s.; and of another copy of Adam's *Index Villaris*, apparently for the use of the Rev. Mr. Hunter, 2l. 2s."—App. E, p. 843.

† The evidence concerning Mr. Cooper's School of Young Transcribers is a fine illustration of quackery. He says (Ev. 2947), "Mr. Black superintends what does exist, in spite of what has been said by another witness:—he superintends the School of Young Transcribers." Mr. Black, the usher, had conceived a design of instructing these scholars, by giving "familiar lectures in Palæography and Diplomatics;" but these, it is added, he has never, "as yet, had leisure enough to bestow on them." The same cause has prevented the same gentleman from executing another conception of a "Diplomatic Manual," intended to have contained much instructive matter.

Mr. Protheroe (Ev. 2089), being asked "Where does this school exist?" says, "There is no such thing." Mr. Petrie (Ev. 3481) "knows nothing of it." Mr. Hardy (Ev. 3680) "has heard some such absurd story, but can scarcely credit it." Sir F. Palgrave says (Ev. 4365), "I do not know of any School of Young Transcribers." Mr. Cole says (Ev. 4780-1), "It is a sheer fiction, a mere piece of delusion, and a mere deception on the Committee, to say that any thing of the kind exists." In fine, Mr. Stevenson explains the school to consist of "the young gentlemen employed under Mr. Black in copying Rymer's rejected transcripts at the Museum." One of these gentlemen he afterwards had under him at the Tower, where he "had to teach him the rudiments of his business, finding that he was not competent to read records." The transcripts of Rymer on which this young scholar had been solely employed (for Mr. Black tells us, "they have scarcely attempted the tracing of facsimiles yet"), are written in a very plain hand; and, to be fitted to re-transcribe them, requires no diplomatic knowledge."

We leave Mr. Cooper to soliloquise with *Parolles*:—"What shall I say I have done? it must be a very plausible invention that carries it. They begin to smoke me, and disgraces have of late knocked too often at my door: I find my tongue is too fool-hardy."—*All's well that ends well.*

surprise that the commission should have signally failed in accomplishing any one of its professed objects. Besides leaving untouched all the abuses it was directed to reform, or cause to be reformed, it has hatched a monstrous nest of hornets, whose interests are identified with the jobbing and abuses to be swept away.

We shall despatch a notice of the commission's performances in as few words as possible. Its business was twofold: to reform and superintend the general system of keeping the public records, and to print the more ancient and valuable of them.

The evils to be ameliorated or removed may be enumerated under the following heads:

1. The insecurity and inconvenience of the places in which many of the records are kept:—"Your committee has seen the public records deposited at the Tower over a gunpowder-magazine, and contiguous to a steam-engine in daily operation; at the Rolls, in a chapel where Divine service is performed; in vaults, two stories underground, at Somerset House; in dark and humid cellars at Westminster Hall; in the stables of the late Carlton Ride; in the chapter-house of Westminster Abbey; in offices surrounded by, and subject to, all the accidents of private dwellings, as the Augmentation Office and First Fruits' Office."—Rep. p. 8.

2. The dispersion of records of the same court, and of the same nature, in different repositories, situated in various parts of the metropolis. Mr. Illingworth notices this matter, in certain observations drawn up "at the particular request of Lord Brougham," who wrote on purpose "from Brougham Hall," and "declared his intention to

sweep* away all impediments and abuses."—Ev. 855, &c.

These two evils could be remedied only by parliament; they have existed for thirty-six years, and not a single parliamentary member of the commission has attempted to obtain from the legislature the increased powers necessary for this purpose.

Mr. Cooper, having borrowed a scheme for building a general record office from Mr. Illingworth, published it as his own, and in his own name, without Mr. Illingworth's knowledge, or consent. Mr. Cooper says (Ev. 2664), Mr. Illingworth's paper "bears no resemblance whatever to my proposal for a general record office.... Elwood the Quaker might just as well say he was the author of Milton's Paradise Found." On this subject, the report of the committee says, p. 26: "Projects for the erection of a general record office have been, at various times, considered by the board. No such plan has, however, been carried into effect."

It is needless to specify any other reason to account for the failure of this project, than the meddling of the omnipresent Lord Brougham; who, says Mr. Illingworth (Ev. 848), "approved of it very much, and said it was to be made a cabinet measure."

3. A third evil was the confusion and disarrangement of the records in the various offices. The Report gives a very accurate analysis of the commission's proceedings in this respect: from which it appears, that some little matter has been done in one or two offices, — nothing in the majority; and that nothing worth mention is doing now.

4. Assuming that the records were methodically arranged and well pre-

* From the *Examiner*, of August 14, 1831.

“THE FATE OF A BROOM. AN ANTICIPATION.

Lo! in Corruption's lumber-room,
The remnants of a wondrous broom,
That walking, talking, oft was seen,
Making stout promises to sweep clean;
But evermore, at every push,
Proved but a stump without a brush.
Upon its handle-top, a sconce,
Like Bramah's, looked four ways at once;
Pouring on king, lords, church, and rabble,
Long floods of favour-carrying gabble;
From four-fold mouth-piece always spinning
Projects of plausible beginning.

Whereof said sconce did ne'er intend
That any one should have an end;
Yet still, by shifts and quaint inventions,
Got credit for its good intentions,
Adding no trifle to the store
Wherewith the Devil paves his floor.
Found out at last, worn bare and scrub-
bish,
And thrown aside with other rubbish,
We'll e'en hand o'er the enchanted stick,
As a choice present for Old Nick,
To sweep beyond the Stygian lake
The pavement it has helped to make."

served, they are comparatively useless without catalogues, indexes, and calendars. The commissioners cannot be said to have provided one single record office, or even one class of records, with these essential aids.

5. The duty of inquiring into fees, and the regulations of the record offices, constituted the one new object of the present commission; and Lord Brougham told the secretary—at least, Mr. Cooper says so—"that the prosecution of these inquiries was the principal object of the new commission." (*Agenda*, p. 7.) When it was proposed at a board to form a committee to inquire, the secretary thinks it occurred to Lord Brougham that it was not necessary (*Ev.* 1091); whilst Lord Brougham says the bright idea belonged to Sir John Leach, who is not alive to admit the fact. It happens, however, that *neither Lord Brougham nor Sir John Leach* were present at the Board when the motion was brought forward (*Append.* F 1, p. 846). Mr. Protheroe subsequently attempted to bring forward this "principal object of the new commission," but was prevented from doing so effectively, because Lord Brougham broke up the Board (*Ev.* 1303, 7813). The commission has consequently not remedied this great nuisance.

Our space does not permit us to notice at length a number of other evils, such as the removal of records from their repositories, their deposit in private houses, the sale of them, &c.; none of which the commission has done any thing to prevent in future. Sir Thomas Phillipps, who was called by the commission in its defence, thinks that "more records have been destroyed since the Record Commission was first instituted in 1800, than in the four preceding centuries." (*Ev.* 7551.)

With respect to printing, whatever blame the previous commissions merited for doing too much, to the neglect of more important duties, greatly accumulates to the charge of the present commission. Lord Brougham thinks the present commission has done very little in printing. We shall enlighten him. The old commission, in thirty years, produced fifty folio volumes, and bequeathed a debt of about 16,000*l.* to its successor. The present commission, in six years, has published nine folios, and commenced five others; twenty-

three octavo volumes, and commenced fourteen others; besides five volumes of Mr. Cooper's *Appendixes* to the *Fœdera*; and somewhere about twenty pamphlets; taking one with another, they make a total of about seventy-six distinct printed volumes: and it will expire with a debt of about 24,000*l.*

We cannot here discuss the merits of any of the works. We may, however, observe, that the commission is empowered to print only the more valuable and ancient of the records. The report remarks (p. 20): "It has been made matter of complaint that the commission has, in some instances, published original works of modern writers, for which no direct authority appears to be given by the terms of the commission; and that in some instances the information contained in those works had before been given in other forms."

We must not quit this subject, without alluding to the means adopted for distributing the works printed by the commission. The hopes of a remunerating sale at one time determined the selection of some works. Mr. Cooper writes, in 1832, in a letter printed in "Papers relative to a Complaint made by the Editor of the *Rolls of Parliament*," (p. 20): "As, however, it is our object to select records for publication that may be printed in a moderate time and at a moderate expense, and, above all, which possess sufficient general interest to *make it probable that the money expended in the publication will be reimbursed by the sale of copies*, I shall have no hesitation in recommending the board to authorise you to edit a single volume." Again he says, at p. 4 of the *Agenda*, "That the whole of the works selected for press since the existence of the present commission *are likely to have a considerable sale*; indeed, there is little doubt of the specimens of the Close Rolls and Pipe Rolls *repaying the expenses both of editorship and printing*; and they would long ago have been undertaken by individual speculators, were those records preserved in accessible repositories."

In order, doubtless, to promote a quick sale, it seems the commission took the unaccountable means of enhancing the price of its publications threefold. (*Vide* Sir Thos. Phillipps' *Ev.* 7557, &c.) In five years, the sale of publications, the production of which

has cost 0000*l.*, has realised no more than 774*l.* 3*s.* Mr. Cooper, being reminded of this circumstance, puts on a bold face, and "is glad that historians and antiquarians expend very little of their money in purchasing the works of the commissioners;" and would "be sorry to hear there was any demand in that line for any of the publications of the board;" and "thinks they should edit no record or manuscript, *the sale of which would reimburse the expenses!*" (Ev. 1911, 12.)

The commission, finding that the public would not buy its works, proceeded to advertise them as gifts; and having done so for some months, it received about "thirty or forty applications." (Mr. Protheroe's Ev. 1466.) In this miserable dilemma of possessing several hundred tons of books, and seeing that the public would neither buy nor beg them, the commission, in its distress, sought the aid of Mr. John Allen aforesaid; who prepared "Hints for regulating the distribution of works published by the board" (App. G 3). This emergency was further relieved by sending some tons *to be sold as waste paper.* (*I'ide* Report, p. 36; and Ev. 7544, 3684, 5236.) The publications were then distributed (involving a further cost of some hundreds of pounds to the commission), professedly on the most approved statistical principles,* to the various counties of England, to the nations of Europe, to the Channel Islands, to Gibraltar, Malta, and the Ionian Islands, the North American colonies, the several presidencies of India, and even to Australia. Who can doubt their use in the settlement of the Maltese disputes by Mr. Austin? and how satisfactorily they would decide any controversy in the Himalaya mountains, or "any breach of league" between our brethren of New England and the mighty Tottipotymoy? These publi-

cations were further given to such corporations as the commissioners of the Bedford level and the poor-law commissioners! Indeed, this business, notwithstanding the philosophic hints of Mr. Allen, was managed as the secretary pleased. Mr. Rich, an American bookseller, having applied to the secretary for these works, at the "secretary's suggestion" (Ev. 6340), for twenty-one different libraries in the United States, received the following answer from Mr. Cooper:—

"New Boswell Court, Lincoln's Inn,
22d Feb. 1834.

"Sir,—Being assured that his majesty's government and the Record Commissioners entertain sentiments in all respects corresponding to those which you recently stated to me were entertained by the United States towards the British isles, I have had no hesitation in instructing his majesty's printers to prepare sets of the Record publications for the whole of the American libraries mentioned in the list accompanying your letter of yesterday. I am, &c.

"O. Rich, Esq." "C. P. COOPER."

Of course, these presents were received with thankfulness by the public bodies in foreign countries to which they were sent. Letters of thanks, couched in the style usually employed in such productions, were received from the various persons in America, whose business it was to send them. Some of a similar kind from the Hanse Towns, are quoted by Mr. Colquhoun (Ev. 6319), who said that several other towns in Germany are quite ready to take similar presents. Dr. Lappenburg of Hamburg has, according to the same witness, made researches into these records, which "have and will bear ample fruit in the opinion of competent judges; others will no doubt follow his example."†

It is not to be doubted that many persons in foreign countries must have

* See a paper which, to judge from its bombastic style, was compiled by Mr. Hunter, Appendix B 1, p. 732.

A few instances are selected, shewing how the numbers of the population influenced the number of sets of the publications.

Essex	317,507	receives	2 sets.
Huntingdon	53,192	...	2 sets.
Cumberland	169,681	...	4 sets.
Northumberland	222,912	...	5 sets.
Stafford	410,512	...	8 sets.
Surrey	486,334	...	3 sets.
York City and Ainsty	35,362	...	2 sets.

† Dr. Lappenburg received something of 3135*l.* 12*s.* 9*d.* expended on foreign searches for materials for the *Fædera*. "Paid Cochrane for a copy of Dugdale's *Monasticon*, given to Dr. Lappenburg, 36*l.* 15*s.*" App. (C. 3.)

felt obliged to the commission for sending them these volumes free of expense; but there must be exaggeration in the language of these two witnesses, when they talk of "very extraordinary sensations of gratitude excited among the citizens of the United States," or speak of these presents as "contributing to promote friendly international relations."

It appears Mr. Cooper has helped to foment the disputes with the Canadas. Mr. Cooper says (Ev. 2821), "The Duke of Wellington thought it might have some good effect on the Canadas, and from the foreign office they sent out several sets; but it turned out that two or three of them were out of print, and the Canadians were in a great rage to find that the Americans had got more of them than themselves."

Of the uncontrolled power vested in Mr. Cooper over the distribution of the publications, the most singular proof was, however, afforded by an occurrence which took place during the sitting of the committee. Various gentlemen were summoned to give evidence as to the utility and satisfactory execution of the various publications. It appears, in the course of the examination of one of them, that he had been solicited to come forward as a witness on the part of the commission, and that at the same time *a present of a number of its publications had been forwarded to him*. On inquiry from the secretary, it appeared that the same course had been pursued with respect to most of the other gentlemen examined under similar circumstances, and a great many of the others whom it was at one time in contemplation to call. These books the secretary at first represented to have been "entered as loans at the king's printers," and sent in order to provide the proposed witnesses with the proper materials for *forming their opinions* on the works. Subsequently, the secretary admitted that these loans were, in fact, gifts: and, indeed, the witnesses who were examined on this point testified great astonishment at the notion of having to return them.* It will be seen, from a return (App. C 11), the extent of the presents sent, and the names of the persons on whom it was thought pro-

per to bestow this (in all but one or two instances) unsolicited gift. Publications to the amount of 1200*l.* were given away for the purpose, we might almost say, of tampering with witnesses.

Of the amount thus distributed, Sergeant Merewether (who expressed the utmost willingness to return what he had obtained) received of works of the former commissions to the amount of..... £283 9 0
Present commission, do. 30 5 6

Total.. £313 14 6

Mr. Gage:—Of works of former commissions £45 4 0
Present commission .. 20 15 6

Total.. £65 19 6

We certainly do not think the evidence of these gentlemen, in defence of the commission, was worth purchasing for 379*l.* 14*s.*

The remedial measures proposed in the committee's report, which we have no space to discuss lengthily, appear very practicable, and calculated to produce the results desired.

The report suggests,—I. The immediate abolition of the present commission.

"Our experience of the Record Commission furnishes but one additional and almost superfluous proof of the folly of expecting efficient labour and systematic care at the hands of a numerous body, unpaid for the discharge of its duties, and occupied by other avocations of a more important, a more imperative, and a wholly foreign nature." —Report, p. 39.

II. That those records worth preserving should be transferred from the numerous unsafe repositories, scattered over all parts of the metropolis, into one fire-proof building, which should receive periodically all public records from the courts, and elsewhere.

III. That the present custody should be reformed; and, instead of "sinecure keeperships" of the chapter-house, of the rolls, and the multitudinous no-custody of the exchequer; that a proper control over modern and ancient records should be vested by act of parliament,† either in one person and

* Mr. Sergeant Merewether's Ev., 8065 et seq. Sir E. Sugden's Ev., 8037 et seq.

† In the appendix (G. I. —) will be found the opinions of certain Commissioners on the constitution of the present Board, and its operation. Like Sancho Panza, they

a deputy, or a board of three persons, to be paid,* with powers and means of engaging proper assistance to secure and preserve good order and arrangement. This recommendation is backed, by experience of the excellent and efficient working of the general registry at Edinburgh, where there is one head, and a deputy, with the necessary number of subordinate assistants.

Whilst a suitable building was preparing, this new executive (we prefer one head to a board of three) should be endowed with efficient control over the record offices; and their present keepers, who might be employed during the intervals in making preparations for the future removal of the records. We would not injure existing interests, but, as keeperships fell vacant, they should not be filled up.

Although a large expenditure is immediately required for the erection of a general record repository, it is easy to shew, that this, once incurred, a considerable saving would afterwards follow; and so necessary is this step, that no satisfactory ameliorations can be effected without it. What is the situation of the records, after an expenditure of nearly three-quarters of a million in thirty-six years? It is a fact, that in one shape or another, not less than 704,256*l.* have been taken from the public for the custody and preservation of the records of the metropolis only. †

The public records in London are dispersed in about twenty different repositories, not one of which is appropriate; and all more or less insecure. The keeperships are sinecures, actually claimed as such,—the records in con-

chastise themselves very mercifully. It is amusing to contrast the mode in which the proposition for consolidating the custody of the records, was received by Mr. Allen, and Lord Lyndhurst, and Baron Alderson. Mr. Allen (Ev. 7335) says, "I am not competent to speak to the possibility of placing the records of the kingdom in the custody of the Record Commission; it would be a great alteration—it would be a hazardous experiment to try. I do not know where you could find a Record Commission to whom you could safely trust the records of the kingdom; I should be sorry to be one of them. The responsibility is greater than I should like to incur." Lord Lyndhurst (Ev. 8191) desires to have a general repository, and one custody, if possible. "I think it is very immaterial whether they are in the immediate custody of the judges, or not." (See Evidence of Baron Alderson, 764*l.*)

* At the proposition of paying for labour, the present Commissioners cry out, "job! job!" Sir Edward Sugden, a witness called by the Commissioners, hit, to their great discomfort, the proper principle. "My impression," says he, "is, that no continuing work, no labour that is to go on from month to month and year to year, can ever be well executed, except by those who are paid for their labour; speaking generally, I hold gratuitous labour very lightly." Mr. Wynn, insinuating that there is not sufficient occupation for the whole of one person's time, Sir Edward Sugden answers (Ev. 8033), "Supposing it required only three months of his time in a year, let him be paid according to his labour. If the check is good, it is not the less necessary because it occupies only three months of the year." Mr. Sergeant Merewether is of the same opinion, (Ev. 8060, 1234).

"At any rate," says the report, p. 40, "if the business entrusted to a Record Commission be worth the doing, it is worth the paying for, in order that it may be well done. Gratuitous neglect in the management of public business, is the result of a most unwise economy."

† Voted by Parliament to the Record Commission, from 1800

to 1837. (Parliamentary Returns.)	£ 444,900
Salaries for Chapter House and Tower	116,040
Paid by the public as fees to the offices	113,316
For removal of records, and preparation of repositories	30,000

Total £ 704,256

We believe the amount of fees to have been much beyond 113,316*l.* Our calculation is made from returns of the average receipts during 1828, 1829, 1830, when the operation of acts of parliament, limiting the period of prescription in real actions, and affecting title disputes, had commenced. The sum might safely be doubled.

Before the Exchequer records were deposited in Carlton ride, they had cost 10,000*l.* for their migrations. The fitting-up the vaults of Somerset House, wholly improper places, cost 16,000*l.* What the removal of the King's Bench records from a good to a bad repository, at the actual recommendation of the Commission (v. Report, p. 18), has cost, we know not. Our estimate, therefore, of 30,000*l.* is low, rather than otherwise. (Papers—General Record Office, pp. 47–54)

fusion,—the fees adding to their inaccessibility. Unless the government willfully intends that the Exchequer, King's bench, and Common pleas records should go to destruction, it must forthwith remove them from the stables, vaults, and cellars, where they are now perishing, to suitable repositories. A building *must* be provided for these records; and it would be foolish economy, to house half of the records well, and leave the other half in danger. The government cannot neglect the Chapter-house, and Augmentation office, and First Fruits office, whilst it is taking care of the Exchequer records. The present repositories, when emptied of their records, or the ground which they occupy, might be very profitably used for other purposes. There is much need of room in the Tower. The government lately paid, and we are not sure that it does not at present pay, 4000*l.* per annum for store-warehouses in Tooley Street. The place now filled with records in the White Tower would conveniently supply all the demands of the ordnance for room; and it is certainly more appropriate that arms should be kept in a fortress, than records. Space, also, will be required in the vicinity of the new houses of parliament, if the plan already sanctioned is to be executed; and this would be afforded, by the removal of the Augmentation office. The ground now occupied by Carlton stables would yield a very profitable return, if let for residences.

A similar saving would ultimately result from the proposed changes in the custody. At the present, the public pays 10,000*l.* a year, or thereabouts, to a useless Record Commission; 830*l.* a-year into the hands of a "sinecure" keeper of the Chapter-house, to defray the expenses of that repository; also 1150*l.* for the Tower establishment, in addition to fees paid at all the offices; which, according to returns of the fee-

receivers, amount on an average, to 2880*l.* a-year. Thus, the present wretched system costs, without the possibility of dispute, 15,860*l.* a-year. It is easy to shew that a proper machinery which should really preserve the records, restore them to good order, and keep them so, render the access to them as perfect as possible, by abolishing fees; and providing sufficient calendars and indexes could be obtained for 10,000*l.*;* and when this is done, if it be thought desirable to proceed with printing records, there remain 5860*l.* for that purpose. We think the printing of records should be suspended for a few years, at least until the whole body of the records are well known and arranged. The public has already upwards of 130 volumes of records, folios, and others, to digest. Hitherto the Record Commission has exercised a sort of monopoly in printing. The public supported a Commission to print its own records, and has been debarred from printing them itself. And the same farce is even now gravely enacted by the Home office, whenever an application is made to examine the State-paper office. The experiment should be tried how far the public would supply its own demand for publication of records, when the difficulties of access were all smoothed away. However, should it be determined that printing was still desirable, we would not pay editors. We would follow the course of the French government, that of *printing* gratuitously, being first satisfied of the editor's competency. He should be remunerated by, and in proportion to, the sale of his works. Editors should be sought for works, and not, according to the late system, works for editors. Under our plan, there would be no necessity to convert record publications into waste paper, or distribute them in quarters where they are neither valued nor required.

<i>E.g.</i> —An efficient executive of one head, with a deputy £2000
Four assistants at 600 <i>l.</i> , or less 2400
Three junior assistants at 400 <i>l.</i> 1200
Three senior clerks at 200 <i>l.</i> 600
Three clerks at 150 <i>l.</i> 450
Six others at 80 <i>l.</i> 480
Workmen's wages for repairing records 1500
Materials, stationary, tools 1000

Total £9630

THE TWO DINNERS.

"Look upon this dinner and on this."

SIR ROBERT set out for St. Mungo's town,
All by the water of Clyde ;
And the gude folk of Scotland up and down,
They thronged to that river's side.

And they biggit a house with muckle speed,
In a hall for him to dine ;
And they herded in beeves, and sheep, and deer,
And droves of the bristly swine.

And the muirlands sent him wagons o' game ;
And from Clyde, and Tweed, and Tay,
In shoals the herrings and salmon came,
And trout, for that awful day.

On the banks of Newfoundland was a run,
A heavy run for cod ;
And it was plain to every one
That the schoolmaster was abroad,
For never so active yet was known
The plying of the rod.

And turtle from far Ascension sped,
Sweeter than turtle doo ;
And torn from the sleep of his oozy bed
Was the melting caller-oo.

And vessels came sailing in trim array,
Smelling rather boggy and turfy,
Bearing ton upon ton, from the jim of the say,
Its flower of the earth, the' murphy.

And Scotland she sent her barley-broo,
Her crowdy an' her kale ;
And flowed like a flood the banquet through
A swell of the Scottish ale.

From France and from Spain, all over the main,
Did the white and the red wine come ;
And strange would it be, if in Glasgow we
Missed the bowl of Jamaica rum.

And the pepper arose in a sneezy cloud,
And the salt in pillars stood ;
And Burgess vied with the King of Oude
To make the seasoning good.

From the porker slain his ham was torn ;
Torn from the calf his tongue ;
Spared not was the wether, though five years' born -
Nor the lamb, though but six months' young.

And turkeys were driven from Turkeyland,
Which Englishmen Norwich call ;
With the bubblyjocks, who, bold and grand,
Had sported their tails on their native strand,
To join in the common fall.

Pheasant was there, and pigeon and duck,
And many a goose beside—

But, ah ! one bird was out of luck,
All by the banks of Clyde :

For the Gander of Glasgow grieved, I wis,
And wailed with a ganderish squeal,
While his brother ganders and sister geese
Were smoking in honour of Peel.

Why should we sing of pudding and pie,
Of tart or of roll of jam ?
Of cheese or devil wet or dry,
Washed down by a drappie o' dram ?

Oh ! 'twas a fearful sight to see
Three hundred dozen of men,
With gaping throat and glowing ec,
Seated at table then.

Sharp were their stomachs as their knives ;
Loud rattled every plate,
As though seven courses for their lives
The hungry Tories ate.

Yet not as in day of old Earl Grey
Was the famous wonder done,
Of eating a dinner out and out
Before it was begun.

Nor did they tear with unwashed paw
The viands, bono from bone ;
Nor leave on the table ample marks
Of stomachs overthrown,
As was done in the times of certain feeds,
To the Gander of Glasgow known.

At last the dinner came to a close,
And the weary jaws gave o'er ;
And then Sir Robert to speak arose,
And with him arose a roar — ●
Such a roar of joy, you may well suppose,
Clyde never had heard before.

Then silent all in the breathless hall,
They drank in his words of might ;
Had you dropped a pin, you had heard its fall
While speaking was the knight.

Until he said, in fervent mood,
“ Who'll stand for Church and King ? ”
Three thousand men at the call upstood,
And made the welkin ring —
If he had called for their broadswords good, ●
'Twould have been the self-same thing.

* * * * *

And tidings into England came,
Running from north to south ;
And it spread with the noise of a bickering flame,
As it passed from mouth to mouth.

And soon to a wond'rous mouth it rolled —
A mouth of marvellous style —
As all will agree when they hear it told, —
'Twas the mouth of the heir of Carlisle.

And that marvellous mouth was opened wide,
And loud it began to bray ;
The jackass may envy that is unborn
The braying of that day.

And he brayed and brayed so deep and loud,
And he wagged his ears so long—
The donkeys of the land were proud
Of the sweetness of his song.

And raising together their choral note,
In vaunting tone cried they,
“ You will never hear from Sir Robert’s throat
So beautiful a bray.”

But the sound it caught John Russell’s ear,
And an angry man was he :
“ ’Tis enough to make an archbishop swear
That such a thing must be.

I wish the quinzey choked the dog,
Ere he those pranks should try ;
I know he looks like Lubin Log,
But why perform Paul Pry.

Five hundred to one on such a game,
I’d book it for a loss ;
And when Gully hears it, he’ll exclaim,
Why, it vos a riglar cross.

So we must get up a better match,
And Drury shall be the ring ;
And all the flats that we can catch
We’ll to the turn-up bring.”

So he called on duke, and he called on lord,
And he called on earl and knight ;
And they give him each his peerly word
They would come to back the fight.

And the nobles all of Cogers’ Hall,
And the Lumber troopers bold,
Sent a pressing cry to each house of call
Where heavy wet is sold.

And the *Chronicle* crew their bagpipes blew,
And the *Globe* made its Jew’s-harp sound ;
And the rival *Suns*, whether old or true,
Their hurdy-gurdies ground.

And through many a court of dense resort—
Through many a backside slum,—
From gutter to gutter flew the report,
Sounding with busy hum,
That Sir Robert’s hours of life would be short
When Drury Lane-day was come.

Woe worth, woe worth on peerly words,
Woe worth on plighted troth ;
For not a single man of the lords
Ate the reforming broth.

But, nevertheless, the savoury mess
Brought its attendance fit ;
And never, I ween, was in playhouse seen
Such a company to sit.

Save when in former days was played
 The riot of Tom and Jerry ;
 And in Cadgers' Hall we saw displayed
 The Cadgers making merry.

Through trotter and tripe, in onion stewed,
 Through tender heel of cow, -
 Through sausages crammed with savoury food,
 Did their jaws voracious plow.

There was a weeping through the streets,
 Hemming the playhouse round,
 For none of their native's favourite meats
 Could on that day be found.

Vanished was pudding, black and white—
 Of savoloirs were none ;
 Pork-pies had vanished out of sight—
 Pigs-fry was wholly gone.

Mourn for St. Giles's hapless lot,
 When the tears ran down like rain,
 For the want of potatoes, " Hot, all hot !"
 Devoured in Drury Lane.

And soup of the beef of alamode
 Was drained from its greasy vats ;
 And many a cellar's dark abode
 Was hunted in quest of sprats.

And puddings of pea in hods were piled,
 And many a well-filled fist
 In the mashy mass in dripping boiled
 Was stuck all above the wrist.

And Fearon supplied his doctored gin
 From the slope of Holborn Hill,
 And comforted was each Radical skin
 With the matter of half a gill.

And beer frothed over in pots, which, we own,
 Is the method just and true ;
 But, though the stout was very brown,
 The dinner was very blue.

Short was the company meeting there,
 But the provender was shorter ;
 And growled upon their scanty fare
 Reported and reporter.

Dire was the grabbing, fierce the fray ;
 And many a pewter pot
 On many a leaden skull that day
 In savage skirmish smote.

Skirmish so bloody and so dread
 Had never Evans seen,
 Snoring behind Sebastian's walls,
 And sponging on the queen.

At last the weary dinner past,
 The empty guests gazed round,
 And with hollow paunches looked aghast
 As they heard the rumbling sound,
 Which told that the day's sublime repast
 With emptiness was crowned.

And up got Byng, like a worn out thing,
 Of the leather breeches time ;
 And he snivelled and snuffled, and slobbered and shuffled,
 Without either reason or rhyme.

And Black and White Hume he glanced down the room,
 And saw, to his sad dismay,
 That of Middlesex men not one out of ten
 Sat amid the Cadgers that day.

Then go-for-gold Grote he opened his throat ;
 But if he had opened his waistcoat,
 The stuff would be shewn of Grote alone
 Was nothing like Grote and Prescott.

But Mr. Carpue—good Mr. Carpue !
 Pray, what were you there doing ?
 Your surgical art, if such tricks you pursue,
 Will speedily fall to ruin.

Where were you when Charles Buller rose,
 With his "distinctive die,"

* * * * *

Uprose at last the muddy Clay,
 The ministers all to toast ;
 Kindred in soul, no doubt, are they
 To the name he loves to boast.

But silent were the hungry ranks ;
 And Clay might in vain entreat
 For a single word of the smallest thanks .
 To the scrubs of Downing Street.

So, sick and sorry, and shamed and starved,
 They sneaked away at last—
 And so was ended, and speeched, and cawed,
 This " magnificent repast."

And a laughing went over all the town ;
 And never again shall we hear
 Of another starvation got up to put down
 Old Scotia's genial cheer.

And so God save our noble king !
 Our lives and safeties all !
 And may to the Whigs, whenever they choose,
 Such another dinner fall.

QUOTH THE BARD.

FEBRUARY SONNETS.

BY SIR MORGAN O'DONLRTY, BART.

I.

SHORTEST of months!—but what is short is sweet,
 Says the old proverb—and I trust 'tis true,
 Or will be so this month;—for now the crew,
 Piped by owl-visaged Abercromby, meet;
 And Melbourne and his set will try to cheat
 The oft-hammed public into the belief
 That they are ministers, and he their chief—
 No “viceroi over them” behind their seat.
 The humbug scarce will pass. In Drury Lane,
 Young Russell having got upon the boards—
 A point his uncle's play could never reach—
 Listened to many a muddy, crawling speech;
 In which they talked, in low and lying words,
 Of every thing on earth—save Derrynane.

II.

Oh, sound of fear! Deep o'er the Western wave
 Booms on the wind the growling of the brogue:
 The tail, through all its joints of fool and rogue,
 Levanter, swindler, lickspittle, or knave,
 Alien of thought, or self-proclaiming slave,
 Wags at the Irish howl. We heed them not—
 I mean we Tories—not a single jot.
 But can the cabinet serfs their aspect brave?
 Well knowing that now England's heart is high—
 That Scotland spurned them by the banks of Clyde.
 They feel the merest contact with the sty
 Of beasts unclean their doom must soon decide.
 And where else can they turn? Their sure defeat
 Will make, I say again, this month if short yet sweet.

M. O'D

Bleaden's London Tavern, vii° Kal. Feb. M.DCCC.XXXVII.

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FRASER'S MAGAZINE

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VOL. XV

GREEK COMEDY—ARISTOPHANES.

No. I.

AT this season, when the free list is abolished at Drury Lane, and a voice big with fate and death † occupies the stage of Covent Garden four evenings in the week, our readers will receive, we think, with pleasure, two or three admissions to the Comic Theatre of Athens, combining, as it does, all the amusements of a *Théâtre des Variétés* and an Opera Buffa; and in calling their attention to the works of that poet who so often made Laughter hold both his sides, we hope to support the assertion of Bentley, so appropriately chosen for a motto by Mr. Walsh: "Aristophanes, the most ingenious man of an age fertile of great wits."

An inquiry into the origin of the drama in all countries would not be devoid of interest nor improvement. It has been traced back to a distant age in China, in Peru, and in the islands of the South Sea; and Professor Wilson of Oxford has recently unfolded the singular and romantic theatre of the

Hindus. Captain Cook describes a scene in the isle of Hapae, which coincides very remarkably with the account of the ancient choral dances of Greece: we allude to the accompaniment of the dance with music by the same performer; a custom almost peculiar to the Greeks, and bequeathed to their descendants, who, according to an intelligent traveller, Mr. Hughes, always sing to the motion of their feet. The slow progress of comedy, as compared with tragedy, in Athens, has been attributed to the superior gratification derived by uncultivated minds from the representation of the stormier passions. This characteristic of the popular taste is well known to Mr. Farley; and Mr. Hallam, in his *Introduction to the Literature of Europe* (p. 298), mentions a Parisian Mystery, in which *St. Barbara* is hung up by the heels on the stage, and, after uttering her remonstrances and disapproval of so uncomfortable and unpicturesque a position, is torn

* The Comedies of Aristophanes, translated into corresponding English Metres, by Benjamin Dann Walsh, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. In 3 vols. Vol. I. London; A. H. Baily and Co.

† This fact, which has escaped the notice of the *Lancet*, is recorded by the critic of Mr. Bulwer's new play in the *Examiner*. As it bears internal evidence of having been written by that learned gentleman, we shall quote the passage, particularly as the author has been so long connected with "Athens and the Athenians." "Mr. Macready's delivery of it [the passage alluded to] chilled every heart in the theatre, as the sudden touch of the coldest marble would have chilled every hand. His form seemed distending beyond its natural dimensions as he spoke; and, long after he left the stage, his voice continued to linger there, big with fate and death." Surely the authorities ought to look to this. We shall have a literary influenza next.

with pincers and scorched with lamps before the audience.

Both tragedy and comedy arose out of the festivities which cheered the termination of the harvest. The extemporary effusions were of two kinds : one embodying the sentiments of gratitude to Bacchus, the inventor of wine, and presiding with Ceres over agriculture ; the other giving utterance to the light and abandoned joyousness of the season. One produced tragedy ; the other, comedy. Hence the propriety of Aristotle's remark, that tragedy and comedy were originally improvisatorised. We must pass very briefly over the interval between its first construction and the appearance of Aristophanes. Cicero speaks favourably of Epicharmus ; and we know from Horace, that Plautus imitated his

manner. To him we owe the introduction of intoxication on the stage ; a fruitful source of humour to succeeding poets, from Shakespeare (whose Cassio will be in the recollection of every one who remembers Charles Kemble) to Buckstone. He seems, also, to have regulated the metre and improved the formation of the plot. Cratinus, another important name, was contemporary with Aristophanes, whom he vanquished in a dramatic contest. Some rather equivocal praise of his talents occurs in the *Knights* ; but the passage certainly implies the popularity of the poet. Aristophanes is alluding to the ingratitude with which a writer for the stage was regarded, when declining powers had diminished his faculty of amusing :—

" Who Cratinus may forget, or the storm of whim and wit which shook the theatres under his guiding !
When Panegyric's song pour'd her flood of praise along, who but he on the top wave was riding !
Foe nor rival might him meet ; plane and oak, ta'en by the feet, did him instant and humble prostration :
For his step was as the tread of a flood that leaves its bed ; and his march, it was rude desolation.
Who but he the foremost guest, then, on gala-day and feast ? What strain fell from our musicians,
But ' Doro, Doro, sweet nymph with fig-beslipper'd feet,' or ' Ye verse-smiths and hard-mechanicians !'
Thus in glory was he seen while his years yet were green ; but now that his dotage is on him,
God help him ! for no eye, of those that pass him by, throws a look of compassion upon him.
'Tis a couch, but the loss of its garnish and its gloss ; 'tis a harp that hath lost all cunning ;
'Tis a pipe where deffest hand may the stops no more command, nor on its divisions be running."—MITCHELL.

The misfortunes of Magnes and Crates are also commemorated. Cratinus has been commended by Horace and Quintilian ; and Persius, we think, speaks of growing pale under the invective of the "daring Cratinus." The names only of his comedies are preserved. Eupolis has been characterised by a similar epithet,—*iratum Eupolidem*. He sneered at the bald head of Aristophanes, who charged him with pilfering from his muse ; an accusation denied by Eupolis, who declared, with no apparent justice, that he had assisted in the composition of the *Knights*. Undoubtedly, traces of his rivals may be found in the pages of the great Athenian satirist ; and Schlegel thinks that the severity of Cratinus is seen in the *Knights*, and the jocularity of Eupolis in the *Birds*.

Before we enter upon the consideration of the merits of Aristophanes, a few preliminary remarks upon the Athenian theatre will not be without interest. It lay, observes Mr. Wordsworth, beneath the southern wall of the Acropolis, formed by the sloping rock in which its seats were scooped, rising one above another. Of these seats two only, the highest, are now visible ; although Mr. Wordsworth thinks that the removal of the earth would, perhaps, discover the complete shell of the building. Its position was selected with the usual taste of that gifted people. Here, with the Parthenon and Acropolis immediately overhanging them, and the charming valley of the Ilissus beneath, sat the spectators of the *Edipus* and *Orestes*. The influence of situation will be more apparent, if

we recollect that all the dramatic representations occurred in the morning, under the open sky, and without any of those illusions which constitute the pride of a modern stage-manager. Hence the frequent apostrophes to heaven in the works of the tragic poets would possess a peculiar force and beauty. In the same manner, Euripides was enabled to introduce his own philosophical tenets—

“Seest thou the abyss of sky that hangs above thee,

And clasps the earth around in moist embrace?

THIS to be Jove believe—THIS serve as God.”

Mr. Wordsworth has pointed out the use which Æschylus made of this circumstance; many of his metaphorical expressions being derived from objects visible to the audience. So, in the *Emmeides*, referring to the proximity of the Temple of Minerva, he represents the Athenians dwelling under the wings of the goddess—*Παλλὰδος δ' ὑπὸ πτερύγεσσιν*. Sophocles, with equal happiness, turns the eyes of his audience to the isle of Salamis. Much of the successful hardihood of the Aristophanic imagery is owing to the same cause. Mr. Bunn, for example, would never be able to uplift Trygæus on his aerial pilgrimage (almost as high as the Monk-Mason-Holland-Green-Nassau-Balloon); but the fancy of the lively spectator, unrestricted by a roof, placed him at once in the purple sky: there, too, the Birds built their city. This eye to the effect of situation never slept. From the theatre of Taorminum, in Sicily, a view was obtained of Mount Ætna. Certainly the Athenian Comic Muse would never have built her temple in Wych Street. Mr. Walsh has some very pertinent observations upon the Greek theatre.

“In order to arrive at a clear idea of its construction,” he writes, “let us take the largest of our London houses, the Italian Opera; and, having stripped it of its roof and its galleries, and substituted the genial beams of the sun for the glare of artificial light, let us extend the lower tier of seats backwards, at the same gentle ascent, until the depth of this tier of seats becomes somewhere about equal to the breadth of the stage. If we then clear the pit and the orchestra of their benches and divisions, ornamenting the naked wall thus presented to the eye with some elegant columns and statuary, and

place in the centre of this now and enlarged orchestra the sacred *Thymele*, or Altar of Bacchus, and imagine a troop of twenty-four dancers moving round it in a compact oblong figure, carolling their merry lays to the music of a few pipes or flageolets,—we may form some idea of the appearance of the very smallest of the Grecian theatres during the exhibition of a new comedy. But the stage, too, must submit to be remodelled before we can consider the resemblance as at all complete. Instead of the innumerable sliding and rolling scenes, which add such splendour to our dramatic representations, we must erect of solid marble, at the distance of a very few feet from the modern ‘lamps,’ a long, low line of buildings, containing, together with a fair proportion of windows, a large door in the centre, a smaller one on each side of it, and a still smaller one at each extremity of the façade. This erection is to be considered as permanent; for, with the addition, perhaps, of a few columns, and other architectural ornaments, for the sake of adding dignity and majesty to its character, it served, generally speaking, equally for tragedy and comedy. Let the reader now conceive three ordinary scenes united together in the form of a triangular prism, and revolving upon an axis in such a way as to exhibit, by turns, each of the three faces to the eye of the spectator; let him also imagine a machine of this description (technically termed a *periactos*, and the painted canvass, or board, temporarily fixed to one of its three faces, a *catablema*) placed at each extremity of the line of buildings fronting the audience,—and he will then be in possession of the only means used by the ancient Greeks for representing that change of place which we exhibit by such multifarious contrivances. But the question now immediately occurs, How could any illusion ever have been felt, when the same unmeaning row of houses was always staring the spectator in the face, whether he was required to imagine himself at Argos or at Delphi? Now, in answer to this objection, let the reader ask himself whether the presence of a brace of stage-doors ever formed any bar to his momentary belief in the reality of a horrid murder, perpetrated in the depth of a gloomy wood by a band of melodramatic banditti. Yet the two cases are precisely analogous, except that, in the modern one, the thing represented is in the centre, and the anomalous additions on each side of it; while, in the ancient instance, the converse position was observed. According to the exigences of the play to be performed, all or part of the five different doors, or, what came to the same thing, the five different houses, in

the row facing the spectators, were distributed among those different characters in the piece whom it suited the poet's purpose to exhibit in connexion with their dwelling-places. As a general rule, which, however, was not unfrequently violated when necessary, the centre one was assigned to the first or leading actor, that on the right hand to the second, and that on the left to the third. All the characters of the drama whom the poet did not choose to represent as householders, entered the orchestra by one of the two 'entrances' through which the chorus came, and then ascended the stage by a flight of steps. Their exits were managed in a precisely similar manner. If we may believe some of the ancient grammarians, the door by which they made their appearance indicated their arrival from the town or the country; and we are also told, that of the two movable triangular scenes, one was appropriated in like manner to town, and the other to country views. The change from the exterior to the interior of the house was exhibited to the eyes of the audience by 'wheeling out,' as it was called, or rather by 'wheeling round,' the front of that one of the five permanent dwellings whose inside was required to be exposed to view; for which purpose they were all furnished with appropriate machinery."

This operation is twice named in Aristophanes. Thus, in the *Acharnians*, when Euripides says that he has no time to attend to him, Dicaeopolis replies, "Let them wheel you round." The theatre was not destitute of machinery, some of which must have been of rather a complicated character. In the *Prometheus*, Oceanus sails through the air, accompanied by a chorus of ocean nymphs, comprising at least fifty persons, in a winged chariot. They had also trap-doors, watch-towers, and scenes, painted on wood or canvass, to represent any particular object. Thus, a view of Caucasus was introduced into *Prometheus*; and the island of Lemnos, with the cave of Philoctetes into Sophocles' drama of that name. Shakespeare, indeed, had no Stanfield to paint a balcony for Juliet; but the progress of the arts in Greece cannot be compared with their developement in the north. Phidias and Euripides—sculpture and poetry

—were coeval. We have also the authority of Schlegel, grounded upon a passage in Plato; for considering the knowledge of perspective possessed by the ancients to have been far more ample than the landscapes discovered at Herculaneum would lead us to imagine. We are not speaking of our Myracle Plays, when one shilling and sixpence was charged for a god's peruke;* nor of the Parisian Mysteries, when a large scaffolding at the back of the stage displayed heaven and hell, with the world between, and dragons, with flaming eyes of polished steel, actually startled the audience into hysterics.† The Athenian comedy was of a very different description; and much skill was undoubtedly employed to aid its influence. At the Surrey, a very respectable thunder-storm is manufactured by the rattling of a few sheets of metal; while, on the Attic stage, a similar concussion was produced by rolling leather bags, full of pebbles, down sheets of brass.‡ Then, as to the time of performance, although the *Antigone* of Sophocles, or the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus, might be almost as much esteemed as the *Wife of Mantua*, yet the most inveterate play-goer would have thought the delight dearly purchased by an attendance from seven in the evening till eleven. The performances commenced in the morning. Something equivalent to a dress-circle seems to have existed; and in the intervals between the performance wine and nuts were distributed. In the *Acharnians* figs are given to the people; and Dicaeopolis is quite horrified at the noise of the munching. A popular play undoubtedly drew immense "houses"—περισυρῖν, the word employed by Plato, signified the free adult population of Athens, and corresponds with the "*totam hodie Romam circus capit*" of Juvenal. Mr. Wordsworth quotes a verse from a modern Greek poem, to prove that the term is still retained to express the population in general. No direct argument, therefore, can be drawn from the use of the word in the *Symposium*, beyond the testimony to the crowded audiences which it certainly affords. Schlegel, in his *Lectures on Dramatic Literature*, has some in-

* A fact. See the *Lives of Literary Men of England*, in the *Cabinet Cyclopædia*, under Heywood.

† Hallam's *Introduction to the Literature of Europe*, vol. i. p. 299. †

‡ Julius Pollux, quoted by Walsh, *Notes*, p. 302.

genious remarks upon the nature and effects of the Greek masks, and points out a probable resemblance between them and the masks of the Roman carnival, the deception of which, at a distance, is nearly perfect. We know, from the anecdote of Thamyris, who appeared on the stage with a blue and a black eye, and from the blood running down the cheek of Tyro, that great mimetic skill was evinced in their construction. In order to lend a necessary height to the performer, the *cothurnus*, composed of several soles, was worn by the tragic, and the *soccus*, or low-heeled slipper, by the comic actor. The body was also proportionably enlarged, as we see upon our own boards when Sir John Falstaff is lucky enough to find a representative. In the opinion of Schlegel, we shall form the correctest idea of their appearance by regarding them as so many statues endowed with life and motion. Lucian, in his treatise, *Ἐπεὶ ὁρχηστῶς*, treats them with less gravity, and ridicules the high shoes, the masks with mouths wide enough to swallow the spectator, and the chest and limbs enlarged to a prodigious extent.

These few and rapid hints may induce the reader to consult some of the writers who have furnished copious information upon the subject, and of whom Mr. Walsh gives a sufficient list. Above all, let him read Mr. Mitchell's admirable "Discourse," prefixed to the *Clouds*; it is learned, discriminating, and eloquent, and is warmed with the true earnestness of a scholar. We have been pleased to find that its merits are appreciated in Germany: "Mitchellus, qui præclarum de Nub. Aristophan. scripsit commentationem," are the words of C. F. Ranke, *De Aristophanis Vita*, p. 81.

"It must often have occurred to every one," says Mr. Walsh, in his clever preface, "what a great pity it is that there were no active volcanoes, like Vesuvius, in the heart of ancient Greece; we might otherwise have had a chance of digging up a fossil Greek city, at the expiration of a couple of thousand years, in as perfect a state as Pompeii or Herculæum. We might then have wandered through the voluptuous or staid chambers of a Periætes, a Cleon, a Socrates, or a Euripides. 'These,' he adds, 'may appear wild dreams; but it so happens that in one case, also, they are sober realities.

The comedies of Aristophanes are the Pompeii of Athens. In them have been enshrined the records of the public and private life of the Athenians during the most brilliant period of the republic; and in them alone we must seek for the personal knowledge of the high and mighty geniuses of those days, which cannot be hoped or desired from the grave writings of the tragedian, the philosopher, or the historian."*

The truth of these remarks is equal to their ingenuity. The old comedy contained within itself all the elements of personal satire, literary criticism, and political disquisition. If any persons of infamous character, said Horace, were to be exposed to public odium, Eupolis, Cratinus, Aristophanes, and their contemporaries, were always ready, with unbounded license, to display their wickedness to the world—*Multa cum libertate notabant*. (*Sat.*, lib. i., sat. 4.) If any absurd or dangerous innovations were attempted in literature or education, the same scourge was immediately applied; and the seductive and enervating sophist was uplifted, under the guise of Socrates, in a basket, to the derision of the audience, in the *Clouds*; or the corrupting and debilitating sentiments of Euripides were laughed at in the biting ridicule of the *Acharnians*. In politics, the influence of the comic writer was still more powerful and extensive. The Aristophanic Parabasis, or address, is compared by Mr. Walsh to the leading article in a newspaper; embracing the same topics, and enforcing the peculiar views and opinions of the writer. What Lockhart, and Maginn, and North, and Yorke, effect periodically for Conservatism and good government, in the *Quarterly*, in *Blackwood*, and in *Fraser*, the comic poets, though not with equal moderation, laboured to accomplish upon the stage.

In the absence of a free press, every Athenian Junius was obliged to breathe his indignation into verse. Feargus O'Connor's pamphlet, with the characteristic anecdote about the introduction of a poor-law, "You will ruin both our trades in Ireland," would have been hitched into the sharp iambic; and the history of Mr. Raphael's parliamentary negotiation would have danced along in lively anapaests. Poetry, history, novels—those tales (tails?) almost as long as O'Connell's,

but without an equal power of agitation—would have found their appropriate niches in the Athenian *Dinocrad*. No one has developed the spirit of the old comedy with greater acuteness than Schlegel, in his *Lectures on Dramatic Literature*.

"The old comedy," he observes, "is a species of poetry as independent and original as tragedy itself; it stands upon an equal elevation—that is, it extends as far beyond the limits of reality into the regions of a creative fancy. * * * In the old comedy the form was sportive, and was characterised by an apparent whim and caprice. The whole production was one entire jest upon a large scale; which, again, contained a world of separate jests within itself—and each occupied its own place, without appearing to have any concern with the rest. * * * Whatever is dignified, noble, and grand in human nature, will only admit of a serious representation. The comic poet must, therefore, divest his characters of all qualities of this description; he must even deny the existence of such qualities altogether, and form an ideal of human nature in an opposite sense to that of the tragedians—namely, in one that is odious and base. * * * The merry or ludicrous ideal consists in the perfect harmony and concord of the higher part of our nature, with the animal part as a prevailing principle. Reason and intellect are represented as the voluntary slaves of the senses. Hence we shall find that that which in Aristophanes has given so much offence, flows necessarily from the very principle of comedy: the frequent allusions to the lower necessities of the body; the wanton pictures of animal desire, which, in spite of all the restraints imposed on it by morality and decency, is always breaking loose without the consciousness, of the individual. If we reflect attentively, we shall find that, even on our own stages, the infallible and inexhaustible source of the ludicrous is derived from the same ungovernable impulses of sensuality, at variance with higher duties; cowardice, childish vanity, loquacity, gulosity, laziness," &c.

Undoubtedly, in Aristophanes, this spirit of sensual poetry is carried to an objectionable extent; but the error admits of palliation, from various circumstances connected with Athenian manners and religion. Porson remarks, in reference to this unbounded license, that "in the acknowledged indecency

of Aristophanes there is nothing to allure, but much to deter. He never dresses up the most detestable vices in an amiable light, but makes the reader disgusted with them by exhibiting them in their natural deformity."* In this respect he resembles Swift, who was never yet called an immoral writer, albeit from his poems might be selected passages at which even the old comic muse would have blushed. In the Greek dramatist we meet with no sentimental seducers, no amiable adulteresses, no high-minded murderers.† If every fragment omitted in an expurgated edition by Mr. Bowdler (supposing that mutilator of Shakespeare to venture upon such a task) were melted down and condensed into the "Aristophanic Essence," it would not disseminate such insidious poison, such enervating sentiments, such degrading images, as the fashionable novels which penetrate into every boudoir. Compare, for instance, the comic poet with Mr. Thomas Little; the bold, undisguised courtesan of the first, with the affected, *semi-reducta* Venus of the second; Athenian vice, staring at you without a mask; and modern licentiousness, coquetting through the veil of a transparent morality.

No author has possessed sufficient hardihood to introduce the old comedy into England; but the preceding century beheld, in the representations of Foote, the very spirit of the middle comedy. This remarkable person did not, indeed, employ masks to identify even the features of those whom he portrayed, but he imitated their dress in every particular; and all who have seen the late Mr. Mathews are aware how complete the illusion must have been rendered by his unequalled mimicry. A slight allusion to Foote's performances will illustrate these remarks, and shew that in the *mimetic* portion of his entertainments (but no further) he was entitled to the designation he has received, of the English Aristophanes. The piece, for example, with which he opened the Haymarket Theatre in 1747, the *Diversions of the Morning*, consisted of imitations of individuals well known in London for their peculiarities or their talents. His *Auction of Pictures*, in the ensuing season, was of a similar character, and comprised sketches, to the life, of

Sir Thomas de Veil, a Westminster magistrate; Cook, a celebrated auctioneer of those days; the notorious Orator Henley; and others. At Dublin he ridiculed a printer, of the name of Faulkner, with such daring success that the laughter of the city drove him from his own door; and when a court of law awarded him three hundred pounds as a compensation for the insult, Foote started away to England (of course, without paying), and avenged himself by caricaturing the judge and the jury upon the stage. The *Mayor of Garratt*, which still retains its place in theatrical literature, originated in a quarrel with Lamb, a fishmonger in the Strand, and major in the Middlesex militia, who, having arrested Foote for his bill, received payment in full by a transmigration into Major Sturgeon. When Boswell condemned Foote's practice of indulging his ridicule at the expense of his visitors, which Boz termed making fools of his company, Johnson replied,—“Why, sir, when you go to see Foote, you do not go to see a saint. * * * Sir, he does not make fools of his company; they whom he exposes are fools already.” But he expressed a very different opinion when the Humourist talked of exhibiting the Rambler.

“Boswell. Foote has a great deal of humour.

Johnson. Yes, sir.

Bos. He has a singular talent of exhibiting character.

John. Sir, it is not a talent; it is a vice; it is what others abstain from. It is comedy which exhibits the character of a species, as that of a miser gathered from many misers; it is farce which exhibits individuals.

Bos. Did he not think of exhibiting you, sir?

John. Sir, fear restrained him; he knew I would have broken his bones. I would have saved him the trouble of cutting off a leg; I would not have left him a leg to cut off.”

Foote was scared by his roar, and the Lion of Bolt Court escaped. The remark we here quoted of the doctor is one of the many sophisms which passed current in his obedient circle. Comedy, certainly, in a general sense exhibits the “character of a species;” but if the exhibition of individuals constitute only farce, what becomes of Sir John Falstaff, and twenty other names famous in the history of the

drama? Was that witty knight only one among many? If so, the species is extinct. But to the accurate portraiture of his *dramatis personæ* the Greek poet gave very little attention; he used them principally as vehicles for the expression of his own opinions. Yet, with all his negligent impetuosity, he possessed great powers of observation; and we can fancy the incident which Bayle relates of Aristosto, to have occurred to Aristophanes. The father of the great Italian poet, happening one day to be very angry with the youthful writer, addressed him for a considerable time with much vehemence and severity. Aristosto said not a word in vindication of his conduct; and, upon a friend expressing astonishment at his silence, he told him that he was at that moment composing a comedy, and was pausing at a scene where an old man was reprimanding his son. When his father began to speak, he determined to observe him with deep attention, that his picture of an angry man might be drawn after the life; so that he only regarded his tone of voice, gestures, and expression, without concerning himself about his defence. So diligently did the author of the *Orlando* labour in the construction of comedies which are never read, although Balzac esteemed them, in their kind, equal to his celebrated poem.

But the nearest approach to the spirit of the old comedy, in its purest form, may be seen, we think, in the literary portraits of our friend Croquis, and the political sketches of H. B. The Gentleman in Black anointing the pen of Bob Montgomery with the true Satanic inspiration; Campbell with an empty glass by his side, and evidently unconscious of the Pleasures of Hope or of Memory; Pelham worshipping his shadow in the mirror; or Brougham as a famished hound out of place; Whittle Harvey, a sweep at Southwark; the O'Connell Pooka running off with Lord Melbourne; a celebrated legal (ex) functionary in the character of Humpty Dumpty, in *Nursery Rhymes*; the Balloon Ministry, &c.;—such are the attitudes in which Aristophanes would have brought them before the Athenian *δημος*, scorching with the lightning of his verse the agitator of Ireland, as he did the agitator of Greece. A very curious resemblance may be traced between Cleon and

O'Connell, We would not, indeed, take the mental physiognomy of a man from Aristophanes, any more than his features from Cruikshank; but Cleon has met with a severer and calmer painter in Thucydides, in whose sombre page his lineaments are graven with an iron pen,—a factious demagogue, a restless incendiary, a vapouring bully, a confirmed coward. Does the parallel need any thing to its completeness? Cleon received a bribe; and we have heard a whisper of a thousand pounds and the factory children. We shall return to this interesting character when we speak of the *Knights*.

Lord Woodhouselee, in those very superficial glances at history and literature which he, or somebody for him, was pleased to denominate a universal history, expresses his opinion that the comedies of Aristophanes were relished only by the very dregs of the people.* In the first place, it must be observed that, after the failure of the *Clouds*, a manifest alteration is to be traced in the poet's manner: his serious and reflective style is almost entirely abandoned; and many of his plays, as Mr. Mitchell notices, are mere *jeux d'esprit*. The *Dicast turned Gentleman* is a specimen. Mitford, in reference to this inequality, was justified in saying that he could write equally for the highest and the lowest ranks, and could be at the same time a consummate politician and a consummate buffoon. But if the comedies of Aristophanes were in reality relished only by the dregs of the people (which we know not to have been the case), how infinitely must the Athenian mobocracy have surpassed, in intellectual vigour and general information, that very respectable body of elevated critics who, from their bowers fragrant with apples and ginger-beer, nightly look down upon his majesty's servants at Drury Lane or Covent Garden!—those sixpenny patrons of the drama, whose "Musike, musike!" peals over the tuning of the orchestra; and whose euphonous cries to No. 157, "Turn him out! turn him out!" blend so delightfully with Hamlet's soliloquy. Every reader of Aristophanes well knows the perfect impossibility of comprehending a single page until after a diligent study of Grecian history, philosophy, and poetry. Many lines are given to the ridicule of

Euripides; a whole play is devoted to the exposure of the sophists, and the immature philosophy of Socrates: the ripe and true scholar alone is able to enter fully into the treasury before him. Moreover, in that age, no Moyes existed to lend the poet's dreams a local habitation. The spectator could not take a copy of the new play to the theatre. Suppose the comedy of the *Frogs* to have been announced for "Wednesday, the 4th inst." Aristophanes had no enterprising publisher to inform the Athenian public: "Aristophanes' new play, entitled the *Frogs*, will be published on Wednesday, the 4th inst." Neither could he look into the *Times* or *Herald* for an outline of the plot on the following morning. The poet was obliged to rely upon the unaided cleverness of his audience, at whose extraordinary qualifications Schlegel has expressed his astonishment: qualifications embracing a deep acquaintance with politics; a familiar knowledge of all the poetical masterpieces in the language; an activity of mind ever on the watch to catch the lightest and most complicated irony, the most unexpected sallies and remote allusions, frequently indicated only by the inflexion of a syllable. Now, let an English writer, in this nineteenth century, produce a drama, the wit of which shall consist in biting references to political occurrences, present or past—in amusing parodies upon the works of Shakespeare, Massinger, and Congreve—in oblique hints at foreign diplomacy—in ludicrous misrepresentations of history,—let an author bring out such a play as this (and the comedies of Aristophanes are identical in their construction), and will not the walls of old Drury ring with the uproar of mortals uniting with gods in indignant reprobation of a performance, for the understanding of which neither the *Library of Entertaining Knowledge* nor the *Penny Cyclopædia* had provided? and Mr. Cooper would be compelled, after withdrawing the play, to bow himself off backwards, in the elegant phraseology of Fanny Kemble, beneath a shower of orange-peel and goose. Under such circumstances, Mr. Bunn's boxes would present an appearance very different from Christmas; and the histrionic profession would become a singularly appropriate ap-

pellation. But, while we cannot help awarding the *premier* of intellectual superiority to the common Athenian over the common Londoner, we look upon our city friend as the more estimable character—more industrious, more sincere, more affectionate in the private relations of life—more liberal in the discharge of duties to the state—a tenderer father, a faster friend. To return to Aristophanes. In considering the riotous overflow of animal spirits which characterises the comic poet of Athens, and which Schlegel has, with a daring felicity, called the drunkenness of wit, the Bacchanalia of fun, we ought to make some allowance for the festive season in which they were generally represented. Something of a similar kind, but without the poetry, may be traced in the early French farces, and the *Fast-nachts-spiele*, or carnival-plays, of Germany, “written in the license which that season has generally permitted.”*

If the reader would form an idea of the Athenian citizen in the age of Aristophanes, he should combine the gaiety of the Parisian with the frivolity and poetic feeling of the modern Greek. Let him hear Mr. Walsh and ourselves upon the subject. He rose early, either to attend the general assembly of the citizens, or to serve as a jurymen in one of the ten courts of law, if he happened to be among the six thousand annually chosen for that purpose. In the *Acharnians*, we hear Dicaopolis, a farmer whom the terror of the Spartan enemy had driven into the city, relating, in a very lively manner, his town-course of life. Accustomed to the active habits of the country, he reaches the Pnyx long before a single citizen has taken his seat; then turning into the Forum, he sees the people running before the heralds’ painted rope, the mark of which inflicted a fine; or he amuses himself by tracing figures on the ground, reckoning up the expense of living in town, and every moment casting an anxious eye upon the blooming fields. On his return, perhaps, he finds his breakfast (*ἀγεστος*) prepared by his wife, or one of his slaves; a piece of wheaten bread, a basin of barley-meal porridge, or a slice of a barley loaf. No potted ham, or anchovy toast, or Dundee marmalade, lent a relish to the repast. In this respect the Ancient Athens yielded to

the Modern; and one of the Trinity “champagne breakfasts” (*epula divum*!) would have furnished gossip for a month. Mr. Walsh points out the absurdity of deeming the *αγεστος* equivalent to our word *dinner*; alluding, we imagine, to the sapient dialectics of the late Mr. Walker, who determined to be an ORIGINAL in Greek as well as cookery. Having recruited himself with this meagre refection, he sauntered into the market-place, which, like the bazaars in the Levant, contained divisions appropriated to the sale of various articles; the fish-market, the perfume, garlic-market, &c. Having cheapened a dish of sprats or herrings, with onion or garlic sauce, he hands them to an attendant slave, and lounges home to dinner; or, supposing him to have invited a few friends, and being rather too far from Blackwall to patronise Lovegrove, he buys an eel from the Lake of Copæ, a delicacy mentioned with high praise in the *Acharnians*. This fish retains its celebrity, as well as its size; one sent to Mr. Hughes weighed seven pounds. Having despatched his second meal (*δισστος*), he strolls out again—the comforts of the domestic hearth being equally unknown in Athens and Paris—along the Academy or Lyceum, which were gardens ornamentally disposed like our parks, with the agreeable addition of large buildings for the accommodation of the citizens. We may hope to enjoy a similar promenade, when the classic Buckingham committee shall have realised their ingenious theories for the improvement of the public health. Here he listens to the last newly imported philosopher, or talks over the play, or compares the last dance of Sophocles with one by Æschylus, or argues the necessity of reform, until his sharpened appetite sends him back to a frugal supper (*δρεστος*); and the couch on which he ate his dinner served him also for a bed. Now, let us hear Mr. Hughes upon the modern Greek, who, like his ancestor, is abstemious in his mode of living. Rising with the dawn, after a pipe and cup of coffee (without muffin and eggs), he walks out to visit his friends, or transact his business, until noon, when his principal meal is prepared. This he generally takes with his family: it consists of boiled rice, sometimes mixed

with oil and vinegar; mutton, baked with almonds or pistachio-nuts; stewed meats; pitau; olives, called columbades; thin pastry, made of eggs, flower, and honey. After dinner the women retire to the drawing-room, if they have one, and the men indulge in a *siesta*. In the afternoon, "calls," without the knocks, are resumed, when sweetmeats, pipes, and coffee, are handed round; and, should the weather be fine, pleasure-parties are formed to walk in the neighbouring country, or inhale the sea-breeze. About sunset they return to supper, and retire to rest at the hour when a London *belles* is thinking of rings, as Mr. Hood would say, or, perhaps, has expressed it.

Upon the whole, although we have no tragedy so perfect as the *Edipus*, nor any speeches quite so sublime as those of Demosthenes, the nineteenth century may defy the Athenians and the age of Pericles to contend with them in cookery. In literature they have some claims to distinction; but in the *cuisine*! They point to Homer; we meet them with Ude. They challenge us with Sappho; we reply to it with Mrs. Dodds. They had the Parthenon; we have the Clarendon. They rowed to Salamis to talk of the Persians; we scull to Greenwich to eat white bait. Viewed in this calm and dispassionate way, we have no cause to be ashamed of our proficiency in what may be truly called the *fine arts*. But in one particular we confess our inferiority: the practice of drinking wine out of glasses, however varied in shape, implies a rare want of invention. The ancients possessed the art of pouring the richest wines in one unbroken stream down the throat. Horace calls it a Thracian custom; and Athenæus mentions a person who obtained the appellation of Funnell, from his partiality to this method. We should like to see it introduced at Holland House; and venture to recommend tokay for the experiment. We have unconsciously adopted so many of the Athenian fashions, that one so agreeable ought not to be overlooked. The custom of writing upon the walls might appear peculiar to our lettered age (Aristophanes always drives us into a pun), but it flourished also in Athens. Aristophanes mentions it in the *Acharnians*; and the author of *Anacharsis* has ingeniously employed it to celebrate the charms of Leucippe. We have the

habit, indeed, but without its poetry. No exquisite of the present day would think of proclaiming Lady Blessington's pre-eminent charms in chalk upon the Park wall: that distinction is reserved for "Mechi's Magic Strop!" or "Buy your Hats at the Red House!" or "The Last Week of Jim Crow!"

In our next *excursus*, we shall enter more fully into the poetical character and diction of Aristophanes, and examine at some length, and with critical impartiality, the merits of his various translators; but we cannot refrain from briefly noticing a very fertile source of wit in his comedies, which arises out of what have been called *jokes contrary to expectation*. These may be divided into two classes: the first, when no joke of any kind was expected; the second, when the witticism differs from that which the previous train of thought appeared to indicate. To the first class belong those faint gleams of humour which, once in a season, shed a melancholy brightness over the columns of the *Chronicle* or *Examiner*. No person anticipates wit in those quarters; and any indications of it, therefore, however slight, are jokes contrary to expectation. It will be easily understood that the mirth of Aristophanes is not of this description; but as wit of this kind is totally unsusceptible of translation, and as we are writing almost entirely for the English reader, we proceed to give a few specimens in our own language of jokes contrary to expectation. To begin with an anecdote of Foote. This literary Cruikshank having, in one of his entertainments, caricatured an actor named O'Brien, that gentleman waited upon Foote, and complained very indignantly of the injury his character had sustained through his being taken off upon the stage. The comedian, having vainly endeavoured to laugh his visitor into a good-humour, at length observed, "Well, as you seem displeased at my taking *you* off, you shall immediately see me take *myself* off." The enraged actor was pacified, and Foote, taking up his hat, quietly walked out of the room; and O'Brien, after waiting an hour in expectation of his return, was compelled to console himself for his previous affront by a joke contrary to expectation. The story told of Sir Isaac Pennington is of a similar nature. A rich fellow of a college in Cambridge, after favouring Sir Isaac with a list of his maladies, inquired

what he should take. "I should recommend you to take advice," was the reply. But this species of wit assumes various shapes. In the rich and easy inflections of the Greek language it has abundant opportunities of displaying itself. Without the form of a riddle, some of these comic vagaries possess its character. Professor Sedgwick's question, "Why is a soldier of the line like a vine?" *because he must have ten drills (tendrils) before he can shoot*, which set the upper table at Trinity in a roar last term, may find its parallel in Aristophanes. The plastic dialect of Athens slides into puns beyond the reach of northern art; for these we have no analogous expressions, and the translator is reduced to the alternative of abandoning them entirely, or of substituting others in their place. Charles Lamb's identification of the Celts with the Chinese, because they are both *Sell-Teas* (Celts), is in the true spirit of Grecian farce. So was Porson's preference of a *liquid* (aliquid), and his refusal to drink any more *τὸδ* (toddy). Like humourists in general (always excepting Mr. Colbourn's), Aristophanes cared little whence he drew his wit: so that it punned and rattled, all was well. Jupiter and his thunderbolts never scared him from a joke; he could stare the Gorgon's head out of countenance, and tripped up a chorus of Furies without the slightest hesitation. But he is not for this reason to be charged with irreligion. Yet we shall be extremely unjust to Aristophanes, if we view him only as a fellow of infinite jest: he had not only quips and cranks, and gibes and gambols, to set the theatre in a roar, but a true and delicate perception of poetry, uncommon warmth of colouring and freedom in painting a landscape, with an eye that knew and loved nature. Let the reader turn to the fine description, in the *Alcarnians*, of Pericles thundering and lightning with his eloquence; or to the animated sketch of the Peiræus, in the same play, resounding with the discordant noises of busy preparation, the hammer and the saw, and the shrill whistle of the workman; or to the delightful glimpses of rural scenery in the *Clouds*, tinted with the softest hues of Sophocles. These are not passages to drop from the pen of a mere Buckstone or a Scribe.

Aristophanes has incurred severe censure for his attacks upon Socrates, whom, in the quaint words of Ben Jonson, he hoisted up with a pulley, and made him play the philosopher in a basket, and measure how many feet a flea could skip geometrically by a just scale. Gilbert Wakefield (who was not an admirer of Aristophanes) declared, that the comedy of the *Clouds* obscured the brightest star of the Achaian firmament. But it ought to be recollected that Aristophanes was not the only satirist of the son of Sophroniscus: Ameipsias devoted a play, called the *Philosopher's Cloak*, to the ridicule of his character and pretensions. Aristotle mentions a ridiculous countenance among the legitimate points of humorous invective; and certainly Socrates, in his personal appearance, as well as his intellectual character, offered very tempting inducements to the comic muse. A squab, big-bellied figure, with goggle eyes, large projecting mouth, swelling nostrils, a flat nose, and thick blubber lips—such is the portrait drawn by no unfriendly hand. In his costume, negligent to a degree of vulgarity—in his manners, harsh and presuming, even in the favourable colouring of Plato. "Yet perhaps Amytus here (pointing to him) is hurt by what you say," observes Menon, in the Dialogue of that name. "I do not care one straw if he is," replies Socrates. Such was the roar of the Greek moralist; but the memorabilia of Xenophon differ—how much!—from the memorabilia of Boswell. Nor was the ordinary conversation of this celebrated individual more in keeping with his garb of philosophy. Upon this subject Mr. Walsh observes, that gentlemen could easily gather much new information, if they would only *read* Greek authors as often as they *quote* them. Let the reader, for example, refer to Xenophon's account of his master's visit to a courtesan named Theodota. "Lend me your charm," says the lady, "that I may draw it first of all against you." "But, by Jove," says he, "I do not wish to be drawn towards you, but that you should come to me." "Well, I will come," replies the lady; "only do you let me in." "I will," answers the philosopher, "if I have got no one within I like better!"*

* Vide Walsh's Preface.

Neither was his school held in such general estimation as might be supposed. Among his scholars were Æschines, a parasite of the tyrant Dionysius; Simon, whose rapacity passed into a proverb, and whom Aristophanes gibbeted, *in terrorem*, in his indignant verse, together with Cleonymus and Theorus. Our knowledge of Socrates is derived almost entirely from the pictures given to us by his friends; but neither Plato nor Xenophon were acquainted with him until several years after his appearance in the Aristophanic extravaganza of the *Clouds*. Yet, even in their affectionate pages, we trace the outline of many sketches in Aristophanes. Mitchell thinks that his mysticism, his garrulity (not forgotten by Lucian), his hair-splitting niceties of language, his melancholy temperament (recorded by Aristotle), his devotion to physical pursuits, are all indicated in the memorials of Plato. So far, indeed, were his sophistical arguments sometimes carried, that one of the ablest of modern critics does not hesitate to deduce the ludicrous introduction of the bolting tub and the cock and hen, in the *Clouds*, from some observation actually uttered by Socrates, though perverted, perhaps, by the reporter. Need we, then, refuse our assent to the conclusion of Mr. Mitchell, that Aristophanes did not compose the *Clouds* so much with the intention of exposing Socrates individually, as of chastising, under his name, the new system of education pursued at Athens? There is great propriety in the remark of Cumberland,* that Socrates, in this comedy, lays down no doctrines of principle, of fraud or injustice; it is not the teacher who recommends, but the disciples who pervert his instructions to the evil purpose of defrauding and eluding their creditors. So with respect to the behaviour of children towards their parents. The son in the play strikes his father on the stage, and quotes the maxims of Socrates in justification; but he quotes them only to shew how easily sophistry can defend the most outrageous conduct. In this opinion Schlegel appears to coincide. The object of the piece, he thinks, is to shew that by a fondness for philosophical subtleties the warlike exercises

come to be neglected, that speculation only serves to shake the foundations of religion and morals; and that by the arts of sophistry every right is rendered questionable, and the worst cause is frequently victorious. Süvern† perceives throughout a direct attack upon the well-known propensity of the Athenians to controversies and law-suits,—a propensity encouraged by their habits of extravagance, and against which Aristophanes never ceased to inveigh. In the present play, he calls them a people of fighting cocks; in the *Birds*, in the *Knights*, and other places, the same hostility displays itself; but particularly in the *Wasps*, the story of which, as Süvern observes, arises out of it. The comedy of the *Clouds* is in itself so interesting, and has occasioned so much litigation in the critical world, that we shall present our readers with an analysis of it.

The scene is laid at Athens, and the play opens in the house of Strepsiades, who, with his son, Pheidippides, is discovered reclining upon a couch; several slaves lying round upon the floor. Strepsiades (an Athenian citizen), tired of waiting for the dawn of day, soliloquises upon the melancholy condition of his affairs; and, having called for a lamp, reckons up the amount of interest almost due upon his debts,—the last quarter of the moon warning him that the legal period for enforcing payment (the 30th of the month) was close at hand. While he is engaged in reflecting upon the difficulties to which his son's extravagance had reduced him, Pheidippides (already well known on the turf and road) cries out in his sleep—

"A heat! a heat!

How many turns to a heat?"

This sleep-conversation occasions some amusing equivocation, and one or two passable puns; until the young gentleman wakes, and, somewhat out of humour, requests permission to finish his nap. His father, meanwhile, as married men in all ages have been wont to do, solaces himself with pleasing recollections of a single life, when he lived in the country,—

"Dusty, unmatted, reclining at his ease,
And flourishing in bees, sheep, and eel-
cukes" (WALSH),—

until, in an evil hour, he married a lady fit for nothing but a patroness at the Athenian "Almack's," all over washes, paint, &c. (see the *Court Magazine*). He recounts the infant history of his son, and the amicable contests that attended his nomenclature,—a scene which will remind the reader of an admirable chapter in *Tristram Shandy*. A notable project at length dawns upon the old man, which he imparts to Pheidippides (who now appears upon the stage), advising him to hasten to Socrates—whose house he points out,—that he might receive instruction in that Thinking-shop for clever people. His motives in making the proposal are satisfactorily explained:—

" 'Tis said that they have got both the
Two Causes—

The Stronger what-d'ye-call-em and the
Weaker;

And that of these the latter gains the victory,

Although it speaks upon the unjust side.
So, if you go and learn this Unjust
Cause,

I need not pay one penny of the debts
I owe on your account to any body."*

WALSH.

Pheidippides, fearful, as he says, of spoiling his complexion, refuses to comply, and the old gentleman goes himself. Having knocked at the door of Socrates, he is answered by one of the scholars, who entertains him with a few of the most recent and interesting discoveries of the philosopher, who had been ascertaining the leaps of a flea, by dipping its feet in melted wax, and then measuring the distance by its boots. Modern researches have illustrated this important question; and we read in the *Entomology* of Kirby, that a flea jumps two hundred times its own length—a feat performed by muscular power alone. If the human animal possessed the faculty enjoyed by this agreeable domestic visitor, the lover's prayers to annihilate space would be accomplished, and *hops* (*vid.* Hart's *Quadrilles*) would always end in matrimony (as they now do occasionally). Another of the philosopher's investigations, as related to Strepsiades, was directed to the curious uncertainty, then prevailing among scientific men, respecting the buzzing of the gnât,—whether the sound issued from the mouth or the tail. Socrates preferred

the latter hypothesis. The fact of the hum being caused by the friction of the wings against the thorax was to be revealed in more fortunate days. Strepsiades, stimulated by these extraordinary proofs of superior intelligence, impatiently demands to see the philosopher: the front of his house is accordingly wheeled round (an operation previously explained), and the master is discovered suspended in a basket, and his scholars distributed in various absurd attitudes. In the *Alcarnians*, Euripides is represented in a position equally ludicrous. It may be proper to observe that this satirical portrait of the philosopher was founded upon the eccentricity of his character. Alcibiades mentions his peculiar habit of walking along the streets; and Plato, in the *Symposium*, informs us that he frequently remained standing on the same spot, lost in meditation; and that upon one occasion, at the siege of Potidea, he stood fixed in thought from an early hour of one day till the next sunrise, when he had discovered the object of his inquiry. It was this singular absence of mind which suggested to Aristophanes the expression, *aspativ* (walking upon the air), and the emblematical representation of it which we have previously described.* Surprised at their inverted postures, he inquires their occupations, and is informed that they are groping under Tartarus, and that their "rumps are learning astronomy." He then asks the uses of the different instruments strewed about, and is, of course, vastly edified by the answers he receives. At last his eye turns upon Socrates, dangling from the roof, who tells him that he is "questioning the sun;" and, having been favoured with Strepsiades' reasons for calling upon him,—namely, to obtain

"A new receipt
For sending off his creditors, and foiling
them
By the Art Logical,"—

he desires him to sit down upon a couch, and put a garland upon his head, while he scatters some barley-meal over him. Mr. Walsh remarks, that throughout this initiation the poet is parodying Sophocles. In this part of his translation, Mr. Walsh, by adapting his style to the rich harmony of the original, is much more successful than

Cumberland, in whose "cold, stiff iambs," as Mitchell calls them, the freshness and beauty of the Greek are entirely lost. The reader will observe the happy art with which Aristophanes supports that mysticism of character by which Socrates was distinguished,—and which, contrasted with the homely manner of Strepsiades, charms us by its poetical wildness. He invokes the Clouds to a conference.

"SOCRATES.

Let the aged man attend to the prayer
In silence, until it is ended !
Great Master and King, thou measure-
less Air
That keepest the earth suspended !
Thou glittering Æther, ye dusky-faced
Clouds
Who vent in the thunder your choler !
Rise, Goddesses, rise from your dewy
abodes,
And appear in the sky to your scholar.

STREPSIADES.

No, not till I fold up this bit of a rag,
By way of umbrella, and don it.
What a thick-headed blockhead I must
be, to wag
From my door-stone with never a
bonnet !

SOCRATES.

Yes, come, ye adorable Clouds, and
speak
Your decrees to this suppliant lowly !
Come, whether ye sit on the snow-beaten
peak
Of Olympus, the towering, the holy ;
Or dance to the Nymphs with song and
with smile
In the gardens of Father Ocean ;
Or in ewers of gold at the mouths of
Nile
Draw up your watery potion ;
Or haunt the sluggish Mæotian lake,
Or Mima's snowy-capped summit.
Oh, list ! and receive the offering we
make,
Nor turn away angrily from it !"

Thunder is heard, and a large and
shapeless cloud is beheld floating
through the air, from the midst of
which the delicious song of the Chorus
breaks upon the ear.

" Rise, ever-flowing Clouds,
Shewing yourselves to the wondering
crowds
Clad in your dewy corporeal essences !
Fly from the hoarse-rolling Ocean's
fountains ;
Fly to the tops of the tree-clad mountains :
Thence will we view earth's craggy ex-
crescences,

Thence the green harvests of which we're
the givers,
Thence the sweet banks of the murmur-
ing rivers,
Thence, too, the sea's ever rumbling en-
deavours !
Bright in the æther, the Eye of the Day
Blazes untired on his mission.
Shake off the showery mist of the gray
Heavenly nature, and let us survey
The earth with our far-seeing vision."

This mystical and beautiful passage may recall Faust to the memory. In the wonderful richness of his numbers, the extreme facility of his language, and the flexibility of his fancy, Aristophanes was not unequal to the illustrious German. "How great and overpowering," exclaims Mr. Walsh, "must have been the effect of this invocation, when the audience had actually before their eyes the craggy precipices of Salamis and Ægina,—the fertile plain which lay between Athens and the sea,—the little rivulets so celebrated under the names of the Cephissus and Ilissus,—and in the back-ground the heavy rumbling sea itself. If, to complete the picture, we add a sky more brilliant than can even be imagined in these foggy latitudes, and a sun of molten gold, we shall have some faint idea of the exquisite landscape which delighted the eye, while these elegant verses were stealing through the ear to the heart." Strepsiades, meanwhile, highly gratified by these mysterious singers, entreats Socrates to introduce him ; and the philosopher directs him to look towards Mount Parnes, down whose sides they are descending. Mr. Walsh differs from the opinion of those critics who consider the poet to address the eyes of the audience in this passage. The mountain, he says, certainly faced the stage, but could not have been visible from it, as the rock of the citadel must have entirely shut out the view. He conceives Aristophanes to have left the descent of the æthereal goddesses to the imagination. The chorus now enter attired as goddesses, in their floating draperies ; and Strepsiades, who had supposed them to consist "of fog, dew, and dusky vapour," is informed by Socrates that they are the nursing mothers of the most famous sophists, fortune-tellers, quacks, bards bombastical, &c. Cumberland discovers great comic force in this scene ; it is the reply of sophistry to common

sense, which had hit the truth in a very natural solution, supposing them to be in reality fog and vapour. It is an answer so contrived as to recoil upon himself. Walsh has been happy in his imitation,—it cannot be styled a translation. The satire is aimed at the writers of dithyrambic odes, which were of a lofty lyric character, and sung by the circular choruses, of which the modern Greek *Romika* is thought to be a remnant.*

“ So that’s why they sing ‘ of the threat-
enin’ loom,
O’ the clouds forked glitterings strawin,’
And the ‘ curls o’ the hundred-headed
Sunoom,’
And ‘ the tempests burnin’ an’ blawin’ ;’
To say nothing of ‘ crook-talon’d air-
swimmin’ fowls,’
O’ the watery kingdom of heaven.
And showers o’ water an’ boommin’ growls,
Frae the clouds by thunderbolts riven.
For by way of return for their flattering
words,
They gobble down sauces and gravies,
‘ An’ braw caller haddies, and gusty
birds,’
The cushats and bonny wee mavis.”

The poet refers to the successful efforts of the Dithyrambists, to put their feet under the mahogany of the Athenian *ton*; a fact interesting, as it proves that Little poets existed before Lansdowne House. Mr. Walsh has adopted the Doric dialect, we presume, to represent the broad provincial style of these odes. The inquiry of Socrates, whether Strepsiades had ever beheld in the sky, a cloud shaped like a centaur, or other animal, has been illustrated by Porson from Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, act iii sc. 2, and *Antony and Cleopatra*, act iv.; and by Dobree from a beautiful and characteristic passage in Jeremy Taylor’s *Worthy Communicant*. We may add, the noble sonnet of Coleridge — “ Cloudland,” where the idea is enlarged with uncommon grace and poetic fancy.* Strepsiades continues to receive instruction from the Master; and some rather indecorous allusions to Jupiter, rather indecorously rendered, together with a few meteorological observations, may be left to the Cambridge Philosophical Society, to be investigated as that most learned body may deem fit. The mind of the pupil centres only in the evasion of his debts; to compass this end, he dare

do all that may become a man, and more. The chorus are especially obliging, and assure him of their constant regard, provided he tries to be clever. Thus comforted, he delivers himself to their guidance with great composure. We cannot refrain from quoting his soliloquy upon this occasion, because it is an admirable specimen of Aristophanes in his most peculiar style.

CUMBERLAND.

“ Now let them work their wicked will
upon me;
They’re welcome to my carcass: let ‘em
claw it,
Starve it with thirst and hunger, fry it,
freeze it,
Nay, flay the very skin off — ‘tis their
own;
So that I may but fob my creditors,
Let the world talk; I care not tho’ it call
me
A bold-faced, loud-tongued, overbearing
bully;
A shameless, vile, prevaricating cheat;
A tricking, quibbling, double-dealing
knave;
A prating, pettifogging, limb o’ the law;
A sly old fox; a perjurer; an hang-dog;
A raggamuffin made of shreds and
patches;
The leavings of a dunghill.— Let them
rail.”

“ So now let them do with me just what
they will,
I give them my carcass for good or for
ill;
And dandruff, and cold, or be flayed, if
they durst,
To experience beatings, and hunger, and
thirst,
On condition they teach me the method
to find
An escape from my debts, and I’m thought
by mankind,
Bold, nimble-tongued, impudent, an-
xious to rise,
A blackguard, a gluer together of lies;
An inventor of words, a lover of suits,
A law-book, a rattle, a cunning old boots;
An auger, a strap, a dissembling old bags,
A puddle of grease, an indulger of brags;
A goad-riddled slave, an impertinent dog,
A twister, a teaser, a gluttonous hog.
If passers-by speak of me thus, I’m ripo
For whatever they think to be proper.”

“ This torrent of words,” says Mr. Cumberland, “ forms one of the most curious passages in this very singular

author, and is such a specimen of the variety and versatility of language, as almost defies translation." He was certainly deceived in supposing that he had overcome the difficulty. The terms which he regards as synonymous, afford no adequate idea of the original.

Socrates, at the request of the Chorus, proceeds to examine the new pupil's mental qualifications; and his first question relates to his memory, which Strepsiades assures him is very retentive in matters of credit, and very treacherous in matters of debt. But prior to his admission into all the benefits of this system of education, he is required to pay his admission fee; Socrates accordingly directs him to lay down his coat, it being the universal custom to go in stripped. The poor fellow complies with a rueful countenance, and, of course, never renews his intimacy with that garment.

Many attempts have been made to elucidate this most obscure and difficult passage. Reisig, ingeniously, but without adequate support, conceives Socrates merely to have exhibited, on a table strewn with ashes, and with a roasting spit bent into a circular form, the theft of a cloak from the palestra by some other individual. Süvern has refuted this conjecture with his accustomed learning, and advanced an hypothesis of his own, which the reader will be pleased by consulting. A foundation in reality has been sought for this Aristophanic incident. It is rather singular, that Eupolis, according to the scholiast, had charged the philosopher with stealing a wine-pitcher, during a song of Stesichorus, at a party; and Aristophanes, by a sort of malicious humour, assigns to Chærephon, the companion of Socrates, the appellation of *κλεπτης*—a thief. Could but the life of the philosopher, is the remark of Süvern, have furnished even the slightest ground, what a lucky hit for the comic poet to unite in the practice of this virtue the master and the pupil. We should gladly pursue this investigation, if our space permitted; but we must return to the Thinking-shop.

Strepsiades having departed with his master, the poet avails himself of the opportunity afforded by the suspended action of the play, to introduce his address to the audience, which was delivered, Cumberland conjectures, by an actor wearing the mask of the author. It was written, to use the emphatic lan-

guage of Mr. Walsh, after his former comedy had been damned. And the reader will notice the ingenuity with which he mingles a high opinion of his own merits, and indignation, on account of his previous defeat, with unsparing adulation of the present spectators.

"By the holy Bacchus, from whom
All my comic talents come,
I'll declare, spectators, to you
Freely what is really true.
May I lose the prize, and be thought
Dull, and tame, and good for naught,
If 'twas not for reckoning that
You were critics good and great,
And that this was fullest of wit
Of the comedies I'd writ,
That I chose out you, sirs, to taste
First the work I thought my best.
Yet against great Justice's rules
Was I bent by stupid fools.
Have not I good cause to complain
Of you men of learned brain,
For whose sake I laboured away
Noon and night to write the play.
Still e'en this sham'd be a pretence
For deserting men of sense.
Ever since that piece with the plot
Of the Sobersides and Sot
Gained with those unbounded success
Whom 'tis sweet e'en to address;
(I being then unmarried as yet,
Could not own my little pet;
So exposed the babe, and another
Girl became its nurse and mother;
Ay, and you supported the chit
Well, and educated it.)
Now, then, like the Electra you see
On the stage, this Comedy
Comes before you, seeking from hence
For a clever audience;
And she'll know her prospects are fair,
If she spies her 'brother's hair.'
See how chaste the damsel appears,
And how simple for her years.
She has got no terrible stick
Dangling downwards, long and thick,
Nor displays the hideous staff
All to make the children laugh;
Nor cracks jokes on baldness; nor brings
On the stage her hornpipe-flings.
Nor does the aged gentleman, who
Spouts the witty lines to you,
Strike his friend with cudgel of oak
To conceal a stupid joke.
Nor does she rush in from below,
Armed with links, nor bawl 'Halloa!'
Trusting to herself and her rhymes,
Has she sought these scenic climes,
I myself, although such a rare
Poet, sport no flowing hair;
Nor attempt to cheat you with stale
Worn-out plots; but never fail
To produce fresh dishes of food,
None alike, and all right good.

I floored Clean—great as my foe
 Then was—with a belly-blow;
 Yet disdained to jump on the bound
 As he grovelled on the ground.
 But my rivals, now they have sparred,
 Through Hyperbolus's guile,
 Keep on always thrashing the side,
 And his poor old dam's beside—
 First of all, that ludicrous ass,
 Eupolis, wrote 'Maricas,'
 Nothing but a copy, by rights,
 And a poor one, of my Knights;
 With a petticoated old rake
 Added for the hornpipe's sake,
 Like the one in Phrynichus' stale
 Drama, swallowed by the whale.
 Then Hermippus kicked up a fuss
 To run down Hyperbolus;
 And the rest all pointed their blows
 At Hyperbolus's nose;
 While each paltry plagiarist steals
 My resemblance of the eels.
 Let not fools who laugh at such plays
 Ever honour mine with praise.
 But if you're delighted with me,
 And with my now Comedy,
 You'll be thought, and not without reason,
 Men of sense, till next year's season."

Socrates appears on the stage, by no means satisfied with the progress of his *élève*; who, at his command, brings forward his bed, and deposits it on the floor; and, after some conversation (which Sir Richard Phillips would never have purchased—as he wished to obtain Coleridge's—for nine guineas a sheet), Socrates tells him to lie down on the couch, a direction he complies with, and not without considerable opposition, and with the solitary reflection that the bugs would get swinging damages. His sufferings under their visitations we shall give in a polyglott form.

ARISTOPHANES.

Και τὰς πλείους δαδαντουν
 Και τὴν ψυχὴν κωινουσιν,
 Και τοὺς ὀχλὺς ἐκλκουν,
 Και τοὺς πρῶτους ἀευντουν.
 Και μὴ ἀπολουν.

MITCHELL.

"Side and side-bone these are trying,
 Heart and vitals those are plying,
 Into secrets these are prying;
 Gasping, panting, fainting, sighing;
 Help and aid! for I am dying."

CUMBERLAND.

"I am lost!

I've roused the natives from their hiding
 holes—
 A colony of bugs in ambuscade
 Have fall'n upon me: belly, back, and
 ribs,
 No part is free: I feed a commonwealth,"
 VOL. XV. NO. LXXXVII.

WALSH.

"I die, I die! my grave's already dug
 By fierce barbarians—from the river Bug.
 They mangle my sides and they swallow
 my lips.
 And they drink up my soul, and they dig
 through my hips:
 I shall perish, embraced in their merci-
 less clutch."

Of these three versions Mitchell is the liveliest, Cumberland the most dramatic, and Walsh the nearest to the original. He alone has preserved the spirit of the *ἐκλκουν* and *κωινουσιν*. The last three lines are the best; but the allusion to the river Bug is in very bad taste; and the anecdote of the Athenian lady, who obligingly took a flea off her own sweet person, and deposited it on the front of Mr. Hughes's shirt (though in the Aristophanic spirit), might have been spared.

In this pleasant predicament, Socrates directs him to remain and meditate upon his affairs; but, after much deliberation, he discovers ~~nothing~~ except—a flea upon his nose! Numerous schemes occur to him for eluding his creditors; among others, to hire a Thessalian witch to shut up the moon in a bonnet-box, or to melt the officer's writ (inscribed on wax) with a burning crystal; but he finally concludes, that hanging would ensure the most effectual escape from his difficulties. Socrates, naturally indignant at the slow progress of his pupil, kicks him off the bed, and turns him out of the house incurable. Stepsiades, finding that his ideas had grown too old to shoot, determines to send Pherdippides instead. He accordingly hastens home, and accounts for the loss of his coat by saying that he had studied it away. Accompanied by his son, he then returns to Socrates; who introduces him to the Two Causes, Just and Unjust—one in mean apparel, the other splendidly attired. Mitchell, relying upon the Greek note, supposes these allegorical *Αἵτιαι* to have appeared on the stage in wicker coops; but Mr. Walsh argues, we think justly, that in such a case Aristophanes would have alluded to the combs and spurs of the combatants. But a stronger internal testimony is furnished by the play itself, where the Just Cause is termed a *man* by the chorus; and finally, when convinced by the arguments of his antagonist, throws his coat among the spectators. Wieland (the poetry of

the author of *Oberon* is better than his criticism) observes, with more violent exaggeration than Mitchell appears willing to admit, that the intellectual efforts of Lucian, Rabelais, Cervantes, Lopez de Véga, Sterne, and Swift, combined, could not have composed a happier scene than this, in which the advocates of the prevalent opinions at Athens respecting manners and education are introduced upon the stage. This is shooting over the target. But the sentiments of the poet, and the enthusiasm and beauty of language with which he commends the ancient system of education, and the noble and severe morality it fostered, deserve the highest praise.

Aristophanes experienced in all its power the sentiment, so nobly expressed by Bacon,—we can make the next age what we will; and he had already, in the earliest of his plays, the *Δαιτυλος*, or *Hevellers*, directed public attention to the enervating effects of the education generally adopted. His indignation was constantly kindled by that class of sophistical reasoners whom, in one of his inimitable epithets, he styles, *ιγγλωττογλωττες*, men feeding their appetites by their tongues; or, in the words of Suvern, sowing and reaping, gathering grapes and figs with their tongues. The exercises of martial skill were abandoned; the palæstra was deserted for the bath; and an universal epidemic of corruption, if we may employ the metaphor, spread among the community. The reader will find these hints developed in the following dialogue. The opponents being called upon by the chorus to state the merits of the Old System and of the New, and the question of precedence being disposed of, the Just Cause opens the debate:

“THE JUST CAUSE.

“I will give you a history, as I’m desired,
Of the methods by which education
Was anciently managed, when I was admired,
And sobriety, too, was in fashion.
First, every boy was as still as a mouse,
Not daring to say one iota;
And next, they were march’d by the roads
—each house
In the hamlet affording its quota,
In an orderly group to the harp-master’s school—
Stripped, though it was snowing like flour—
Where, with bodies decorously placed on
the stool,

They warbled with sweetness and power,
Either ‘Pallas, the terrible sacker of towns!’

Or ‘Rouse the far-echoing ditty!’
In the style they received from the good old clowns,

Who were formerly known to the city.
But if one of them played the jack-pudding, or tried

Those quavers, that turn one anew sick,
As oft as they’re heard from the moderns, his hide

Was basted for spoiling good music.
In the wrestling-school, also, the boys, as they sat,

Were instructed to hold themselves rightly,

And retain such decorous attitudes, that
They exhibited nothing unsightly;

And when they arose to level the dust,
And efface the impressions their bodies
Had formed, that it might not be seen and discussed

By foolish, inquisitive noddies.
No lads in those days would anoint their shins,

Or their knees, or their hips, or their breeches;

But, blooming with health, their roseate skins

Were as dewy and downy as peaches.
Nor would any, with soft and effeminate voice,

Coax presents from all who were able
To give them; nor were they permitted the choice

Of the heart of the cabbage at table;
Nor to snatch the dill and the celery

From their very father or mother;
Nor to gormandise thrushes or fish; nor to lie

With their legs crossed one on the other.

THE UNJUST CAUSE.

What out-of-date nonsense! How full
Of old fashion’d grasshopper-brooches,
And Cecides’s lays, and the Feast of the Bull!

JUST CAUSE.

Yet, in spite of your sneers and reproaches,
It was these regulations that trained up the folks

Who conquer’d in Marathon’s battle:
It is yours that envelope the striplings in cloaks

As soon as they part with the rattle.
I am choked, when the youths who should dance at the feast

Of Minerva with stark-naked bodies,
Make use of their shields but to keep off the blast,

And neglect the Tritonian goddess.
So choose me, young man, with a confident face—

Me, who am the Cause that's the
stronger;
And you'll learn to dislike the market-
place,

And to go to the hot-baths no longer;
And when shameful expressions are used,
to be shamed;

And to blush if a stranger should jeer
you;
And to rise from the seat you have
hitherto claimed,

If you see your seniors near you;
And never by word or by deed to behave
Like a wicked undutiful son,
Or do any thing base, as you mean to
engrave

On your heart the image of honour;
Or attempt to force some dancing-girl's
door

(Lest, engrossed in the base occupation,
You are hit by an apple that's sent by
a ———,

And fall from your high reputation);
Or dispute the commands of your father;
or call

The graybeard an old fashion'd dotard,
From a grudge you conceived, when,
sturdy and tall,

He supported your feet as they tottered.

THE UNJUST CAUSE.

By Bacchus, young man, if you swallow
down

This fellow's ridiculous twaddle,
You'll resemble Hippocrates' sons, and
the town

Will pronounce you a mammy-sick
coddle.

THE JUST CAUSE.

You shall live in the public walks, with
a face

Of a healthy and florid complexion;
Not chattering forth, in the market-place,

Each thorny, ill-natured reflection,
As the fashion is now to employ one's
self there;

Nor dragged, to your grief and dis-
traction,
To make your defence in some paltry
affair,

A tough-argument-damnable-action.
But to the Academy you shall descend,
And, beneath its divine olive bushes,
Run races along with a modest young
friend,

Adorned with a chaplet of rushes;
And smelling of woodbine and heart's-
ease so bright,

And the leaf-shedding poplar, and
eyeing

The advance of the spring-time with
looks of delight,

When the plane to the elm-tree is
sighing.

If you follow the course I am talking
about,

And are diligent also, your breast will
be stout,

Your skin will be ruddy, your arms will
be strong,

Your tongue will be short, and your legs
will be long.

But if you should practise the fashions
that now

Prevail in the world, with an unabash'd
brow,

In the first place, depend on't, your skin
will be white,

Your arms will be weak, and your breast
will be slight,

Your tongue will be long, and your legs
will be short,

And you'll fill the whole Pnyx with the
'bill' that you sport.

And, moreover, he'll make you believe in
your heart,

That baseness is virtue, and virtue is
baseness;

And stuff you, and cram you, in every
part,

With Antimachus' filthy unchasteness."

WALSH.

The Unjust Cause is now called
upon for his defence; and, being, as
he declares, almost choked with ple-
thory of words, and a considerable
pain in the stomach, proceeds to de-
molish the assertions of his adversary,
and finally induces the just cause to
abandon his principles; and, throwing
his cloak among the spectators, to con-
fess himself vanquished and convinced.
Wieland expresses a doubt whether, in
this easy abandonment of principle by
the Genius of the Good, sufficient re-
spect was shewn to the moral Graces.

Our next glimpse of Strepsiades dis-
plays him with a sack of meal on his
back, which he deposits at the door of
Socrates, to whom, in Mr. Walsh's
paraphrase, he gives a sovereign. In
answer to his inquiries after his son, the
philosopher informs him that his ad-
vances in education are prodigious, and
that he need no longer be terrified at
his creditors. Pheidippides now comes
forward to confirm the flattering ac-
count of his preceptor; and Strepsiades
is delighted with his complexion, which
is both "negative and refutative," with
the true Attic stamp. This is an ironical
allusion to the *εὐλαγία* of the Athenians,
answering, Mitchell thinks, in some de-
gree to the "Comment" of the lower
classes at Geneva. If the reader has
visited Edinburgh, he will recollect the
sharp "What's your wull?" of that

agreeable city. Exulting in the improvement of his son, Strepsiadēs receives his creditors with imperturbable tranquillity—bowing them out in the most approved fashion. Having seen the last exit, he goes into his house; but soon rushes out again, pursued by his son, who had been beating him, and who, in reply to his upbraidings, offers to argue the matter with him logically, and to demonstrate that children are entitled to chastise their parents. It is not easy, observes Mr. Cumberland, to conceive any incident more pointedly severe than the one the poet has here employed to interest the reader against the sophists. Having proved to his own satisfaction that a child is justified in beating his father, he goes on to shew the propriety of exercising the same jurisdiction over his mother, announcing his intention of suiting the action to the word. Walsh notices, as a redeeming trait in the selfish character of Strepsiadēs, the regret he expresses at this treatment of his wife, notwithstanding her extravagance.

Strepsiadēs, dismayed at the result of his experiments in education, appeals indignantly to the Clouds; and Cumberland observes, that the reply of the Chorus to his upbraidings, and the old man's acknowledgment of the justice of the punishment, are finely introduced, and impress a very natural and forcible moral on the catastrophe of the fable. He proposes to his son to inflict summary chastisement upon the arch deceiver, Socrates, with his confidant Chærephon. But Pheidippides declines to attack his tutor; and Strepsiadēs, having sent a slave for a ladder and a torch, climbs up to the top of Socrates's house, fires the rafters, and the comedy goes out in a blaze! We shall endeavour to return to Aristophanes in an early Number; and may probably find an opportunity of giving a few additional touches to the portrait of Socrates. In the mean time, Mr. Walsh will see that we think highly of his efforts in behalf of the Comic Muse of Athens.

WHIGS AND TORIES OF OLD TIMES.

AMONG the delusions whereby the party which now holds possession of the government of this country, attempts to support its claim to public confidence, no one is more successfully practised, than that by which it assumes an historical character. The members of the dominant faction would fain persuade us that they are the legitimate representatives of a party which has existed in the state, with perpetual succession, for more than a century and a half, under the name of WHIGS,—the constant and consistent friends of civil and religious freedom, the exclusive possessors of political virtue, the enemies of corruption, the advocates of a pure representation, and the assertors of all those principles of government, which, in the language of the day, are denominated *Liberal*. For more than half a century, according to the fiction, the government continued in the hands of

TORIES, whom the same fable describes as in all respects the opposite of the Whigs, until Whiggery became once more predominant, under the auspices, successively, of the Grey and Melbourne cabinets. The complacency with which this ingenious fable is repeated, by the PALMERSTONS, the GRANTS, and the LAMBS, is amusing; to detect this part of the fiction, requires the history or reminiscence of a few short years. The exposure of modern renegades is not our present purpose. We are called upon to read the *History of Party** from an early period; and we gladly seize the opportunity of commencing an inquiry, which must end in dispersing the cloud of error in which it has pleased modern Whigs to envelope us.

Mr. Cooke is a Whig, and writes for the avowed purpose of upholding the consistency and continuousness of Whig-

* The History of Party, from the rise of the Whig and Tory factions in the reign of Charles II., to the passing of the Reform Bill. By George Wingrave Cooke, Esq. Barrister at Law. Vol. I. A.D. 1666–1714. Macrone. London, 1836.

gery. His history reaches, as yet, no further than the accession of the house of Hanover, and it would seem that he has not even informed himself of more recent occurrences. In his further progress, he will find that Whigs and Tories had at one time ceased to exist, even in the name. The names have been revived within our memory; whether those names now mean what they meant originally, is the controverted question, of which Mr. Cooke, with a professed contempt for the contrary opinion, maintains the affirmative.

It may not be altogether true, that, in the words cited by Mr. Cooke, "all the tenets of the two parties have been completely counterchanged;" but it is true that certain of these tenets have passed from Whig to Tory, so that even the symbols have changed hands; it is true that many of the points of difference have entirely disappeared, while others of great and vital importance have arisen.

A history of party is a history of principles, and a history of persons. Mr. Cooke has not traced either of these histories satisfactorily. His defence against this accusation might be, that there was not at any time a precise enumeration of the two parties, or a regular muster of persons, professing their respective principles. This is true; but it is a truth which destroys his book: and it is apparent, even in the thirty-five years comprised in his present volume, as will be seen when we come to mention the names of those who are from time to time designated as Whigs or Tories.

As Mr. Cooke's book, in fact, embraces nearly the whole of our civil history during four reigns, we cannot attempt to follow him year by year, and must leave many of his facts and positions without denial or assent; yet there are some statements into which he has been led by the *newness* of his Whiggery: there are many particulars in which he has misrepresented both Whigs and Tories; the former, from a desire to reconcile them with their nominal successors; the latter, from a prejudice against the name: and his misrepresentation of Tories is especially apparent when he treats of the Church

of England, just the point upon which old and new Tories most nearly agree, and which, therefore, though by no means bound to defend all the opinions or deeds of all Tories, we think ourselves especially required to notice.

Indeed, even as to Whigs, the first error of Mr. Cooke regards religion. Placing William, Lord Russell, at the head of the band of patriots who founded the Whig party, he says of him,—"*If his zeal was hot against the Catholics, it was not because they differed from him in religion, but because he knew them to be dangerous conspirators against his country.*" P. 27. Modern Whig writers, wishing to depreciate the share which the Tories had in the Revolution, are apt to underrate the religious origin of that transaction. Charles Fox* hazards an opinion, which is well corrected by Hallam, that despotism was, more than religion, the object of James.

It is true that arbitrary power was always connected with Popery, in the minds of the old Whigs; but with many of them, with Lord Russell in particular, who was a religious man, an abhorrence of the peculiar tenets of the Romanists was an influential motive of political action. It was Russell who introduced the *exclusion bill*, in a speech setting forth not the encroachments of kingly power, but the absurdities of Popery. "I despise," he said, "such ridiculous and nonsensical religion,—a piece of wafer, broken between the priest's fingers, to be our Saviour!"† And, in his dying-speech upon the scaffold, and in the paper which he delivered to the sheriffs,‡ nothing was more striking than his aspirations for the union of Protestants, and his abhorrence of the "idolrous and bloody religion" of the Papists. We do not wish to push our statement too far, but the fact is, that the danger of the king's person from a Popish successor is the only political danger to which, in these his last words, Lord Russell alluded.§ A love of civil liberty was natural to a man so amiable; but it is clear that the Protestant religion had, at the least, an equal share of his affections. It is hardly necessary to add, that Russell, and all the

* P. 108. Hallam, vol. ii. p. 390.

† Parl. Hist., vol. iv. p. 1127.

‡ State Trials, vol. ix. p. 683.

§ It is very remarkable, that he almost, if not altogether, confesses himself in this paper to have been guilty of *misprision* of treason.

Whigs,—friends of civil and religious liberty,—concurred in the exclusion of Papists from parliament, by a test, referring to the absurd, but, perhaps, harmless tenet, by which Russell was so seriously scandalised.

When, therefore, Mr. Cooke, overlooking this essential point, religion, describes, in the following terms, the fundamental principle of the Whig creed, he is not giving the creed of Lord Russell, the founder of the sect; and his *History of Party*, compounded of principles and persons, fails at the outset.

This is his creed of Whiggery, "That princes derive their power from the people, that this power is conferred upon them under certain conditions, and with restrictions and limitations, and that, if they abuse it, they are liable to be punished for their misconduct by the people, whose confidence they have betrayed." We are not surprised at Mr. Cooke's thus describing the creed of his political ancestors, because greater men than he have penned similar averments; but we are surprised that a regard for his reputation as a historian should not have led him to observe, that however just in philosophy may be the conclusion to which this proposition comes, the premises are utterly false historically. However, granting to our author this exposition of the Whig creed, let us see that which he ascribes to the Tories.

For this he refers to Bolingbroke, to Roger North, and to the Oxford decree of 1683, which he styles an "enunciation of Toryism."

Surely, this last-mentioned document cannot fairly be admitted as the creed of persons who at any time constituted a party in the state; nor can it indeed be taken as that of the Church of England, or even of the University of Oxford. According to the Whig historian,* it was drawn up by one person, the time-serving Dr. Jane of Christchurch, and imposed upon the convocation "in one day by surprise;" though perhaps suggested, as Kennett insinuates, from the court, it proves nothing but the general Toryism of the place. It is quite unfair to mention this piece of exuberant zeal as the work of "the Tories."

Bolingbroke speaks of Whigs and Tories historically:—"The power and majesty of the people, an original contract, the authority and independency of parliament, liberty, resistance, exclusion, abdication, deposition; these were ideas associated at that time to the idea of a Whig, and supposed by every Whig to be incommunicable and inconsistent with the idea of a Tory. Divine, hereditary, and indefeasible right, lineal succession, passive obedience, prerogatives, non-resistance, slavery, nay, and sometimes Popery too, were associated in many minds to the idea of a Tory, and deemed incommunicable and inconsistent in the same manner with the idea of a Whig."†

It is quite clear that Bolingbroke here describes the popular notions, we might almost say the *slang* of the day; and his very terms point rather to the notions imputed by one party to the other, than to the acknowledged opinions of either. But this passage ought not to have been quoted without the context and sequel.

"These associations," continued Bolingbroke, "are broken, these distinct sets of ideas are shuffled out of their order, new combinations force themselves upon us; and it would actually be as absurd to impute to the Tories the principles which were laid to their charge formerly, as it would be to ascribe to the projector‡ and his faction the name of Whigs, while they daily forfeit that character by their actions. The bulk of both parties are really united—united in principles of liberty, in opposition to an obscure remnant of one party, who disown those principles, and a mercenary detachment from the other, who betray them."§

We do not quote this passage as entirely applicable to the present times, but as shewing, on the testimony of Mr. Cooke's proper hero, how the continuity of Whiggery and Toryism was already lost in the time of Sir Robert Walpole.

Mr. Cooke|| also refers to Roger North for "an elaborate exposition and defence of the original Tory creed," an expression which shews Mr. Cooke alive to the fact which he sometimes conceals, that the creed has undergone a change. North was a lawyer, of good family, solicitor-general to James II.,

* Kennett, vol. iii. p. 413.

† The name, we are inclined to believe, of a periodical rival of the *Craftsman*.

§ Works, vol. iii. p. 38. 1800.

† Cooke, p. 142.

|| P. 142.

and the author of an examination of Kennett's Whig history of the reign of Charles II., in which the measures of that king are defended. It is, therefore, perfectly fair to refer to him for an exposition of the principles maintained by the compliant ministers of James. But North cannot answer for the main body of the Tories. North himself does not say a word of *divine, indefeasible, hereditary right*. He contends for *obedience and non-resistance to the law of the land*. He argues entirely within the narrow limits of a lawyer's brief, and contends, correctly enough as a mere lawyer, that there is no case (not even that of a man knowing his own innocence) in which the law admits of resistance to the authorities lawfully constituted, or their subordinate agents. For lawful authority, he refers not to divine right, or to the right of any person or family, but to the policy of the several states, in committing power to single persons or bodies of men, as the laws of each have provided. "In England," he says, "it is most certain, that in real effect, the two houses of parliament have a co-authority with the crown in making laws." He proceeds, it is true, to give to the part which the two houses have in legislation a more humble character than will suit modern notions or practice; but even here he is technically correct. "May it please your majesty that it may be enacted, and be it enacted by the king's most excellent majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the lords spiritual and temporal and commons in parliament assembled," is still the form of our laws. He says that supreme power *may* exist in a single person, but that in England it does not; he even qualifies the possibility thus:—"Yet even that supreme power is subject to rules, or laws, for there is not, nor can be, any power on the face of the earth above or without law. For, where none are declared, and there is no superior to exact accounts, yet the law of natural justice and equity prevail." But then, again, North denies that this supreme power is accountable to any but God for the breach of this natural law; and having said, that, except as to legislation,

the king is supreme in England, he contends for the absolute illegality of resisting the king under any pretence whatever. And he quotes, not Grotius, or any writer on natural law, but our own statute of treasons, 25 Edward III. Now, this may appear inconsistent. How can the king be said to be bound by the law, if, for no reason, not even for a breach of the law, a subject can resist him? And it must be admitted that North proceeds to give some reasons for the existence of supreme power, which would appear incompatible with any sort of check upon it.

But these are generalities; and our Tory lawyer, when he proceeds to lay down the law, pronounces a judgment which neither Lord Holt nor Lord Denman would reject. "It is not foreign to these speculations to put in a word on behalf of the English monarchy and government, which has many advantages to the people, but none more glorious than this, *that all acts of the crown against law, are mere nullities*, and all who act under them are obnoxious to the law; and so far from being protected, that *they may be questioned and punished by that very power against whom its own command is no defence or justification*." And he then explains the doctrine of ministerial responsibility, by shewing, that "every command is in writing, so that *the proper officer may be brought to answer for it*."

Now this is sound English constitutional law, for North says truly, that there is no constitution independent of the law. Yet North has certainly omitted one very important consequence of his own position. The unlawful commands of the king being nullities, not only may they be disobeyed, and those who attempt to enforce them brought to punishment in the courts of law, but an attempt to execute them by force may be resisted by force. *This is the true and sacred right of resistance*. We believe that it was admitted law, even in the time of North.*

The Tory creed, then, as expounded by Roger North, amounts to this, that the law is all-sufficient; that it is *unlawful to act against law*.

* De Lolme mentions a case, in Queen Anne's time, in which Lord Holt laid it down as law, that not only a man attacked by unlawful force, as by a constable, acting out of his district, might resist even to death, but that a bystander might assist him. Holt was overruled by a majority of the judges in this particular case, but there appears to have been some doubt about the facts. De Lolme, p. 271 of edition 1822.

Those who concurred in the Revolution, or approved of it, must admit that wrongs may be done by persons in power, irretrievable by any course of law, and that in such a case, law may be superseded by force. Probably, Roger North would have denied or evaded this. The practical difference between more modern Whigs and Tories, perhaps consists in this,—the Whig would continually enunciate this doctrine, and boast of it as an essential part of the rights of Englishmen, or of men. The Tory, though sometimes most reluctantly compelled to act upon it, keeps it as much as possible out of sight. When we come to Mr. Cooke's second volume, and have the Whigs in possession of exclusive power, we shall see how they estimated the right of the government to unlimited obedience.

It might, perhaps, be made a question, whether the *legal* doctrine of resistance be not sufficient to counteract such encroachments upon law and liberty, as those which were perpetrated by James II.? The solution of it depends altogether upon the reliance to be placed upon the courts of justice, and *that* was the great deficiency before the Revolution. There is no reason to doubt the statements adopted by Mr. Cooke, of undue packing of juries in the cases of Lord Russell and others; he ought to have imitated Mr. Hallam, in ascribing similar practices to the famous Whig sheriff, Slingsby Bethel.*

Still, the acquittal of the seven bishops is a striking fact, and, while it evinces the attachment of the middling classes to the Church of England, may, perhaps, suggest a doubt whether similar proceedings, steadily followed up, might not either have prevented the Revolution, or given to it a still higher character of necessity and justice than that which it has acquired.

It is impossible to peruse the letters of Lord Devonshire, and other Whigs, who wrote to the Prince of Orange before the Revolution, without acknowledging that James's attacks upon the Protestant religion were, even with that party, a leading motive, we had almost said the principal motive of action. It was undoubtedly so with the Tories, who, as Hallam observes, were even more attached to the Church of England than to the crown. Churchmen

were naturally of this party, and are treated by the present writer with peculiar unfairness.

There is one instance of this unfairness in his reference to the conduct of the Church of England divines, who attended Monmouth at his death.† Bishops Ken and Turner, Dr. Tenison and Dr. Hooper, are represented as pressing the unfortunate duke with the utmost importunity, to make a dying declaration against the doctrine of non-resistance, making that a point of more importance than the irregularities of his life. We know not whence Mr. Cooke derived this story, and we take this opportunity of complaining, that the most costly octavo that has been published in our time, is the most deficient in *authorities* of any historical work which we have seen. If the book were anonymous, we should say that it was purposely continued to render difficult the task of the reviewer. Not improbably, the story is taken from Fox's James II.,‡ where it is referred to Burnet (whose authority is against it), and to Echard. On the part of one of those clergymen, Bishop Ken, who afterwards suffered deprivation rather than take the oath to King William, a distinct denial has been given to the story. "Because I have lately seen some reflections in a pamphlet lately crept into the world, under the suspicious title of a secret history, whence Dr. Ken is by name mentioned to tease the Duke of Monmouth, even on the scaffold, to profess the doctrine of passive obedience, I think it proper in this place boldly to affirm that the bishop never acted or assisted there, but in the doctrinal part only.§ Surely Mr. Cooke might have been contented with the testimony of Burnet. If we believe this Whig and Low-Church writer, the conference did not take place at the time of the execution, but on a previous day. "The bishops studied to convince him of the sin of rebellion;" and, on being repeatedly pressed, he became uneasy, and desired to change the subject. They then charged him with the sin of living with the Lady Wentworth; but neither on that point could they obtain satisfaction. Burnet finds fault with them, not for pressing the duke upon these points, though he praises Tenison, who was the most moderate, but for

* Vol. ii. p. 460.

† P. 393.

‡ P. 279.

§ Hawkins's Life of Bishop Ken, p. 88.

talking so much about the matter afterwards. Does Mr. Cooke doubt whether the rebellion of Monmouth was on his part a sin? It was an attempt to obtain, by measures necessarily leading to the shedding of innocent blood, a personal object, to which he avowed himself not entitled, on the only ground on which he could plausibly claim it. The doctrine of non-resistance was not in question, because Monmouth had no oppression to resist. If this proceeding of the four clergymen "exemplifies the rigid and unbending spirit of genuine Toryism," it shows that old Tory divines understood their duty as ministers of religion.

Our author is justified in saying that the resistance made to the imposition of *Farmer* upon the fellows of Magdalen College, was inconsistent with the Oxford decree of 1683, and it may be true that some of the actors in this resistance were present, and consenting in convocation, when the decree passed; persons in this predicament must, doubtless, submit to the charge of inconsistency. But there is no ground for charging the Oxonians* with any other motive for their resistance than that of religion, which he has elsewhere admitted to be the grand point of Toryism.†

Another passage is still more unfounded. Speaking of the refusal of the bishops to express their abhorrence of the enterprise of the Prince of Orange, he says—"The doctrines of the Church had given way before the terror of the dangers which threatened their temporalities." Now, the temporalities of the Church were in no danger except as connected with her doctrines. James desired not to erect a new Romish church on the ruins of that of England, so much as to reconcile the Church of England to the doctrines of Rome. Had the fellows of Magdalen submitted to their Roman Catholic head (where our preferment indeed was the reward of conversion), and conformed to the changes which he would doubtless have wrought among them, their temporalities would have been untouched, and their hopes of preferment raised. Elsewhere, and in reference to laymen, Mr. Cooke admits this truth.

Another instance, at least of apparent carelessness, in making his charges against Tories and Churchmen,

is in Mr. Cooke's mention of the letters supposed to have been written by certain of them to the Prince of Orange, "*They*," he says (whom he means we know not), "despatched letters to the prince, proposed measures which were so pregnant with treason, that William dared not shew them to his confidential friends." All this is on the authority of Burnet,‡ who only guesses at the writers and contents of letters which he did not see; and the Oxford annotator doubts whether there were any letters except from Bishops Compton and Trelawney. Neither of these, still less is the Church generally, to be charged with inconsistency, because Dr. Jane, or some other less conscientious man, had avowed principles of high Toryism, which he afterwards abandoned.

Whenever Mr. Cooke finds any thing wrong in a man who assumed the name of Tory, or at any time professed an opinion which the author ascribes to that party, *the Tories*, or, at the least, *many* of the Tories are involved in the proceeding. "The Tories," he says truly, "in their day of humiliation," and he might have said at all times, "had been zealous against Popery; many of them were now (apparently, 1684), so cordially and so eagerly supporting the Duke of York, that when they raised their favourite cry of Church and King," (we doubt, by the by, whether it was raised before Queen Anne's time), "it might seem that they meant no king but him who possessed the hereditary title, but *any church which he might choose to establish*." Except as applicable to a few profligate politicians, rejected alike by Whigs and Tories, this is an unsupported charge.

Again, Mr. Cooke says, "Even the Tories were a little shocked at seeing James proceed, as it were, in triumph to witness the celebration of mass." What means his *even*? He must know that the Tories generally shared with the Whig Lord Russell a rooted abhorrence of Popery; they had also, which Russell had not, an exclusive and intolerant attachment to the Church of England. Hume§ says truly, "The heads of the factions are most commonly governed by interest, and the inferior members by principle." However Rochester may have for a time

* P. 425.

† P. 342.

‡ Vol. iii. p. 150.

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acted for his interest alone, the great party of which he assumed the headship was really actuated by principle. Neither the Tories as a party, nor any considerable body of Tories, gave way to the designs of James II.

The Earl of Rochester certainly concurred or acquiesced in measures,—the suspension, for instance, of the Bishop of London, and the admission of Papists into the Privy Council,—which were equally illegal and injurious to the Protestant religion. But even Rochester deserves justice; and it is neither fair as a partisan, nor accurate as a historian, to omit the mention of his dismissal from the treasurer's office, after holding it for less than a year. His dismissal can scarcely be ascribed to his refusal to change his religion, since others were retained or promoted who were in the same case. It was not until very nearly the close of Rochester's ministerial career that a word was said in the public declarations of James, indicative of a design to repeal or render ineffective the laws which protected the Church. On the contrary, his speeches both to his privy council and to parliament, contained promises to protect that Church; and the house of commons, by an unanimous vote, though probably with little real unanimity, expressed its reliance upon the royal word. Of toleration, general or partial, nothing was said; the house, indeed, had at first resolved to address the king for an universal proscription of dissenters, Catholic or Protestant, a suggestion which Mr. Fox,* as well as Mr. Cooke,† ascribes to a Whiggish intention to embarrass the government.

Brillon does not mention a single conference with Rochester, on James's designs in respect of the Catholics; and James himself told that zealous ambassador that he knew better than James's own ministers his views and designs, and that he had not opened himself to them as much as to Brillon upon the establishment of the Catholic religion.‡ And in setting forth the difficulties which James met with, especially in the house of lords, in procuring for the Catholics even a free exercise of their religion, Brillon tells Louis that he may see, by what Ro-

chester has done, what may be expected from others in things of greater consequence.

And again, "the Catholics are very much discontented with Lord Rochester, whom they think too zealous for the Protestant religion, and opposed to whatever is for the advantage of the Catholic religion."§

The collection of the revenue by James before parliament had continued to him the grants made to his predecessor was, no doubt, an act of arbitrary power; and, as James's ministers were mostly Tories, Mr. Cooke|| does not lose the opportunity of mentioning it, as one in which the king's "Tory ministers readily supported him." Yet Mr. Cooke himself mentions the unwillingness of Rochester, the chief of the Tories, to become responsible for this measure, and says that it was, at least in part, the work of *Godolphin*. Now this is one of the names which mystify Mr. Cooke's theory. Was *Godolphin* a Whig or a Tory? Mr. Cooke settles this question thus. When he is found in the company of consistent and steady Tories, or is concerned in acts which Mr. Cooke is pleased to refer to Tory principles, or when, as a minister under James, he commits acts which no good Tory approved, he is a Tory. When he is enabling the Duke of Marlborough to carry on a successful war against France, he is a very good Whig. To reconcile these inconsistencies, our author once calls him "a moderate Tory,"¶ forgetting that he went even beyond Rochester in his compliances, under James, whom he succeeded at the treasury board. The case of this man, and his profligate associate, Marlborough, illustrates the position with which Mr. Cooke appears to quarrel, that "there was no real principle of Whiggism or Toryism between the ambitious intriguers of these times. They were all contending for place, power, and personal aggrandisement, and took up and laid down the nickname of a party as best suited their own temporary and private interests."*** As for Churchill, with all his glories, no party can be proud of the accomplished traitor. Mr. Cooke copies from Fox an "eloquent" passage,†† in which he ascribes the superiority of Marlbo-

* P. 153.

§ Fox's App. cxxxvii.

** Quarterly Review, vol. liv. p. 371.

† P. 395.

|| P. 383.

† Fox's App. lviii.

¶ P. 543.

†† P. 86.

rough's conduct, under Anne, to the greater freedom and more republican spirit of the government which he then served. Now, we agree with Fox, in ascribing to the more free and popular spirit of the government which resulted from the Revolution, much of the energy which was displayed by England in the successive war. But there was no revolution in the character or conduct of public men; and the crowning treason of Marlborough, in betraying the secret of the expedition to Brest, occurred not only while Godolphin was first lord of the treasury, but Somers held the great seal. If the advocate of Whiggery, past, present, and to come, therefore claims Marlborough as a Whig, we are sure that no honest Tory will dispute the claim.

We do not deny that the zeal of the Tories for their Church led them into some inconsistencies with regard to the crown. When some of them invited, and others encouraged and supported the Prince of Orange, they had probably not acknowledged to themselves the character of the measures which they adopted. "That many of those who forsook the king, had no further intention than the redress of grievances, is proved by their after conduct."* But they soon found themselves puzzled, between their practical intention to reform the government, and their theoretical assumption of its inviolability; as it generally happens under such embarrassments, they did not know where to take their stand, and ultimately took it at a wrong place. They concurred, as Mr. Cooke says,† and as Bolingbroke‡ said before him, in affirming the *original contract*, and the *breach of it by James*, and yet they refused to declare the vacancy of the throne thus forfeited; having swallowed the camel, they strained at the gnat.

Nothing can shew more forcibly the religious character of the Revolution than the unanimity with which, in both houses, the resolution passed, "that it hath been found by experience to be inconsistent with the safety and welfare of this Protestant kingdom to be governed by a Popish prince." And the inconsistency of those who voted against the exclusion, and for this resolution, was not so great as Mr. Cooke would represent it; at least

the distinction is quite intelligible, which was again taken by the same parties soon after the Revolution, when they helped to throw out the bill for granting the succession upon the Princess Sophia, but concurred in a clause for excluding Papists from the throne. Herein they shewed their attachment to the principle of *legitimacy*, without upholding an absolutely *indefeasible right*; they regard hereditary succession as a rule from which there was to be no departure, except in a case of paramount necessity: and such necessity they found, as our law still places it, in the Popery of the heir.

Mr. Cooke does not mention the bill of *recognition*, although it gave occasion to two protests, which, according to Hallam,§ "are among the not very numerous instances wherein the original Whig and Tory principles have been opposed to each other." The Tories said, that in reference to a clause declaring all the acts of the convention parliament to be good laws,—the declaring of laws to be good which were passed in a parliament not called by writ in due form of law, is destructive of the legal constitution of this monarchy, and may be of evil and pernicious consequence to our present government under this king and queen." This protest was signed by the Bishop of London, one of the inviters of King William, Rochester, Nottingham, and other known Tories. The Whig protest, which was occasioned by the rejection of some particular words, merely stated the consequences of throwing doubts upon the authority of the last parliament. The proceedings in the two houses are not very clearly stated, but it would appear that the Tories were divided even at this early period.|| And Hallam says of this very parliament of 1690, that "Whig and Tory were becoming little more than nicknames.¶"

The treatment of Catholics and of Protestant dissenters after the Revolution, gives Mr. Cooke another opportunity, apparently of misrepresentation, certainly of unsupported accusation. "The ascendancy of the Whigs," he says, "in a sentence which would have startled Lord Russell," appeared in the *moderation* which was observed in parliament towards the Catholics. Lately, moderation towards Catholics was a

* P. 468. † P. 489.
 ¶ Parl. Hist. vol. v. p. 574.

‡ On Parties.

§ Vol. ii. p. 469.
 ¶ Vol. ii. p. 473.

sign of Toryism! But the truth is, that this revolution parliament enacted fresh penal laws against Popery, and addressed the king for levying penalties for the breach of the test act,—proceedings which, according to Somerville* (himself a Whig), “savoured too much of a revengeful and persecuting spirit.” Such was the moderation of the Whigs, notwithstanding that William, who really was tolerant from principle, was unwilling to enforce those laws harshly.

We admit that it is to the force of Tory principles, as well as of the Tory party, that the retention of the sacramental test must be ascribed; but we once more doubt Mr. Cooke’s accuracy, when he tells us that the Tories implored the aid of the Dissenters before the Revolution, and abandoned them afterwards. His authorities are “Burnet, and the pamphlets of the time *passim*.” In other words, a pottle of hay. He establishes neither the promise nor the failure. The seven bishops, in their petition to King James, and this is all that Burnet ~~says~~ ^{states},—declare that they had “no want of tenderness for the Dissenters, in relation to whom they were willing to come to such a temper as shall be thought fit, when the matter should be considered and settled in parliament and convocation.”† This might be said very sincerely, and the bishops generally had so little forgotten it, that they proposed to thank King William for his care of the Protestant religion generally, resisting the desire of the inferior clergy composing the lower house of convocation, to confine their language to the Church of England alone. True, it was afterwards found impossible to bring parliament and the convocation to an agreement on the proposed *comprehension*; a project of intense difficulty, which might fail without blame to any person. But Mr. Cooke always forgets, that to establish a charge of breach of faith, or inconsistency, *the same parties* must be traced in the two branches of the transaction. As for the Toleration Act, Burnet says‡ in one page that “it passed easily,” and in another, that the Nottingham or Church party “went heavily into it;” but he nowhere accuses either the Church party or the

Tories generally of a want of faith. Mr. Cooke indeed himself admits that “the Tories repealed many of the penal laws affecting the Dissenters.”§

One word more on the liberality (such is now the phrase) in matters of religion, which Mr. Cooke avowedly claims for the old Whigs. The Toleration Act excluded *Unitarians*. This is not the place for inquiring whether the exception was rightly made in the time of William, or wisely repealed in our own time. But, as there is no pretence for charging the members of this sect with hostility to the government, the exclusion proves that the Toleration Act, and all the measures of the Revolution which affected religion, had *not* purely political, but essentially religious motives.

Mr. Cooke is severe on the bill for preventing “occasional conformity,” justly styled “a favourite measure with the Tories.” “It gratified,” he says,|| less justly, “two of their most cherished wishes; it threatened prostration to all who differed from the church in *formulas of faith*; and promised, through the instrumentality of Tory corporations, a long career of Tory supremacy.” It really appears to us, that if the principle of excluding all but Churchmen was good, *occasional* conformity was equally subversive of the principle, and disgraceful to the man. Such an opinion, at least, might be held with sincerity and consistency by the Tories; and they were justified in giving it effect. A sneer at the love of power, or the desire of the predominance of party, is misplaced, unless accompanied with a proof of insincerity or inconsistency.

Mr. Cooke charges the Tories with resisting two of the most beneficial consequences of the Revolution—“the separating the civil list, or the revenue set apart for the support of the monarch, from the grants which were made for the service of the public;” or, more correctly, the appropriation of the supplies to separate services, according to estimates of each laid before the House of Commons, with an account of the disposition of the grants of the preceding year: and herein, particularly, separating the expenses of the ordinary civil government, administered by the king at his pleasure (including the ex-

* P. 288. Parl. Hist. vol. v. p. 407.

† P. 15.—20.

§ P. 501.

† Kennett; vol. iiii. p. 483.

|| P. 549.

pense of supporting the monarchy*), from the expenses of the army and navy, and all other extraordinary services. One branch of this arrangement, which did not take effect in the first instance, was the settlement and grant of the amount of the civil list for the king's life, while all other services were raised and voted annually.

As there is some complexity in the subject (which was not, even at the time, thoroughly understood), and Mr. Cooke's allegations are, as usual, unsupported, we cannot, without occupying too much space, pursue it in detail. We cannot find any opposition made by the Tories to the appropriation; nor did they alone propose to ensure to the king, for his life, the means of carrying on the government. An inveterate Whig speaks of the plan of annual revenue as suggested by "some Whigs only, who hoped thereby to bring about an entire change of government . . . since it would make our kings so feeble that they would not be able to maintain their authority."† If "the Tories, observing this, made great use of it, to make the king jealous of his friends," it will surely be thought, with Burnet, that "they had too much colour;" and no constitutional Whig of the present day—certainly no follower of Mr. Fox—can think that they had "too much success."

Both Somerville‡ and Hallam§ have observed, that, on these questions, parties were not divided as usual.

That Mr. Cooke himself has no clear notion of these matters, is apparent in his averment that, under what he calls the Carmarthen or Tory ministry of 1690, "the hereditary excise was settled for life." He might as well have said, an hereditary peerage was granted for life. The hereditary excise had been recognised as appertaining to the king and his heirs; the temporary excise was granted for his life.

It is true, that an independent income for the Princess Anne was a great point with the Tories in opposition: an opposition usually espouses the interests of a successor to the throne. Why does Mr. Cooke say,|| that this was "in direct opposition to the doctrines which the Tories taught?"

While Mr. Cooke takes every opportunity to blacken the Tories, he falls short of other writers of his own party in his admissions of the ambitious and selfish proceedings of the Whigs. On one occasion, indeed, he does admit "they had stood alone as violators of the constitution (in 1680), when they induced the House of Commons to assume the dispensing power."¶ On other occasions he is less candid.

Under the Carmarthen ministry, and the Tory House of Commons of 1690, "the hereditary excise was settled for life [th s error we have noticed]; and a bill of indemnity was passed; the first, the service; the latter, the reward of the compliant party."** Surely if ever there was an occasion on which to open a new account, as it were, with public men—to consider present service rather than past errors—the Revolution was that occasion; a measure which had been brought about by a combination of parties, and had disposed of the most important reasons for division. King William saw this, and earnestly recommended an indemnity, with few exceptions, to successive parliaments. "The jealousy of the Whigs," says Somerville, "rendered them unwilling to gratify the king, by consenting to a measure calculated to increase the number and influence of their competitors. They began to perceive that it was necessary to have better security for maintaining their pre-eminence in power than the merit of their political system, or the purity of their connexion with the king. Contrary to his generous purpose, they endeavoured to convert the bill into an instrument of publishing guilt, of multiplying political disqualifications, and reducing the number of their rivals for power . . . They seemed desirous, not only to debar from a capacity of employment their antagonists who were not yet invested with it, but by reviving political questions, which had been the occasion of great disturbance in the preceding reign, they hoped to accomplish the dismissal and disgrace of some of those who held the principal places in the present administration."

Hallam, though he shews much zeal

* The more peculiar expenses of the monarch were not separated from the other expenses of civil government until our own times.

† Vol. iv. 23.

|| P. 543.

‡ P. 310.

§ P. 163.

¶ Vol. ii. 462.

** P. 514.

in devising apologies for the Whigs, owns that "they, or, at least, some hot-headed men among them, were certainly too much actuated by a vindictive spirit, and consumed too much time on this necessary bill."*

Motives equally ambitious animated the Whigs upon the occasion of the Corporation-bill. "If the Whigs," says Somerville, "had been contented with a slow and gradual extinction of the influence of the rival party, they might long have held a superior share in the emoluments of office and in the direction of public affairs; and, at last, would probably have attained to the exclusive property of administration. Irritated because the king consulted with the Tories, and elated with the impression they had made upon Lord Halifax, who had resigned all his offices, they now pushed hostilities with increasing arrogance and violence, in order to render their victory complete and secure against any reverse of fortune. All this they hoped to accomplish, by introducing a clause in the Corporation-act calculated to annihilate the political influence of their adversaries. Every person, who had any concern whatever in the surrender of charters—that is, every member of a corporation who, from whatever motive, had acquiesced in that proceeding, "was declared incapable, and disabled for the space of seven years, to bear or execute any office or place of trust, as a member of such respective body, where he was a member at or before the time of making such surrender."†

Mr. Cooke does not tell us whether, in his opinion, the Whigs deserved the mortification which they met with. Hallam admits that this clause is condemned by modern historians as oppressive; and it is not wonderful that, by this time, William had got rather tired of the Whig friends, "who," in his own words,‡ "were afraid to lose him before they had done with him all that they desired." Nor can the king be blamed for dissolving a parliament in which the Whigs were preparing, in conjunction with the Jacobites, to address him against going to Ireland,§ where his presence was required for

the maintenance of his throne. Of this transaction we find no trace in Mr. Cooke's volume.

It is difficult to acquit Mr. Cooke of disingenuousness in the following passage, speaking of James's attempts upon Ireland, and the probability of his restoration:—"The parties were agreed in admitting the probability, but acted very differently under their belief: the Whigs strenuously exerted themselves for the maintenance of the war; the Tories and Courtiers, affecting an equal zeal in public, privately made overtures of their services to James."

Mr. Cooke certainly knows, that the correspondence with the exiled king was not confined to the Tories; he knows, that some of the most distinguished Whigs made professions of devotion to James while they served William:¶ it is apparently to include some who were not Tories that he adds the word *Courtiers*. But the passage is evidently, and indeed avowedly, intended to describe a contrast between Whigs and Tories, when the writer certainly knew that no contrast existed.

"In every political party," it is truly said by a powerful Whig writer, "in the cabinet itself, duplicity and perfidy abounded. The very men whom William loaded with benefits, and in whom he reposed most confidence, with the seals of office in their hands, kept up a correspondence with the exiled family; Orford (a Russell), Carmarthen, and Shrewsbury, were guilty of this odious treachery. Even Devonshire (the moderate¶¶ and amiable Cavendish, friend of Lord Russell), is not altogether free from suspicion."***

In his history of the reign of Queen Anne, Mr. Cooke has not much to say of principles. He tells us, that her first ministry was a Tory ministry, though Marlborough and Godolphin were its leading members. It afterwards became more Whiggish. Harley and St. John, on the other hand, belonged at first to the Whig party, and finally constituted the eminently Tory administration of 1710. Does not all this justify what we hear quoted from a contemporary, on the assumption

* Vol. ii. 459.

† Dalr., vol. i. 413.

¶ Edin. Rev. xlviii. 160.

*** On the comparative moderation of W. Temple, vol. ii. 47-70.

† Somerville, p. 294.

§ Ibid.

¶ See Somerville, p. 281.

¶¶ Of Cavendish, see Courtenay's Life of Sir

and relinquishment of party names without reference to principle?

We have already noticed Mr. Cooke's account of the occasional conformity bill. But it is very extraordinary, that this writer scarcely takes any notice of the transaction which led to the formation of the queen's last administration, and to which a memorable appeal has been made in modern times, for the principles of the Revolution Whigs. The speeches on Sacheverel's trial would have supplied Mr. Cooke with a better exposition of the opinions of Lord Somers and his party, than any which his history contains.

Mr. Cooke justifies the creation of the twelve peers; but he has an amusing way of telling the popular story, of what passed when they took their seats.* "A sarcastic question was asked by the Earl of Wharton, who inquired, whether it was the intention of the ministers that the twelve should vote by their *chairman*?" One of the last passages in his volume, is an instance of Mr. Cooke's blundering censure of the Tories. He describes the *commercial treaty of Utrecht*, as "*manifestly unfavourable to British interests.*" Does this censure proceed upon Whig principles? And will Mr. Cooke draw from it a proof of the continuity of the race?

Before we conclude, we would observe, that although a sense of the injustice done, in several instances, through the Whig prejudices of Mr. Cooke to the opposite party, and particularly to the ministers of the Church of England, has induced us to defend the Tories, we do not recognise the continuity at which he labours, and cannot undertake to answer for all the Tories of all times. One word also to

Mr. Cooke himself. The object of our historical criticisms, is truth. We abhor intentional misrepresentation; if he thinks that we have in any place mistaken him, or mistated facts, we invite him to a discussion. Due place and weight shall be given to his remonstrances, they shall not be evaded, but fairly met. We shall attend to the further progress of his works: we warn him that he will find his task more difficult as he proceeds; and that, long before he comes down to the cabinet which passed the reform bill, he will be thoroughly mystified. From the history, so far as it has gone, the leading fact to be deduced is, that Whiggery and Anti-Popery went formerly hand-in-hand, and that the Tories were always the steady friends of the Church of England.

On one occasion, Mr. Cooke does justice to the Tories; even in the reign of Charles II., speaking of certain too courtly addresses to that king, he says,† with all their hatred of the Whigs, the Papists, and the Non-Conformists, *the Tories still retained the spirit of Englishmen*; and many of their addresses were avowedly grounded on the king's assurance, that he would "maintain the true reformed religion, and govern according to the law of the land." The most objectionable addresses came from Cambridge and the Inns of Court; that which the Whig writer has selected for commendation, from the grand jury of Exeter. Let Mr. Cooke be assured, that there always has been, and is, a body of constitutional Tories out of the range of professional patronage, to whom a pure church and limited monarchy are as dear as their blood.

* P. 591.

† P. 220.

COFFEE AND CRUMPETS.

BY LAUNCELOT LITTLED0, OF PUMP COURT, TEMPLE, BARRISTER-AT-LAW.

THERE'S ten o'clock! From Hampstead to the Tower
 The bells are chanting forth a lusty carol;
 Wrangling, with iron tongues, about the hour,
 Like fifty drunken fishwives at a quarrel;
 Cautious policemen shun the coming shower;
 Thompson and Fearon tap another barrel;
 "Dissolve frigus, lignum super foco
 Large reponens." Now, some Orinoco!

To puff away an hour, and drink a cup,
 A brimming *breakfast-cup* of ruddy Mocha—
 Clear, luscious, dark, like eyes that lighten up
 The raven hair, fair cheek, and *bella bocca*
 Of Florence maidens. I can never sup
 On Perigord, but (*guai a chi lo tocca!*)
 I'm doom'd to indigestion. So, to settle
 This strife internal, Betty, bring the kettle!

Coffee! oh, coffee! Faith, it is surprising,
 'Mid all the poets, good, and bad, and worse,
 Who've scribbled (Hock or Chian eulogising)
 Post and papyrus with "immortal verse"—
 Melodiously similitudinising
 In Sapphics languid or Alcnics terse—
 No one, my little brown Arabian berry,
 Hath sung thy praises—'tis surprising! very!

Were I a poet now, whose ready rhymes,
 Like Tommy Moore's, come tripping to their places—
 Reeling along a merry troll of chimes,
 With careless truth—a dance of fuddled Graces;
 Hear it, *Gazette*, *Post*, *Herald*, *Standard*, *Times*,
 I'd write an epic!—coffee for its basis;
 Sweet as e'er warbled forth from Cockney throattles,
 Since Bob Montgomery's or Amos Cottle's.

Thou sleepy-eyed—Chinese—enticing siren,
 Pekoe! the Muse hath said in praise of thee,
 "That cheers, but not inebriates;" and Byron
 Hath called thy sister "Queen of Tears," Bohen!
 And he, Anacreon of Rome's age of iron,
 Says, how untruly! "*Quis non potius te.*"
 While, coffee, thou—bill-plastered gables say—
 Art, like old Cupid, "roasted every day."

I love, upon a rainy night, as this is,
 When rarely and more rare the coaches rattle
 From street to street, to sip thy fragrant kisses;
 While from the Strand remote some drunken battle
 Far-faintly echoes, and the kettle hisses
 Upon the glowing hob. No tittle-tattle
 To make a single thought of mine an alien
 From thee, my coffee-pot, my fount Castalian.

Then! silken cap on head and feet on fender,
 In bootless, stockless, gowned and slippered ease,
 The day's long-fettered fancies free I render,
 To dive or fly, like Ariel, where they please.

While shapes, fantastic as the Witch of Endor
 Called up for Saul—grim faces, houses, trees—
 Fancy, with many a fantastic miracle,
 Builds in the fire.—I grow satirical.

I think they've mystified the Spanish question ;
 I find a deal of stuff in our debates
 (Enough to spoil an ostrich's digestion) ;
 I'm sure Jack Cade would like my lord's estates ;
 I think the "dear defunct" M.P. for Preston
 Knew not his trade so well as do his mates—
 Patriots, who gather from a land of paupers
 A good twelve thousand pound a-year in coppers.

I think this age an age of paint and plaster,
 Puff and spun sugar, like a French confection ;
 Where systems and opinions wear out faster
 Than the new fashions, taking their complexion
 From yesterday's review—their code! their shaster!
 Until to-morrow makes a new election :
 While authors gather up the fame of sages,
 By petty larceny from title-pages.

I think there's naught so nauseous under heaven
 As condescension from the pseudo-wise ;
 Fellows, with just enough of mental leaven
 To make them think they ought to patronise—
 Great men! whose very How-d'ye-do's are given
 As favours which young talent can't but prize :
 While o'er each burly breadth of face there glows
 The pomp of sapience, bright as Bardolph's nose.

I think of Mary, and her eyes of blue,
 Soft as the moonlight, with their placid lustre
 From the long downcast eyelash stealing through :
 Her sunny hair, in many a heedless cluster,
 Around those smooth round shoulders, that in hue,
 But for the life that warms them, might pass muster
 Amid Toscana's fairest stone antiques,
 For some bright marble modelled by the Greeks.

I think me of the ball of yesternight,
 And how, upon the waltz's giddy wings,
 Through yielding throngs we held our whirling flight,
 Our happy gossip on a thousand things :
 The new balloon—its late adventurous flight—
 How Croly preaches, and how Grisi sings—
 Poor laws, and pancakes, and the last new fashion :
 And then I think of—Mary—in a passion.

The dance was done—we'd lounged in a quadrille,
 Romped a mazurka, twirled a waltz, and shuffled
 A gallopade—then, in sweet converse still,
 On ottoman remote, in low and muffled
 Tones, that the ear of curious spectator ill
 Could catch—she smoothed her satin pinions, ruffled
 Amid the dance—until the thought of supper
 Brought us to earth's dull regions from the upper.

Gunter, great man! had done his glorious best
 To warm the chilly heart of old December,
 And please the tooth of each fastidious guest—
 This, *Cailles aux truffes*—that, *Soufflé de Gingembre*—

Here, *Panier de Chantilly*. For the rest,
 So glittering all and sweet, I can't remember—
Gelées, and *tourtes*, and *crêmes*, *ad infinitum*—
 'Twas easier work by far to eat than write 'em.

Light airy things! The lengthened table glows
 With gastronomic poesy; the wit
 Of eating, that enlivens its dull prose;
 Jest *en compote*, and quips *en crème*, that hit
 The dullest fancy; edible *bon mots*;
 Ambrosial epigrams they seem, just fit
 For ladies' lips—created hot and hot
 At once, without a stewpan, by a thought.

Woman, methinks, should leave to bearded fellows
 Gross legs of mutton, bound by fancy's law
 To pabulum like this, with light bucellas—
 Sherbet and candy, crumpets and Howqua—
 (Mingled of forty various chops, they tell us;
 The lightest, sure, that Leadenhall e'er saw):
 Oh! what a pang within one's heart awakes,
 That horrid bathos,—beauty and beefsteaks!

Mary and mutton-chops!—antithesis
 Most antithetical; like lovers' quarrels;
 Sense and sixteen; or garlic and a kiss;
 Or great Apollo, with his lyre and laurels,
 Laid up with the rheumatics; or (than this
 More antithetic still) a placeman's morals;
 Congratulations when affairs have gone ill;
 Frascr and dulness; courage and O'Connell.

But, soft, the supper! Well, despite the weather,
 We sipped an ice, and flirted with a trifle,
 And laughed and chatted with our curls together,
 Till, somehow, sighs unbidden came to stifle
 Our mirth at mirthfullest. I can't tell whether
 'Twas *her* blue eye went through one like a rifle;
 Or whether, hearing, by St. Paul's report,
 'Past two," I thought of parting and Pump Court.

I sighed, and *she*—but whether *she* was only
 Wishing St. Paul's were back again at nine,
 And *I* to think Pump Court so very lonely,
 Are matters that my mem'ry can't divine.
 Silent she sate, her blue eyes downward thrown, lay
 In her curls' shadow. "Take a little wine."
 She started from her reverie, and said,
 As shaking back her clust'ring ringlets, "Red."

'There is a tide in the affairs of men,"
 Said Shakespeare long ago, and I believe it;
 The worst on't is, it ebbs and flows again
 Ere we, poor purblind mortals, can perceive it.
 'Our life's a mingled warp," and now and then
 A thread *will* fail us, howsoe'er we weave it.
 Red! Fate was lurking in those letters three.
 Alas! 'twas no red-letter day for me.

Oh, port! thou black Cocytus! liquor Stygian!
 True Acheron!—the old one was a fable.
 I proffered her the glass, when some "base Phrygian,"
 Yearning with burly bulk across the table,

Bent to indulge his filthy love for widgeon,
 Impinged upon my elbow—(how unstable
 One's brightest hopes—ah, me! unhappy varlet!)—
 Lo! her white satin gown turned up with scarlet.

Her fair smooth cheek turned ruddy like the wine,
 And then her lip turned pallid like the satin;
 I felt my heart, and all its hopes divine,
 In schedule A., like Boroughbridge or Gatton:
 And, then, the flashing eye she turned on mine!
 Oh, there's no word in Magyar, Dutch, or Latin,
 I'd wager Bowring twenty pounds (and win it),
 Could shadow forth the wrath that burned within it.

Oh, woman! woman! oh, thou dear deceit!
 Clad in thy sunny robe of smiles—oh, who,
 Kneeling in love's allegiance at thy feet,
 Could see through placid eyes of heavenly blue
 Aught in thy seraph soul to them unmeet?
 Is there no alchymy to test the shrew?
 Or must the gentle *spinster* be, indeed,
 A riddle that the *wife* alone can read?

Fair "country cousins" (if they're quite unbiassed)
 Will sometimes read it off for one, like sphinxes;
 A maiden aunt will sometimes guess the nighest—
 Her eye goes through and through one, like a lynx's;
 A sister's kind assistance ranks the highest,
 But then she's doubted by the cunning minxes:
 Lo! here a test infallible provided,—
Drench her white satin in old port, as I did.

Gone is the dimpled mask; the shrew displaces
 The angel we adored. As in a mirror,
 Astonished and aghast the lover traces
 A coming matrimonial "reign of terror."
 Lo! amid "wreathed smiles," and "loves and graces,"
 The termagant revealed "*et nullus error*"*
 "And no mistake." (The sentence is oracular,
 Though it sounds rather vulgar in vernacular.)

Oh, Mary! Mary! ere that fatal eve,
 And that more fatal glass—a glass too much—
 How did my muse, untutored, try to weave
 A garland meet thy pale bright brow to touch—
 Culling fair flowers, without the owners' leave,
 Out of the Spanish, Portuguese, and Dutch,
 Irish, and French, Hindoostanee, and German,
 From lay and legend, sonnet, song, and sermon.

How earnest, in the waltz or calm quadrille,
 Did I not gaze, like seer for planet seeking,
 Into thine eyes' blue depths, so calm and still,
 To find therein some gentle hint for speaking,
 In meek submission to thy sov'reign will,
 The doubts and hopes with which my heart was breaking:
 Oh, did I not, in fear to "pop the question,"
 Forget my briefs, and damage my digestion!

I thought thee gentle as the opening day;
 A type of thee, the lily's blossom pale,

* A Ciceronianism from Stinkomalee,

Turning with downcast look its cheek away
 From the too rude caress of passing gale.
 Atlas, a thistle, and its "*Nemo me*,"
 Would, as thy emblem, tell a fitter tale :
 Oh, Mary ! when I see those Scottish laurels,
 I always, love, shall think of thee—and Quarles. *

Farewell sweet hope of matrimonial blisses,
 Dawning upon me like the sunbeam rare,
 That, struggling through tall chimneys' interstices,
 Revisits, in high dogday, my two pair ;
 Just leaves his card—is sorry, sure—but this is
 His busy time—has not a day to spare—
 Will call again next midsummer. For me,
 His yearly visit is a P. P. C.

So bright, so brief, the fantasy delicious
 Shed o'er my soul its blest illumination ;
 When, lo ! hard-hearted fortune, unpropitious,
 Turned off the gas at highest conflagration.
 To thee, my heart, and all its gentler wishes,
 Fate, cruel fate, concedes—a long vacation :
 It was my first, my last, my only essay ;
 And I am now "*cclibataire professé*."

Ruling like Crusoe on his lonely shore—
 King Bachelor, in single blessedness,
 And blessed singleness, despotic, o'er
 My little realm, than e'en his little, less.
 Its limits, eighteen feet by twenty-four ;
 My royal throne, the easy chair I press ;
 The serfs I stretch my autocratic fist o'er,
 Betty the laundress, Tom the cat, and Christopher.

Needs not to seek, in lone and distant isle,
 By wide savannah, or primeval wood,
 Or desert spring, where flowers unbidden smile,
 The whilome "*mountain nymph, sweet Solitude*."
 There dwells she not ; but all unseen the while,
 By the world's busy threshold builds her rude
 And lonely cell. Life's noisy currents roll
 Unheeded—they are silence to the soul.

In the old forest is a busy throng,
 The bird, the bee, the wind, with mingled voice
 Carol ; the tempest pours his strain along,
 Like a wrapt bard ; the leaping streams rejoice,
 In gentle cadence trilling their low song ;—
 No solitude is there : her lonely choice
 Is in the *heart's* wide desert, when the strain
 Of feeling brings no echo back again.

Here dwells she—*here* !—hard by the busy-ever
 Babel of Temple Bar ; where magsmen hustle
 Fat gentlemen with watch-chains, and deliver
 Their pockets of their purses in the tussle—
 Here, a still eddy by the rushing river,
 Pump Court reposes, heedless of the bustle—
 Save for the plashing rain, its gloomy cloister
 And long quadrangle, silent as an oyster.

" While some affect the sun, and some the shade,
 Some flee the city, some the hermitage,"
 (You'll find it in Blair's *Grave*,) here, ready made,
 Are both together, like a double cage
 At Cross's. Yonder door, with dust inlaid,
 Divides the world of folly from the sage.
 Seek I " the city "—here's my hat and cloak ;
 Seek I " a hermitage "—I sport the oak.

Meaning thereby (the phrase for native Templar
 Needs not the comment) that, like him of yore
 Who built the Tartars out (a bright exemplar!),
 I interpose a plank—three-inch, or more,
 (" *Vulgo vocato*," as we say ; or, simpler,
 Called in the vulgar tongue *an outer door*,)
 'Twixt the world's realm and mine ; and, though no beauty,
 Right well it does " prohibitory duty."

L. Little do, in letters ghastly tall,
 White upon black, like coffin-plate on coffin,
 Implies that he's defunct, *pro tem.*, to all,
 Nor will awaken, tap they ne'er so often :
 While ever waits, to answer those who call,
 A surly janitor, no bribe can soften—
 My Lion's mouth ! with calm, sardonic grin,
 That intimates a tacit—not within !

Mighty, how mighty ! is this cabalistic—
 The postman, silent, turns his steps away ;
 And, as the fox, when stopper sly with *his* stick
 Has marked his earth, though hounds behind him bay,
 Avoids it, *duns* behold the symbols mystic,
 And go—to call again another day.
 Far better sentinelled against a bore
 Than king or kaisar, with his *garde du corps*.

A man in chambers !—oh, delightful phrase !
 I shall forget, sun, sky, and meadows green ;
 Forget thee, Mary ! and thy winning ways,
 Dear *Agro-dolce* ! once my fancy's queen,
 And live my merry round of nights and days
 In an unaltered, happy " deep serene "
 Of studies, suppers, sonnets, snacks, and snooses—
 My bride, the law—my handmaidens, the muses !

Now dip in Cruise—now cruise along with Cringle ;
 Now to John Campbell—now to Tommy turn ;
 First pore o'er Southey till my heartstrings tingle,
 Then take a sedative from Chitty's *Burn*,—
 Seeking in Study's sober cup to mingle
 A *petite goutte* from Fancy's sparkling urn :
 Waking law's " stilly night " with strains melodious ;
 Wreathing my wig with myrtle, like Harmodius.

Or him, who, scorning in poetic ease
 To wear alone Apollo's scanty leaf,
 Mid bar and senate, lawyers and M.P.'s,
 Harvests his well-won laurels by the sheaf—
 Poet, and sergeant of the Common Pleas—
 A master of the lyre, as of his brief—
 A lawyer-bard, that Reading in her borders,
 Boasts of as one of Milton's " soft Recorders,"

'Tis thus I sit and sip, and sip and think,
 And think and sip again, and dip in *Fraser*.
 A health, King OLIVER ! to thee I drink :
 Long may the public have thee to amaze her.
 Like *Figaro*, thou makest one's eyelids wink,
 Twirling on practised palm thy polished razor—
 True Horace-temper, smoothed on Attic strop ;
 Hah ! thou couldst "*faire la barbe à toute l'Europe*."

What drinkest thou, my OLIVER, I wonder—
 Port, tea, johannisberg, hock, coffee, claret,
 Creamy champagne ? Does Bacchus forge thy thunder ?
 Or is his godship with thee also "*carct* ?"
 While *Muga*, the *New Monthly*, *Tait*, knock under
 To thy emphatic crutch, while wide and far it
 Smites into *smithereens* the "*omnium gatherum* :"
 What gives thy elbow, YORKE, its power to lather 'em ?

Art thou a patron, too, of thin potations ?
 Or dost thou fill the cup of life with wine ?
 Do Bacchus and Apollo club their rations,
 To braid thy wreath of laurel with the vine ?
 Leav'st thou the grape-juice for its "poor relations,"
 That fill so soberly this cup of mine ?
 Or dost thou think with many (I bemoan 'em),
 A magnum filled with port, the *magnum bonum* ?

Come, OLIVER, and tell us what the news is ;
 An easy chair awaits thee—come and fill't.
 Come, I invoke thee as they do the muses,
 And thou shalt choose thy tipples as thou wilt.
 And if thy lip my sober cup refuses,
 For ruddier drops the purple grape has spilt,
 We can sing, sipping, in alternate verses,
 Thy drink and mine, like Corydon and Thyrsis.

Alas ! the imagery of the vineyard
 Is weary, stale, and old, like Whig retrenchment
 (Lopping off farthings with its fussy whinyard)—
 Non-intervention cooped in its entrenchment—
 Foreign affairs (like booby in an inn-yard),
 Gaping and wondering what the deuce the French meant,
 More like Lord Palmerston than Julius Cæsar—
 Bacchus is weary, stale, and old, as these are.

Bacchus is old, his Helicon is muddy,
 As a Dutch ditch beside the Zuyder Zee.
 The vine, the grape, the bowl of wine so ruddy,
 Be-written and be-rhymed since A.U.C.,
 Are in these evil "latter days" a study
 For suckling bards to play at poesy ;
 Who've skinked it out in stanza, ode, and sonnet,
 Till all the flavour's gone—depend upon it.

Bacchus is old—his godship's got the gout ;
 Pursy Silenus seems his elder brother ;
 Pic-nic and *petit souper*, ball and rout,
 Have thinned his locks and shrunk his calf ; his mother
 Would know not the wine-king. We'll turn him out,
 And, like *les braves Parisiens*, make another.
 Come, thou discerning public,—Ayes and Noes.
 Aye ! The Ayes have it. Fiat ! out he goes !

Change-king's a pretty game for folks to play at,
 Got up with real swords, and guns, and trumpets
 (As in that melodrama the other day at
 Paris); unless some bullet choose to plump its
 Self in your midriff, forcing you to pay at
 Short notice nature's debt; and then (these crumpets
 Are cold, egad!) I'd wager any money
 This play of change-kings not one half so funny.

So, down with Bacchus!—up with “Young Sobriety!”
 The jolly wine-king's dynasty decays:
 And glowing with a laudable anxiety
 To sack his sack, and burn him in the blaze,
 Each Jacobinic Temperance Society
 Comes chaunting its tee-total Marseillaise;
 Shrieking, in one unanimous bravura,
A bas le ministère! vive aqua pura!

A bas le vin! Down with mirth and laughter!
 Only do thou—whatever new regime
 (*La meilleure des républiques*) may come after—
 Make *me* thy laureate, and with “tea and cream,”
 “Coffee and sugar-candy,” roof and rafter
 Shall ring, where'er thy wat'ry honours beam;
 In soft B flat, Haynes Hayley—like tea-lyrics,
 Shall leave thy loyal subjects in hysterics.

I'm fond of place (like him of whom the Vicar
 Of Bray was but a type), and cast about,
 When things portend a tumble, to “mak sicker”
 With my *new* masters, ere the old turn out.
 And since (“*Proux patet per recordum*”) liquor
 Without its chanson is but “cold without,”
 (A maxim œcumenical!) I'll dash ye a
 Glowing tea-sonnet off—*c rempli gratia*:

LAUNCELOT LITTLEDO, LAURGATE. LOQUITUR.

Fill the bowl—but not with wine,
 Potent port, or fiery sherry;
 For this milder cup of mine
 Crush me Yemen's fragrant berry—
 Ellen! Sally! Kate! Sabina!
 Jane! Lisette!—a string of pearls—
 Gaily quaff your brimming china.
 Here's a toast—Ya hip, my girls!
 “Heartstrings that with ours entwine!”
 Fill the bowl, but not with wine.

Fill the bowl—but not with wine;
 Tiptle—Scian muse or Teian
 Never dreamed—be mine and thine;
 Soft Pekoe! the juice Cathaian.
 Gentle is the grape's deep cluster,
 But the wine's a wayward child;
 Nectar *this!* of meeker lustre—
This the cup that “draws it mild.”
 Deeply drink its stream divine—
 Fill the cup, but not with wine.

PAST TWELVE!!! So late? A light! a light!
 I can't sit singing here all night.

L. L.

A BATCH OF ARCHITECTS.*

FOLLOWING the example we have set our brethren, of occasionally serving up a batch of the novels and novelists of the season, we propose skimming over and laying before our readers the cream of a budget of architectural pamphlets and other publications; which, although they do not consist altogether of more letterpress than would serve to eke out three spaciouly printed circulating library volumes, contain not a little debatable matter, and not a few rather hazardous speculations and uncommon opinions. We are all the rather moved to perform this good office for them, because they have the misfortune to belong to a class of works which "not e'en critics criticise," notwithstanding that some of them, as we hope to convince our readers, are not quite so dry and husky, but that by looking over, instead of overlooking them, a reviewer might now and then extract some spirit from them. For the plentiful crop of such flitting leaves now lying on our table, we are mainly indebted to the competition for rebuilding the houses of parliament; for which, again, we are indebted to the event, or, as the penny-a-liners would say, the "catastrophe" of October 1834: as if, like some "magnificent conflagration" at one of the minors, that occurrence had been the conclusion of the drama, immediately followed by the fall of the curtain; whereas it was, in fact, the prelude, overture, exordium, or whatever else we choose to term it, for a new and unprecedented performance; namely, the general competition and architectural contest just alluded to. High was the pitch to which public expectation was raised on that occasion. Rumours were abroad of the host of talent which so rare and unusually favourable an opportunity would bring

into the field, and induce to exert its utmost powers. What was the result? Not very much unlike—at least, far more like than could be wished—to that scene in *Wilhelm Meister*, where, in their sudden enthusiasm for the dignity of the histrionic art, the hero's theatrical companions indulge in libations of punch, till they become so elevated, that, in their inspiration, they fairly fling the empty punch-bowl and glasses through the windows, and commit sundry other unseemly pranks.

Whilst the decision of the commissioners led to much squabbling, bickering, and heart-burnings among the corps of architects, the exhibition of the designs fell short of the expectations of the public, the majority of the drawings manifesting very little original conception, and by no means the happiest combinations. Many of them, in fact, were little better than very ordinary compilations—bits of churches and collegiate buildings tacked together, with little attempt at congruity, and with aim at no other species of grandeur than that produced by the actual extent of the proposed edifice. The exhibitors themselves then threw the blame upon the circumstance of their having been confined to a style of architecture, both ill suited to the subject in itself, and at variance with their own tastes; besides which, they objected that by far too limited a time had been allowed them for a project of such magnitude. Several of them were, accordingly, clamorous for an entirely fresh competition. However reasonable some of these allegations might be in themselves, they were certainly ill-timed, and seemed to have been made as much with the view of raising difficulties and embarrassments as for any thing else; since, by the very fact of competing, they had

* 1. An Apology for the Designs of the Houses of Parliament marked "Phil-Archimedes." Second edition, with a Supplement. London. 1836.

2. Contrasts; or a Parallel between the noble Edifices of the Middle Ages and the State of Architecture in the Nineteenth Century. By A. Welby Pugin. 4to. London. 1836.

3. Letter to A. W. Hakewill, Architect. By do.

4. Letter from W. R. Hamilton to the Earl of Elgin, &c. (Not published.) 1836.

5. Second Letter from do. to do. 1836.

6. Observations on Styles of Architecture. By J. Savage. London. 1836.

7. Description of the House and Museum on the north side of Lincoln's Inn Fields, the Residence of Sir John Soane, the Professor of Architecture in the Royal Academy, &c. &c. With Graphic Illustrations and Incidental Details. (Not published.) Only one hundred and fifty copies printed. London. 1836.

virtually acquiesced in the conditions imposed upon them; whereas, if they really felt them to be what they afterwards represented, they ought at the very outset to have convened together, and petitioned for such extension of them as they afterwards represented to be indispensable. Even their sincerity on the occasion is somewhat questionable, since it is not very probable that they would have ventured to suggest the propriety of having a second competition, had they thought it would really have been conceded to them. At any rate, there were, we conceive, very few individuals, indeed, among them, who could flatter themselves that, were they all to start *de novo*, the prize would become their own. That prize could, of course, have fallen to the lot of only one. Is it, therefore, to be imagined that they would have entered the lists afresh, with greater, or even equal alacrity and confidence, as before, feeling, as they must have done, that they were risking a second defeat, to say nothing of the additional loss of time and labour? Under such circumstances, could it have been a particular satisfaction to any one that he had contributed to transfer the wreath from Mr. Barry to Mr. Some-one-else, whose superiority to himself it might be still more galling to admit. There might, perhaps, in such case, have been an accession of several new competitors; but, to a certainty, most of the finalists would have desisted from again engaging in the contest. In regard to the shortness of time allowed for preparing drawings, we do not think that it accounts at all satisfactorily for the failure that so unequivocally marked many of the designs. It might, indeed, be very well allowed to account for inattention to subordinate circumstances, for want of finish as to minutiae, and for other things of that sort, but hardly for defects in the general idea and arrangement. If an architect has furnished his mind with a store of varied conceptions, he will seldom be at a loss upon a sudden emergency, let the subject be ever so remote from the ordinary course, but it is to be feared that very few professional men carry on their studies beyond what they see actual occasion for, or continue to exercise themselves in acquiring, or laying up against future occasion, what they have no opportunity of immediately turning to account. Hence they shift

from hand to mouth, as it were—consequently, are totally unprovided against unforeseen emergencies, so that, when some extraordinary event does happen to present itself, they are compelled to fall back on stale commonplaces. A man who does not habitually exercise his imagination, may as well think of “summoning spirits from the vasty deep,” as of calling up adequate conceptions from his own mind: the one are as likely to obey his hests as the other. In order to be effectual, the exorcism must be preceded by long-continued preparatory discipline.

Quitting such general speculation, we proceed to more interesting matter, and commence with Phil-Archimedes, *alias* Mr. Wilkins, whose *Apology* is more of the offensive than defensive kind, it being a formal attack directed against Mr. Barry, and Sir Edward Cust and the other commissioners. A sufficiently strong tone of acerbity pervades it, accompanied with a continual straining at facetiousness, which has so much of the *risus Sardonicus* in it, that it rather betrays his own mortification, and his eagerness to annoy his opponents by ridicule and witicism, frequently most extravagant and far-fetched, than substantiates any thing against them, and if it be surprising that one professing the character of a gentleman and a scholar should condescend to employ language not only partaking of coarse invective, but frequently sinking down to arrant buffoonery, our surprise is not at all lessened by recollecting that he himself was once made the butt of similar malice. On that occasion we considered him very unfairly and ungenerously dealt with. Yet the sympathy we then expressed for him was no pledge to stand by him upon every future one—it was not even so much as a pledge that we should admire his National Gallery;—it went no further than to vindicate him from the illiberal sneers, the dull and clumsy jests, of which the portico of the London University was made the subject. So far, therefore, from being at all inconsistent, we cannot better support our consistency than by entering our protest against Mr. Wilkins himself in turn, when we now find him adopt the same disingenuous mode of attack, setting aside all the ordinary forms of courtesy, and substituting laboured conceits and awkward pleasantries—not to say *pla-*

titudes—for criticism and argument ; whereby he has rather exposed the weakness of his own cause, than endangered that of his opponents—those, at least, whom he chooses to regard as such ; since, could he really have brought any home-thrusts to bear upon them, he would hardly have resorted to mere spiteful abuse and burlesque, when he might have taken his revenge with so much greater severity, and without at all compromising his own dignity. Even could he have done this, it would still have been a question how far it would be sound policy to set an example that might rebound upon himself, and by invidiously carping at the design of a brother architect and fellow-competitor, lead others, if not that individual, to examine his own works, with a similar predetermination to magnify all their defects, and keep their merits quite out of sight. Most assuredly, Mr. Wilkins's design for the houses of parliament was not in any one respect of that stamp, as to justify him in volunteering his censure upon that of his more fortunate rival. Neither is it quite certain that his building in Trafalgar Square will, when completed, be quite so much admired by the public, as it evidently is by himself. In fact, Mr. Welby Pugin, to whom we shall pay our respects anon, has already placed it among those which he stigmatises as disgraceful to the present age. Such being the case, we cannot help thinking that Mr. Wilkins has been peculiarly infelicitous in the choice of his mottoes ; for many may say that "*Proprium est stultitiæ aliorum vitia cernere oblivisci suorum*" is quite as applicable to himself as to those for whom it is designed ; and that Mr. Barry might, should it so please him, discharge a broadside of criticism against the Gallery, exclaiming, "*Tuo sibi gladio hunc jugulo.*" Again, "*Vedi Napoli e per nòri,*" &c. might be very well parodied by Mr. Barry after this fashion : "I have seen the so highly vaunted edifice, which was to be the consummation of Grecian architecture ; but I do not mean to give up the ghost."

In like manner might he retort upon Mr. Wilkins the taunt that his building cannot be fire-proof, because there are residences attached to it, for the 'Gallery' is exactly in the same predicament ; or has Mr. Wilkins stipulated that the keepers of the Academy and

Gallery, and their domestics, are to be allowed neither fire nor candle. Nay, not only does Mr. Wilkins foresee that some unlucky "housemaid will fall asleep over the last new novel," and so occasion a second conflagration, but that there will be no means of quenching a fire whenever it breaks out, inasmuch as "the access of fire-engines to the river-front is carefully guarded against by the contact of the wings with the water's edge." That is certainly a most alarming circumstance ; yet any one less tremblingly alive to danger would imagine that a couple of engines always kept upon the terrace, and a floating one moored to it,—all of them, consequently, in readiness whenever required, would afford quite as prompt succour in case of need, as if the engines had to be brought from a distance, there being no danger whatever of their exhausting the Thames before the flames could be extinguished. Neither is he much more happy in the quizzing in which he indulges in regard to Mr. Barry's projected tower. Of such "portentous elevation" does his imagination depict it to him, that he considers it beyond the power of human contrivance to erect a staircase of sufficient altitude ; consequently, the upper rooms would be quite inaccessible, should there not be, as he kindly suggests, a patent railway up to them. "There still remained," he continues, "an objection to a tower of such portentous elevation. To a mind so timid as the author's, an apprehension existed that its Babel-like height might be construed to convey an innuendo, reflecting upon the confusion of tongues which is said sometimes to prevail in the houses below ; and that he might be consigned to study prison architecture in

'The donjon-keep of Newgate's gloomy mound.'

It is in this odd strain that Mr. Wilkins proceeds, page after page ; and if his purpose was nothing more than to exhibit his talent for fun and drollery, he must be allowed to have succeeded so well, that probably both *The Humourist* and *The Wits' Miscellany* will make liberal overtures to him to enlist among their contributors ; but it, nevertheless, looks too much like child's play and sheer trifling, upon an occasion where, if he could not be more in earnest, he would have done far better to be silent. Allow any weight to such

extravagant caricature, and even the dome of St. Paul's may be made to appear a most ridiculous absurdity. Nay, we will not be quite sure but that the dome which he himself has put up over the National Gallery might be made to cut such a figure, that it would eclipse the "portentous" tower; to say nothing of the two little turrets, which the uninitiated might mistake for a couple of belfrys, and wonder whether they are intended to sound a tocsin in case of fire. He makes it a complaint against Mr. Barry, whose elevations he is compelled to admit are very striking, that too much is sacrificed to external appearance; which malapropos remark turns his own motto, "*Proprium est stultitia*," &c., completely against himself, for the "Gallery" is hardly any thing else but outside show—such as it is. What, too, could induce him to bring in the following unlucky quotation:—

"'Tis use alone that sanctifies expense;
And splendour borrows all her rays from
sense,"

when he himself scruples not to introduce into his own building the aforesaid dome and turrets, all which are perfectly useless, even as regards mere effect, in his interior. Not a whit more fortunate is he when he thinks fit to reproach Mr. Barry with having deviated from his original design, it being notorious that he himself did the same in his model for the Gallery; and not only that, but has more than once made experiments and alterations during the progress of the building. The best excuse we can offer for him is "*Proprium est stultitia*," &c., and that he is afflicted with a remarkable short memory—although he seems long-sighted enough when looking at his neighbours.

Of his irascibility, every page furnishes an instance; some of them tolerably amusing, owing to the way in which he magnifies any thing that can be construed as objectionable, into some positive defect or blunder; and

to the curious—more whimsical than profound quotations or allusions with which he illustrates his remarks. By way of specimen of the odd turns his fancy takes, and the kind of erudition he is pleased to make a show of, we give almost at random, the following passage:—

"In the tower which forms the dwelling" (viz of the speaker), "we have first the kitchen, forty feet square; over that the state dining-room, forty-four square, forty feet high; over that two bed-rooms, one of which, to reconcile us to its great height above the ground, is thirty-eight feet, by nineteen; over these other rooms again and again; reminding of the over-that-poly-petticoated attire of Betty Blackberry, in the opera of the 'Farmer,' which Jemmy Jumps characterises as a cool summer dress."

We almost suspect that the objection was made chiefly, if not solely, for the purpose of bringing in, or perpetrating, as some would phrase it, the outrageously queer comparison which winds it up; since as to the objection itself, although dressed up as if it were some architectural enormity, it in fact amounts to nothing—to no more than the residence that is to form one of the towers of the principal front will consist of several stories,—a circumstance by no means very remarkable—certainly not one that calls for an exhibition of spleen. Nay, we think that on this occasion, Mr. Wilkins shews himself to be gifted with double, if not exactly second sight; for, unless we err very strangely, in order to make his tale good, he sees many more stories than are shewn in any drawing or engraving of the design, for even in the clock-tower, the loftiest part of that end, we can make out no more than four stories above the basement; therefore, the other stories look very much like *stories* of the ingenious censor's own fabrication, in order to make it appear, that Mr. Barry's structure would be as much in the Pelion-upon-Ossa style of building, as either Auld Reikie itself or the Pagoda in Kew Gardens.*

* It is now said that Mr. Barry's estimate for the Houses of Parliament does not exceed 725,000*l.*, which is less than the sum proposed to be granted by upwards of 160,000*l.*; or not quite double what has been expended on the triumphant arch de l'Etoile, at Paris, a merely ornamental work of architecture; and, although of considerable magnitude as such, by no means to be put in comparison with so very extensive and complex a pile, as that projected for the Houses of Parliament. When we consider what has been expended on the New Palace, and the works at Windsor Castle, we very much doubt whether so extensive a pile as Mr. Barry's design can

We cannot pretend to track Mr. Wilkins through the whole of his confused labyrinthine course; neither can we do more than briefly notice the excessive acerbity with which he speaks of, and, also, speaks to, the several commissioners. Almost would he make out, that it was a high misdemeanour in those gentlemen to be amateurs,—a class of persons, for whom he takes no pains to conceal his supreme contempt,—although we really do not see why architects in particular, more than any other class of professional men, should bear so much ill-will towards those who pay their art the compliment of regarding as a liberal pursuit, worthy to be cultivated by private gentlemen. Full certain are we, that the number of those who so apply themselves to it, is not so alarmingly great that the profession need set up a hue and cry against them; neither do we understand, why the latter should complain as they do, that the public are too ignorant of their art to appreciate or properly encourage it, and yet sneer at, if they do not openly revile, the few who addict themselves to it, *con amore*.

Mr. Liddell, who is said to have distinguished himself by his architectural studies, is not on that account treated with any courtesy by Phil-Archimedes; on the contrary, we are assured that he is “one of those gifted Gilfillans, who prove their own calling to become instructors in a science of which they know little or nothing, by abusing all modern productions. Abuse of the works of modern architects, is Mr. Liddell’s royal road; his rail, or rather his railing road—his locomotive engine is his tongue, which is employed incessantly: he is known to have said, that the National Gallery is a national disgrace. For this, in the language of Claudio, I owe him. “What is the object—” but we must stop, having no room to spare for more of the passage, which terminates in a piece of mystification, intimating, that Mr. Liddell is about to make his *coup d’essai* as a practitioner. The plain English of the matter we presume is, that that gentleman spoke of the National Gallery very depreciatingly; yet, as we have already shewn, he is not the only

one who has expressed his opinion in unmeasured terms; neither is it any reason wherefore Mr. Wilkins should shew himself so exceedingly thin-skinned. The building is now erected or very nearly so, and neither Mr. Liddell, Mr. Welby Pugin, nor Mr. Any-body-else, can put an extinguisher upon it, or run away with it in their pockets. It is not like a book; their denunciations of it cannot prevent its being seen, for people will hardly choose to walk through Trafalgar Square with their eyes shut, out of deference to the criticism of those gentlemen; consequently, if it really possesses the merit its author claims for it, what they have uttered against it, will only redound to the discredit of their own taste and judgment, and prove how grossly they have committed themselves. Of all censure, that which deals in mere off-hand dogmatic *ipse dixit*, is the least formidable; inasmuch as it alleges nothing more than personal antipathy, for which the party professing it is unable to assign any valid or even plausible reason, and accordingly, like the oracles of old, shelters himself under laconic brevity of speech, wisely bearing in mind the adage—“the less said, the sooner mended.” It is possible, too, that there may have been some ellipsis in the sentence pronounced by two oracular critics; and, in terming the Gallery a national disgrace, they may have intended to say, not that the architect has disgraced himself, but that it is disgraceful to the nation, that he should have been so closely restricted in his designs for a building of such importance. Be that as it may, Mr. Vivian has expressly said:—

“For public works our parliament ought not to be niggardly in affording the means, but should be scrupulous in looking to the application of them. It might then happen, that the National Gallery now in progress, though it would never rival the sumptuousness of the Louvre, might not prove vastly inferior both internally and externally to the noble receptacles, which Prussia and the secondary state of Bavaria have provided for their collections of art.”—*Quarterly Review*, No cvi. p. 343.

Here one would imagine, there was

be executed for the sum stated; nevertheless, we should be sorry were a mistaken economy to stickle upon such an important occasion about a few hundreds of thousands. Supposing the design worth adopting,—and it is incontestably very superior to any other that was offered,—it is worth while to carry it fully into effect, and do it full justice.—O. Y.

nothing to give particular offence to the architect of the National Gallery; there certainly is nothing disrespectful, nothing discourteous; it imputes to him no want of ability, but merely expresses the regret that he was not more adequately furnished with the requisite means. Nevertheless, Mr. Wilkins actually takes fire at it, and exclaims, "I marvel much, whether Mr. Vivian at all knows what he is writing about, when he says 'it might then happen,' &c. Here the gallery of the Louvre," continues Mr. Wilkins, "is regarded as his *beau idéal*, both as to the exterior and interior, with which, by the by, Perrault had nothing more to do than Mr. Vivian."

Surely, Mr. Wilkins must be positively blinded by his ill humour, when he so perversely misinterprets things, as if for the purpose of picking a quarrel. To any one who peruses the whole passage, which we cannot afford room for, it must be obvious, that by the Louvre, Mr. Vivian does not mean the gallery alone, but the entire edifice, as a national repository for works of art; consequently, he may very well be allowed to refer to Perrault as the architect of the most celebrated portion of it. The blunder, therefore, turns out to be entirely Mr. Wilkins' own, who, not satisfied with that, goes on combatting chimeras of his own raising,—much after the fashion of the knight of La Mancha's adventure with the windmill,—and takes some pains to prove, that the exterior of the National Gallery is, in proportion to its extent, much loftier than the gallery of the Louvre; although in all that, Mr. Vivian says, there is not a syllable which either extols the French gallery, or censures the English one, for proportions or any other particular quality. The offence for which he receives a snubbing from the testy Phil-Archimedes, consists in nothing more than hinting, with perfect urbanity, that he ought not to have been fettered and restricted as he has been, but allowed to produce a work no less worthy of the country than of himself. It must be admitted, that in confining his views to something not vastly inferior to the galleries at Berlin and Munich, Mr. Vivian does not seem particularly com-

plimentary towards our architect, who may possibly imagine that, despite all the thwarting and unpropitious circumstances he had to contend with, he has produced an edifice which, externally at least, rivals, although it may not actually surpass, either of the German ones; still, considering the convenient salvo held out to him, he might very well have put up with the little drawback attached to it, more philosophically:—"ambition should be made of sterner stuff." By no means is it to be desired that an artist, or in fact, any public man, should be indifferent to public opinion; yet, neither would we have him be so tremblingly sensitive to the least breeze of disapprobation, as to attempt to dispel it by raising a tempest in opposition to it: with which piece of advice, we must make our bow to the pleasant though very ill-pleased Phil-Archimedes.

The next upon our muster-roll, is a person of a very different description. The very antipode of Mr. Wilkins in taste, Welby Pugin shews himself to be hardly less so in his mental constitution. Both are somewhat Quixotic; but while the one enters the lists to defend himself against particular adversaries, the other sallies forth laying about him on all sides, with might and main, determined to spare no one who refuses to pay homage to his Dulcinea, and hardly those who do. Nay, not content with one Dulcinea, our architectural Quixote has, if not exactly a plurality, a duality of them,—to wit, Roman Catholicism, and Gothic architecture; of both of which he sets him self up as the champion. Besides, being a proselyte to the Romish church, in whose behalf he is, like most other proselytes, quite outrageous in his zeal, he appears also to be ambitious of martyrdom, at least from his professional brethren, all of whom, almost to a man, he affects to treat with supreme scorn, as arrant *imbéciles*; so that even should they inflict no heavier punishment than that of sending him to Coventry—a town, by the by, rather too much to his taste to be a very horrible place of banishment to him,—they will, doubtless, be of opinion, that he has cancelled the debt for which he stood creditor in their books.* That

* "Everlasting gratitude is due to Messrs. Pugin, for their laborious measurements and details of various examples in their useful Works upon ecclesiastical, collegiate, and domestic Gothic."—*Noble on Professional Practice.*

the profession must now regard him as an insolent reviler, admits of little dispute; whether the Roman Catholic Church will greatly admire him as its advocate, is not quite so certain, since his attachment to it seems to arise quite as much from his admiration of its outward splendour, as from conviction of the soundness of its doctrines. Like some German enthusiasts in art, who have abjured Protestantism as a creed too coldly rational to inspire the painter; he seems to have been gained over to the creed he now professes, by the external allurements of the church which maintains it. The chief credit of his conversion, is due to his taste—to his intense admiration of the fabrics reared by our Roman Catholic ancestors; or, if we err at all in our conjecture, it is no other than himself who has misled us, by the exceedingly great stress he lays upon what must otherwise be held almost as matters of indifference, in weighing the merits of opposite religious systems. Perhaps, therefore, it is fortunate that his taste runs quite counter to that of Mr. Wilkins, else might his veneration for the architecture of Greece have led him to adopt its mythology, and extol paganism as the fittest of all religions for a portico-builder. His motto now is,

“ Qui nous delivra des Grecs et des Romains ? ”

That our suspicions do Mr. Welby Pugin no very great injustice, is the more probable, because, wherefore else should he mix up religion at all with a subject professing to be strictly architectural? Had he avowed it to be his intention to give us CONTRASTS between the Church of Rome and the Church of England, it would have been a widely different case. It is not our purpose, however, to examine the grounds of Mr. Pugin's conversion to a creed which, most incontestably, does favour ecclesiastical architecture in all its pomp; or to inquire how far the church of which he is now a member, has, if not openly encouraged, certainly winked at and tolerated, various superstitious and irrational practices. We shall merely observe, *en passant*, that he does not seem to be aware that the Romish Church has been reproached with—perhaps, the more suitable term *would* be convicted of—having engrafted many of the rites of paganism upon Christianity, when he asserts that

it has borrowed nothing from any such source. Else, wherefore should he suppress the mention of an accusation he is, doubtless, well able to refute? which if he could not do, it would have been more politic in him, to utter nothing that could afford others a pretext for attacking so weak a point. That his reading should extend to such writers as Middleton and Blunt, who have pointed out, with tolerable success, not a few striking parallels between the paganism of ancient and modern Rome, was, perhaps, hardly to be expected; yet, that he should be unacquainted with what is said upon the same subject in the late Mr. Hope's *History of Architecture*, may well excite our surprise. A work so intimately connected with his professional studies; one, besides, containing so much information and discussion relative to his own favourite style, can hardly have by any possibility escaped his attention; nor is it likely that when perusing it, he should have somehow missed the seventeenth chapter, which treats expressly of the “heathen customs kept up or emulated by the Christians,”—those corruptions of the apostolical church, and those interpolations in its doctrine, which it was reserved for the Reformation to root out.

So far, he must consent to appear either very ignorant, or not a little disingenuous: when he attempts to fix upon the Reformation the stigma of having occasioned the decline and disuse of the Gothic style, he is palpably absurd. Admitting, for argument's sake, that it really produced that effect, in regard to religious buildings, by causing the spoliation of many, and cutting off opportunities for erecting other structures on a similar scale of magnificence; how the style itself came to be discarded from secular buildings, where it might have continued to display its varied powers, remains to be accounted for. No; the blow was first given to it, not in heretic England, but in Catholic Italy. To the revival of Roman architecture,—to the domes of Florence and St. Peter's, must we look for the diffusion of that taste, which the possessor of “St. Marie's Grange” (the appellation he has bestowed upon his residence), so bitterly deplores. In his eyes, therefore, the Roman basilica, though sanctified by the tomb of St. Peter himself, must be doubly odious, since it not only hastened the

downfall of his favourite style by the authoritative example it set, but likewise accelerated the Reformation, even if it did not tend immediately to bring about, by the flagitious practices resorted to for the purpose of providing funds for the edifice. He ought, at least, to have explained how it happened, that Gothic architecture came to be simultaneously exploded in popish as well as protestant countries—in most catholic Spain and Portugal, as well as in presbyterian Scotland itself. Instead of cherishing it, or shewing the least affection for it, both the Holy See and the Holy Inquisition abandoned it to its fate. As regards the style itself, heretics did no more than follow the example set them by Mr. Pugin's own orthodox church. Whence did they derive models of the vitiated, corrupt, degenerate, and debased style he vituperates, if not from Italian schools? It was neither Luthers nor Calvins, but Brunelleschi and Bramantes, Michael Angelos, and Palladios, who perverted our taste.

After such specimens of his historical correctness and acumen, we may, without applying for a dispensation to his holiness the pope, dispense with placing implicit reliance in the author of the *Contrasts*, as regards matters of that sort. How far his criticism is to be trusted, remains to be seen. Libellous his expressions may not be, yet most certainly they are highly offensive, not to individuals alone, but to the whole profession; so much so, that he was driven to the necessity of becoming his own publisher, no bookseller choosing to let his name be affixed to a work which, far from paying any respect to persons, makes exceedingly free with a great many names, and, by implication, taxes architects in a lump, with pursuing the art in the spirit of mere mechanics and traders. Accordingly, between Mr. Wilkins and Mr. Welby Pugin, it becomes difficult to decide, which of the two classes is the more contemptible—professional men or amateurs,—the “heaven born” and “heaven inspired;” conceited gentry of the one, or the equally conceited and no less ignorant trading empirics of the other. Whatever superiority, therefore, either party may arrogate to themselves, they ought now to stand pretty much upon a par in the estimation of the public.

Like Phil-Archimedes, too, our “con-

trasting” critic, affects to be waggish, although not precisely after the same fashion, for his waggishness is merely confined to his two frontispieces, in one of which, he shews up some of the *chefs d'œuvre* of our most eminent living architects, and in the other, is not a little satirical upon what he denominates “*the trade*,” and those who undertake to furnish *patterns* for buildings, according to the taste or no-taste of those who require them. Perhaps some will think, that such a piece of graphic sarcasm, does not come with the best possible grace from one who is known to the world, chiefly as a draughtsman and designer, and who has published one or two books of designs for furniture, and iron and other metal-work. We shall not stop to inquire whether he has not laid himself open to retort; neither can we afford ourselves room for commenting on the summary judgment he passes on West and Wyatt; the former of whom he styles, “that wooden painter,” while he bestows on the other, the unsavoury epithet “of execrable memory.” Towards Sir Francis Chantrey, whom Mrs. Hoffman courteously terms the first of living sculptors, having probably never heard of such nobodies as Thorwaldsen and Schwanthaler, he is hardly a whit more complaisant, declaring that he ought to be crushed beneath the pedestal of his own statue of James Watt. Again, he pronounces the monuments in Westminster Abbey, to be “incongruous and detestable;” and not having the fear of REGINA before his eyes, impudently asserts both Regent's Park and Regent Street to be “nests of monstrosities.” Now were we as testy, and irritable as is Phil-Archimedes, we should exclaim as he does: “For this,” in the language of Claudio, “we owe him.” Being on the contrary, as all our readers well know, and as all authors who have come under our cognisance, must feel, the most lenient and milky of our species—let no one dare to say the most “milk and water;”—our publisher and ourselves are disposed to take it in good part, especially when we find, that in his rage for attacking everything, he gives vent to remarks that come infinitely nearer home to others, both publishers and critics.

“The immense superiority,” says our good-natured *contraster*, “of the etchings of the old schools, over the dry mechanical

productions of the steel engravers of our time, whose miserable productions, devoid of soul, sentiment, or feeling, are annually printed by the thousand, are widely circulated, to remain an everlasting disgrace to the era in which they were manufactured."

The pointed nervousness of this language, is sufficient to render all the dealers in annuals nervous, whenever they hear even the name of Welby Pugin pronounced;—all the purveyors of those "superb," "splendid," and "exquisitely finished" engravings, which render advertisers bankrupt in words sufficiently energetic for commendation of them. Of a moral certainty, Welby is not a candidate for a niche in the *Book of Beauties*, or *The Flowers of Loveliness*, or *The Book of Gems*. No; he has a loftier ambition, and aspires to no less honour, than that of being sketched and etched for our own gallery, as soon as it shall be resumed; where he would be perdurably associated with the "Professor" it delighteth him to honour. Well, we will consider of it; and who knows but that he will furnish us with a view of St. Marie's Grange for the background. Yet, apropos to that, how happens it that he has suffered to let slip the opportunity of introducing that building, which we understand was designed by himself, by way of contrast to some one of the 'miserable edifices of the present day'? Few will attribute the omission to excess of modesty.

Quitting this curvetting strain, wherein we may be thought to have indulged too long, we must, in sober seriousness say, that Mr. Pugin is not a little unfair and ungenerous towards the living school of architects. Had it really been his aim to form a candid estimate of their taste and abilities, he would have compared their works with those of their immediate predecessors of the last century, and not with buildings they have never professed to rival, and which have hardly any thing whatever in common, with some of the designs with which they are "contrasted." Had he pursued such a course, he would doubtless have found it incumbent on him, to commend almost in the same degree as he now vilifies. It would be too much to expect that within the space of half a century, or thereabouts, the art should all at once have made such progress, as to raise

itself from the imbecility into which it had sunk, and establish itself equal to what it had ever been before. Surely, fastidious as he is, he must admit, that Gothic architecture is at present infinitely better understood than it ever was since the period of its extinction as a national style. He will, without great reluctance admit, that contrasted with Battley Langley, even Welby Pugin is a giant in art; perhaps, too, that a few Gothic buildings erected in these degenerate days, fairly bear off the palm from the Strawberry Hills and Lee Priors, that were viewed with awful admiration by our grandfathers. Measured by the Hawksmoors, the Gibbs, the Jameses, the Ripleys, the Adams, the Lewises, the Paynes, and the Tom Sandbys of the preceding century, our living architects have no very great reason to be ashamed of themselves or their works. Nay, in order to make good his own statement, he is obliged to have recourse to the exceedingly disingenuous stratagem, of contrasting some of the paltriest erections of late years—things that no one would even for an instant think of referring to, otherwise than as ludicrously contemptible—with works of acknowledged excellence. Else, wherefore does he exhibit that *monster-piece* of bad taste and deformity, King's Cross; or bring forward Somers's Town Chapel, as if it were a fair average specimen of our attempts, at ecclesiastical Gothic? As well might he have contrasted a modern gin-palace, with Wolsey's building at Hampton Court.

It would by no means be difficult, by reversing the method pursued by Mr. Pugin, to shew the very great superiority of many recent structures, compared with those of which they have taken place: for instance, of the present Goldsmith's Hall, St. Paul's School, Post Office, Fishmonger's Hall, Bank of England, St. George's Hospital, &c. with the buildings formerly occupying the same sites, or intended for the same purposes. Is the Lowther Arcade, we would ask, so immeasurably inferior, as a piece of architecture, to what Exeter Change was, that we ought to be confounded at the falling off in taste it exhibits? or is the Corinthian gateway at the corner of Grovesnor Place, much less beautiful than Temple Bar. Notwithstanding his sneer at Regent Street, he must admit, that however open to criticism some of its details may be, both that the new parts

of the Strand, and the new streets leading from London Bridge, manifest a decided improvement both in house and street architecture. Of late years again, quite a new and distinct class of buildings has sprung up, many of which, are no less ornamented externally than they are sumptuous within: we allude to the club-houses at the west end of the town. These are to our street architecture, what their *palazzi* are to Italian cities, and serve, in some degree, to make amends for the absence of splendid private mansions, which, with some two or three exceptions, continue to be totally destitute of architectural pretension. By entirely passing over these and various other improvements, which occasion the London of the nineteenth century to *contrast* very strikingly with that of the eighteenth, Mr. Pugin shews himself to be too much of a Smelfungus, and determined to behold nothing save defects and deformities. We surrender to him, without mercy, the "professor's own house," as he rather impudently denotes it, which is, indeed, in a most mongrel taste, and disfigured by an erection of stone, ingeniously contrived to look like a "band-box" contrivance of painted wood; yet, had not Mr. Pugin's attention been too exclusively engrossed by that architectural whimmery, he might have espied out a really beautiful elevation on the opposite side of Lincoln's Inn Fields, namely, the façade of the College of Surgeons, as re-designed by Mr. Barry, and which affords a *contrast* no less encouraging than obvious, when compared with the truly miserably cockneyified front which it has superseded.

We cannot help regarding it as a great defect in Mr. Pugin's book, that there exists hardly any connexion between the plates and the letterpress. So far from taking the slightest pains to point out the particular merits or deformities he thus opposes to each other, he scarcely mentions in any way, a single one of the subjects; although it surely would not have been a superfluous task, had he favoured us with a few explanatory and critical observations regarding them. It would seem, however, that criticism is by no means his *forte*, for never once does he attempt to approach it. Of fierce denunciation there is enough, or more than enough. In the most sweeping and unqualified manner he, in one brief

sentence, gives up to reprobation Buckingham Palace, the National Gallery, the Board of Trade, and the new buildings at the British Museum, declaring that "no one can look at them, or any of the principal buildings lately erected, but must feel the very existence of such public monuments a national disgrace"! This is not criticism, but the mere strut and swagger of what would fain pass for it. To what, after all, does it amount, save that the writer unsparingly decries the buildings he mentions; yet upon what grounds he does so, or how far he imputes the poverty of taste they manifest to their respective authors, or to unfavourable circumstances, including that of style, he affords us no means whatever of judging. Consequently, even though his opinion may not be incorrect, there is injustice in the mode of giving it, inasmuch as it is totally unaccompanied by evidence, and states nothing substantially upon which the accused might claim to be heard. Had the same injurious allegations been frequently repeated before, and likewise distinctly made out, then, indeed, Mr. Pugin would have stood excused for not recapitulating them, unless he could have set them in a much stronger light than had previously been done; and from a professional man—one, too, who arrogates to himself such superior taste and judgment—we might not unreasonably have expected something beyond the mere declaration of his violent likings and antipathies. Welby Pugin may be a very sound Catholic, yet it is rather unseemly in him to fancy himself a kind of pope in architectural matters; for certain we are that his professional brethren will not admit his *infallibility*.

Adopting Mr. Pugin's ingenious principle of *contrast*, we shall place beside him Mr. W. R. Hamilton, author of two *Letters to Lord Elgin*, and also of the article on "Barry's Designs for the New Houses of Parliament" in a recent number of the *London and Westminster Review*. What admirable sympathy must exist between the writers we have thus matched to each other, may be conceived, when we say that Mr. Hamilton is as furiously and inveterately anti-Gothic in his prejudices, as the author of the *Contrasts* is anti-Grecian. *Arcades ambo*—both are bigots, although bigots of diametrically opposite creeds. In proof of this, we

need do no more than refer to those passages in the Review where Mr. H. exclaims against "the poverty of style and cold simplicity of Westminster Hall;" and would have us believe that Gothic windows "are in general scarcely, if any thing, better than triangular holes in a wall"!—or to the following one in his *First Letter*:

"This temporary rago for Gothic architecture would never have controlled the talents and taste of the English of the last or present century, if it had not been for the singular notions of one individual, an ingenious trifler, as Gibbon calls him, the late Horace, Earl of Orford, who, in the indulgence of a peculiar fancy in ornamenting an insignificant villa, and from a desire to give birth to a new fashion, employed a long life, and the influence he possessed amongst the upper classes of society, to introduce a passion for what he styled the charming, venerable Gothic. His disciples copying, as so frequently happens, the faults chiefly of their original, ransacked old houses and barns for the furniture and ornaments of forgotten times; and they often set as much value upon the possession of a piece of glass from a Gothic window, an uneasy Gothic chair, or a ricketty Gothic table as others did [do] upon the finest works of antiquity."

We have something still more edifying for our friend Welby, against whose book it seems to be intended as an antidote:

"Though well calculated to astonish the ignorant, they (Gothic ecclesiastical buildings) gave to the mass of the people a false impression of religious awe, which was no otherwise connected with religion itself, than as it served to instil a respect and terror for those who presided in them; and who preserved by these means a paramount control over the architects, and their subordinates, the painters and sculptors. What other view of the subject can satisfactorily account for the gorgeous churches raised in the midst of the poorest populations of distant villages? or for the useless and vain accumulation of pinnacles, and turrets, and spires, ramified windows" [where are the "triangular holes" gone to?] "ornamented niches and canopies, falsely delicate traceries, grotesque and irreverent shapes, and the profusion of unmeaning excrescences, lavished indiscriminately over every part of such buildings, offering, as they did, extravagant contrasts of gloominess and decoration, and not unmingled with the strangest combinations of Christian and profane idolatry!"

Greatly is it to be hoped that Welby wearth a wig, else each particular hair of his head must stand erect as he reads the above fulmination. That the whole is pointed at his volume, is rendered evident by the malicious phrase, "extravagant contrasts," which is nothing less than a palpable hit at the man of "St. Marie's Grange."

It is curious to observe with what facility those who advance the most contradictory opinions, can mould circumstances as best suits their own side of the question. For instance, among the claims which Mr. Hamilton sets up in behalf of Grecian architecture, he urges one which the admirers of Gothic equally arrogate for their own favourite style, namely, that it is best suited to our climate and atmosphere, being less susceptible of injury from weather and smoke. Of course, both cannot be right. Which party, then, is to witldraw its ill-grounded pretension? or where are we to look for the Solomon who is to give judgment in this perplexing case? For our part, we should say that style has very little to do with the matter, since, whether they be Grecian or Gothic, sculptured mouldings and ornaments will collect dirt, and in time be corroded by the atmosphere. The chief difference is, that such corrosion and dinginess, or rust, are less offensive in Gothic buildings than in others, because they impart to them that sombre air of antiquity we are apt to consider a characteristic of the style itself. Not satisfied with being a warm admirer of Grecian architecture, Mr. Hamilton is one of those who deprecate any deviation from the express models which have been handed down to us from antiquity, and to which he thinks we ought to confine ourselves. Herein he is far less liberal than Mr. Hosking, the celebrated anti-Vitruvianist, who would allow considerable latitude as to style; in which he is certainly borne out by the practice of the Greeks themselves. Still more does he differ—even *toto calo*—from a recent German writer, Dr. Rütgen, who gives it as his opinion, that indiscriminate copying of the antique has contributed to render modern architecture little better than the art of disguising, as far as possible, the real nature and construction of our buildings. The German doctor may therefore be considered an ultra-Radical in architecture, the promulgator of the principles

here advocated by Purser and Savage; on the latter of whom we shall presently bestow some notice. Neither does Mr. Hamilton stand alone in his ultra anti-Gothicism; for, to say nothing of Fonthill Beckford, who, if we may judge by the disparaging opinions he has lately put forth on the subject of the Gothic style, is quite a renegade from his own practice,—both Grellier and Hakewill are decidedly opposed to that species of architecture. One of Mr. Grellier's allegations against it is so curious as to be well worth noting,—for he maintains that there is no generally recognised and invariable standard established, which may be appealed to; consequently (so, at least, he is pleased to infer), one man's Gothic is quite as good as another's—modern imitations will possess as much authority as the edifices from which they are compiled. Such opinion, we must confess, betrays no less derogatory than singular notions of art; as if nothing could possess merit, or ought to be considered legitimate, save what accommodated itself to an exclusive system, founded upon a few precedents and mere conventional dogmas. Although he does not appear even to suspect it, the Gothic style, like every other mode of building to which the term style can correctly be applied, has principles of its own, notwithstanding that they are too complicated and latent to be easily reducible into a brief, compendious system, comprised under a few general rules. Others than Mr. Grellier may be of opinion, that one chief cause wherefore our modern pseudo-Greek architecture presents so many signal failures, is that the system itself is so narrowed, that while it prescribes impassable boundaries to those who would willingly advance onwards, it also chalks out a path which the veriest dunce can hardly fail to miss. Hence happens it that we have so many copies of the antique, painfully exact, and faithful to it in every thing save the spirit of the professed models. The details are often scrupulously accurate, as far as there is any authority for them; yet the *ensemble* is either deplorably abortive, or ludicrously contemptible. *Mutatis mutandis*, we might, therefore say, after Mr. Grellier, one man's Greek or Roman portico is quite as good as another's;—and, indeed, as far as design goes, subjects of that kind are in themselves altogether mechanical, and

hardly admit of other display of talent than that required for bringing all the rest of the design into perfect keeping with such a feature, in which comparatively few architects succeed, while the majority seem to consider it of little importance whether they even attempt to do so or not.

As we have glanced above at the contradictory opinions, maintained with such pertinacity by some of the opposite parties and sects into which the architectural world is now divided, it may, perhaps, be expected that we should express our own, and say to which side we incline. Now, we consider ourselves fortunate in standing upon perfectly neutral ground—almost might we say, did it not sound somewhat arrogantly, in a loftier region, far above the din and squabbles of noisy disputants, who seem chiefly solicitous for victory, and to whom may justly be applied the words of the illustrious Roman philosopher:—“*Plerique errare malunt, eamque sententiam quam adamaverunt pugnacissimè defendere, quam sine pertinacia quid constantissimè dicendum exquirere.*” By no means do we look with envy upon that one-sided, narrow taste, which cuts off all but one source of gratification, refusing to perceive any other beauties than those of some one particular style, and striving to proscribe every other. Ours is more capacious. We should almost as soon think of putting out our eyes, in order that we might be more delighted with the sense of hearing, or *vice versâ*, as of renouncing one style of the art out of attachment to another. But, some may perhaps exclaim, supposing we were compelled to decide, to which particular style would we assign the preference? Our reply is, that when the unhappy necessity for making such decision shall arrive, then, but not till then, shall we take the matter into serious consideration. In the meanwhile we shall go on admiring the respective beauties which each style offers to us—not in the hope of thereby conciliating their admirers and advocates, since they will be more offended at our admitting the claims of their rivals, than pleased with us for recognising their own; but in the spirit of true polygamists in art, refusing to be contented with a single charmer, let her excellences be ever so great, when we may very innocently enjoy a harem.

Mr. Savage's pamphlet, to which we now turn, is an odd production—a tissue of “common place run mad,” and strutting about on stilts—a string of pompously enounced and oracularly delivered truisms. It contains, however, one or two rather striking, not to say bold opinions; and had the author suitably expanded them, they would have furnished some interesting speculation. At present they are little better than raw hints, which it would seem he was afraid of attempting to develop, lest he should too far commit himself. We do not imagine there is any collusion between Ritgen and him—probably our English champion of radicalism in architecture has never heard the doctor's name; yet he most undeniably entertains similar sentiments, when he says: “The imitation of the Greek has perverted the whole taste of modern Europe on the subject of architectural composition. It gives a style independent of ideas, and is setting manner above matter. It is the nonsense verses of the schoolboys!” This is certainly not at all “mimicing the matter;” quite the reverse; and it must be all the less unpalatable from its being difficult to gainsay, or to deny that such is, to a great extent, the case. “The imitation of styles,” he afterwards observes, “is a valuable discipline for a pupil, but a confession of incapacity in a professor.” This remark is even worse than the other: to that our Welby Pugin would most readily subscribe; but this actually saps the foundations of his own stronghold. Indeed, we know no one to whom it could be endurable, except “*The Professor*” himself, who has certainly endeavoured to carve out a style of his own—with what success we leave the author of the *Contrasts* to bear witness. With the following opinion we most cordially agree, and only regret that the writer, who is capable of announcing such an important truth, should not have brought it more prominently forward, and exhibited it at greater length, instead of committing to paper so many trivial and trite observations.

“It is said that every thing is already invented, that the age of invention is passed, and that all that art can now do is to select and copy. But this is not the way in which any of the excellences we admire have been produced; nor is the principle and practice admitted in other arts, or in literature. The degraded

state of modern architecture is to be mainly attributed to this fatal opinion; and we see the consequence of tamely copying and repeating forms which, so copied, are destitute of that living principle which first prompted them, and which still gives them their charm.”

This passage ought to be inscribed on a tablet in letters of gold, and hung up in the room where the Institute of British Architects assemble—nay, in every architectural academy; and we almost feel compunction for having expressed ourselves in regard to Mr. Savage's pamphlet as we have done. To many, what we have just quoted must sound like downright profaneness—to all those, especially, whom Crabbe might almost be fancied to have had in his eye when he says,

“Order to these is armour and defence;
And love of method serves in lack of sense.”

It must, indeed, scandalise the stanch and orthodox *Five Orders*' men—those who contend that, even were it possible to produce any thing rivalling the models we now possess, it would be altogether supererogatory, since we want nothing more—it must, indeed, scandalise them, we repeat, to be told, and that, too, by a professional man, that the system upon which they proceed is utterly unsound and rotten. How far we ourselves are disposed to sympathise with them, may be guessed from a paper which appeared in the very first Number of this Magazine, wherein we proved tolerably clearly that Grecian architecture itself is a refutation of their doctrine. As far as Mr. Savage is concerned, they may, perhaps, turn round upon him, and say that he should not have stopped short there, but have proceeded to vindicate his theory, if not by some direct and positive illustration of it, at least by pointing out in what way we ought to set about making some attempt in the direction he recommends.

Unfortunately, those to whom the public are willing to ascribe talent, and from whom originality might be expected, never seize hold of those opportunities that would enable them to achieve what, if at all successful, would at once become an authority, and help to break down the inveterate prejudices which now strongly oppose all innovation as mischievous—that is, bold and decided innovation; for of

that which may be termed piecemeal and nibbling we have already enough. It is not by puny little experiments in holes and corners, or upon mere bits, that originality can fairly shew itself. Let what is so produced be ever so good in itself, the very circumstance of its being so applied is apt to stamp it in the general eye as utterly unworthy of regard, if not positively of bad repute. No; success is to be won only upon a larger scale. Would we, then, encourage rash experimentalising upon edifices of importance—those, precisely, where failure would be most of all lamentable and disgraceful? Ay, undoubtedly we would, if we considered the architect worthy of the task; and he would be unworthy of it who could not plainly predict to himself with full assurance what its result would be; since to him it ought not to be matter of experiment, but of proof to the world. What to others must appear beforehand daringly hazardous, if not absolutely visionary, it is for him to reveal. “Vieles muss das Genie,” observes Lessing, “erst wirklich machen, wenn wir es für möglich erkennen soll.” Much must appear quite impossible, until genius convinces us to the contrary by achieving it. That bold attempts, even in architecture, are not uniformly unsuccessful, the example of Schinkel, if no other, may convince us. But our architects, it must be allowed, are an over-cautious and timid race; and never more so than on those occasions where they might put forth their energy, supposing them to possess any.

In conformity with his own notable remark, that the post of honour in a procession is at the end, and that, therefore, the established sequence, painting, sculpture, and architecture, establishes the superior importance of the latter art, we have left “*the Professor*” and his choice volume to bring up the rear. To vary the simile, they may be considered as the dessert to our banquet; nor let any one presume maliciously to insinuate that we covertly reproach him with dealing in the *confectionary* style. We mean no more than that we have reserved his volume as a *bonne bouche*—an exquisite dainty, to be leisurely enjoyed after masticating tougher food. It is, indeed, a dish fit to set before those of royal blood; and, accordingly, we find it dedicated to his royal highness of Sussex. Moreover, it possesses the strong recom-

mendation of being “not published;” that is, published only as the law construes those ingenious productions to be which are so unlucky as to come under the denomination of libels, whether they happen to be printed or not. So, then, we actually class the *Description of the House and Museum on the North Side of Lincoln’s Inn Fields* with libels! Nothing can be further from our intention. It is no *libellus famosus*; quite the contrary, a portly quarto volume—a goodly specimen of what Britton terms “embellished literature.” There are plenty of plates, such as they are; plenty of reading, such as it is—and some of it is droll enough in all conscience. Then, instead of so commonplace a thing as a preface, we are saluted *in limine* by an “exordium;” which, nevertheless, reads very much like a preface, and a rather ordinary one, too, after all. That for which it is chiefly remarkable is the following piece of information:

“To render the following pages the more pleasing and attractive to young minds, and to increase their love for the fine arts, pictorial and poetical remarks on some of the most prominent features of the house and museum, written by a lady, have been embodied with my own description.”

By day and night but this is wondrous strange! Here have we a volume, of which only a hundred and fifty copies are printed, and intended as a present to such persons as the dedicatee, and to public bodies, yet is it “adapted to the taste of young persons,” as we read on the titles of school books! Surely, Sir John Soane could not intend to hint to the parties whom he sent copies to that they were mere *children* in matters of taste, fit only to be *lollypopped* by his “lady.” Yet if he did not mean this, what the d—l, as Phil-Archimedes energetically phrases it, could he possibly mean? The question is so ticklish, so delicate, and so puzzling, that we abandon it in despair.

Another thing that forcibly strikes us as hardly less unaccountable in this exordium—which we now find we did injustice to, in calling it an ordinary preface—is that it makes not the slightest mention of, not even the most distant allusion to, a volume published some years ago by no less a person than John Britton himself, which, under the enigmatical title of *The Union of*

Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting, described the very same house and museum. Perhaps Sir John Soane was determined to take no notice of a work displaying such supremely bad taste in its very title—that is, one whose title assigns the place of the superlative degree, not to architecture, but to painting; or he may not have relished its somewhat too flattering, and unctuous, and fulsome style; or, again, he may have looked upon the title itself as a covert piece of satire on his museum, which presents rather a jumble than a “union” of works of art—a mere broker’s-shop arrangement of odds and ends of all kinds. Amidst these and various other conjectures, we cannot pretend to guess at the real cause of Sir John’s silence in regard to that volume; which silence becomes all the more inexplicable, when we find the same engravings which originally appeared in the “Union” transferred to this new “Description,” where several others have been added to them, executed in the very worst, although in the very first, style of lithography. They manifest, besides, a contempt for the dry mechanical rules of perspective, that is by far more astonishing than it is admirable.

It is not, however, in its *embellishments* that the chief attractions of the *Description* lie, as is the case with the greater part of “embellished literature,” but in the letterpress itself. Here we could almost fancy that the professor had been assisted, not only by the lady who furnished the “pictorial” remarks—an odd expression that!—but by that consummate master of description, the eloquent George Robins. Almost every page smacks of his felicitous style, of his fertile graphic fancy, and of that peculiar magic by means of which he ennobles the meanest objects, and transforms the most ordinary into miracles. Hardly any other than he could have made a “gallery” to the south drawing-room of what, till the other day, was no more than a veranda. To be sure, this “gallery” does not affect positively to rival that of the Louvre—at least, not in its dimensions, since it does not exceed those of twenty-five feet in length, and two feet ten inches in width. Nevertheless, it must be owned that the proportions are those of a very long gallery, being thirty-two by two hundred and sixty—*inches!* which grandiloquent mode of computa-

tion might as well have been adopted at once, as it would have been perfectly in keeping with the pomposity displayed in other respects. There is hardly a closet, a cupboard, or a corner in the whole house, that is not distinguished by some fanciful, fine-sounding, and truly imposing appellation. Thus we have the “Parloir of Padre Giovanni,” the “Corinthian colonnade,” with columns almost as high as those of a shop front; the aforesaid “gallery,” the “crypt,” the “catacombs”—so called, as we are assured by a learned antiquary, because the cats are combed there; the “Champs Elysées,” the “Tivoli recess,” the “Shakespeare recess,” the “oratory,” and a long catalogue besides of other curious and recondite names, all shewing uncommon powers of poetical invention. It is not for us to say that all this is in singularly bad taste,—in the style of a Cockney tea-garden, or the bills of a puppet-show. We are not professors; nor do we profess even so much as to comprehend what the professor himself means by it, further than we apprehend he is ambitious of taking to himself the title of Padre Giovanni,—an odd whim, certainly, yet not more odd than some of his other whims, nor at all more offensive. Nevertheless, we cannot help agreeing with the old and homely adage which says, “Fine words butter no parsnips;” and are, accordingly, of opinion that these transcendently fine names do not at all improve the little rooms and closets they are intended to dignify: on the contrary, they are likely to beget expectations that will be strangely disappointed when the public shall be admitted into this raree-show, and behold the Soanean Museum in all its—littleness.

The feminine portion of the letterpress, to wit, the “pictorial and poetical remarks,” have the merit of harmonising sufficiently well with the masculine twaddle. The “lady” appears, indeed, not to be very original, to imitate too closely the poetical flourishes we meet with in the columns of the *Morning Post*; besides which, her excessive sensibility leads her at times into forgetfulness of common sense. As a specimen of her pictorial-poetical eloquence, and likewise as an exemplification of our last observation, we give the following *morceau* from that part wherein she is speaking of the effect produced on those who were admitted

to see the Belzoni sarcophagus during three evenings in 1825 :

"They assemble around the sarcophagus, which sheds from within a pale unearthly light upon the silent awe-struck beings that surround it. Fair and lovely they appear, the sons and daughters of a high-born race, exempt from the common evils of life(!), but awake to all its generous sensibilities and higher perceptions. Pensive is every countenance, and soft is every falling footstep; yet in gentle accents many a voice breathes thanks to him who hath rolled back the current of time," &c.!

"Rolled back the current of time," indeed! If time were a currant dumpling, Sir John might then roll it backwards and forwards, without any great exertion either, from one end of his "gallery" to the other; but to talk as the poor lady does is arrant fustian, and mawkishly fulsome namby-pamby. To say the truth, her sensibility appears to be strangely—we had almost said divertingly—acute; as, for instance, where she moralises upon the bit of mock-ruin stuck up in a little back yard, on which occasion she becomes as lachrymose as the pump which stands within that "awful" precinct. If she was in downright earnest, we can only pity the tindery sentimentality of her feelings; yet we would not swear that she was not secretly quizzing and mystifying all the while. Were such really the case, the only surprising part of the business is that she did not carry her fun and badinage a little further, and introduce a flowery description of the beauties of "Whetstone Park," which Arcadian

territory extends along the north side of Lincoln's Inn Fields. George Robins would infallibly have made this cut a principal figure. He would have exhibited to our eyes, in capital letters: Soanean Museum—Catacombs—Champs Elysées—Padre Giovanni—Ruined Abbey—Gallery—Corinthian Colonnade—Lincoln's Inn Fields—Inigo Jones—the Great Pyramid—Whetstone Park!

But, instead of a dessert, we seem to be giving an afterpiece—one, too, that is decidedly broad farce—an extravaganza—a second *Giovanni in London*; not the Don, however, but the Padre. It is even so; and as we hear some hisses from "the gallery," we cannot do better than to say *excunt omnes*, and let our curtain drop.

POSTSCRIPT..

Lest our speaking of Sir John Soane's last volume in the tone we have done, should appear exceptionable so immediately after his death, we feel it due to ourselves to explain, that our article was not only written, but actually with the printer, when that event took place. Had we penned it subsequently, we might have shaped the latter portion somewhat differently; yet in substance it would have remained the same. While he was living we never concealed our opinion of the professor; nor will we be the first to flatter now that he is no more. Beyond all dispute, his public character was marred by inordinate vanity. We are not his accusers; neither are we his apologists: it is for those who professed to esteem the living to come forward and extol the dead.

· EMBARKING FOR THE COLONIES.

BY ENSIGN O'DONOGHUE, LATE ROYAL IRISH.

"Little thinks the townsman's wife,
While at home she tarries,
What may be the lassie's life
Who a soldier marries."

It is not the presence of an enemy that proves to the utmost the nerve of the British soldier; nor yet the glaring prospect of sickness, or even starvation, that makes him flinch from the line

which duty points out for him to follow. The breach which he is to carry, glittering with sword-blades, or sheeted in flame, may yawn in his front; but, were it dressed in all the appalling

livery that ever the fiery walls of Pandemonium itself might have worn, or were it guarded by the fiercest fiends which poets have conjured up from lowest Tartarus, the "Forward, my lads!—follow me!" of their leader, would send a serried mass of British bayonets right into its thickest—there to do or die!

"For fame is there to say who bleeds,
And honour's eye on daring deeds."

And even when death, robed with disease or want, slowly, surely, steals out his icy iron fingers, to clutch to himself the daily wasting clay, which has, without hope, felt his gradual approach, the stern resolution of the British soldier bids him defiance to the last, and he dies without a tear.

Nor is it the soldier without ties of kindred only who is indifferent to danger, or enduring under privation; but it is one and all—the married as the single—the father or the husband, as determinedly as he who stands alone in the world, that looks destruction steadily in the face, and, amidst the roar of cannon or the clash of steel, allows his mind to dwell on nothing but the stern duty he has engaged to perform.

But he experiences sad moments too; and those are, perhaps, his bitterest, when for the first time he embarks for foreign service. Even the reckless bachelor quits not the land of his birth without casting back a thought and a sigh on the home where his forefathers lived, or bringing before his mental vision the mother that dwelt on his childhood. Vast regions unknown to him are to be explored, and perils, great, fearful, and mysterious, as the untutored imagination can shadow forth, are to be encountered, ere his wandering steps are bent in a homeward path. He is sad at turning his face from all that he has been taught to revere and love; and yet, only as thistledown in the scale is the weight of his sorrow, when balanced against the wretchedness of the husband and the father who, by the necessarily rigid rules of the service, is forced from wife and children. If required for fighting service, he must go alone; and, even during peace, only a tithe may have a partner. Nor can his grief be selfish. His own sorrow he would suppress under a rigid brow and cold eye; but her weakness saps his stern manhood,

and he is a boy again. He is unmanned by witnessing the anguish of her, or of those, to whom he has been the natural stay and guardian. Hitherto he has been the sturdy oak, and they the ivy clinging beautifully round the branches; but the hour of separation sees the rugged tree standing alone, and the fibres of the frail creeper torn from the stately stem. It may yet erect a noble head to the storms of fate; but, bereft of its support, bruised, and crushed, the ivy-leaves are scattered in the blast, to wither and to die. Nor, until the last moment previous to embarkation, is it decided to whom chance prove a friend, as not till then are the lots drawn which determine whose wife shall go, and whose shall not; and, though each knows that accommodation in transports is found for a proportion of only one woman to ten men, the miserable individuals that are doomed to remain live in hope up to the issue of the fatal lottery. But at that moment despair does its work, and the wretched couple, thus severed, experience that

" 'Tis sad to be parted from those
With whom we for ever would dwell;
But bitter indeed is the sorrow that
flows,
When, perhaps, we are saying farewell!
For ever!"

Many years ago, the regiment where-in I had the honour to hold a subaltern's commission was joined by a recruit, who went by the name of Smith, though circumstances subsequently induced his comrades to suppose, that, previous to his enlisting, he had passed by another. There was a good deal to interest in this man. He was tall and handsome in both face and figure; his complexion was delicate; his form was cast in an athletic mould, was singularly graceful; and, though in his attestation he was registered as a labourer, it was evident that his hands had never been hardened by spade or plough-still. He avoided the companionship of the other recruits; and there was altogether a certain mystery hanging about him, which, while it rendered him an object of curiosity to every man in the corps, brought him especially under the notice of his officers, who soon saw, from his manners, that he must have received a gentleman's education, and fancied that in his bearing they detected gentle blood as well as gentle nurture. He

rapidly mastered his drills; in three months was a corporal, and in six, a serjeant: in which situations he invariably conducted himself to the entire satisfaction of every one with whom he came in contact. At the expiration of his first furlough,—and where he had spent it none of us knew—he rejoined the regiment with a wife, who became at once as great an object of curiosity as her husband. It was plain, at the first glance, that she was just as much above her present situation as he was. She was slight and delicate, with quite an aristocratic air; and if her features were not absolutely beautiful, her countenance was interesting in the highest degree, from the sweetness of her mouth and the dazzling brilliancy of her dark eyes, increased, perhaps, by the hectic hue on her thin cheek; but, in those bright spots the characters of consumption were legibly traced. She never associated with any of the other serjeants' wives; her clothes were of a finer material than theirs; and, though necessarily obliged to perform all the offices of a poor man's wife, she, somehow, contrived to keep her drudgery out of sight, and appear at all times like a lady. We always supposed that they possessed some means, independent of his pay, which enabled them to meet certain extra expenses, beyond those usually incurred by persons of their grade; but what they were, or whence derived, nobody knew.

We had been quartered for a few months at Cork, and were still looking forward to remaining there some time longer, when a sudden order came for us to embark for North America. This was most unexpected, as we supposed our turn for foreign duty had not yet arrived. We grumbled, of course; but still more when, the morning after this order, we were told off, in three divisions, for the three transports which were lying in Cork harbour prepared to convey us to our Trans-Atlantic destination; four companies with the head quarters, in the *Annabella*, a ship of nearly five hundred tons; four more in the *Lyndamira*, of about the same size; and the remaining two in the brig *Bob*, of two hundred and fifty. I fell to the *Bob*, and one of the serjeants of the detachment to which I belonged was serjeant Smith. Sharp was now the word, as we were to embark next morning, and sail forthwith, if the wind was fair. Every one cla-

moured about sea-stock. I remember that the *Annabellas* were well enough off, under the guidance of the quartermaster, whose father had been a sausage-maker in St. Mary Axe; the *Lyndamiras* were provided for by the regular messman; but, unhappily, none of the *Bobs* were cunning in catering: so, at last, I was obliged to take upon myself, not only the provision for fluids, but also the management of the solid department of our digestibles. How well I recollect that Thursday afternoon, bustling through Cork market at the head of a whole army of "cleve boys," whose baskets I loaded with fowls, ducks, turkeys, rounds of beef, legs of mutton, tongues, hams, and cheeses; and, afterwards, running up a swinging account with old Mick Westropp, the wine-merchant, for port, sherry, brandy, and porter. Every body dealt with Mick Westropp in those days—rest his soul; he had poured more claret down his throat than would have floated the *Victory*. Thanks to my own individual exertions, the *Bobs* bid as fair to defy starvation for the next three months as did the *Annabellas* or *Lyndamiras*.

The first gray tints of the autumnal morning were streaking the eastern sky, as I stepped from the quay of Cork into the boat which was to convey me from the land of my sires. Being acting adjutant to the detachment for the brig, as well as caterer, I was the *avant courier* of our party, which marched down to the harbour by land; and had only my servant, Morgan Finnegan, with me, besides the boatmen. The spring-tide had begun to ebb only a few minutes before; and we glided down the calm full stream of the beautiful Lee, with just sufficient air to fill our single sail, but scarce enough to ripple the water. The well-wooded hills of Glenmire, rich in the brown and yellow foliage of the oak and elm, with here and there a handsome mansion, and before it a velvet lawn, peeping out upon the river, rose boldly from the water's edge upon our left hand; while the more gently undulating country presented a picture equally pleasing upon our right, where gentlemen's seats, tastefully laid out in grove, walk, paddock, and garden, opened, one after another, upon our view, terminated by the bluff point and castle of Black Rock, jutting into the stream; and to complete this pano-

ramic scene, the river, expanding into the noble inland lake of Loch Mahon, bounded far off in the distance by the blue hills of Cove Island, lay like a mirror in front. Gradually, day became brighter as we floated along. The glowing colours thrown across the heavens by the coming sun, illuminated the east, and soon up he sprang in glorious refulgency, tipping with gold the far-spreading woods of Dunkettle.

And this was the beautiful land I was leaving! Other fair countries and sunny scenes I might behold, but none could be so dear to me as those I was quitting: and in each long, lingering look behind, I strove to lay up their features in the store-house of my recollection, as treasures to be taken out and dwelt on at a future period. Sadness gradually deadened the boyish elasticity of spirit, which none ever more than I rejoiced in; for I was born with a well of gladness springing up within me—none more than I ever experienced the joyousness of youth. I saw beauty in every flower and leaf: the merry smile upon another's lip always made my heart ring with glee. My philosophy belonged to the Epicurean school—with Stoics I sympathised none. Now, however, I was slipping away, as it were, unheeded and unseen from the land of my fathers, with no bright prospect to cheer me on; no excitement to fling sorrow into the back-ground; no immediate care to bring the powers of my mind into that activity which banishes musings, and precludes the possibility of meditation. My thoughts were sad enough, and they fell somewhat into the following order, according to the particular rhymes which happened to be jingling in my head:—

' When thus I leave this beauteous isle,
The country of my birth,
And see the sun upspringing smile,
Upon my parent earth;
Gilding the summer hills so green,
Her valleys in their pride:
I say, on earth was never seen
So sweet a land beside."

"Blood and wounds, sir! mind the tay-kettle!—'tis overboard, by the holy poker!—devil another we'll get in the Bob, I'll engage."

This direful interruption to my peculiar train of thought, was caused by my servant, and it drew my attention to the fact, that, in a moment of abstraction, I had contrived to push this

most useful article over the boat's gunwale into the water. It settled quietly down, filled, and disappeared, despite Morgan Finnegan's energetic exertions with the boat-hook, to rescue it from a watery grave.

"Confound the kettle!" said I, and continued my poetry:—

"And when upon the sea-girt strand,—"

"Faith then, sir, I'm the boy that'll catch a ballyhoolyng from Mrs. Tallboys, for losing that same," said Morgan.

"It cannot be helped now," said I.

"And when I kiss, upon her strand,
A parting cup of wine,
And wring fond friendship's warm right hand,
Then launch upon the brine;—"

"Oh, by Dad! that bates Bannagher," exclaimed Morgan, again interrupting my muse; "first he pitches Mrs. Tallboys's tay-kettle overboard as aisey as if the Bob was a tinker's shop; and next he'll rowl the tirkin of butter after it, as if Mallow Lane itself was going to keep us company in the salt say. I axe your pardon, sir, but 'twas Mrs. Tallboys herself, a'most put me upon my Bible oath to heed the keg of corned butter, and may-be, unknown to yourself, you'll give it a hoise after the tay-kettle that's snug at the bottom of Loch Mahon."

"Confound the butter!—don't pester me.

"And wring fond friendship's warm right hand,
Then launch upon the brine;
I sigh to think, that never more
My wandering steps may view
My pleasant friend, my father's shore,
Or Bessie's eye of blue."

Morgan had become poetical by the time I had completed this stanza, and sung *Colleen d'has croothin a mo*. "Oh, then, sir," said he, "'tis long till I'll see 'the pretty girl milking her cow,' or any thing else of owld Ireland—long life to her, for a beautiful place!"

"True, Morgan, true."

"The proud oak decks the stately hills,
The shamrock gems the sod,
And brightly sparkling leap the rills
Where my young feet have trod."

"And here's Passage nitself," said Morgan to one of the boatmen; "'tis

a mate lump of a small town enough : and what is the name of the place there forenent it, beyant across the river there, where the pigs, the crathers, are striving to walk into the shebeen house ?”

“That’s Carrigaloe on the other side,” replied our Palinurus.

“And now, to dare the foaming sea,
I leave the silver tide
Of thy fair waters, lovely Lee,
And ————”

“Carrigaloe on the other side,” said Morgan, filling up my fourth line.

“Yes, indeed,” returned the boatman, “the people will be always saying I passage is on one side of the river ; and, by course, Carrigaloe must be on the other ; so, you see, its name, by course, is ‘ Carrigaloe on the other side ;’ and beyant there, to the right, is Monks-town ; and beyant agin, is Ballybricken, one Mr. Connor’s ; and to our left, here, is White Point ; and here’s Hawlbowl-line Island ; and now, we’re round the point, there’s Cove Harbour before you ; and there’s the Bob.”

My poetry was, as it were, birth-strangled, as, enthroned on the firkin of butter which Morgan never lost to view, alongside the Bob I came ; and amidst the many and complicated voices of the sheep, pigs, hens, ducks, turkeys, and geese,—all in blissful ignorance of the amphibious life they were about to lead, or the death they were destined to die—I gave the commander of the brig to understand, that we were to keep him company across the Atlantic.

“Glad to see you, sir, glad to see you,” cried the skipper, an old hard-weather, frosty-complexioned, black-browed North Shieldsman, with a head like a bullet, neck like a bull’s, back like a table, breast like a bowling-green, and voice like a something between the roar of a young lion and the blowing of a whale ; “here, sir, lay hold the side-rope—sway yourself up—that’s your sort—tip us your flipper, sir, if I may be so bold—welcome on board the Bob. Mr. Chesstree, have the people breakfasted ?”

“Ay, ay, sir,” answered the person addressed, who was the mate, a well-built, tall young man, with a blue eye and fair hair.

“Turn the hands up, then—whip on the main-yard and hoist in the sodgers’ prog ; mind the hen-coops a’int

stove : shove the pigs under the fok’sle, and stow the sheep in the long-boat, and then see all clear to heave short ; let a couple of hands stopper the best bower before you unbit, but don’t clap to the nippers nor ship capstern-bars, till we get the red jackets on board, to heave round. Mr. A—a—”

“My name is O’Donoghue, captain.”

“And mine is Peter Caboose : will you freshen your nip ? what shall it be, Jamaica, Nantz, or Batavia ?—have ’em all—or will you sluice your throat with some of the native ?”

“Thank you, no ; I am scarce up to a dram so early : but I could relish something solid, as the river air has given me an appetite.”

“Well, as you like, Mr. Dunhoo :—is that a foreigneering name of yours, sir ?—sounds as if it came from up the Baltic.”

“O’Donoghue, captain—Irish—Milesian—old—a very old family, lords of the land thousands of years ago, and so forth ; only we are not quite so grand as when Noah went afloat for the first time ; never mind that, we are all descended from Adam, and ‘what’s in a name ?’ as Shakespeare says.”

“I never met the gentleman, Mr. Dunhoo, so can’t say I ever heard what he says. Split my timbers ! if it don’t sound like Mr. Duncow ; excuse my jocularity : but I’m a bit peckish myself, and we’ll have something to stow in our holds in the twinkling of a marlinspike. Boy Bill, ahoy !”

“Hilloa !” responded a voice from some dark den in the neighbourhood.

“Knock off work below,” cried the captain ; “cut a junk from the buttock of beef hanging over the taffrail, stick a skiver through it, with lots of onions, clap it before the galley fire, and bear a hand aft when ’tis broiled to a turn ; come, rounce out, you idle young whelp, and let’s have the steak in no time.”

“Ay, ay, sir.”

“Don’t you think, captain, we might have a cup of tea ?” asked I.

“As to the tea, I aint quite so certain ; but what say you to a dish of cocoa ?—delicate stuff, eh ? and, boy Bill !”

“Hilloa !”

“Say sir to your superiors, you son of a gunnet ; mend your manners before the sodgers, or I’ll treat your stern sheets to the slack of the jib halyards the first time I’ve nothing else to do,

just to polish you up a bit:—make some cocoa at the same time; and see that you put a good clawful into the pot while you are about it—come, look sharp.”

“Ay, ay, sir.”

“Now then, Mr. I-don't-know-who, will you tell me who we are to have in the brig besides yourself, for we don't know yet what we are about almost, because d'ye see, though we are fitted foreign with a full hold, and all ready for sea, we have no bill of lading, I may say, as yet; and only learnt yesterday that we were going to America.”

I handed him a return of the detachment.

“Two ladies and six children: well, I'm never in luck!” he exclaimed, striking his clenched hand on the table in the *great* cabin, as the confined place where we had descended into was termed by courtesy. “I never am in luck—I hate women in my craft worse than sprung spars in foul weather; and, last time I went foreign—'twas to Jamaica—I'm blest if I had'n't as many as five sodger officers' wives, besides nine children, all jammed like Jackson up in this cabin: you never in your life heard such a regular sheave-o as they kicked up; and a rare rumpus 'twas whenever it blew hard enough to lift a lady's curl. The first week, while sea-sick, they were as loving as young guinea-pigs, and did nothing but abuse both me and the brig, which was'n't a bit genteel; but for the next fortnight, when their health was returned, and they hawled their feeding tacks aboard, they turned to clapperclaving each other, with a will, and wanted their husbands to turn up and fight it out about their nonsense; that was fun enough: then after that, they settled that neither should talk to the other at all; but, if they did not *to*, they talked *at* each other fast enough, for you see, women never *do* belay their jaw—'tis not their nature, I suppose; and I heard every word in my little state-room there, through the bulk-head; by jingo! I was forced to go for'ard out of the noise, chock into the eyes of her, to work my day's reckoning, for, d'ye see, their row always made me feel so sleepy, I could'n't pick out a logarithm, nor tot up a sum, nor work a traverse, nor nothing; oh, I was pleased when we made Port Royal, and rigged the whip to hoist them over the side. I've no doubt Yellow

Jack has yaffled most 'of the women and the biggest part of the children by this time; Yellow Jack is a taut hand—that's the name given to the yellow fever, Mr. Dunhoo. I'd bet a jo he has clapped a fair lot of them under hatches at the Palisades, to feed the land crabs. I can carry on, blow high blow low, with bachelors, till all's blue; but I hate women at sea—'tis not a natural place for them at all. Now, sir, what are these female craft like? I won't tell again,—honour bright on board—all under the rose with Peter Caboose, as I'm a man.”

“Well, captain, I'll tell you fairly; but mind, in perfect confidence, you know.”

“Fixed as a bowline-knot by the hand of a seaman.”

“Then, there is Mrs. Gollop, the senior captain's wife, a good-natured, spoilt, innocent, giggling girl of sixteen, fresh from a boarding-school at Waterford, just married to Gollop, who is three times her age, and whom she hourly torments as in duty bound; and the other is Mrs. Tallboys, as tall as a May-pole, as thin as a whistle, as plain as a pike-staff, and as proud as Lucifer: she keeps her husband in rare order, and whips each of her children, who can bear it, nine times a-day: our fellows call her the drum-major; she was senior lady in the regiment till superseded by Mrs. Gollop; and she hates having to play No. 2 to Mrs. Gollop's No. 1. We shall have a row between them before we leave the harbour.”

“A precious she quarter-bill for a craft of this size; well, all's one for that—here comes the broil and the coe: boy Bill, overhaul the lower star-board locker, and hand us the soft tack and butter that came aboard last night,—pay away at the beef, Mr. Dunhoo, while I bale out the cocoa—and, boy Bill, tell Mr. Chesstree, I'd thank him to let the brig take care of herself for a spell, and step this way. Charley Chesstree is my nephew, sir, as good a lad as ever broke biscuit; and, talk of an old family—I'll bet a quarter cask of Batavia, yours is'n't half so old as his; bless you! his grandfather, Joe Chesstree, of Deal, is nigh a hundred, his grandmother is past ninety, and his father, that's Bill Chesstree, boatswain of Deptford dock-yard, who married my sister Betsy, is almost seventy—hard as a hawser, and sound as a trout.”

Enter Chesstree, with a sea bow.

"Come, Charley, bring yourself to an anchor," cried the skipper, "and bear a hand, or we'll polish off the prog before you can say Jack Robinson; as it is, you must turn to with a will, and bring up your lee way with a wet sail."

"Hand over hand, Captain Caboose," answered Chesstree.

"Any of the broil, sir?" asked I.

"A small portion, please sir, and thankee too," answered Chesstree; "I do suppose we shall have them sodgers alongside by seven bells, captain, shan't we?"

"Belay your jaw, Charley, and eat your breakfast," said the skipper; "I reckon you should know by this time, that none but fools and fiddlers talk at meal times."

"I—I don't know," stammered the mate.

"Ay, there 'tis, 'don't know'—well, I say, blessed are the ignorant, for they know nothing."

A voice down the hatchway roared—"Five boats full of sodgers, rounding White Point, sir!"

"Shall I jump on deck and see 'all clear for getting them aboard, sir?" asked Chesstree.

"Sit still and finish your feed, you swab; I'll go myself," answered the uncle, leaving the cabin.

"I am afraid your uncle is somewhat harsh with you," said I, breaking an awkward silence of a few minutes.

"He is as good a hearted man as ever stepped a deck, sir," answered the mate with a sigh, though he still kept his knife and fork moving; "and I respect him as such: he loves my mother, too, better than any thing in the world, and many a kind act he has done by me; nevertheless, I wish he would remember that I am no longer his apprentice, but a man who can steer his own course and keep his own reckoning, without any one's assistance."

"Mr. Chesstree!" shouted the captain from above.

"Here they come, at last," he said, looking over the brig's stern, as we came on deck; "the headmost boats are stretching out for the Annabella, the next are away to the Lyndamira, and those astern are for us; there are the petticoat craft with the brats—the d—l keelhawl 'em! Whip on the main-yard, Mr. Chesstree, stand by the fall to lower away handsomely, and heave with a

will when the women are shipped in the chair: I'd have a slippery hitch on the fastenings, if I durst—boat ahoy!"

"Hilloa!"

"Bound for us?"

"Ay, ay!"

"Steady with you, then, when you come alongside: let the ladies sit fast till the sodgers are out; hand us your muskets first; now, jump up—one at a time, my lads—no hurry—that's your sort; Mr. Chesstree, jump into the boat now the sodgers are shipped, stow the ladies in the chair, and sing out to hoist away when all's ready."

Following the judicious directions of the experienced seaman, the troops handed their firelocks to the brig's crew, and then, one by one, safely and regularly gained the deck. Next came the ladies' turn to ascend, under the immediate management of Chesstree. The chair, which was the inside of a cask, cut into a convenient shape, hanging up and down in the length of the staves, and firmly attached to the whip or pulley, pendant from the main-yard by four cords, which, passing under the bottom heading of the cask and meeting at the top, were worked into an eyelet-hole, in which the hook of the lower tackle-block was fixed, seemed a mode of transit sufficiently secure for the weightiest of Eve's daughters. But the lightest are nervous at times; and so it was in this instance.

"Now, ma'am, if you please," said Chesstree.

"Mrs. Gollop, I presume you mean to take your station, ma'am, according to your rank," said Mrs. Tallboys.

"He—he—he!" tittered Captain Gollop's lady; "'pon my word and honour, I'm a'most afear'd—'pon my honour, 'tis very high; Gollop, love, may-be the cord would crack, and I'd be hurted."

"Safe as a church, ma'am," said Chesstree; "I have seen to all the fitting myself, and I'll warrant it strong enough to hoist in St. Paul's with the Monument at the end of it."

"He—he! 'pon my honour, I'm terribly afear'd; Gollop, love, shall I venture?"

"Bear a hand, Chesstree, and break bulk at once; the signal for weighing is already flying from the Annabella," roared Caboose.

Chesstree took the lady's hand, and the lady took her seat, while he rolled

her prettily rounded form in an old union-jack, that covered the chair. She shot a look out of the corner of her mirthful black eye, right into the centre of his equally mirthful blue one, which, however, was no fun to "Gollop love," who was as jealous as Othello; and "all ready" from the boat, being answered by "sway away" from Caboose, up soared Mrs. Gollop, while Chesstree jumped up the brig's side to receive her on deck, to the evident delight of his uncle, who grinned like a baboon fingering hot chestnuts, when he saw how agreeably his nephew was employed with the passenger. Mrs. Tallboys was stowed in the chair by her husband; her children were waited upon by the same; and so all arrived safe on the deck of the Bob.

"Gollop, love, where are our chambers?" asked Mrs. G.

"This way, ma'am, if you please," said Chesstree, leading her to the companion ladder, followed by Mrs. Tallboys and the brace of husbands; "here, ma'am, lay hold of the rope at the stanchion-head; turn round—give me your hand, ma'am, for the place looks darkish at first, but there is no danger—mind the steps of the ladder—now turn to starboard, and this is the cabin."

"What a funny place: and Gollop, love, where are the gentlemen to be?"

"You'll be all stowed here, ma'am," Chesstree answered for Gollop love.

"All!" exclaimed Mrs. Gollop.

"All!" screamed Mrs. Tallboys.

"All," answered Chesstree; "officers, children, and all: there is accommodation for four in the standing births, two on each side; the remainder can swing in cots or hammocks comfortably enough—three athaw't-ships, and the rest fore and aft."

"Swing a cot—he—he—'pon my honour, there is not room to swing a cat; Gollop, love, ah now, tell them to give us another chamber," said Mrs. Gollop.

"As commanding the troops on board, sir," said Gollop, "I presume that I am entitled to a separate cabin for myself; and I insist upon being shewn one."

"'Pon my honour, do, Gollop, that's a dear."

"The captain's state-room is the only other cabin in the brig," said Chesstree.

"Then I will have it, sir," cried Gollop; "and you may tell this cap-

tain of yours, that I shall order his furniture to be moved out forthwith."

"On deck there, Captain Caboose!" called Chesstree, going from the cabin door to the foot of the companion ladder; "the sodger officers are throwing the brig overboard," continued he to his chief, as the latter descended, "and they want to play turn-up-jack with all the traps in your cabin."

"What about?" asked the skipper.

"Why, this gentleman orders your furniture out, and says you must give him up the state-room."

"I'll see him jolly well kcelhawled first," growled Caboose in an under tone, as he entered the cabin. "Your servant, ladies and gentlemen:—jump on deck, Charley, and send the hands aloft to shake out the topsails, d'ye see; and when you have hoisted the jib, port the helm, to cast her head to the southward, and sheet home—ladies, your servant—hope we shall be comfortable by and by—the Bob is a pretty craft, though I say it that shouldn't; she is a snugger boat in a sea than either the Annabella or Lyndamira, if she is not so big."

"Praysir, are we all, officers, ladies, and children, to be crammed into this hole, for sleeping, dressing, and eating?" asked Gollop.

"Every man Jack of ye, sir," answered Caboose.

"So dark and nasty," said Mrs. Gollop.

"So small and low," cried Mrs. Tallboys.

"'Pon my honour, I sha'n't be able to see to dress," said Mrs. Gollop, setting a bow of her bonnet.

"My children will be suffocated," said Mrs. Tallboys.

"Gollop, love, I wish we were back in the county Waterford," cried one helpmate.

"Tallboys, I wish I was on shore with the baby," cried the other.

"Gollop, love, 'pon my honour, I positively won't stay in this nasty ship another minute; the smell of onions has made me sick already."

"Tallboys, I'm off—I leave you—that's flat: hold your tongue, Jacky—don't cry, Molly—Hermione, I'll box your ears—hushaby, baby-dear—Tallboys, human nature cannot stand this—Philip, blow your nose, sir, and do take your fingers out of your mouth—Tallboys, my determination is resolved upon; I will go on shore at once."

"'Pon my word and honour, Mrs. Tallboys, I'll go with you," exclaimed the other lady; "this nasty place is not fit for a pigsty; and Gollop, love, you shall come too: now, do tell the tall gentleman with blue eyes, to get the tub ready to put us into the boat."

"Nonsense, my dear," said Gollop; "here we are, and here we must stay: but I tell you, Captain Caboose, that I will report the infamous state of your infernal ship to the Horse Guards."

"I don't care—that," answered Caboose, snapping his fingers.

"Ah, sure reporting won't do me any good now, Gollop, love," whimpered Mrs. G.; "and 'tis cruel to take me away to America in such a nasty hole, and me, may-be, in the family way, too; 'pon my honour, I'll complain you to my Pa and my Ma, you cruel man."

"Tallboys!" exclaimed Mrs. Tallboys, looking like Mrs. Siddons—"Tallboys, I most solemnly assure you, that I will not submit to be borne across the ocean in this summary manner. I know what is due to myself and to my children, whatever you may do; and, sir, I hereby take upon myself to demand an order on your agent for the sum of twenty pounds sterling, to support them and me, until time will permit you to make a remittance from the other side of the Atlantic: Sebastiana and the baby, who require the tender care of a mother, will remain with me; Hermione, Jack, Molly, and Philip, can rough it with you."

"And, 'pon my word and honour, I'll go home to Waterford out of this," cried Mrs. Gollop; "and I'll tell my brother Nick, and Dan Hennegan who proposed for me when you did; and I'd have had him too, only Dan was a Papist; and I wish I had now—'pon my honour, I do."

"I wish to heavens you had!" roared Gollop, in a rage; "or that I had not been such an old fool as to be trapped into marrying a baby-face."

"Tallboys, I have said it," said Mrs. T. to Captain T., who was trying to mollify his wife, "I have said it, Tallboys; and I imagine, by this time, that you must be perfectly aware, that the sun itself is more easily driven from his prescribed course, than I from turning to the right hand or to the left, when I have traced out the direct line of duty for myself and my children, which propriety and connubiality com-

pel me to adopt: give me the order for twenty pounds, and I forthwith go—I go!—that's flat!"

"And, 'pon my honour, I hope my brother Nick and Dan Hennegan will both call you out, you cruel man; and I've heard tell that Dan is the best pistol-shot in Munster—and I hope he'll shoot you; and my Pa shall fight you too—and me, may-be, in my present state."

"Captain Caboose," cried Chesstree down the companion; "the signal for weighing is repeated on board the Annabella."

The skipper was on deck in an instant, and I followed him.

"Ay, ay, Charley, there it is," cried Caboose; "ship the capstern-bars, man them with sodgers, and heave round. By the Lord Harry, the petticoats will eat cod on the banks of Newfoundland, yet; they think they can cut and run when they please, though we shall be under way in five minutes. Well, blessed are the ignorant, for they know nothing."

"There is a shore-boat alongside, sir," said Chesstree, "if the ladies are determined to leave us, we can easily bundle them into it."

"When did it come?" asked the captain.

"Just now, when you were below," answered the mate; "it brought off a serjeant and his wife; and is only waiting to take her on shore again, if she can't persuade the sodger officer to let her have a passage in the brig—'fore George, we might make a good exchange of the women."

"By jingo!" cried Caboose, "though I hate them like Old Nick, I don't care if I take them into blue water, if only to serve 'em out for abusing the barkie; but if they do mean to leave us, they must saw blocks: step for'ard, Charley, and see all clear for stowing the anchor."

The couple alluded to by the mate, were Serjeant Smith and his wife; and it was clear that the bitterness of an evil hour was upon them. She was leaning against the break of the fore-castle, with her face buried in her hands; and, though enveloped in a capacious cloak, the convulsive heavings of her form were distinctly visible, even from the after-part of the vessel, where I was standing. Her husband stood within a yard of her, his hands folded across his chest, his eye wide

open, fixed, yet seeing nothing; and his fine athletic figure drawn up to its full height, but rigid as a marble pillar. I called to him and asked what was wrong.

In a few words, spoken in that deliberate manner, with each syllable dropping distinctly and slowly from the mouth, which indicates, besides the concentration of feeling, a conviction that the smallest cession to grief will break down the barriers of apparent stoicism, and permit the flood of mental anguish to overwhelm the stern bearing of the man, he told me that luck was against him when the lots had been drawn, which determined who of the soldier's wives were to accompany their husbands, and his was to be left behind.

There was nothing to be done; he had tried his chance, and fortune was adverse: and it was but poor consolation telling him that it was hard; that we were sorry; that it could not be helped; that we hoped there would be an early opportunity of her rejoining him. He touched his cap, and went back to his wife, as Mrs Gollop and Mrs. Tallboys, respectively followed by their husbands, all in high discord, came upon deck.

"'Pon my word and honour! you're a brute, so you are!" said Mrs. Gollop to Gollop love; "here's usage, and here's treatment, after all said and done, and promising me to live in a nice, genteel place, with the band playing, and the officers marching about; and, upon my word and honour! I never set eyes upon a ha'p'orth but the bar-rack-pump, and the men pipeclaying their small-clothes, and the little drum-boys practising under my window, and now to go to make me stay in a nasty ship, and me, may-be, in the family-way, too; 'pon my honour and word! I wish I had gone to be buried instead of being married in Kilbloodyoen church, when I ran away with you from Mrs. Reddymideasy's boarding-school."

"I wish to heavens you had!" answered Gollop love; "but here I have you for my sins, and here you shall stay."

"Tallboys, I am as firmly fixed as a rock," said Mrs. T.; "I stipulated, as you must well remember, when you and I were joined in holy wedlock, that in case any point should arise between us, requiring due thought and action, my better judgment should decide: tell me, Tallboys, can you deny it?"

"My angel—my dear Mrs. T.," cried Tallboys; "my—my dear Mrs. T., how—how can you imagine—the money—twenty pounds, Mrs. T.; I have—I have not twenty pence, my angel; and the children—the children, my dear Mrs. T. You know that the chief pleasure—ay—the chief—the very chiefest pleasure I have in life, is to do—to do what you wish; but the children,—Hermione—Jack—Molly—Phil—"

"You cannot deny it, Tallboys," said the lady; "and now comes the crisis, in which my better judgment must be exercised for the benefit of both. Molly, Phil, Jack, and Hermioue, will remain on board this vessel under your care, while Sebastiana and the baby go with me—that's flat. I shall immediately order the boxes to be opened, and subtract those articles which I consider to be absolutely necessary to our individual comfort; Tallboys, I insist that your servant immediately uncords them."

"My angel," cried her husband; "dear Mrs. T., only consider—our messing on board—the children—four children for me to look after—sea-stock laid in—cooking utensils, and all that sort of thing, my angel!"

"Tallboys, I am more fixed than the fixed stars; and I mean to take on shore only a small share of the eatables which are paid for—say a couple of hams, and three dozen of porter; and of the utensils, I only want two of the children's beds, and my own tea-kettle, which I have entrusted to Mr. O'Donoghue's servant."

Morgan heard this, looked at me, and exclaimed "Allalul!"

Here Caboose's rough bass chimed in.

"Aloft there—let fall—home with the topsail-sheets, and hoist away—away there, sodgers—man the capstern-bars, and heave in."

These sounds, however unintelligible they might have been to us, soon produced a great visible effect. The topsails, released from their folds, fell in graceful festoons; their lower corners were stretched to the extremities of the yards below them; and the upper ones being hoisted away, the full volumes of the canvas were expanded to the breeze, which had gradually increased since the morning; while some fifty soldiers, with their shoulders to the capstern-bars, hove up the anchor.

"Up and down!" shouted Chesstree, who was watching the cable run in the brig's bows.

"Stretch along the fore-braces, and hawl in," bellowed Caboose; "fo'k'sel, there—hoist the fore-topmast staysail, and keep the sheet to windward to help her—hurra! my sons, with the bars—stamp him up with a will—heave and away—heave cheerly—hurra!"

An instant afterwards the strain on the capstern increased, as the anchor was firmly bedded in the ground; the men finding a corresponding resistance, bent their whole strength to the bars—the ash creaked—one "hurra!" from Caboose, and the anchor was wrenched from its holding.

"We're away!" shouted Chesstree.

"Meet her with helm," cried Caboose; "steady now—keep her so;" and the brig, abandoned to the influence of the wind, glided over the water; but so smoothly, that half those on board, unaccustomed to nautical affairs, and who did not perceive the receding objects, still thought we were at anchor.

Merrily round went the capstern, now that the strain was reduced to the mere weight of the anchor upon the cable.

"Anchor's a-peak!" cried Chesstree.

"Out bars!" cried Caboose; "hook the cat, and pass the stoppers—hook and bouce to the stock—belay the fish, and hawl in the buoy-rope—now pass your shank-painters—slack away cat and fish—now hawl taut and belay. Please, ma'am, stow your piccaninnies below out of the way while we're working the brig, or some of 'em will chance to lose the number of their mess."

Mrs. Tallboys, to whom the latter words were addressed, little heeded the skipper, but, with her head buried in a trunk, pursued her work of separation among her children's clothes.

"Anchor stowed!" shouted Chesstree.

"Very good!" returned Caboose; "then, pass every mother's son over the side who has got no business aboard."

"Ay, ay, sir!" cried Chesstree; "come, rouse out, all you that are to go on shore," cried Chesstree; "bundle yourselves into the boat alongside. Now, missie," addressing Mrs. Smith; "you must bear a hand, and leave us; the brig is under way, and will be out of the harbour's mouth in no time."

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"For the love of mercy, let me go with you!" exclaimed the wretched woman.

"It's not in my power, you see," answered Chesstree; "we must obey orders, though we break owners; and it is not our fault, though a blazing shame, that every soldier is not allowed to take his wife with him if he likes it; but, my good woman, step aft at once, and ask your own officer; look sharp!"

She gathered her cloak about her, staggered along the deck, and, wishing to enlist the interest of her own sex first in the cause, she implored Mrs. Tallboys to intercede for her being permitted to remain on board, in terms that would have softened any one a whit less selfish than this lady. But, with her head and shoulders buried in a huge trunk, like the hunted ostrich in a bush, Mrs. T. attended to nothing—thought of nothing, except her children's clothes. She then turned to Gollop, who was undergoing the upgradings of his better half, and threw herself at his feet.

"Ph! he! what? what is all this about?" exclaimed he; "you have no business on board, Mrs. Smith; what do you want with me?"

"Only let me go with my husband, sir!" she convulsively cried, at the same time clasping his knees, while back from her face streamed her long black hair, as her bonnet came untied, exposing her beautiful countenance bathed in tears.

"Impossible!" replied Gollop, in no temper to grant any body any thing; "impossible! Mrs. Smith; what with the folly of some wishing to go, and the nonsense of others wanting to stay behind, the commanding-officer has a pretty time of it with the women. Impossible, I say, Mrs. Smith; there is no accommodation for you on board."

"Only let me go with my husband, and I care not for accommodation, sir; I will live in the darkest corner or worst nook in the vessel; I will lay on the wet board; I want neither fire nor food, care nor comfort; or I will be your servant, and slave for you while there is flesh on these fingers."

"Ah, now, Mrs. Smith, 'pon my word and honour! you would not ask that cruel man for any thing in the world if you only knew his roguery as well as I do," cried Mrs. Gollop.

Not naturally gifted with a benevolent disposition, exceedingly annoyed at

his young wife's folly, smarting, too, under her vindictive reproaches, and more particularly irritated at the public exhibition he afforded, the indignant commanding-officer was turning his back alike upon suppliant and up-braider, when the former clung to him, and actually kissed his feet. But the heart of Gollop was hardened to the hardness of the nether millstone.

"You have had your answer," he sternly replied; "I say it is impossible! you have had your fair chance like others, and I will not break through the king's regulations on any one's account."

"Oh, say not so!" she cried; and the words, which were before only gasped out, as her bosom heaved with convulsive sobbing, now came forth with all the energetic eloquence of which women are so much more capable than men. "For the love of heaven, cast me not out on the wide world; you know not, nor cannot know what I have given up, nor those I have left, nor what I have gone through; no, man cannot tell nor imagine the extent of want, penury, or wretchedness a woman can undergo in her love; and I will bear all again, were the wo a hundred-fold greater, if you do not separate me from my husband. If you have the heart of a man—the feelings of a man—if you remember the mother that bore you—if you would have the prayers of one who never yet wished wrong to mortal being—if you believe in a merciful God, who sheweth mercy most to the merciful, thrust me not away. I have flung aside home, and friends, and wealth, and station; and he has forfeited birthright, and land, and name; and—Father of Heavens!—this is the end at last!"

"A word with you, by your leave," said Caboose, who witnessed what passed, taking Gollop to the taffrail; "I'm a blunt piece of stuff, d'ye see, captain, and think few words are best; so, if you will let this poor woman just stay quietly in the brig, I'm a Dutchman if I don't let you and your wife pig together in my cabin till we make the St. Lawrence. And, hark'ee, if a rumpus is made about it, we can cook up a story that we were well away before we found out she was in the barkie."

"And I am to tell a lie, sir!" exclaimed the wrathful Gollop; "I would have you to know that I will abide by his majesty's regulations in spite of the

bribe you offer me in your paltry cabin, for me and my wife to 'pig together in!'"

"So you won't let this unfortunate woman stop on board?"

"It is not in my power," replied Gollop; "and, sir, I will neither be bribed nor bullied into a neglect of duty. I order you to have her removed from your ship; and now, Mr. Caboose, keep the woman on board at your peril!"

"Humph! the Bob is a brig, and not a ship, therefore, your order won't hold wind by no means; but, blessed are the ignorant, for they know nothing!" said Caboose: "and, d'ye see, Captain Gollop, no blue-jacket will lay his flipper on her shoulder—'tisn't their nature; so, if over the side she must trundle, why, your red-coated beggars may do it themselves, that's all."

Disdaining to hold further par lance with a person whom he considered immeasurably beneath him, and who, in turn, treated him with infinite contempt, Captain Gollop faced to the right-about, as Caboose came round on his heel to the left, and both advanced to the foot of the mainmast, where poor Mrs. Smith was imploring Mrs. Gollop to intercede with her husband in her behalf. At the same instant, Mrs. Tallboys, becoming conscious, from the increasing motion of the vessel, which now met the sea-swell setting into the bay from the harbour's mouth, that her voyage to America had actually commenced, sprang from the trunk in which she had been half-buried, glanced her eye round to confirm her fears, and called on her spouse.

"Tallboys—Tallboys, I say, where's Tallboys; call Captain Tallboys; stop the ship! stop the ship immediately! I insist upon having the ship stopped; I won't go to America, that's flat. Tallboys—I say, Tallboys."

She might as well have called spirits from the vasty deep just then; Tallboys had vanished into the cabin.

"Well, I'm sure, 'tis the cruellest thing in life," cried the other lady; "'pon my word and honour! I wish you were tucked up by the neck now this minute at Gallows Green, near my pa's house, you nasty man; and deed and indeed, Mrs. Smith, you might as well ask the mercy you are wanting of a pump-handle, as of him. But only let me once whisper a word of his goings-on to Dan O'Hennehan, my old

sweetheart, and we'll see what Dan will do."

Mrs. Smith would have essayed a last effort to move Gollop, but the words seemed to hang in her jaws without being able to pass her lips. She grew pale as a snow-drift—her eyes closed—she tottered towards the foot of the mainmast, and would have fallen upon the deck had I not caught her. Gollop, too, completely blinded by anger to perceive her actual condition, and too exasperated to accede, even had he been fully conscious of the extremity of her misery—indeed her remaining on board might have cost him his commission—peremptorily ordered a couple of our men to remove her into the boat. Smith, whose intense gaze had been rivetted on his wife, leaped forward; but his foot, catching in a coil of rope, he fell with his head against the combings of the main hatchway, and lay for an instant. To save her from the rough handling of the soldiers, who were about to execute Gollop's orders, and both from the further bitterness of a parting scene, I took advantage of that instant to carry her to the gangway. There, with my right arm round her waist, while I clung by the side-rope with my left hand, I lowered her, fainting, from the brig into the boat. But, before I could disengage my arm, her eyes opened—she saw that she was bereaved of all she loved—one wild ringing scream—a convulsive shudder—a gasp—and my shoulder, on which her head rested, was deluged with blood. The boatmen laid her down, and, Chess-tree casting off the boat's headfast from the brig, the boat dropped instantly astern, leaving me hanging by one hand to the side-rope, from which position it required considerable exertion once more to regain a footing on the brig's deck. But, even while dangling over the water, I saw that the blow had struck home—the broken blood-vessel was about to be fatal—the hand of death was distinctly closing its grasp on this rare specimen of female beauty—this devoted vessel of womanly love.

* * * *

The first sun that shone upon our voyage had sunk into a wild-looking horizon, and our first night was setting in thick and gloomy, when I ventured to survey our den below; and a precious sight I saw, by the yellow light of a tallow dip, flaring and spurt-

ing in a horn lantern suspended from the ceiling. All were sick and squabbling; Mrs. Gollop in her berth, crying in *alto*; Mrs. Tallboys, half-undressed, scolding her husband, thumping her bigger children, and hus-a-by-ing her baby in *soprano*; Gollop swearing in *bravura*, and drinking rum between the bars; Tallboys *counter-tenoring* it to his wife; and the three other officers (whose adventures it is not at present my business to narrate), with their racking heads buried in their hands, sprawling on the table, ever and anon rumbling in with a bass. Though the sea had not got up much, the pitching of the brig had made a confusion worse confounded amongst the various ill-stowed articles in the cabin. Trunks, night-bags, boots, pewter basins, dressing-cases, and et ceteras of various descriptions and denominations, seemed almost gifted with animation; and every here and there a male or female Tallboys, kicking, plunging, and bellowing, to the annoyance of the officers, whose heads already appeared to be splitting with headach—and the terror of the mother, who was too encumbered with her infant to render them any assistance.

I, never sea-sick in my life, was glad to join Caboose on deck. Our conversation turned upon poor Smith; and the fine feelings which our skipper possessed by nature, though under so rough an exterior, were much excited by the account of what appeared to me to be Mrs. Smith's dissolution.

"I don't half-like beginning a voyage with such doings," he said; "to be sure, we were under way before the accident happened; and the young woman died in the boat—if so be she is dead—and not in the brig, which makes a deal of difference—all on a Friday, too; I don't like it."

"What does it signify whether you sail on one day or on another?" I asked.

"Oh, but it does, though!"

"Come, Captain Caboose, you should not be so superstitious."

"Superstitious! Not a bit superstitious! only you see, Mr. Dunhoo," as he persisted in calling me; "you see, when a man goes on observing that certain things always fall out just the same way after other certain things happening, he must naturally put that and that together, to make up his reckoning. Look here now; I know the needle always points due north,

allowing for variation, though neither you nor I can tell why it points north, nor why there is any variation, nor why the variation is different in different places; but so it is, and we steer our course accordingly. I ain't superstitious if I believe this, though I cannot account for it. Well, and if I see the craft that sails on a Friday goes to Davy's locker, while she that sails on Sunday makes a fair run, I say to myself Friday is an unlucky day. I don't call that superstition a bit more than I call believing in the compass superstition; to be sure, 'tisn't every one sees this, and they that don't know, don't care; and, certainly, blessed are the ignorant, for they know nothing."

"Why should Mrs. Smith's death affect our fortunes?"

"A bad business—a bad business; I don't like to talk about it," he answered; "what happens in a craft belongs to a craft, d'ye see; and a rotten timber laid in a ship when she is building, may cause more mischief than a stiff gale or a heavy sea, after she is launched. Now, a ship, to my thinking, is more like a human being than just only a few pieces of wood and iron put together in a builder's yard: a ship has almost as much life as a horse; and when she founders she groans, poor thing, like a dying creature. Well, you see, sir, if a fellow makes a bad start at the beginning of a cruise, he never gets right till 'tis over; therefore, 'tis natural that the same should happen to a ship; and I don't see why it should not, for my part."

I laughed at the captain's grave reasoning, but he thought it no joke.

"You are a young man, sir, and I am getting on to be an old one," he said; "and what may be fun to you is none to me. Who can tell what will happen this very night? I was twice cast away on a Friday, and I don't like the day at all."

I asked him if he apprehended danger of any kind,

"Danger! No," he replied; "and if there was, old Peter Caboose is not turned driveller; but the weather is not natural at all this evening. We have had light airs and occasional squalls from the northward, which have come up to us almost as hot as a sirocco inside the Straits,—a pretty sure sign the wind won't hold in that quarter

long; for, though it blows from the north, there is southing in the feel of it. Then, this long swell is setting in an opposite direction towards the land,—another sign of a shift of wind; and this is an iron-bound coast to feel under one's lee; for, though we might bear away for Cork harbour, or bear up for Kinsale, Cork harbour* is a blind place to hit in the dark, and Kinsale might not be so easy to fetch with a sou'-wester."

I remarked, that as yet there was no wind to signify.

"Just the thing I don't fancy," he answered; "for a steady breeze, if ever so stiff, never does mischief—you know what to do with it; 'tis different, however, when you feel the wind is coming, but can't tell how it will strike you; if it takes you aback, down you may go, stern foremost, before you have time to box her head round one way or the other; or if it catches you sideways, as I may say, over you are on your beam-ends in a jiffy, and nothing will right you, but cutting away your masts flush with the deck; neither of which is a bit pleasant. Ah, sir, landsmen think heavy seas and hard gales will make a seaman look blue; but they are nothing to sudden squalls and lee-shores."

"According to the old song, captain,

'A tight-water boat and good sea-room
give me,
And 'tis not to a little I'll strike!'"

"Ay, and a true maxim too; but we can't boast of much sea-room here, with Roberts' Head under our lee-quarter, Cork Head under our lee-beam, and the Old Head of Kinsale under our lee-bow; then, d'ye see yonder, where the ragged light streak touches the horizon, the sun set as red as blood half an hour since; down on the star-board-beam there's a bank of clouds as solid as Beachy Head, but rising withal."

I asked him if he had generally any sure indications of an approaching storm.

"Why, ye see," answered Caboose, "it takes the best part of a man's life to understand the signs of the weather, and a seaman can rather feel it than explain it; but the old saying is seldom wrong—

'When the rain 's before the wind,
'Tis time to take the topsails in;
When the wind 's before the rain,
You may hoist them up again.'"

The light on Roche's Tower has been placed since then,

"Then you may put the first part of it in practice now, I suppose," said I, as some large drops of rain plashed upon the deck.

"Ay, by jingo! Now, sir, as you are the only soldier-officer on board who has any life in him, will you just keep your lads as quiet as possible while we are working the brig; too many cooks spoil the broth. You man at the helm, keep your eye open, will you?"

"Ay, ay, sir!" answered the helmsman.

"Are you quite prepared?" I asked.

"Catch a weasel asleep!" said Caboose; "my mate turned up the hands half an hour ago, without making any fuss; they are all snug under the weather-bulwarks, ready for any thing."

He looked long and steadily down to leeward. The wind, which hitherto had blown faintly from off the land, became momentarily less, and soon ceased entirely; the sails, which our cautious captain had considerably reduced, flapped idly against the masts; and the man at the helm proclaimed that the brig had no longer steerage-way. There was a suffocating closeness in the atmosphere; suddenly the dark mass of cloud appeared to be shivered in the centre by a zig-zag flash of lightning, and a single clap of thunder burst at the instant over our heads. Still there was not a breath of air. I heard Caboose inurmur, "I wish that Mrs. Smith had never come aboard!" Presently a low, long, rumbling sound rolled upon our ears, a white riband of foam fringed the horizon under the cloud, and the uneven edges of the streak of light ahead, were curling and feathering onwards as if driven by a whirlwind.

"Here it comes," said the captain; "now, Mr. Dunhoo, remember what I said about keeping the soldiers in order, and recollect, to-day is Friday; "then, with startling energy, he exclaimed, "Forward, there," and at once sprung one and all of his crew to their work; "raise the fore-tack—stand by, to make a run with the starboard braces—hard up with the helm—man the main clue-garnets—let fly topsail sheets, and peak halyards—brail up the driver—clue up and clue down."

An instant after, the full force of the wind struck us on the larboard side, and half-buried the other in the sea. But Caboose's seamanship had dis-

armed the first fury of the storm; and the brig, rising beautifully from her prostration, rushed headlong forward in the foam of waters.

"Hurra, my sons!" shouted Caboose; "round in the starboard braces with a will—clap the helm a-midships; and see we don't broach to—how is her head?"

"North-and-by-east half-east," answered the steersman.

"Dead in shore!" exclaimed Chess-tree; "if we carry on at this rate, we shall be amongst the breakers in a brace of shakes."

"By jingo! an hour's run would do it," said Caboose.

"Suppose, sir, we bear up for Cork," said Chess-tree.

"No, no, Charley," answered Caboose, "I don't like going back there, if we can help it. We'll bring the brig to the wind on her starboard-tack, and she will lay like a duck in a mill-pond; we have plenty of drift, and if the weather gets worse, we have always Cork to run for."

"Very well, sir," answered Chess-tree.

"See all clear to wear ship!" cried the captain; "ready about for'ard?"

"All ready!" replied the mate a moment afterwards.

"Hard-a-starboard the helm," cried Caboose; and, as the brig's bow gradually came up to the wind, "brace up the main yard," cried he again; "bouce out the bow-line—brace up foreyard—hawl out fore-top-bow-line—set the jib—hawl aboard the main-tack."

But we had still too much sail set; the masts were bending like whips; and, in an instant afterwards, Caboose's speaking-trumpet was applied to his mouth; "for'ard there—stand by to furl the fore-course—man the fore clue-garnets—ease away the fore-sheet—raise the tack—clue up—way aloft foretop-men, and furl the sail; now, brace back the fore topsail, and belay all!"

This operation performed, the brig remained nearly stationary, as the two topsails, one full, and the other aback, received the wind in different ways, and balanced each other.

"Nothing more can be done for the present," said Caboose to me; "we have good ten miles drift; and, though the sea is getting up, there is but a capful of wind to what I thought was coming."

"Then, Friday has not done so much mischief after all," I said.

"It is not over yet; wait till eight bells, sir, and we'll talk more about it."

"Sail, ho!" cried the look-out man forward.

"Where, away?"

"Broad off on the weather-bow."

"I see her," cried Caboose; "there she is, and not two cables' length from us."

My eyes distinguished nothing in the darkness which our captain's more practised vision so readily penetrated.

"Here she comes, bobbling down right on our beam—ease her with helm—luff—luff all you can, or she will be aboard of us—steady—meet her now—'tis one of those cursed hooker pilot-boats that mind foul weather no more than a Norway barnacle."

I now made out, amidst the surrounding gloom, the outline of a small single-masted vessel, almost without sail, only a few fathoms off.

"The lubber don't see us," cried Caboose, snatching his speaking-trumpet, and carrying a light in a lantern to the gangway; "hooker, ahoy!—hooker, ahoy!—the deep sea sink the lazy hay-making rascal!—hooker, ahoy!"

"Hilloa?"

"Up with your helm, you sleepy son of a sea-cook—up with your helm, or you'll be foul of us."

The hooker edged away just sufficiently to clear our stern by a shaving, and coming to the wind, ranged up under our lee-quarter, while a voice from her exclaimed, "Are you after wantin' a pilot?"

"No, no," answered Caboose; "who would trust his craft to hounds who go knocking about in a night like this without a look-out a-head?"

"Go aisey—go aisey, and no harm done; well, now, if you wdn't have me, by dad! I'll go off home with myself to Kinsale," cried the pilot.

At that instant a man's figure darted past me like lightning—stood on the brig's bulwark—balanced himself for a second—spread out his hands, and leaped. Down he went, within a foot of the hooker's side—down he went between the two vessels—down he went into the dark sea. The divided wave flashed as it surged up under our counter; but he who was within it was lost to our sight.

"A man overboard! Pilot," cried Caboose, "look out for his rising."

"I have him!" cried the pilot, half-plunging from his vessel into the water.

"Hurra! well done, my son!" shouted Caboose.

"By dad! 'tis only his hat!" cried the pilot.

"Look out again!"

"I can see nothing!" answered the pilot.

"Lower a boat!" cried I to the men, who came crowding aft at the awful cry of a man overboard.

"Hold on every thing!" roared Caboose; "no small boat can live in this sea, and we must not lose half a dozen for one; look out sharp, pilot; do you see any thing?"

"Divil a ha'p'orth!" was the answer.

"Can we do nothing to save him?" I asked.

"Nothing!" replied Caboose.

"Nothing!—good heavens! why not?"

"Because nothing *can* be done; he will never rise again till the last day: the man is Serjeant Smith!—to-day is Friday!"

Of course I disagreed; but he settled it, as usual, with "Blessed are the ignorant, for they know nothing."

We never saw him more. It was supposed that the sudden thought of embracing this opportunity to return to his wife flashed across poor Smith's mind, when he heard the pilot mention his purpose of going back to Kinsale, and that he could not resist the temptation of seizing it. As the wind lulled soon afterwards, Caboose ascribed it all to the unlucky day. We made our run across the Atlantic unchequered with any thing worthy of notice; and the first letters we received, after our arrival in America, brought intelligence of Mrs. Smith's death: she had not even reached the shore alive.

Many years afterwards it came to my knowledge that the name of Smith had only been assumed, and that the devoted pair who had borne it, had both been born of wealthy parents, who would not hear of their children's intermarrying; but they had given up all for each other, and we have seen the result.

HUMOURS OF THE NORTH.

No. III.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE EARL OF B.

Du bist zu Klug;
 Um es wie andere zu machen;
 Du spann'st die Ochsen hinter dem Pflug,
 Und gib'st der Welt etwas zum lachen."—Fried. Rückert.

HAVING disposed of Baron Kalchenvogel and Hints on Parsimony, perhaps we may well bestow a few more pages on recollected Humours of the North. Scotland, indeed, affords a rich field for such observation, which might supply materials for a long series of articles.

The "*perfervidum genium*" which leads North Britons into all countries, and animates them to intense industry and indomitable perseverance, occasionally degenerates at home into excessive oddity and caprice. Every town across the Tweed has its eccentric characters; and among those of Edinburgh the late venerable Earl of B. for many years stood pre-eminent. With all the vivacity of his two distinguished brothers, and with a gift of shrewd worldly wisdom which neither of them possessed, he was under no necessity of conforming to the conventional ways of the world, or to "file his mind," as Byron quaintly expressed it. He was not, like them, obliged to condense and concentrate his faculties for the mere purpose of money-getting. As Lord C., indeed, obtaining perhaps some diplomatic situation abroad, he must have conducted himself very differently; but, succeeding early in life to a competent, though, at first, narrow fortune, and an old earldom, he had *leisure to be eccentric*, and Edinburgh (on the principles developed in our memoir of Kalchenvogel,) is the best situation in the world for such a person. Truly, the learned and sagacious of the community, who were occupied in their own engrossing pursuits might laugh at him, and so they did; but, notwithstanding this, his own remark retained its full force,—“Whatever may be thought of my words and actions, I am still Earl of B.!” The very individuals who abhorred his button-holding propensities, and laughed at the inordinate self-esteem betrayed in his morning barangues, would not forget the respect due to his rank; and, though he

had neither wealth nor influence adequate to his hereditary station, would not the less cordially receive him at their dinner-parties and routes. In London, on the contrary, people would have had no leisure to stare at his peculiarities; and his high birth would have obtained no respect after the important questions, “how much are his estates worth per annum?” or, “has he good influence with the Ministry?” had been *unfavourably* answered. (We know this will be controverted by southern readers; but *n’importe*—it is a matter of opinion merely.)

Affectation of every kind is too tedious and disgusting to be long a subject for mirth; it is tiresome to spectators as well as to the contemptible performer: but for *unaffected eccentricity*, especially when accompanied by marks of genius, we entertain even some degree of respect. Your merely correct and prudent sort of people are extremely tiresome in another way: they take every thing in the world as they find it; are wondrously proud of laying down the law, on points which any old Jew clothesman understands quite as well; they originate nothing; and do not even place any object in a new light. In Lord B., we doubt if there was one particle of affectation. He merely followed the bent of his own humour, naturally rising out of the circumstances in which he was placed. Further, we are disposed even to think, that all the wild stories told by his lordship, of his own immense importance, and the national services rendered by him in politics, literature, science, and the arts, which most people regarded as *humbug*, were, at least, firmly credited by himself. Had this belief in his own greatness proceeded from insanity, there would have been in it nothing remarkable, for all men are liable to delusions. But so far was Lord B. from being insane, that we have known few individuals more capable of giving sound advice on difficult occasions.

His brothers, Mr. H. E., and Lord E., notwithstanding the comparative regularity of their ordinary demeanour, might often have been benefited by his counsel. Lord B.'s character was certainly of no common stamp, and, probably, his conceptions, however mutable and evanescent, were so forcible and vivid, while they lasted, as to produce all the effect of reality. There have been people who actually did behold spectres and apparitions, — who were in perfect possession of their faculties, — who tried to reason on the phenomenon without being able to explain its cause, nor could any one else do so. In his lordship's character there may have been *psychological* phenomena equally unaccountable. Moreover, every ordinary impression brought with it so many adjuncts from his own capricious fancy, that what to other people seemed commonplace became, in his estimation, of immeasurable importance. In vulgar phrase, "all his geese were swans," and he himself firmly believed them to be so. In 1812 we remember, he happened to receive a few lines of kind remembrance (for in early life he had been much at court,) from one of the royal princesses. The graphic performance was a sad scrawl, and under two or three words, a line denoting italics, had been drawn with a remarkably hasty and shaking hand. Exhibiting this letter one day, and perceiving that it was read carelessly, and returned without comment, his lordship assumed a most important and mysterious look. Unfolding it, and pointing to the aforesaid line, he observed, "I have ever admired true friendship, and hope that I have exemplified it in practice, as well as admired it in others. His Majesty never permits even the shortest despatch to be sent to the Earl of B. without having it read over, and manifesting his wish to do that which the state of his eyes no longer permits, namely, to write it with his own hand. On hearing the contents of this note, these three words struck him as particularly appropriate; he requested that his hand might be guided to the spot, and traced under them *this line*!" "Where friendship has been well deserved, George the Third will never fail to shew it!" With these words, his lordship trotted away, (for he always moved in a trot), eager to exhibit the note whilst its contents were yet fresh, to every one that appear-

ed susceptible of a grand and deep impression; but, of course, his performance was in most instances a failure. His auditors cared not a rush whether the tottering line had been traced by a king or a princess.

One leading proof (if proof were wanted) of Lord B.'s perfect sanity was, that his delusions never consisted (as those of mad people generally do), of impossibilities. Every thing that he arrogated to himself respecting his own importance, his exploits in literature, science, and art, was quite *possible*, though for the most part very *improbable*, and when he caught hold of an uninstructed and credulous auditor, the effect was prodigious. In old pictures he took great interest, and with larger fortune would have been as great a collector as Horace Walpole, whom in a few other points he somewhat resembled: but, as the matter stood, he contented himself with having a moderate collection, which by his own account were all first-rate; and I have not the slightest doubt that he *believed* them to be so. One great favourite was the unquestionable portrait of George Buchanan, painted at Rome, by Titian!! It was magnificently framed, with a string of inscriptions affixed underneath. This picture, when Lord B. first saw it, had either no name at all, or a very different one, and was purchased by him, for the sum of five pounds, from poor old Mrs. Kay, at the corner of Parliament Close. The probabilities were sadly against its authenticity, and Lord B. sometimes admitted that it had come into his possession in a most mysterious manner. We are convinced, however, he had thoroughly forgotten Mrs. Kay, and that his conception of its possible authenticity being so vivid, he absolutely believed all his own stories respecting the picture.

One favourite *crotchet* of Lord B. was his desire not to be considered merely, but *actually* to become, the director-general of all eminent men in whatever departments of talent. Most freely did he allow to the man of genius his share of merit, and praised him cordially; but he would add, "This, at commencement, was all owing to me: I was his first preceptor. He was one of my young men, my chosen *élèves*. I led him into the proper path, but he proved an attentive scholar, and followed my advice. So he has acquired all his eminence!" The worst of this propensity was, that

Lord B. could not in such instances rest satisfied with conceptions and suppositions merely; he must actually attend, interfere, and advise; and often went at the early hour of six in the morning, to the *chambre à coucher* of a somnolent *élève* to read him a lecture, being equally well prepared to speak on poetry, painting, sculpture, antiquities, metaphysics, mathematics, astronomy, algebra, mechanics, chemistry, engineering, agriculture, medicine, or any other pursuit under the sun. Consequently, among the higher ranks of literary men, by Scott or Jeffrey for example, his lordship, though tolerated as an agreeable member of mixed society, yet as a private button-holder, or *clinical* lecturer, would have proved the greatest of all possible bores; accordingly they kept him at a distance. The courtly manners and extreme good-nature of Mr. Dugald Stewart prevented him from acting in this manner, and Lord B. therefore ventured to include the great philosopher among his chosen *protégés*; an unwished-for distinction, which, on one occasion, was most ludicrously exemplified. Mr. Stewart had expressed an intention of retiring from the chair of moral philosophy, a plan against which his lordship, with the kindest intentions and most perfect sincerity, protested. In his usual strong terms he assured the professor, that his "supposed ill-health was mere indolence, and that no man in the full possession of his mental faculties had a right to retire from a public situation, which he filled with honour to himself, and utility to others." Moreover, "the advantages of retirement were a mere delusion of the devil, and if the professor listened to the temptation, after being thus WARNED by the Earl of B., his utter destruction was inevitable!"

After long illness, the professor, who doubtless had forgotten every word of this conversation, was once more induced to make his public appearance, and resume his duties, on which occasion the lecture-room, though large, was much crowded. To Mr. Stewart's great surprise, when the students made way for his own admission, he found himself attended by the Earl of B., who took his place close to the rostrum, with an air of prodigious importance, and an expression of countenance which plainly indicated to the spectators, the words—"Mark and pre-

pend! It is requisite that I, the Earl of B., should in this public manner manifest my approbation of good conduct on the part of my distinguished *élève*! Behold, I still extend to him the benefit of my protection, favour, and patronage. He shall not yet be *destroyed*!" The professor was too good-humoured to be vexed, but it was with the utmost difficulty he could maintain philosophic gravity, as, with a respectful bow, he handed down his own chair for the venerable earl, who, after some remonstrance, availed himself of it during the lecture. Respect for Mr. S. completely neutralised the disposition to mirth which his lordship's singular appearance, and well-known eccentricity of character, would otherwise have excited in the class-room.

It happened, as a matter of course, therefore, that those literary characters or artists who chose to be lectured by Lord B., and to be considered as his *protégés*, were either of humble grade, or had themselves a share of eccentricity. There was, indeed, a third class, namely, the mere idlers in the land, but also tinged with literature, who really felt amused with his lordship's oddities, and interested by his acquirements, which were multifarious, though for the most part superficial. Among these was the late Sir Brooke Boothby, to whom Lord B. used to pay daily visits, and from whose acquaintance he felt himself to derive reflective honour. Immense was the importance which these two *littérateurs*, both naturally volatile, and both philosophers of the school of Epicurus, used to attach to minute efforts of their own genius! On the part of Sir Brooke, this was done *en badinage*, or was affected; but in his lordship was perfectly sincere. One of these inimitable productions I can with tolerable accuracy repeat from memory. It was in the form of an epistle. "The Earl of B. to Sir Brooke Boothby, on his Gallery of Portraits.—The bodies of men, my dear Sir Brooke, are frail and perishing. So are their portraits. But, upheld by the power of the Creator, the souls of the just are eternal. May *our* lives, my friend, correspond to the example of the divine Founder of our faith, and our paths be like unto the morning light, which advances ever more and more to the pure splendour of the perfect day. Farewell! Printed by the Earl of B. with the Ruthven Press." This Ruthven Press was a

source of considerable amusement to his lordship. His patience extended so far, that he could set up as much as the contents of a Petrarchan sonnet with his own hands, of which copies were then multiplied on handsome card-paper. The apparatus was only about half the size of a common writing-desk.

In the above brief epistle allusion is made to some peculiar notions of Lord B——, *de imitatione Christi*, which are suppressed in this paper as being apparently inconsistent with what we have said elsewhere of his perfect sanity. But the incongruity was in appearance only. With regard to Sir Brooke Boothby, his character and habits amply merit a separate chapter, wherein it would not be amiss to revive some of his early sonnets, which are admirable in their way, and, being quite unattainable in the first edition, well deserve to be reprinted.

Among inferior authors patronised by Lord B., were two literary doctors, both named Anderson, one of whom, about forty years ago, conducted a most imbecile periodical, entitled the "Bee;" and the other usually distinguished by the name of *Poh-uns* Anderson (this being his invariable method of pronouncing the word *poem*) edited the British poets, and had the honour of introducing to the world Mr. Thomas Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope." Never, perhaps, did any professional author talk with such dogmatical pomposity, and achieve so little in original composition, as Dr. R. Anderson. Probably a *pen*, as Johnson said, acted like a *torpedo* on his faculties. However, with this individual Lord B. was in the habit, for a series of years, of depositing copies of all his own literary productions, whether finished or in outline; all his multifarious correspondence; even private diaries: in short, the whole archives of a long literary life; and those were one day to be arranged and published, and constitute him immortal as the greatest literary benefactor of his country. Alas! never were day-dreams of posthumous fame more completely deceptive than those of Lord B. The "*dépôt*" at Dr. Anderson's continued, as we have said, to be supplied for a series of years, and the contents accumulated to a very large extent. Certainly there might have been a selection made from this chaos, which would have been more entertaining than divers books of

a similar kind which have found favour with the public: it would have been more amusing and diversified, for example, than the correspondence of Sir John Sinclair, or, at least, equally so; and the portions relating to his own early life, his first education at St. Andrews, and correspondence with his brothers, would have thrown an interesting light on Scottish manners and habits of the better ranks at that period. But Dr. Anderson is long since dead, and perhaps no mortal now either knows or cares what has become of these boasted archives, the work of so many years, which were to form an everlasting monument.

It is quite possible, however, that whilst Lord B. made those deposits he entertained a conviction that the treasure would revert into his own possession, to be placed somewhere else; for Dr. Anderson was advanced in years, and his lordship probably intended living to at least the age of the Countess of Desmond, who fell out of a wild cherry-tree into which she had indiscreetly climbed, at the age of 150! He entertained, indeed, most peculiar notions (more original than those of his friend Sir John Sinclair) respecting health and longevity, and at the age of seventy-eight retained all the natural vivacity and energy of eighteen. Hence the satisfaction he derived from speaking habitually of events that occurred, and friends who lived, more than fifty years before; those proofs of old age contrasting vehemently with his firm voice, sparkling eye, stout frame, fine unimpaired features, and ruddy complexion.

Hitherto we have spoken merely of his lordship's eccentricities, of which, however, the reader, from all we have said, can have derived but a faint idea. On the other hand, it is quite true that his acquirements in literature were extensive; and, had it not been for a superfluity of animal spirits, an "incapacity," as a friend once observed, "of sitting quietly on his chair," might have obtained for him no inconsiderable renown. But he never would dwell long enough on any one vein of the mine to separate the ore from the dross, far less to work it out. His conceptions were acute and vivid, but so perpetually changing that he never could sail long on one tack, and *deviated* so often on his voyage of life that he died without reaching the Temple of Fame, which

was his grand object. His essays, for example, which were collected in 1814, under the strange title of "*Anonymous and fugitive Papers of the Earl of B.*," are tersely eloquent, and frequently poetical in their tone of feeling. But, though he could recur over and over to the same subjects, yet, again, his constitutional volatility prevailed, and his attention could not be fixed long enough to deepen the impression either on his own mind or that of his reader.

Lord B. was often accused, not merely of charlatanism, but utter want of feeling for all but himself, of cold-hearted egotism, as well as parsimony and avarice. These attacks, in our opinion, were, to say the least, far too severe. His *motives* were not positively selfish or avaricious, but he was so constantly excited and carried away by his own happy notions (being one of the happiest and most buoyant of created beings) that, actually, he had no room left in his mind for sympathy with those who suffered. The evil did not consist in any selfish determination; but his heart and head were always so possessed and lighted up by his own fancies of the moment, that there was no opportunity for a shade of deeper thought to gain admittance. If you tried to make him comprehend that his friend, Dr. Anderson, required a pension, or that some of his literary *élèves* had fallen into a state of destitution and starvation, it is true that some flighty speeches instead of pecuniary aid would follow the communication; but this was hardly a proof of systematic avarice. The virtue of practical generosity, indeed, was not among his characteristics; for he inherited an estate at first so narrow and embarrassed, that, without caution and economy, he could never have possessed those means which he afterwards enjoyed of supporting his rank. But, as we have already explained, his lordship was never sufficiently reflective and settled to think of the sufferings of any one, even of his own nearest connexions. Hence his cold conduct when the late Lord E. was on his death-bed. Yet under his own roof he was kind and hospitable, though not profuse; always interfered with a "good word" on behalf of those who required and deserved assistance, and scarcely ever spoke ill of any one, even of those whom he detested.

How vividly are the impressions of old times and old stories awoken by the *recollected* figure of Lord B——, who at all seasons emerged from his house at an hour far earlier than any ordinary person thought of getting out of bed! Especially in the bitter cold mornings of March and April, at Edinburgh, he sallied forth at five or six o'clock, for it was one of his favourite "crotchets" that, of his own free choice, he underwent the "case-hardening" discipline of a soldier. He would face all weathers, could live on the coarsest fare (though that part of the theory was rarely practised), and at all hours of the day and evening had the entire command of his faculties. Other people, he contended, threw away their existence, suffered it to slip from their grasp like a silk thread from their fingers, and virtually committed suicide, because they slept half their time, and for the other half were never properly awake. On the contrary, Lord B. did not allow himself more than five hours for sleep, and during the rest of the twenty-four never suffered one minute to be lost in reverie or idleness. He was perpetually on the "*qui vive*?" and truly no disciplined soldier of old times, not even the grand Frederick himself, could have wasted less time on his morning toilet than Lord B. In his youth he had been eminently handsome; and the fine contour of features, with the intellectual eyes and prominent eye-brows (conspicuous also in the portraits of his brother Lord E.) remained, of course, unimpaired, even in old age. He seemed vain, also, of the luxuriant massive curls of his gray hair; the head altogether presenting one which the sculptor delighted to model and the painter to draw: but of costume he became to the utmost degree negligent. *A la mode* of the old French emigrants, he wore round his neck something like a white stock, but it was only the mere remnant of a stock. (Mr. Davis Gilbert sports the only similar specimen that we have ever seen in London. Lord Sidmouth, indeed, wears one, but in much better style.) His clothes were often threadbare, and always dæbated with snuff (which he used profusely), for there never was time to brush them. When he retired to rest, the servants were otherwise employed, and he rose long before any one else was stirring. Probably he wore the same suit unbrushed and threadbare

for the purpose of demonstrating how completely the indefinable stamp of the gentleman, in personal appearance as well as in character and manners, will triumph over any outward disguise. However, he had a well-brushed and respectable hat, and used to say, that whenever a man allowed the dust to settle on his hat, he was ruined in the world past redemption. On this principle, he predicted, at Lord Sheffield's, the "decline and fall" of Gibbon, whose hat reposed in the lobby, and was covered with dust. Besides, hats were of scientific importance in his estimation; he had originated a system of *hatology*. Having himself a head of remarkably large circumference, which, with the help of his luxuriant gray hairs, required a proportionably wide diameter of crown, he drew the conclusion that a large head (*ergo*, large hat,) is an indispensable proof of genius. If, on going to a party, hats were deposited on the lobby table, he always examined them according to shape and measure, and if no one was found sufficiently capacious, then, *pur consequent*, not one individual above stairs was worthy to be spoken with by the Earl of B.!

On getting up in the morning, he always went to his writing-desk, an awkward small table placed before a sofa in a back parlour, where the library consisted of not more than fifty or sixty volumes, among which Dr. Anderson's "Bee" played a conspicuous part. The walls were hung with a sleeping Venus (of course painted by Titian's own hand), a Gavin Hamilton (Lord B. always called him *Gavino*), a Jacob More, a Richard Wilson, together with divers anomalies and non-descripts. The room was not very like the sanctum of a noble author, but he had another sanctum at the top of the house, and the *sanctissimum* was at Dryburgh Abbey. Finding that he could not settle to write (and *who* could at such an hour?) his lordship trotted down to St. Bernard's Well, where he quaffed two rummers of that most odious and useless of mineral waters. *More suo*, he was not contented there with the Ilygeian Temple built by another eccentric worthy, the late Lord Gardestone, but had a new edifice (something like a sentry-box) built for himself over another spring, about 300 yards distant, which he said was of superior virtue; and herein stood his lordship's bust, in stucco painted like

bronze, and there was an album for contributions, but without contributors, for St. Bernard's Well was no Hypocrene, and poetical thoughts did not flow from its visitors. Returning from his pilgrimage to this temple, he would call on such of his pupils as he could venture to disturb at so early an hour, or perhaps wander all the way to "Herriot's Green," a detestable gloomy lane of the old town, to breakfast with his governor of the "Dépôt," Dr. Anderson, where we have known parties assembled to meet him as early as at eight or nine in the morning. However, to make amends, he had very agreeable dinner parties at his own house, restricted generally to a few of his own chosen friends, convivial arrangements being for the most part left to Lady B., who had routes and *grands soupers*, at which his lordship sometimes appeared, but would not sit up after twelve o'clock.

Of all his lordship's breakfast parties, certainly the most ludicrous was that at which he assembled nine young ladies, all of high rank, to personate the nine Muses; whilst he himself (over the tea-urn and tea-pot!) represented Apollo. It is an old story.

"Steams of weak tea, like curling incense spread,
Wreath'd round the president's belau-
relled head,"

said Mr. H. Drummond: we forget the rest of the satire. But, in truth, we doubt if, in this instance, Lord B.'s character was understood and appreciated. We are quite convinced that, *pour le tems present*, he overlooked all incongruities, and absolutely believed himself to be the "real Simon Pure"—the veritable Apollo! Affectation implies a degree of trickery and many-sided precaution, which Lord B. by no means evinced on the occasion. Witness the Cupid introduced in a state of nudity, at whose appearance, however classical, the young ladies were so much astonished, that they immediately left the room in "most admired disorder." These early parties were insufferably disagreeable to the very individuals whose acquaintance Lord B. was most desirous to cultivate, namely, the *literati*; who abhorred being dragged from their desks at any hour of the day till dinner-time, much more at nine in the morning. The sole exception in that respect was Sir Brooke Boothby, who generally retired

to rest at seven or eight o'clock, and rose at four in the morning; consequently his literary avocations were finished for the day by the time that other people came down to breakfast; and he alone was ready to join in these matinal parties of Lord B.

We recollect being present one morning, when his lordship had with him an English gentleman to whom he wished to shew particular attention. Lady B. had entertained a large party the night before, and breakfast was not ready. "Jack," said he to his own foot-boy, "bring me up the egg-basket?" This was done. "Now, gentlemen," continued he, "I propose that you are to have the pleasure of breakfasting at the house of Mr. C., a friend of mine; and, for fear there should be no eggs, I shall carry two in my pocket: I advise you to follow my example." After half an hour's walk, we arrived at the entrance of a handsome house, where his lordship pulled the bell vehemently; and, in default of a knocker, gave a regular London peal on the door with the end of his umbrella. On our admission, he directly marched into the dining-parlour, where the window-shutters were yet half closed, and a small black marble bowl (once the property of the poet Burns) still stood on the table, surrounded by glasses, the atmosphere being impregnated with lingering fumes of whisky punch, and the scene altogether resembling that in "*Marmion*," where

"Flagons drained, and cups o'erthrown,
Shewed in what sport the night had
flown."

Mr. C., the owner of the mansion, was not up, and did not find himself very well. "I dare say not," exclaimed his lordship, addressing the servant girl with great asperity of tone, and speaking very quick; "tell him, Peggy, with Lord B.'s compliments, that an English poet, a sincere admirer of Robert Burns, had intended him this morning the honour of a visit. Tell him, also, that Lord B. expressed his surprise and regret that the lessons he had given to his friend Mr. C., on the doctrine and maxims of Epicurus had been so little understood or so soon forgotten; and that whoever drinks whisky punch after supper, and lies in bed after six in the morning, is no longer a disciple of Epicurus, but of the devil."

Turning from the astonished Peggy, "Never mind," added he; "Lady B. will be in her boudoir by this time, and we shall breakfast in Castle Street. Now, Mr. D." addressing the English poet, "the chief purpose of our visit to this house shall be fulfilled. I require you to kneel." Mr. D. passively obeyed, but could not keep his countenance, when Lord B. took from a bust of Burns, that stood on the sideboard, a withered wreath of laurel, and placed it on the head of his new protégé, which being done, he was allowed to stand up.

"From this moment," resumed his lordship, "there commences a new era in your existence, and the day and hour never will be forgotten when the transformation was effected. On this twenty-first of March you have been crowned, by the Earl of B., with the identical wreath which he had previously placed on the statue of Burns: henceforward, the bright vernal season which has commenced will have a new lustre in your eyes; the clouds of error, from which no mortal is entirely free, will depart from your mind like winter's receding storms; the sun in heaven will diffuse a new light! and you will consider it your chief happiness, as well as your duty, to realise in practice those lessons which I already impressed on your attention, as we sat at Dryburgh in the niche of Epicurus!"

The wreath was then replaced, and we took our departure. It rained heavily, and we felt so confounded at all this that we did not put up our umbrella; observing which, his lordship said, "There is no need that either poets or philosophers should lay aside common sense. I prefer the trouble of using an umbrella to the greater inconvenience of getting wet." Shortly afterwards a gust of wind turned his umbrella inside out; and, having adjusted it with some trouble, his lordship stood stock-still, and, addressing his English friend, said, in a slow, firm, and emphatic tone, "Mr. D., the man who does not honour me for *all* that I have done — is a fool!"

Probably there were some lurking suspicions in his own mind that the performances of the morning had not been duly appreciated, or gone off with proper *éclat*; and he was thus determined to mark, in the most summary way, his own undeviating and unalterable opinion of the matter.

MAMMON.*

THE origin of this treatise on covetousness is probably familiar to most of our readers. There is something so incongruous between the subject to be discussed, or the vice to be put down in the discussion, and the *stimulus* applied by Dr. Conquest, that we are exceedingly surprised the phenomenon did not stare the originators of the project broadly in the face. The deed to be done is the destruction of covetousness. And how is this, think you, reader, to be achieved? The announcement from the doctor tells you: "One hundred guineas and [as if this was not enough] the profits of the publication will be presented to the author of the best essay on this subject." What can have been Dr. Conquest's motive in this plan of treatment? It is not that generally followed in the pharmacopœia. He first stimulates the latent covetousness of upwards of a hundred aspirants, by the promise of "a hundred guineas and the profits of the work;" and having done this, he bids them slay the monster he himself had conjured into more than former magnitude. In fact, the effect must have been to call into the field of competition the most covetous men in the Christian community, and to goad them on, with a chivalry truly magnanimous, to slay their darling Dagon. Was it the doctor's object to ascertain the amount and strength of covetousness among professing Christians? or to place those writers who are the victims of the hateful passion in a sort of purgatory, and under a system of penance, by awakening within them the mammonic hydra, and commanding them to slay the heads that grew under the slaughter they dealt them? Or was it, with a more ingenious end, to draw out of the bosoms of Mr. Harris and the other candidates the idol Mammon, in all his vastness, and thereby enable them to present a more accurate anatomy and physiognomy of the monster? We really do not profess to determine what may have been the cause that stretched itself out before the shrewd eye of Dr. Conquest; but we must say that the apparent contrariety of the reward and of the work, and the probability of failure, by di-

viding a house against itself, making Mammon assail Mammon, and a hundred guineas discomfit a hundred thousand, presented to our minds a striking field of inquiry. Mr. Harris's work—the successful one—is too good, however, to be the product of a mere appeal to the covetousness of his nature. It must have been composed very much under other motives. Dr. Conquest, the *hundred guineas*, and the *profits of the work*, must have been cast in the background in the present instance. It has faults, and these not few; but it has merit, and that not little. Of this by and by. It might, in the mean time, be a very interesting metaphysical inquiry, how far the failure of the other candidates was owing to the *metallic stimulus* administered and prescribed by the doctor. The subtle influence of the *metal* drew out the mammon of upwards of a hundred candidates, and induced them to feed and caress his lordship for one whole year. Some of the rejected essays were, no doubt, the productions of men who began for the first time to experience the insurrection of their covetous propensities when the advertisement was read in their hearing, and who set out "to climb the steep on which the hundred guineas and the profits of the work" were placed, surrounded by all the fascinations which a needy author or a successful publisher can best sketch. These aspirants found that the further they went in the immolation of Mammon, laid down, corded, and at length on the "*tabula rasa*" without, the proportions of the real Mammon on the *tableaux vivans* of the heart within swelled into greater magnitude; and as they advanced in the havoc, a twitch of conscience and a relaxing of the sinew interrupted them more than once. At length they felt toward the idol a mother's affection; and huddling up their essays in the most unfinished and disorderly state, delegated the task of slaying Mammon to one less sensitively touched on the subject—Mr. Harris, for instance. Well, they could not have delegated the task to better hands. There is a cold and scientific movement in the knife of Mr. Harris, that

* Mammon; or, Covetousness the Sin of the Christian Church. By the Rev. John Harris. Eleventh Thousand, London; Thomas Ward and Co. 1836.

leads one to infer that he has either no sympathies with his victim, or has regarded him as beyond feeling from the first. He enters on his pedigree, and turns out his parentage in a fearfully sarcastic genealogy,—shewing that Mammon has no royal or noble blood, but, on the contrary, a sort of attained origin, having arisen out of the apostasy of man. It is very clear, however, that our author, in contemplating the *monstrum horrendum*, Covetousness, which Dr. Conquest's exhibition of "a hundred guineas and the profits of the work" laid out before him, has come to be so mixed up and identified with his subject, that he sees nothing but covetousness in every member of the community, and in every emotion of the human heart. Like a ghost it seems to have haunted him, and tinged every thing with its own hues. Accordingly, in section second, Mr. Harris makes it out, by a metaphysical analysis he will find some difficulty in vindicating to the satisfaction of the disciples of Locke, and Stewart, and Reid, that worldliness is covetousness in one shape; *rapacity* is covetousness grasping; *parsimony* is covetousness parting with its life-blood; *avarice* is covetousness hoarding; *prodigality* is also another form of covetousness. There is much plausibility in this; but covetousness is *not* the root of all these. There is a variety of diseased appetites, of which these are the expressions. Rapacity may rise from the love of rank or renown—it may be the child of ambition. Prodigality may originate from the love of animal gratifications and sensual pleasures. Certainly, many an individual is rapacious, and parsimonious, and prodigal, all at the same time, and in no respect be capable of being proved a covetous man. In fact, Mr. Harris seems to have regarded our authorised translation of 1 Timothy, vi. 10, as the only correct one, "For the love of money is the root of all evil," whereas the apostle merely asserts that the love of money is the root of all *the* evils which he has enumerated in the preceding part of the chapter, as the original words will easily shew;—*Ἡ ῥίζα γὰρ πάντων τῶν κακῶν ἐστὶν ἡ φιλαργυρία*. It is this mistaken attempt at generalisation that injures too much the otherwise excellent analysis which *Mammon* presents.

There is another strong defect in Mr. Harris's book. He conceives that

it is owing to covetousness that so little is given, comparatively, to religious and missionary institutions. In fact, he estimates the liberality of the land by the amount poured into the coffers of the Bible and London Missionary Societies. This is not fair. We admit that the sums contributed to missionary institutions are not half what they ought to be; but then the reason of this is not what *Mammon* asserts, covetousness, but *deadness* to spiritual objects and the magnitude of their claims. It is want of religion, *not* the love of money—it is indifference to the honour of God and the welfare of souls, not over-attachment to money, that brings this to pass. We contend that, if liberality be taken in its largest sense, as comprehending charity to the temporal as well as spiritual wants of the world, Great Britain is not a covetous nation. Restrict the word liberality to the *souls* of men, and Britain is, in comparison of what it ought to be, scarcely a missionary nation, nor so impressed with the worth of religion as the Bible demands and Christianity instils; but extend the word to the temporal necessities of men, and Britain, so far from being a covetous, is a liberal land. Let us think of the enormous sums, the annual millions, raised for the maintenance of the poor—let us recollect that a year ago nearly 200,000*l.* were raised from private sources for removing the distresses of the Irish clergy—let us also recollect the thousands after thousands raised for the Irish peasantry—thousands annually raised for the support of hospitals and similar benevolent institutions—nearly a million annually for religious societies: and after we have enumerated the millions contributed for the souls and bodies of the destitute, the ignorant, and the poor, at home and abroad, we must say that he libels our country who calls it a parsimonious or an uncharitable land. We grant that we do not enough for the spiritual necessities of the earth; but this is to be traced to another fountain than that of covetousness. This is a great defect in the prize-essay, that the author has confounded the *want of religion* with *covetousness*, and, in consequence, attributed to the latter what must be set down to the credit of the former. There is certainly one striking fact evolved in recent years, that it is the infidel portion of our country that

seems to be less generous, even to the temporal wants of the poor; and that to the Christian people of this Christian land we must look for the heart to feel and the hand to help, even where mere physical wants are concerned. But, apart from religious influence, which we candidly acknowledge as the true spring of all real benevolence and generosity, we must not conceal the fact, that, even among the many just and honourable men of Great Britain, who it is to be lamented are not even professors of any creed, there are *many*, *many* instances of generosity and human sympathy, which would do credit to the highest-toned Christianity in the country. And the results of this great benevolence in the bosoms of Britons are those institutions, for the alleviation alike of the spiritual and physical wants of the community, which shed a glory on the place of our birth, and demonstrate that, with all our demerits, and they are many, we are not the tenacious *attachés* to Mammon which Mr. Harris records us to be. We cannot give the precise sum that is annually raised in London alone for benevolent and religious purposes; but we are sure that the following list of charitable institutions, supported by those who in *Mammon* are stigmatised as avaricious and grasping misers, will place our amount of benevolence in its real light. We may easily conceive that the aggregate sum of benevolent contributions is by no means inconsiderable, when we state that the annual contributions toward the support of several of the under-mentioned charities vary from one hundred thousand to a hundred and fifty thousand pounds. Let our readers glance at the following list of benevolent societies, hospitals, and other kindred institutions, supported by, and dependent on, the generosity of our fellow-countrymen, and then say whether or not Mr. Harris libels us when he proclaims avarice to be our besetting sin, in the strong language which he employs in the pages of *Mammon*.

Hospitals, Dispensaries, Infirmaries, and other Medical or Surgical Charities.

Hospitals, viz.: St. Bartholomew's; Bethlem; St. Thomas's; Guy's; St. Luke's, for lunatics; St. George's; London; Westminster, or Public Infirmary; Middlesex; Charing Cross; North London; St. John's; St. John's British; London Fever; Small-pox and Vaccination; Free; for Sick and

Diseased Seamen in the port of London; for Poor French Protestants and their Descendants residing in Great Britain; Lock.

National Vaccine Establishment.
Royal Jennerian and London Vaccine Institution.

Lock Asylum.

Institution for the Cure and Relief of Glandular Diseases.

Invalid Asylum for Respectable Females.

Finsbury Medicated Vapour Bath Institution.

Dispensaries, viz.: Northern; Eastern; Western; City; London; North West London Self-supporting; South London; Bloomsbury; Chelsea, Brompton, and Belgrave; Charitable Fund; Farringdon, and Lying-in-Charity; Finsbury; Islington; Royal (Pimlico); St. George's and St. James's General; St. Marylebone General; Tower Hamlets; Westminster General; Surrey; Public; General.

Royal Sea Bathing Infirmary, Margate.

Westminster Ophthalmic Hospital.

Infirmary for the Relief of the Poor afflicted with Diseases of the Eye.

London Ophthalmic Hospital.

Royal Infirmary for Cataract, and other Diseases of the Eye.

Westminster Eye Infirmary.

Royal Dispensary for Diseases of the Ear, and the Deaf and Dumb.

Infirmary for Asthma, Consumption, and other Diseases of the Lungs.

City of London Truss Society.

Rupture Society.

Benevolent Dispensary.

London Infirmary.

London Electric Institution.

Royal Universal Infirmary for Children.

Royal Metropolitan ditto for Children.

Lying-in Hospitals and Charities, viz.: Queen Charlotte's; General; City of London; British; Royal; Royal Maternity Charity; East London, and Females' Dispensary; Westminster Lying-in Institution; Royal British Ladies' Institution; Ladies' Benevolent Institution; Ladies' Lying-in Charity of St. Andrew, Holborn; Mother and Infants' Friend Society; Benevolent Institution; Charlotte Street General Lying-in and Sick Dispensary; Finsbury Midwifery Institution; Great Queen Street Lying-in Charity; Long Acre Chapel Doreau Society.

Institutions and Schools of Instruction for Orphan and other Necessitous Children.

Christ's Hospital.

Foundling Hospital.

Asylum for the Support and Education of Indigent Deaf and Dumb Children.

School for the Indigent Blind.

Scottish Hospital and Corporation in London.

Caledonian Asylum.

Welsh Charity School.

Benevolent Society of St. Patrick.

St. Ann's Society Schools.

Incorporated Clergy Orphan Society.

Anniversary Festival of the Sons of the Clergy.

Female Orphan Asylum.

London Orphan Asylum.

British Orphan Asylum.

Infant Orphan Asylum.

Orphan Working School.

Sailors' Female Orphan House.

Marine Society.

Merchant Seamen's Orphan Asylum.

Royal Freemasons' School for Female Children.

Royal Masonic Institution.

Licensed Victuallers' School.

Master Bakers' School.

Yorkshire Society's Schools.

Ladies' Charity School.

Children's Friend Society.

National Society.

British and Foreign School Society.

Burlington Charity School.

Blue Coat School, Westminster.

St. Margaret's Hospital, Westminster ; or, Green Coat Hospital.

Gray Coat Hospital.

Raine's Charity.

Free School (Grange Road).
(Gower's Walk).

Jews' Free School.

Westminster French Protestant Charity School.

Associated Catholic Charities.

East London Catholic Institution.

Irish Free School.

Protestant Dissenters' Charity School.

City of London Royal British School for Boys.

———— School of Instruction and Industry.

Parochial Boys' Charity School.

Pensionary, Annuitant, Loan, and other Benefit Societies.

St. Katharine's Hospital.

Emanuel College.

Law Association.

Royal Naval Charitable Society.

London Maritime Institution.

Army Medical Officers' Benevolent Society.

Society for the relief of Widows and Orphans of Medical Men.

Medical Benevolent Society.

Literary Fund.

Artists' Benevolent Fund.

———— General Benevolent Institution.

Choral Fund.

Royal Society of Musicians of Great Britain.

National Benevolent Institution.

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Benevolent Society of Blues.

Hetherington's Charity to the Blind.

Society for the relief of Poor Pious Clergymen.

Society for the relief of Aged and Infirm Protestant Dissenting Ministers.

London Aged Christian Society.

Ministers' Friend, or Associate Fund.

Society of Schoolmasters.

Stock Exchange Fund.

Covent Garden Theatrical Fund.

Drury Lane Theatrical Fund.

Commercial Travellers' Society.

Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society.
Asylum.

Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy.

Society for the relief of Distressed Widows.

Widows' Fund.

———— Friend, and Benevolent Society.

Friendly Female Society.

City of London General Pension Society.

General Annuity Society.

East London Pension Society.

Lambeth Pension Society.

Printers' Pension Society.

Bookbinders' Pension Society.

Cheesemongers and Poulterers' Benevolent Institution.

Butchers' Charitable Institution.

Watch and Clock Makers' Benevolent Institution.

Licensed Victuallers' Asylum.

Cumberland Benevolent Institution.

Herefordshire Society.

Somersetshire Society.

Wiltshire Society.

Friendly Loan Society.

Philanthropic Loan Society.

Loan, or Money, Clubs.

Metropolitan Benefit Societies' Asylum.

Parent Penny Savings' Working Bank.

General Society for promoting District Visiting.

Benevolent Society for the relief of the Sick and Afflicted Poor.

Indigent Blind Visiting Society.

Episcopal Jews' Chapel Benevolent Society.

Friend-in-Need Society.

London Stone District Visiting Society.

Palmer's Village Schools, &c.

Philanthropic Sick Society.

St. Giles' Parochial Visiting Society.

St. John's Chapel District Society.

Southwark Philanthropic Institution.

Spitalfields Benevolent Society.

Strangers' Friend Society.

*Philanthropic Societies, Asylums, & Schools
for the Reformation of Offenders.*

Bridewell Hospital.

General Penitentiary for Convicts.

Magdalen Hospital.

London Female Penitentiary.

Guardian Society.

Refuge for the Destitute.

B 2

Philanthropic Society.
 Maritime Penitent Female Refuge.
 Westminster Asylum.
 Society for the Improvement of Prison
 Discipline, and Reformation of Juve-
 nile Offenders.

*Miscellaneous Societies for the Relief of the
 Distressed, and for other Objects.*

Corporation for Relief of Seamen.
 Royal National Institution.
 Royal Humane Society.
 Society for the Suppression of Mendicacy.
 ——— for Charitable Purposes.
 ——— for the Suppression of Vice.
 British and Foreign Temperance Society.
 Nightly Shelter to the Houseless.
 Sheriffs' Fund.

Association for the Relief of the Poor of
 the City of London, and parts adjacent.
 West London Association.
 Queen Adelaide's Fund.
 Samaritan Society.
 Society for the Discharge and Relief of
 Persons Imprisoned for Small Debts.
 ——— of Friends of Foreigners in
 Distress.

Anti-Slavery Society.
 Destitute Sailors' Asylum.
 Sailors' Home, or Brunswick Maritime
 Establishment.
 National Guardian Institution.
 London Society.
 Young Servants' Institution.
 Provisional Protection Society.
 Society for doing away with the use of
 Children in sweeping Chimneys.
 ——— for the Prevention of Cruelty to
 Animals.

Agricultural Employment Institution.
 Labourers' Friend Society.
 Jews' Hospital.
 Operative Jewish Converts' Institution.
 Spanish and Portuguese Jews' Charities.

*Bible, Missionary, and other Religious So-
 cieties, and Schools.*

Incorporated Society for promoting the
 Enlargement, Building, and Repair-
 ing of Churches and Chapels.
 British and Foreign Bible Society.
 Naval and Military Bible Society.
 Trinitarian Bible Society.
 Prayer Book and Homily Society.
 Book Society.
 Society for promoting Christian Know-
 ledge.
 Religious Tract Society.
 Christian Tract Society.
 Baptist Union.
 Patrons of the Anniversary of the Charity
 Schools.
 City Established Church Society.
 Society for promoting the due Observ-
 ance of the Lord's Day.
 London Episcopal Floating Church So-
 ciety,

British and Foreign Sailors' Society.
 Society for the Support and Encourage-
 ment of Sunday Schools.
 Sunday School Union.
 Sabbath and British Day School and
 Alms Rooms.
 North London British, Sabbath, and In-
 fant Schools.
 London Society for promoting Christ-
 ianity amongst the Jews.
 British Society for promoting the Reli-
 gious Principles of the Reformation.
 Religious Tract and Book Society for
 Ireland.
 Sunday School Society for Ireland.
 Scripture Readers' Society for Ireland.
 Ladies' Hibernian Female School So-
 ciety.

Society for promoting the Education of
 the Poor of Ireland.
 Irish Society of London.
 London Hibernian Society.
 Irish Evangelical Society.
 Royal Highland School Society.
 Society for promoting Christian Instruc-
 tion in London and its Vicinity.

Christian Benevolent Society.
 Incorporated Society for the Propaga-
 tion of the Gospel in Foreign Parts.
 Church Missionary Society for Africa and
 the East.

Missionary Society, or London Mission-
 ary Society.
 European Missionary Society.
 Continental Society.
 Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society.
 Home Missionary Society.
 Metropolitan City Mission.

London Association in Aid of the Mis-
 sions of the United Brethren, common-
 ly called Moravians.

Incorporated Society for the Conversion,
 Religious Instruction, and Education
 of the Negro Slaves of the British
 West India Islands.

Newfoundland and British North Ame-
 rican Society for Educating the Poor.

Ladies' Society.
 Indian Mission.
 Society for promoting Female Education
 in China, India, and the East.

*Educational Foundations and School
 Societies.*

Westminster School.
 Charter House.
 Merchant Tailors' School.
 King's College.
 London University.
 St. Paul's School.
 Mercers' School.
 Archbishop Tenison's Chapel and School.
 Royal Academy of Music.
 Royal Naval School.
 Adult Orphan Institution.
 German School.
 Philological School.

Highbury College.
Protestant Dissenters' Charity School.
Whitechapel Society's Institution.
————— Free School.
Bloomsbury and Pancras School Society.

The following are the sums annually contributed to the under-mentioned religious societies.

ANNUAL RECEIPTS OF MISSIONARY, BIBLE,
EDUCATION, AND TRACT SOCIETIES,
FOR 1835-6:—

	Anti-Slavery.	Income.	
British	£1087	11	11
<i>Bible.</i>			
British and Foreign	86819	8	7
Edinburgh	3508	13	1
French Protestant	1038	5	0
French and Foreign	1154	17	6
Hibernian	4636	5	0
Merchant Seamen's	545	15	2
Naval and Military	2570	9	1
Triunitarian	3326	19	2
<i>Education.</i>			
British and Foreign School	3144	1	4
Kildare Place	4392	5	6
Sunday School Union	8287	5	0
<i>Jews.</i>			
London	14925	12	10
<i>Missionary.</i>			
Church	68354	10	6
Church of Scotland	4548	17	7
French Protestant	1892	0	3
German Evangelical	4923	0	0
Gospel Propagation	31352	0	9
London	55865	2	11
Rhenish	1980	10	11
Scottish	4740	1	6
Serampore	4212	7	2
United Brethren	13625	3	9
Wesleyan	62039	16	2
<i>Tract and Book.</i>			
Religious Tract	62256	13	11
<i>Miscellaneous.</i>			
Christian Knowledge	78473	6	10
Church Pastoral Aid	2182	10	4
Hibernian (London)	10412	9	10
Irish Society of London ..	2270	0	0
Irish Scripture Readers'..	1856	12	0
London City Mission	2714	9	0
Lord's Day Observance ..	300	12	0
Reformation	2876	9	0
Pence	504	18	0

The list is long—perhaps too long—but it is important. There is upwards of half a million contributed annually for religious societies, mainly in London, bearing primarily on the condition of the Heathen abroad. We are sure that we are very much below the mark, when we affirm that two millions and a-half are raised annually in London alone for its own benevolent institutes. And if we had the institutions of the other

towns of England, and the various sums raised for their support, we should be constrained to deny, in strong terms, the charge of illiberality, and want of generosity, which the successful candidate for "one hundred guineas, and the profits of the work," has so gratuitously brought against us. We admit that Mr. Harris intended, in the outset, to limit his remarks to the Christian church; but most certainly he has passed sweeping verdicts upon the liberalities of all. A dissenting minister is very apt to estimate the charity of the church by the stipend he draws; and perhaps this criterion has inadvertently influenced the mind of our author: it is not a fair one, however. Sensible people get amazingly disgusted with church-meetings, &c. &c., for settling a stipend on their pastors, and on such occasions instinctively feel the absorbents of their bosoms roused to extraordinary action, by the wry faces that are applied to draw out their silver and gold; and while they feel disposed to contribute to any benevolent and missionary purpose, they do not feel equally willing to reply to the dinning appeals of Mr. Angel James's lord deacons. It is not, therefore, fair to measure Christian liberality by the contributions of a dissenting meeting-house. Many more considerations than what we have submitted lead us to believe that Mr. Harris has blundered in his data and his philosophy; and, accordingly, we exhort him to place these errata, under a notice to the reader, in the next edition.

Before we detail other faults in *Mammon*, we beg to call the particular attention of the Christian community to many most obnoxious sentiments occurring in the first and second chapters of this popular book. The author speaks of its being "*God's intention that so and so should be the case;*" and he then adds, "*God was frustrated or disappointed.*" These are most unhappy expressions, leading the un-instructed reader to infer the monstrous dogma that *sin was mightier than God*, and that Christianity was an *after-thought* of the Eternal to remedy an unforeseen and untoward disaster. The early chapters of the book are full of this idea. We have read our Bibles carefully, as well as critically; but we confess we have failed in detecting theology like this. The past, the present, and the future, *consist*, according to

our conceptions, one grand, ever present panorama in the mind of God, and the movements of yesterday are the allotted wheels on which are borne on the events of the day. Without assuming high supralapsarian views, we must condemn the miserable theology of this book. It is not that of the fathers of non-conformity, and still less of the great actors in the glorious Reformation. To conceive of God divested of sovereignty is absurd; though to reconcile this elective sovereignty with the free action and responsibilities of man must necessarily surpass the efforts of the most illuminated intelligence. It is the province of Omnipotence to determine every evolution of time from the far-back recesses of eternity, and yet to leave man in no respect so acted on and affected, that he shall be shorn of his moral responsibilities, or fettered in his movements. Mr. Harris represents the Almighty as a disappointed Deity, ex-cogitating amid the ruins of a world, he meant to endure the elements of a compensatory system he was forced to devise. This failure must be openly reprobated. The very popularity of the book makes the necessity for severe exposure the more urgent. We are only astonished that those respectable persons, Mr. Noel, and Pye Smith, did not insist on the erasure of these heresies, before they gave the stamp of their recommendation and the influence of their character to the book.

There is another point we must briefly allude to; and the defects must be prominent that strike us, little versed as we are in the arcana of theology. We find the word of God, while stimulating all the energies of man, by the hopes and motives, the delineations and the discourses, of Christianity, to the practice of every moral virtue, at the same time pressing continually on our minds the necessity of Divine influence. The Bible represents this in strong terms. We had regarded it as an axiom in every Christian creed,—we expected to find it prominent in *Mammon*; but the very opposite is the impression produced on the mind of the reader. Mr. Harris attributes much to man, and little to God. He gives reasons, motives, &c. &c.; but he omits the master-point—the Spirit of God. Surely, the author of *Mammon* must have transposed the words of a beautiful and important text, and read it in this

way, “By might and by power, *and not by my Spirit.*” We must honestly point out the defects of this volume, as we have honestly admitted its worth. The former, we hope, the good sense of the author will induce him to expunge; the latter we desire to see as lasting as influential on the habits of a vast community.

We do abhor covetousness. An avaricious man cannot be a literary, a scientific, or a philosophical character; most certainly he cannot be a Christian. The hammer that levels this Dagon in the dust is a valuable one, though some flaws be detected in its metal, and some faults in the arm that wields it. It would be endless to trace the mischiefs entailed on the human family by covetousness.

“Quid non mortalia pectora cogit
Auri sacra fames?”

It is a striking fact, that the Bible throughout attributes more crime to the passion of avarice than to any other inmate of the chambers of imagery. In the case of Achan, covetousness broke out in plunder, and issued in his ruin. In the case of Judas, it ended in the most fearful enormity wherewith a guilty race has been stained. Ahab, under its terrible inspiration, murdered Naboth. In the parable of the sower, it prevented the growth and the prosperity of the seed that was sown. In that black catalogue of guilt which the pen of inspiration has prepared for the last day, and in which the rich mind of the late Edward Irving poured out so rich and copious a flood of glowing eloquence and illustration, it is said, first, “Men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous;” and, as if the mother-principle had been stated, the progeny are added, “boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, without natural affection, truce breakers, false accusers, incontinent, fierce, despisers of those that are good, traitors, heady, high-minded, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God.”

The same inerrant pen winds up all this atrocity of avarice in the emphatic terms, “which is idolatry.” After all, there is not real pleasure in the paths of avarice. The pages of literature—unsullied and unadulterated literature—present an hour’s refreshment at once useful and innocent, amid the rounds of daily duties. The walks of benevo-

lence, the pursuits and the inquiries of philosophy, and, above all, the high enjoyments of religion, are all, more or less, fraught with the most exalted enjoyment. But the creature that makes his purse his temple, gold his altar, and Mammon his God, is of all reptiles the most obnoxious. It is not necessary, in order to constitute the guilt of idolatry, that we set up a golden image, and bow down before it. Many who have broken down the idols of the Heathen, and expressed loudly their abhorrence of idolatry, have sat down and worshipped the same god in the shape of a sovereign.

We sincerely hope *Mammon* will not miss its end. We have said that it came out under odd and inconsistent stimuli for the peculiar subject; and on this head we have to express our hope that the nasty way of holding out "one hundred guineas, and the profits of the work," will be abandoned; though an advertisement, which appeared the other day in the public prints, compels us to admit that our hopes are like to be disappointed, since that semi-ministerial, semi-laic substitute for smaller parishes, more clergymen, and better remuneration, the *City Mission* has hung out a purse with one hundred guineas, and the profits of the work, for some disquisition on young men. We shall give the forthcoming product an overhauling, as soon as we can catch it.

We have, after all, a very strong suspicion that *Mammon* is regarded by the great mass of Dissenters as the best prop that could have been devised, with the least risk of exposure, for propping the falling fabric of Voluntaryism. There is a feeling rising in the minds of the great Voluntary doctors that their idol-system is beginning to give way before the shout of them that bear into their quarters the ark of the Lord. The unparalleled exertions that have been made by Churchmen in Scotland, and the report that the commissioners must give, *volentes aut volentes*, of the destitution of ecclesiastical accommodation which stubborn and untractable facts have forced upon them,—the rising efforts of the English Church, the most dreaded of the two, from its gigantic resources and prodigious influence,—the plan of the Bishop of London, crowned with success almost as soon as announced,—and, in conjunction with these facts, the utter

failure of the scheme of the turbulent Dissenters to start a rival subscription fund, for building new and feathering old nests for political crusaders, have, together, thrown the three denominations quite aback, and stimulated their wits to new enterprise. The idea was mooted, that some new stimulus must be applied to the purses and the philanthropy of the denomination. *Mammon* was the product. It is a work based on the purest, but at the same time unobtrusive, Voluntaryism. To us nothing would seem to be more natural or more consonant with Scripture than to assail the cherished *Mammon* of the national as well as the cherished *Mammon* of the individual. It is, we affirm, as great guilt in a nation to withhold its funds from the erection of new churches, and the endowment of more ministers, as for individuals to keep back their sovereigns from the funds of the London Missionary Society. It is on this account we hold the book of Mr. Harris to be most defective in its application; and, for the sake of a sectarian attachment, to be guilty of passing over in silence the most important and the most influential quarter from which the "Mammon of unrighteousness" may be extracted. *Of all kinds of covetousness, the worst is that which Voluntaryism presses on and recommends to the kings, and rulers, and governments, of the earth.* Why has Mr. Harris said nothing on this subject? Why has he smitten with real strength the covetousness of the *closet*, and passed by, without a hint, the more rampant covetousness of the *cabinet*? Why has he hunted out and exposed most justly the hoarded Mammon of the mere supporters of dissent, but left to nestle in peace the hoarded Mammon of our government? He might have shewn a little more *Catholicity* and less *sectarianism*; he might have helped the establishment by his book as well as dissent. But the fact is, and proof might be easily adduced of a more positive kind, Mr. Harris is a Voluntary. As a proof of this fact, we refer to the little statistical sermon preached for one of the new projects, the *City Mission*, called the *Christian Citizen*. The text is, according to the rendering of Mr. Harris—a rendering we think correct—"Act the citizen as becometh the Gospel of Christ;" or, in other words, be a Christian citizen; or, in plainer terms, give your

official as well as personal influence to the advancement of the glorious Gospel ; or, in still more unequivocal terms, kings, and governments, and cabinets, and parliaments, and mayors, and aldermen—establish, maintain, endow, extend the church of Christ. Mr. Harris never hints at this obvious meaning ; he never leads his hearers or readers to understand that the text has any bearing on *official* as well as on *personal* influence. In fact, the text is just the very authority of Scripture to base our *politics* upon our *religion*. One would have thought, that if this obvious idea did not occur to the mind of the author of this little sermon, that the fearful destitution of pastoral superintendence, and pressing want of church-room, together with spectacles of demoralisation and crime the most harrowing, would have led Mr. Harris to the obvious inference, that untrammelled dissent has failed to reclaim the hundreds of thousands perishing at the doors of its meeting-houses ; and that it is the duty of the government to interpose, and put a stop to this state of things, by providing ministers and chapels for a Heathen population. But not a word is there breathed on this subject. Mr. Harris is prepared to let thousands die, till Dr. Conquest stimulates another writer to publish another *Mammon*, to wring other half-pence from the over-bored Christians of London belonging to the "Dissenting interest." These are the developments of the latest Voluntaryism. But, that we may have a clear idea of the Voluntary leanings of the author of *Mammon*, we turn to the preface prefixed to the new series of that nasty thing, the *Eclectic Review*. It seems the old series had fairly floundered under the control of Josiah Conder, and the dead weight of the most leaden matter that ever bestrode a poor magazine. A new series is got up ; and at the end of the prospectus, among

other stars in the Voluntary firmament, occurs the name of Mr. Harris, the author of *Mammon*. Now, in order that we may see the sort of principles Mr. Harris sets his authority to, we extract the following sentence from the said prospectus :—

"The present position of ecclesiastical affairs renders this a matter of considerable moment, as the *Eclectic* is the only organ of general literature which, on *religious* grounds, advocates the *purely Voluntary* character of Christianity."

So much for the Voluntaryism espoused by the author of *Mammon*. Again :

"In the editor's occasional discussion of political questions he will be guided by a faithful adherence to those principles of civil liberty for which our fathers struggled, and which were *but imperfectly established at the Revolution of 1688*."

So much for the Radicalism of the author of *Mammon*. We have felt it our duty to make these important disclosures, calculated in no respect to detract from the real merit of the book, or to repress its legitimate influence ; but necessary to keep the readers of it from imbibing any portion of that Voluntary poison, which is circulated openly and insidiously, and to shew how the best of men and of writers may fall into sectarian and partial views, even with the words "Catholicity," "No bigotry," &c., hanging on their lips.

We have now a *Mammon* for the Dissenter : we want one for the Church ; and the sins of both will then be reprieved. For our part, if OLIVER YORKE were in orders, he would rebuke the members of Lord Melbourne's cabinet for their covetousness toward the church, as he would the members of Mr. Harris's chapel, at Epsom, for their deficiencies in contributing toward "the support of the minister, and other necessary expenses."

CIBARIA MEMORABILIA.

BY NIMROD.

No. I.

[WE here present our readers with another letter from Nimrod, who has turned himself on the present occasion from hunting and drinking, to the more sedate and solid consideration of eating. The real excellence of the matter will make the reader overlook the slight postponement of which we have been guilty. Being in literary matters strict friends of the "voluntary system," we leave it to our readers to form their own opinions upon the theories of our galloping correspondent, namesake of the hero of Herbert of Helga. But we must premise, that his absence from England, which, as he complains, renders him ignorant of many of our passing events, has also made him fall into the error of imagining that Thomas Walker, the author of the *Original*, is alive. We are sorry to say that that pleasant practical philosopher and good Conservative—the *bon vivant* and *bon magistrat*—who was

"Great on the bench, great on the saddle"—

i. e. of mutton—died a couple of years ago. A life of Walker should be attempted—part of the biography might be intrusted to the care of Mr. Norton, part to Mons. Louis Eustache Ude, of Crockford's. We hope that these illustrious authors will take the hint. But let us not delay our friends from the paper of Nimrod upon the affairs of that great *Magister Artis, Venter*—which, we doubt not, will be allowed by those who read his pleasant lucubrations to be indeed "*ingenii largitor*."—O. Y.]

"Prandeo, poto, cano, ludo, lego, cæno, quiesco."—MART.

"Some, as thou saw'st, by violent stroke shall die,
By fire, flood, famine, by intemp'rance more
In meat and driuks, which on the earth shall bring
Diseases dire."—MILTON'S *Paradise Lost*, L. 11.

DEAR YORKE,—Having exceeded my every day allowance last night, in bidding farewell to the old year, and drinking "to the better humour of the new one," I awoke at an earlier hour than common this morning, when, as usual on such occasions, many strange vagaries flitted athwart my mind. Amongst others, methought the following *tête-à-tête* was passing between yourself and "a gentleman just arrived from Calais."

"Pray, sir, can you tell me what is become of Nimrod? I hope he is not embedded in a snow-drift?"

"Certainly not."

"Then I fear he may have been carried away with the one half of the Calais pier; which lamentable occurrence is so accurately and pathetically described by one of our London newspapers' very kind, and, no doubt, gratis correspondents."

"It was not on the cards, Mr. YORKE. He passed that awful day in Berkshire, where, I heard him say, he neither saw nor felt any thing of the storm you allude to; but, when he got home, he

found something to remind him of it, he was minus his kitchen-chimney; and, *mirabile dictu!* one of two large stone pillars of the gates at the bottom of an avenue, leading to his snug little château, was lifted from its base, and carried seven yards from the spot! These, I can assure you, are facts; but, Mr. YORKE, I should have thought so wide-awake a gentleman as yourself would not have swallowed that twice-told tale of the destruction of Calais pier. A great modern philosopher only believed one-half what the world said; and if you *decimate* the news of Calais, you will be somewhere about the mark. It is as celebrated for lies as Athens was for learning; and should I have the pleasure of meeting you there, I could shew you one or two of its residents, and from our country too, compared with whom Baron Münchhausen was a three-year-old child. But, now I think of it, I believe I can tell you where Nimrod is, and [pulling out his watch] even what he is doing. He is at this moment in his study, writing an article for either *Bentley's*

Wits' Miscellany, or Colburn's *Humourist*; for I heard him say he had been applied to by both those spirited publishers, to contribute a paper to their *first* numbers."

Now, friend OLIVER, considering this is Calais news, it is all marvelously true. I passed the "awful day" in the small town of Ilsley, in Berkshire, and heard nothing of the storm until the Oxford and Southampton coach came in on the morrow. The pillar was floored, although newly set up only two years back; and the chimney tumbled headlong from its high estate. As for myself, I might have been in company with some of your learned friends—and well paid for it too—figuring away at this moment (not "*inter ignes Luna minores*," but "*inter lunas ignis minor*") amongst the host of wits so happily assembled in the above-named periodicals, but for the following simple reason,—*I sunk*. The fall of the pillar and the chimney of the kitchen appeared to convey a warning voice; and I recollected the fate of Proteus, in *Ovid*, alluded to by Pope in his *Dunciad*. The metamorphosis of Nimrod into a wit might have been fatal to him; and, like Proteus in the fable, he might have commenced as a lion, next become a boar, and at last a stone! No; I fear I have too much of the Bœotian about me for all this: and it would be a pity to have

"Mix'd the owl's ivy with the poet's
bays."

But now to business; and, using the word "swallow" once more in its figurative sense, allow me to observe, that as your readers appear to have *swallowed* what I have already written in your pages on the subject of drinking, they may not, perhaps, keck at what I have now to offer them on that of eating, which I will endeavour to make as palatable as I can. It is, without doubt, an interesting one; for, as the author of the *Rumbler*, in his 49th number, observes, the first thing

we do, when we come into the world, is to cry; the second, *to eat*; and the third, to sleep. He might have added a fourth; but what a precious start is this for a being that boasts of an immortal soul!

I must be allowed a word or two, as preface. During my six years' residence on the continent, I have been out of the reach of other things than taxes and duns—English periodical publications, for example, of which there are just as many taken in Calais as there are churches in the town, which amount exactly to *two*. Reader, you smile; but I speak truth. This will account for my never having seen a number of the *Original*, written and published by Mr. Walker; but having been given to understand that the first volume of it, containing thirty-nine numbers, treats the subject of eating, and its consequences, at some length, I procured the perusal of it from a friend, when last in London. I feel bound to acknowledge the pleasure I received from it, and particularly the author's address at the conclusion. (P. 408, third edition.) Here we at once see the man, and therefore listen with more confidence and interest to all his suggestions. We have before us the gentleman, the scholar, the companion, and the Christian. Moreover, there is a frankness and a sincerity in his language, very becoming, although but little known; and, like a skilful preacher in the pulpit, he exhibits an imprudent man to himself, not by alarming him at the horror of the picture, but merely by the close resemblance it bears. I hope he may be still sitting in his cane chair, with his pen in his hand, and the pocket dictionary *only* by his side; for it is not in the power of books to mend his style, which is smooth and elegant, and marked with that simplicity, without which there is neither good taste in writing, nor true eloquence in speaking. I should have liked to have made the seventh at his dinner in the Temple.*

After the manner of Mr. Walker,

* Between the period of my sending the MS. of this paper to London, and the receipt of the proof sheets, I received a present of half a cart-load of books from Mr. Murray, amongst which were several numbers of the *Quarterly*. In one of these I read, with much pleasure, a review of Mr. Walker's book—increased by observing that the writer's view of its merits was equally favourable with my own. The excellent anecdote related by little Hayward of the M.P. in the old Bailey beef-shop, reminds me of the following. No doubt many people remember old Vaughan, the landlord of the George and Vulture at Tottenham, about fifty years back, in his

although *not* an "original" one, I shall divide my subject into separate codes, which, amongst other advantages, saves time; and as the saving of time is said by Addison to be rather a valuable consideration to a cobbler with twelve children, it is not to be sneezed at by one who, like myself, has beaten the cobbler by two a-head, and has one under his roof which will be two years old to-morrow. Although this is Calais news, reader, it is too true; still, I am happy not to be able to add the usual announcement of "another a-coming." Now, who will venture to say, Nimrod has not rigidly complied with one code of the moral law?

The Epicure.—To begin, then, with the epicure. But whence the common acceptance or meaning of this word, "epicure," implying, as it does, little short of a glutton? It cannot be indebted for its classical application to the celebrated Greek philosopher whose name was Epicurus?—to one who set prudence at the head of all human virtues, preferring it even to philosophy itself; in short, whose rules for felicity of life were full of severity and wisdom—who placed the sovereign good in serenity of mind alone, and not, like Mahomet, and a good many of my acquaintance, in all sorts of sensual pleasures; who beat all the Gentiles in piety—a sort of "church glutton," in fact, as old Squire Leche, of Cheshire, would have called him; who led a moral life—who lived on bread and cheese—who never drank more at once than a quarter of a pint of wine, and that not more than twice in the year—who put over his door something like these lines:

A great house, but no cheer;
Bread and cheese, small beer:
Epicurus lives here *

—who spent not a shilling upon the female sex, nor would he let any one else do so if he could help it; who

was a sort of Burns in his own country, forasmuch as the poorest man in it had a scrap of his writing by heart, and, according to Pliny, the rich had portraits of him in their halls—so clever a fellow, in short, that had his countrymen caught him, they would have made him drink a bumper for once, for they would have served him as they did Socrates, and dosed him with the poisoned cup;—could such a man, I ask, be twisted into the patron of voluptuousness? "Impossible!" said an eminent French author; "there must have been two Epicuruses." But the Frenchman was mistaken—there was but one; and, although the soundness of his philosophy has been disputed, a noble moral has been drawn from his writings, hard of digestion as some of his precepts are. They all, however, tend to this end. The happiness of man consists in *pleasure*; but as there is no pleasure without health of body and tranquillity of mind, the one is best secured by temperance, in refraining from hurtful gratifications; and the other, by the exercise of as much virtue as we can command.

But let us look into Johnson for this word, epicure. He defines it, "a man given wholly to luxury," and derives it from the Latin adjective, *epicureus*, from the noun, *epicurus*, signifying the same propensity; referring us to Cicero's *Tusculan Questions* for authority. And what says Cicero of Epicurus? Why, although we know he was strongly opposed to him in his philosophy, he allows many of his sect to have been rather good sort of fellows; his most esteemed friend Atticus himself having been one of them. But I think I can account for some of the vagaries—and you can call them nothing else—of this old Greek. Although Bacon doubts it, and quotes a noble sentiment from his pen in defence of him (than which, he says,

whole suit of Pompadour, and wig as white as snow. His waiter told him to watch a gentleman at his ordinary, who he suspected pocketed bread, from the vast quantity he called for. The "gentleman," perceiving himself to be watched, at last addressed Mr. Vaughan, and the following *éclaircissement* took place. "I perceive you are watching me, Mr. Vaughan," said the gormandiser; "but the fact is, I eat a great deal of bread with my meat." "Indeed you do," replied Mr. Vaughan, "and a great deal of meat with your bread! I wish you would give some of the others a turn now and then."

* Epicurus had an excellent house, with fine gardens, situated in what was called "the old town," in Athens; and words very much like these were really written over his gate. I believe the promised fare was a piece of cake, and as much water as was agreeable.

Plato himself could not have said more), Epicurus believed only in a plurality of gods; and therefore persuaded himself that, as it is the character of the gods to want nothing, it is the character of man to want next to nothing. Had he, on the other hand, been a believer in one most beneficent Being, he would have given more latitude to himself and his disciples, and shewn that the road to heaven is not strewed with thorns. "Life," says Fielding's Alworthy, "is an entertainment;" and I believe him to have justly defined it. At least, the obvious tendency of all I know, and all I believe, goes this length. We are undoubtedly entitled to enjoy the good things of this life, when honestly procured, and not to an immoderate degree; and it were the height of ingratitude not to taste with satisfaction the liberal bounty of Providence. The sensible author of the *Original* is evidently of this opinion, for he tells us that "eating and drinking, reasonably used, are not only extremely pleasant in act, but in their consequences; and a healthy appetite, duly administered to, would be a source of constant enjoyment without alloy." Indeed, he goes a point beyond this, and thinks epicurism, as it is called, is unjustly censured, if it does not lead to gluttony, or occupy too great a share of our attention and study. But this caution applies to most other propensities and pursuits. Juvenal exhibits the degradation of human nature in the character of a man guided solely by his appetites, after the manner of Aristippus; and one of our own poets has nearly copied his words:

"Man, Nature's guest by invitation
sweet,
Receives from her both appetite and
treat:

But if he play the glutton and exceed,
His benefactress blushes at the deed;
For Nature, nice, as liberal to dispense,
Made nothing but a brute the slave of
sense."—COWPER.

Allowing a wide difference to exist between the epicure and the glutton, I am bound to admit that, in the words of an old friend of mine, "it is a misfortune to be born with too fine a palate." In classic antiquity, there are not, as with drinking, any excuses offered for the man who, as Pythagoras has it, makes a god of his belly; and I think there is generally some expression of contempt for one, even in these luxu-

rious days, who thinks and talks very much about eating. It is evidently a mark of a little mind; and to be reckoned amongst the herd which Horace describes as born only to eat and to drink, would be one of the severest censures that can well be passed on an intellectual being. The gluttony of Vitellius gratified his favourites, but it raised the indignation of the Roman people; and the remembrance of his profusion had no effect in preserving him from an ignominious death.

Epicures are divided into two distinct sets,—the man of fortune, who, sticking not at the wages of a first-rate cook, and, consequently, enabled to indulge his propensity to rich dishes at his own table, and the man of small means, who stints himself in other expenses, to enjoy, occasionally, a high gratification of his palate at some celebrated tavern. The latter, I should say, has the higher treat of the two; he comes to his feast with a fresh and whetted appetite, and is some time in the enjoyment of it before nature cries "Enough." But it is not so with the former, to whom an every day repetition of skilfully cooked dishes creates an indifference to the excellence of them, which greatly detracts from their value; and he is oftentimes seen turning his eyes towards the side-table in search of a cold round of beef. I witnessed a striking instance of this satiety of good things, some twenty years back, when I resided in Shropshire. Within less than half an hour of my dinner hour, a travelling carriage and four drove up to my door, and out of it stepped a gentleman, now gathered to his fathers, in whose house I had eaten some scores of good dinners, dressed by a first-rate French cook, and, in his opinion, that most essential appendage to him, an English kitchen-maid; in fact, he was one of your truly "*eximie canare*" gentlemen, whom I have seen alter the bill of fare three times in the course of a morning, and send for his cook in the middle of his dinner to row him for some dish not being quite the thing; and Apicius himself could not well have done more.

After welcoming my friend, and giving him a gentle rebuke for not having dropped me a line, I hurried to the kitchen to inquire what was to be our dinner, which, as ill luck would have it, was rather below par, although by no means a bad one for a younger bro-

ther—or an elder one either, if he were hungry. It consisted of a dish of minced veal, a roast shoulder of mutton, a batter pudding—but *nothing* “to follow.” Apologies were vain, and to it we went. Now, I have already said that I had sat down to dinner some scores of times with this kind friend, and some scores of times had I seen him pick a bit of one dish, then taste another, and so on, without appearing to relish any, which led me to fear that my humble fare would be enough to turn his stomach. I was, however, most agreeably surprised. My epicurean guest set to work manfully; and I can truly say I never saw him not only eat more in quantity, but appear to enjoy a dinner more. Perhaps the act of travelling through the air had given a whet to his appetite; but, for myself, I am thankful I was not born with a palate. All I have ever required has been the “*mundus victus*” of Horace,—clean cooking and clean table-linen, leaving the choice almost always to others.

An anecdote, having some similitude with the above, is related of George IV., and I can vouch for the truth of it. During a visit he paid, when Prince of Wales, to the late Lord Forester, then residing at Ross Hall, near Shrewsbury, he dined one day with the late Sir Robert Leighton, of Loton Hall, in that neighbourhood, whom he had long honoured with his friendship. Sir Robert, being a bachelor, was unused to giving so large a dinner as this occasion called for; and his cook, being rather at a loss to fill all the numerous side-dishes required, decided on fried beef and cabbage for one of them. “What have you got in *that* dish?” said the prince to a gentleman before whom it happened to be placed. “That, sir,” answered Sir Robert, “is a favourite dish in Shropshire, called bubble and squeak.” “Then give me some bubble and squeak,” resumed the prince; and he ate heartily of it. Thus far I can vouch for what I have said; but it was currently reported that this homely dish was afterwards frequently seen at Carlton House. The partiality of the same illustrious personage, at one time of his life, for a cold saddle of mutton, in the summer months, is, I believe, very well known.

Although irrelevant to the subject of

eating, it may not be amiss to mention one more circumstance connected with the visit of the then Prince of Wales to Lord Forester. Sir Richard Puleston was of the party, when he was thus addressed by the prince: “Puleston,” said his royal highness, “as you hunt this country, you of course know it intimately. I have never yet set my foot in Wales. Watkin* has asked me to Wynnstay; but I could not be known to be in the principality, without being subject to much form and ceremony. I wish you would conduct me to the nearest spot.” The next morning, Sir Richard did this; and, after crossing a small border rivulet, presented to the prince a small sprig of oak, with some acorns suspended from it, the moment he entered his principality. The device was an appropriate one, and such must the prince have considered it; for he placed the sprig in his hat, and commanded Sir Richard to bear, in addition to his own crest, an oak-tree, with golden acorns suspended from its boughs. The British oak is indeed a proper type of a British king; for, amid storms and tempests, the one stands secure; and neither plots nor factions can shake the resting-place of the other. Nor is this all. In days of yore, no ceremonies of honour could be performed without having recourse to this imperial plant, the monarch of the plain. The present king, God bless him! then Duke of Clarence, was also of this party; and his majesty’s joke, on being shewn the city of Chester from an eminence, where his old tutor resided, will never be forgotten in Shropshire.

I have one more anecdote, in allusion to Carlton House and the dinner-table. Many of my readers will remember—indeed, I see no reason to think he may not now be living—a celebrated little *bon vivant* wine-merchant, himself as round as a ball, and noted for riding fast-trotting ponies, equally sleek and round, in the streets of London, who, from his colloquial accomplishments and good humour, was honoured now and then with a command to dine at Carlton House. “You seem to like that pie, Shelley,” said the prince to him, on perceiving him making a second attack upon it. “A most excellent pie, sir,” replied the wine-merchant: “but no doubt your royal highness’s cook can make

* Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, Bart.

every sort of pie *but one*." "But one!" said the prince; "and what is that *one*?" "Pardon me, sir," resumed Shelley; "he cannot make a *magpie*."

To return to my subject. It is not the sort of person of whom I have been speaking, my very dainty friend, that suffers most in health from good eating; it is he who fills the intermediate place between the epicure and the glutton—the man whose circumstances enable him, and whose inclination induces him, to fare sumptuously every day, and whose appetite is more than a match for prudence. To such a man Horace applies the epithet *cdax*; and few are the constitutions that can long endure, unimpaired, such a course of life as this. I can, indeed, produce a melancholy proof of the truth of this assertion, in the case of a very intimate and much esteemed friend of mine, who sank into his grave at the age of fifty, from, I fear, this cause alone, having a frame that might otherwise have stood proof against every thing, saving accidents and time. Many of my readers will know to whom I allude—to one of the most popular members of a once most popular hunt, in one of the midland counties. The delight of this excellent person was to see his house filled with his friends, and to provide for them the best of every thing; but the want of a little resolution to "hold hard," and not to "run riot" among the side-dishes, filled him with gout and disease; and from gout and disease he died. This, however, is no solitary instance. We are said to dig our graves with our teeth; and no doubt but that, in social life, the majority of diseases of the rich and hospitable are to be traced to the source to which I have alluded. Addison points them all out in one of his inimitable papers, lurking in ambush among the dishes of a great man's dinner; and another writer has observed, when speaking of the excesses of the dinner-table, that "were it possible to convey, in a single sentence, the frightful train of ills, the melancholy interruption to health, the immense consumption of time, thus produced, men would be shocked to read it. They would be terrified to behold the magnitude of an abuse to which they had, unheeded, so long been devoted." Still, notwithstanding appalling examples of excess, too often irresistible, and the lessons of moralists

to boot, there must be a great charm in the being able to keep what is called an excellent table every day—to see our friends enjoying themselves highly at it—in short, to have only to say, with Lucullus, "We will dine in the hall of Apollo," as a hint to the chief of the kitchen.

The Glutton.—We will now take leave of the nice feeder and the hearty feeder, and look at the worst of all the *Epicuri de grege porcum* lot,—the *glutton*; the being in the image of man that most resembles the brute; who leads the life of a brute; whose whole thoughts and actions are directed to the gratification of his senses, and whose senses are never gratified, until they are surfeited. This is the man who may be said to make a god of his belly; and, like the Dandies of the present day, he will risk any punishment to sacrifice largely to it. Sterne, in one of his sermons (the 29th), is capital on this subject. "Preach to such a fellow as this," says he, "of the abstractions of the soul,—tell of its flights and brisker motions in the pure regions of immensity; represent to him that saints and angels eat not,—but that the spirit of a man lives for ever upon wisdom, and holiness, and heavenly contemplations: why, the only effect would be, that the fat glutton would stare awhile upon the preacher, and in a few minutes would fall fast asleep. No; if you would catch his attention, and make him take in your discourse greedily, you must preach to him out of the Alcoran,—talk of the raptures of sensual enjoyments, and of the pleasures of perpetual feasting which Mahomet has described; there you will touch upon a note which awakens and sinks into the inmost recesses of his soul, whilst other representations, however glorious and exalted, will pass like the songs of melody over an ear incapable of discerning the distinction of sounds." The ancient Greeks and Romans shewed their detestation of such characters as these by branding them on their belly: still, in each of those countries, there have been gluttons of high degree—imperial as well as poetical ones. Amongst the former, it may, perhaps, be difficult to find a better feeder than Domitian, who assembled his senate to take their opinion on a turbot; and the Dando of the latter was Timocreon, who, glorying in his gluttony, had the following epitaph written on his tomb:—

"Multa bibens, et multa vorans, mala denique dicens
Multis, hic jaceo Timocreon Rhodius."*

These people, particularly the ancient Romans, had recourse to most disgusting measures to create an appetite, previously to a great feast; a circumstance which Cooper has availed himself of, in his admirable description of a glutton, in his poem of the *Progress of Error*:—

"Gorgonius sits, abdominous and wan,
Like a fat squab upon a Chinese fan:
He snuffs afar th' anticipated joy;
Turtle and ven'son all his thoughts employ;
Prepares for meals as jockies take a sweat,—

Oh, nauseous!—with *physic* for a whet!"

Perhaps the following case of gluttony may be rather hard to beat. It occurred a few years back at Boulogne-sur-Mer, and I can vouch for the truth of it. Two gentlemen, one a D.D., and the other a half-pay captain in the army, both cursed with "a palate," and stomachs well calculated to the indulgence of it, chanced to reside in that town at the same time. Their means being rather slender, they were unable to appear often at first-rate *tables-d'hôte*, but were in the habit of now and then meeting at a certain restaurateur's, where they would sit down, *tête-à-tête*, to enjoy themselves. On one luckless day, just as the master of it had placed on their table two smoking hot oyster patties, for which he was famous, down dropped the doctor in an epileptic. The usual means of restoration being at hand, Richard was himself again in about a quarter of an hour, when, casting his eyes towards the table, he missed his oyster patty. "What's become of my patty?" said he, so soon as he was raised. "*You have eaten it, sir,*" belov'd he to the captain, with a look of much anger and mortification. He was right; the captain had eaten it whilst his friend lay on the ground. Now, what price would not stomachs like these fetch, if such things could be bought in the market?

I shall now touch a lighter string, and relate an amusing tale of the two Boulogne *bon vivants* of whom I have been speaking. The doctor took a house about four miles from the town, where

his kind and *sympathising* friend was in the habit of now and then visiting him; and the pleasures of the table being exhausted, the game of backgammon succeeded, at which they were also equally sturdy competitors, or, rather, equally matched. It, however, one night happened that a dispute arose between them as to a particular throw of the dice called *size ace*, which the captain claimed, but the doctor would not allow. On being called out of the room in the middle of it, the doctor returned with these words in his mouth. "Now, sir, do you say you threw size ace?" "I do say so, sir," replied the captain, little dreaming of the price he was about to pay for his pertinacity. "Just step to the front door," said the doctor, greatly modifying his tone; "you never beheld such a night in your life." It was raining and blowing most awfully at the moment. The *ruse* succeeded; the captain stood upon the threshold, nearly aghast at the raging of the elements, when the question was again put to him, and the same answer returned. "Now," said the doctor, "do you say you threw size ace?" "Yes, I do," responded the captain. "Then," exclaimed the doctor, "get about your business, for I'll have nothing more to say to you!" and giving him a push, slammed the door in his face, and locked it. But the ridiculous part of the affair does not end here. It being the custom of these gentlemen, in their epicurean hours, to be divested of all their garments, save those which decency will not dispense with, the extent of the captain's toggery consisted of his dressing-gown and his breeches on his body, with a pair of old and thin slippers on his feet. Moreover, he was—and for aught I know to the contrary, now is—a man of great bulk, and, consequently, very unwieldy; so that, being some hours in performing his journey to Boulogne, through such dreadful weather and roads, he arrived there in a most pitiable condition—not only drenched with rain to his very skin, but quite barefoot, his great weight, together with the wet state of the roads, having utterly destroyed the slippers. But surely this was beyond a joke. "*Hæ nuge seria ducunt.*" And if the

* Much drinking, much devouring, saying things most gross and odious.
Here lie I in my urn, Timocreon the Rhodius.—O. Y.

"*in mala*" of the poet had been realised, and the captain's life been the sacrifice, what would have been said and thought of the doctor?

When I ceased laughing at this droll story, I put the following question to my informant: "Did the captain ever visit the doctor again at his cottage in the country, and in the winter?" "Oh, yes," replied my friend, "often; but he was very cautious how he called size ace, without waiting for his host to be satisfied of the fact." "Well done the captain," I observed: "he proved himself the better Christian of the two, in spite of the D.D., oyster patty, and all!"

The Beast.—To the discredit of human nature, there is one step even beyond the glutton—the man who eats for a wager; and there are several surprising records of those disgusting exhibitions. Such of my readers, however, as are anxious to know to what extent human voracity can be carried, will, it seems, be amply satisfied on that point by a peep into *The Curiosities of Medical Experience*, by Dr. Millingen, lately published by Mr. Bentley. What will they think of a raw sheep, and a sucking pig, for a dinner; with sixty pounds of prunes, stones and all, for dessert! This seems a poser; but the feats of the monster, Tarrare, well authenticated, it would appear, by Paris physicians, and stated in the above-named work, are not less startling. At all events, if we doubt the quantity, we have no right to dispute the *quality* of the food here said to have been eaten—a live cat, for one thing; which confirms what a French writer says of man, "*L'homme est omnivore.*"

To conclude this part of my subject. A powerful French writer says, the law of nature prohibits gluttony, by the numerous evils that are attached to it. "The glutton," says he, oppressed with aliments, digests with anxiety; his head, troubled by the fumes of indigestion, is incapable of conceiving clear and distinct ideas ('Fat paunches make

lean pates,' says Shakespeare); he abandons himself with violence to the disorderly impulses of his nature, which impair his health; his body becomes bloated, heavy, and unfit for labour of any kind; he endures painful and expensive distempers; he seldom lives to be old, but, if he does, his age is replete with infirmities and sorrow." This, we must admit, is an accurately drawn picture; and it would be well for us all if it were more frequently in our view. But, generally speaking, Englishmen are not gluttons; neither do I think that they eat more than, if so much as, the people of other countries which I have visited. I have no hesitation in saying, I consider the Germans the best feeders that I have ever come in contact with; and it may be remembered, that in my German tour, I speak of my telling a German nobleman, that if I had half his fortune, I would give ten thousand pounds for a German stomach, warranted sound. Neither are the largest men the greatest eaters; despite of Martial's query:—

"Quid dignum tanto tibi ventre gulaque precabor?"

It is the slim, high-cheek, and raw-boned chap, with no more flesh on his bones than there is on a hurdle, that generally is the best trencher-man; an observation, the truth of which is, I believe, confirmed by the experience of the persons who provide what are called ordinary dinners, in and about London.* But such is the case in the brute world. A mouse eats its own weight six times sooner than an ox.

Abstinence. Sumptuary laws could not be enforced even by Cæsar; and, if not generally scouted, they have been imperfectly obeyed in all countries in which they have been imposed. There is, also, too much of the *sapientia insaniens*, as Horace calls the extravagant philosophy of a certain sect, in our Temperance Societies, which I have already spoken of with mistrust. But voluntary abstinence is quite another thing, and, at times, more efficacious

* I had a bailiff some years in my service, who was exactly of this form, and would have been an awkward customer at a shilling ordinary. He once dined four times and supped twice in one day; and, fearing that I may not be credited for the assertion, I will name times and places. He dined at my house at half-past twelve; with the clerk of Basingstoke parish at two; with Lord Bolton's steward at three; and with a Mr. Corbet, then residing at Basingstoke, at five. On his return homeward, he supped with Mr. Tubb, the miller of Sherborne, St. John's, at eight, and at my house at ten! This, reader, is as true as the Gospel itself.

than all the recipes of the pharmacopœia; insomuch, as repletion being the great producer of disease, abstinence checks it, *in progressu*. I remember bearing this strongly exemplified by Milton,—not Milton the poet, but Mat Milton, the once celebrated London horse dealer; and I give his own words, because, like his namesake, his style of speaking on all occasions and to all descriptions of persons, has always been very much the same. “I never takes no physic,” said he, “when I am ill; but I puts on the muzzle, and there it stops till I am well.” (I saw Mr. Milton last summer, in his seventieth year, doing great credit to his system.) There can be no doubt but that the injunction of fasting in the Romish Church, had the object of health in view, as well as a moral regard; but then it must have implied something approaching to abstinence, and not what may be called sham fasting, on excellently dressed fish. All the sensible English Roman Catholics, indeed, with whom I have lived,—and the number is not a small one—have shewn themselves superior to this kind of fraud upon the devil, and satisfied their appetite with the common food of man, fish, flesh, and fowl, if they satisfied it at all.

But I saw the delusion in full force in September last, on my return homeward from Brussels’ races. A party of six, including myself, sat down to dinner in the Antwerp and Ghent passage-boat, so celebrated for good cooking, that it is told of a late London alderman, renowned for having a palate, that he passed between those two cities, in this said bark, every day for a week, solely for the enjoyment of the dinner provided in it. Albeit! this was what is called a fast-day; and a course of what is styled plain boiled and fried fish, appeared after the soup, which, although I did not taste it, appeared meagre enough. These removed, in came two dishes of the same species of food, very richly dressed,—that is to say, smothered in rich sauces—and a small bit of roast beef, in case there should be an heretical beefeater at table. As may be supposed, I was steady from the second edition of the sinny tribe; but they were done ample justice to by the six pious fasters, topping up with a plentiful allowance of well buttered pastry and macaroni! Call ye this fasting? by heavens! it would be well

for mankind, were one half of their bellies half as well filled as these were this day; and I muttered to myself Swift’s admirable satire, on the farce I had witnessed:—

“Who can conceive, in common sense,
That bacon-slice gives God offence?
Or, that a herring has a charm,
Almighty vengeance to disarm?
*Wrapt up in majesty divine,
Can He regard on what we dine?”*

No, no, reader, this is not fasting, and a long way removed from its old fashioned companion, praying. If you are of the same sex as myself, and wish to afflict your soul by fasting, look into the canticles of King David, and see how he did it, amidst all the luxuries of royalty and wealth. Should you be of the softer sex, and inclined to the same penance, turn to the history of Judith, or, perhaps, I should say to that of Esther, and there you will be told, that the bread of grief is very different to this well cooked fare in the Antwerp bark. But I can give you two Pagan ladies, who would be no bad models for you,—most illustrious women, descended from the masters of the universe—the Paulinas and Marcellas of later times. They will shew you how to mortify the flesh, although they could not have directed you how to pray.

Women, for the honour of their sex, are seldom addicted to immoderate eating, and it is well for them that they are not. In the first place, as Shakespeare says, gormandising would spoil their grace; and in the next, if we were to find a woman gluttonous, we should look for a mind enslaved to the lowest and grossest of all temptations. Still, young ladies are in error, if they imagine that young gentlemen dislike seeing them appear to eat with an appetite. On the contrary, it is a sign of health, and without health, there is no voluptuousness even in woman’s charms. Your very delicate and *interesting* young ladies, are seldom denied the sympathy of our sex, but they are by no means so secure of their affections.

Hunger.—I thank God that I have never known the hardship of unappeased hunger, beyond a few hours, and then by a voluntary seeking of it. It is a subject, however, that must often present itself to humane minds, in sympathy with the sufferings of the

poor; and when we read of a father and his son fighting for a dead rat—as history informs us was the case at Athens, when Demetrius besieged it—we are inclined to pardon even crime, unaccompanied by violence, when committed on its impulse. It is well for persons of all professions, and of all countries, to talk of virtue, with full stomachs, and for Mr. Pope to have written that “*virtue alone is happiness below* ;” but if tranquillity of mind, and freedom from pain, are necessary ingredients in the cup of life, something else is wanted to make it “*sparkle at the brim*.” But looking at this matter in a pleasanter light, we may be assured that the indulgence, under rational discipline, of a *natural* appetite, could never have been denied us by the laws of nature, and that it will never injure us; it is the *artificial* one alone

(“*With dishes tortured from their native taste,
And mad variety, to spur beyond
Its wiser will the faded appetite*”)

that does the mischief. It is true, the stimulus to eat must have been considered essential to our existence; but for the *relish*, the faculty of appreciating the flavour of our food, we ought to be truly thankful. Paley is good on this subject. He says every thing we taste *might* have been made bitter; and where would then have been the “*relish*?”

I never knew what it was to suffer something very nearly approaching to pain, from the effect of hunger, until during my visit to Scotland last year; when, hunting with Mr. Dalryell's hounds, I had been breathing for several hours what Milton calls “the imperial air” of the Grampian Hills. I was obliged to request some refreshment on my road home, at the house of one of the oldest sportsmen in Forfarshire, now, unfortunately, no more.

But I need not have travelled to Athens for cases of extreme hunger. There are now to be seen two good houses in Calais, on the tops of which are figures of a cat and a duck—one of them having been sold for a *cat*, and the other (at least the original sites of each) for a *duck*, during the investment of the town by Edward III. of England, in 1346. Here was the adage verified, of hunger breaking through stone walls.

Christmas.—I sometimes think, that, if I live twenty years more—against which the odds are high, for I have known too much of what Ovid calls the “*anxietas animi continuusque labor*” of a rough and stormy life to expect such length of days—I shall hear of these humbugging tea-totallers preaching their crusades against all of God's blessings conferred on mortal man, and perhaps on women too. Now, in my opinion, there is much of a moral grace attached to a good Christmas dinner, and what is called “the cheerful glass” after it. Indeed, a friend of mine says he is well convinced that the stomachs of most men annually adapt themselves to a little excess at this festive period; and I believe it to be the case. At all events, there is a moral grace in the recollection of the poor, and putting *their* stomachs to the test, amidst the gaieties of this season; and it may be really said to abound amongst the aristocracy of England. The articles of comfort diffused throughout his neighbourhood, this time twelvemonths, by a Cheshire squire, had they been purchased by retail, would have cost little less than a thousand pounds! I have no reason to doubt that the great London capitalists are equally considerate of those born to poverty, or, what is worse, those whom fortune has subdued; but of this I have no means of forming any accurate knowledge. The mercantile principle, however, of laying up a store, is equally the directive one here; with only this difference, that the store thus laid up “neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal.”

Neither you nor I, Mr. Yorke, can travel far through this vale of tears, without an anecdote; and to shew the good effect of well-timed abstinence on the stomachs of us mortals,—the stomach, that centre of sympathy, which participates with the sufferings of the system generally, and, also, of its parts—I will give you one of an old-fashioned farmer, who resided in the neighbourhood of Ilsley, in Berkshire, at the beginning of the present century. He was of a very penurious disposition, and, being a bachelor, had as little meat dressed in his house as he could avoid—in fact, only just as much as kept himself and his old housekeeper in what is called fair store condition. Returning one day to his dinner, after having been

riding over the downs, looking at his sheep, he found a piece of cold bacon on the table, being its third appearance in that character. He had no inclination for it—in short, his appetite was not strong enough for it; so, looking down upon his stomach, in none of the pleasantest mood, he was heard thus to address himself to it:—"Ah, ah, my old friend! thou does'n't like it, does'n't thee? but a plague on ye, I'll make thee like it, by and by. Bring out the old mare, Jack;" when after mounting her again, and having another two hours ride after his sheep, over those fine health-giving downs, he returned to his cold bacon, with that sort of *natural* appetite, that induces the best fed sportsman in England, to devour very indifferent bread and cheese, on his return home from the chase, at a pot-house, with a relish, perhaps, far beyond that which accompanies him on many other days, at his own exquisitely dressed dinner.*

But I have not yet done with the bacon, having one more anecdote relating to it, which was told me by the person himself, who forms the principal feature in it—a land surveyor, of much practice in London, and well known in Surrey. Most people are aware, that in some parts of Wales,

bacon and eggs, commonly called, "eggs and bacon," constitute, not only a popular and favourite dish, but, in the picturesque districts of each of the principalities, too often the only one that a traveller can be accommodated with at the several small inns. This fact, however, it appears, is not universally known; at least, the land surveyor's wife was in ignorance of it, as the following circumstance will evince. Her husband having been for a fortnight, making a survey of an estate, in a mountainous part of South Wales, became so surfeited with eggs and bacon, at the small public house at which he had taken up his quarters, that his stomach was ready to keck at the very sight of them. Having arrived thence at his house in London, rather late in the evening, his wife, who expected him, said she should "surprise him with something nice for his supper." The land surveyor was delighted with this mark of conjugal affection, and anxiously expected the "something nice;" when, lo and behold! the cover being lifted up, presented a *well garnished dish of eggs and bacon*, which was a treat to him previously to his visit to Wales.

Calais, Jan. 2, 1837.

* Dr. Johnson says, "The man who rode out for an appetite consulted but little the dignity of human nature." Perhaps not; and, by all accounts, the doctor found his on easier terms, and seldom failed to indulge it. A fortnight before his death, on the authority of Sir John Hawkins, he ate heartily of a French duck-pie and a pheasant!

BLUE FRIAR PLEASANTRIES.

No. II.

PLAY-GOING DAYS.

BY BROTHER LOCKE.

"The play—the play's the thing."

AVOWING at once a determined and uncompromising dissent from all opinions which tend to depreciate the player's profession, it may be at the same time acknowledged, that there is a certain degree of good in the objection (however unreasonable in itself) which, in the eyes of many, is attached to it; for the fascination of the stage is, at the same time, so strong, that a sufficient number of aspirants to histrionic renown is always at hand; and, were it not for some repelling influence in public opinion, the attractions of acting would prove so mighty, as to make the audience part of a theatre a very unnecessary sort of an appendage. In the absence of a centrifugal force, the centripetal love would destroy the very system of the practical drama, by incorporating the satellites of the boxes with the "stars" of the stage.

According to this view of the case, actors have scarcely reason to complain of that shyness, which even many people who love a play exhibit towards the profession; and, apart from the benefits of the monopoly which they in consequence enjoy, is the advantage of being freed from that vast portion of commonplace twaddle, to which a general intimacy with the *soi-disant* "respectable" world, would render them subject. Moreover, it is still left to the few—and all actors may aspire to *become* the few—to attain such a rank in their art, and to maintain with it such an exhibition of moral and intellectual wealth, as at once breaks down all the prejudices which surround the *profession* abstractedly, and leaves the *professor* himself the more distinctly triumphant. Who *dares* exact from Shakespeare any toll of homage to conventional respectability? albeit the author of *Hamlet* was a player! Less—but still sufficiently—presuming is he, who would sneer at the actor-author, Knowles, or feel himself less than honoured in the companionship of our great tragedian, Macready.

The circumstances which keep many

of us from becoming actors ourselves, cause us, as it were, to regard actors as our representatives. As we may not spout with our own lungs, we adopt, as a sort of stage-doubles, those who spout after our own fashion; and they who abuse the tragedian of our hearts, are almost as disgusting as if they were to abuse our proper selves. Again; as great actors are by *some* chance (a kind of mysterious fate!) doing what *no* chance has permitted us to do, they become, in a measure, creatures of another world—bright objects of admiration on the stage—strange objects of curiosity in the streets—and impressive phenomena in a private room!

Thus much, by way of prologue to our more immediate subject, which does not treat of going to *a*,—that is, to *any* play—but of going to *the* play of our youthful choice; delightful in itself as the work of Shakespeare, and the more so as affording our favourite actor an opportunity for that display, which we are resolved upon shall be triumphant, even before we witness it. It matters not who our favourite was. Suffice it, that we had long wished to see him in *Macbeth*; and that the bills, at length, to our great joy, announced the desired performance.

My theatrical friend, Jack R. (not Jack Richards—though he was a delightful fellow), was my companion—my other half in all matters, saving my poverty: for there was I, in lowly London lodgings, with sixty pounds a-year; allowing myself, as almost my only indulgence, the means of occupying a seat in the pit of Covent Garden or Drury Lane theatre, once a month: this enjoyment being legitimised, by taking only half a pint, instead of the coveted pot of porter, every day with my nut-ton-chop. Excepting, then, in my poverty, which I contrived for certain politic reasons to conceal, Jack was "my other self—my counsel's consistency;" and, on all theatrical occasions, he was sure to be with me. Though, comparatively, infrequent visitors, I

believe we became distinctly known to the pitiées of both theatres, by the vehemence of our applauses. On one occasion, in particular, during our earliest play-goings, we pre-eminently distinguished ourselves, by responding to a high-flown passage of loyalty, most energetically delivered by one of the most impassioned of actors. There was considerable political excitement at the time, and the passage had its effect with our party generally; or, at least, it might have had, but for the o'er-reaching extremity of our vociferations. Scarcely had the entire speech been delivered, when we abandoned our energies to such a tumult of "bravos!" we kicked, clapped, and thundered, with such a determined disregard to the stability of the pit floor, and the auricular nerves of all around us, that I have since wondered we were not hurried out of the theatre as a couple of moral incendiaries, or two politically insane fire-brands! Had not the attention of the house been entirely diverted from the actor to ourselves, I have no doubt, but the former would have been seen like the impersonation of Fear, in Collins's *Ode to the Passions*, recoiling back even at the noise himself had caused.

With the foregoing exemplification of our excitability, some idea may be formed of the feelings with which we paid our monthly visit to the theatre; nor ever were our anticipations more agog, than in the case which is immediately the theme of this narrative.

Jack and I, then, having met at a chop-house, are now on our way, with hurried steps and palpitating hearts, to Covent Garden theatre. 'Tis a quarter past six, and the doors open at half-past precisely. We pass every body on our way, and walk half the time off pavement, that we may get on the quicker. Now we enter the piazza, scented with the "vegetable essence" of cabbage-stalks, and echoing the hundred screeching voices, which exclaim in deafening continuance—"Buy a bill o' the play!" "Covent Garden or Drury Lane?" "Nice St. Michael oranges, sir! only eightpence a dozen!" "Shove along, Jack!" "Here, old woman; give us a play-bill:—come, come, be quick;—for Covent Garden to be sure: no, *that* won't do." "Here, sir! here's vot you want; here's a proper *house-bill*." "Ay, that's it: come along, Jack!" And thus, among a

thousand old women and other delectable impediments, purposely intended, I suppose, to augment our desires by retarding our progress, we approach, at length, that gloomy looking archway, which we all remember as leading from the north-east corner of the piazza into the darksome vestibule of the pit-doors. That archway passed—through an open door on the left, is seen, gleaming in the radiance of a gas-light, a pointed finger, and the words "To the one-shilling gallery." The gods have ascended already to the upper portal. A second archway leads to the inner part of the vestibule, where a thickly set *possé* of expectants have surrounded the two yet unopened pit-doors. Ourselves and many others join the crowd at the same moment; nor have we taken our position many seconds, ere we find ourselves as densely penned in behind, as we are penned out before. Still they continue to press on without, and to condense within, till we hang to the doors and to one another like a swarm of bees dangling from a cherry-tree. An unpleasant sense of neighbourly amalgamation begins to manifest itself in the trial of our ribs' elasticity, and we settle our arms in such a position, as may best serve us in the tug of war which is at hand. Incipient grumblings are audible. The females and the nervous gentlemen are alarmed. A kind of dogged selfishness seems to be taking possession of all hearts; and expressions of impatience are occasionally heard. Hark!—a bolt! They are opening the inner doors, preparatory to withdrawing the bolts of the outer ones. The concentrated impulse of the theatrical press-gang, is manifested by a simultaneous movement forward, and by two or three swings laterally. "Don't push so—what's the use of being in such a hurry?" "What's the use of your being in such a passion?" "Sir! you're no gentleman!" "Gentleman!—no, to be sure. What should a gentleman do here?" "Well, sir; but you should consider the ladies!" "I consider I do, by making myself a gentleman for the occasion, and taking them into the boxes whenever they favour *me* with their company to the play." "Ladies and gentlemen, take care of your pockets—there's one in!" "Ah, but I don't care for *my* pockets, 'cause there's *none* in." "No; you're the pickpocket, I suppose." "Stand

back! here's a woman fainting!" "There go the bolts!" "Now for it! Here, Mary, keep close to me." Screams are now heard. The bolts are drawn, the doors fly open, and in the phalanx rushes like exasperated besiegers into a conquered city! The inexperienced, who had planted themselves near the sides of the breach, are thrust aside, or jammed against the sharp angles of the door-posts, by the central torrent of the veteran troops; and the fat gentleman, who, a minute back, would have given the world to get out, might now vainly offer a world to get in. Mercy on me! I'm out of breath even with bare description of it. A moment's breathing while in the lobby, and on again for the pay-place. To the breach once more! "I say, sir! would you (as you've got your arm up) be kind enough just to push down my hat?" Down goes the hat over my eyelids, and I am borne to the pay-place in a condition of blind resignation. "Put down your money." "Push up my hat." "Pass on." "Stop, sir; where's your check?" "My wife's got it." "Then you're check-mated." "Hurrah! here we are!" Oh, the glory of first breathing in the open pit—of hopping, skipping, jumping, from seat to seat, and of settling at length in the middle of the fourth row, with friend Jack on one side, and a fair stranger on the other; then to look up, and see the gods and goddesses tumbling into the galleries, amidst the din of cat-calls, finger-whistling, shrill exclains, and hoarse replies. Where rows of empty benches were to be seen a few minutes back, hats and bonnets and excited faces are now in parallels of busy motion; till, at length, the anxious eyes of the "standing-room" occupants, are seen glancing athwart the undulating surface of the brimful arena, like a string of unhappy herrings, looking wistfully but vainly on the waters which lave the beach, on which they have been cruelly left high and dry. "You couldn't move a *leetle* further, ma'am, could you?" "No, sir; I'm sufficiently *squeezed* already."

And now the pit and galleries are full. Boisterousness is subdued into a sort of murmuring undulation, with only occasional gusts of riot from above. The second circle is gradually filling, with men of positive, and ladies of middling, gentility. The third circle receives those who cannot have their

wish in obtaining front seats elsewhere; and both circles are subsequently occupied by young professional men, who, on this occasion, patronise the player rather than the play, and have a generous satisfaction in their exclusion from the better places. By the way, I should have said, it is Mr. ———'s benefit.

The turn-keys begin to rattle at the doors of the dress circle. "No 5, first company!" Enter a paternal superintendent, his turbaned wife, three daughters, and two dandy gallants. Down they come; the seats slam after them, and slap goes the door into its rebate. Thus it continues all around: "Second company, No 9!" "First company, No 4, and second, No 6!" Rattle—slam—slam—slam—slap! Fair necks, hazel eyes, nut-brown ringlets, cherry lips; plum-coloured satin, kid gloves, ostrich feathers: here a dowager partlet in black velvet, there a covey of doves in white feathers. And now the house exhibits a splendid complement. The gods cry for "music!" One by one, the denizens of the orchestra appear, each especially looking as if he couldn't help it, and eyeing the fullness of the house with an indifferent, if not discontented, grimace, as though he should say—"all this is nothing to *me*." Oh, the delightful discord of the tuning, and the delicious smell of gas and orange peel. The stage lamps are rising: flash goes the flood of light over the blinking multitude. Through a slit in the curtain glances the treasurer's eye. "Ah!—peeping Tom!" A bell is heard: the pit partially arranges itself. The orchestral leader takes his seat. "Play up! journey-men sawyers!" A little more tuning yet: the leader looks around: three taps with his fiddle-stick portend the coming crash. His head is down; his bow is up; across the strings; and—CRASH!—away they go.

The dress circle continues to fill. As the overture proceeds, anxieties come over us. We *hope* the gods will be graciously silent. Our palms itch to greet the hero of the night. The final chords are being played; and, at length, one mighty volume of sound announces chord the last. "Down!" "Hats off!" and down we sit, dragging our coat-tails round, and snugly depositing our hats between our knees.

The bell rings, and up goes the curtain, yielding a grateful body of cool

air, and developing the "three weir'd sisters." The cunning of the scene is, however, at first provokingly disturbed, by the noise of late comers into the dress circle. And now opens scene the second, with king Duncan and the "bloody soldiers." And now, the witches again—and now,

"A drum!—a drum!—*Macbeth* doth come!"

"Now, Jack!" "Ay, ay," says he; and we tuck up our sleeves, and breathe restlessly, and keep a steady eye upon the bridge in the back scene, and watch the "forces" as they march across, one by one, to the tune of "Pattie's Mill;" and then, prematurely burst out with a "bravo!" at sight of a highland dress, in which *Macbeth* is not. Another comes: not he. Another: not he. A fourth!—a fifth! "Start eyes! what! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom!" Another yet!—ha!—a pause:—"THERE he is! Bravo! bravo! (keep it up, Jack;) bravo! hurrah! hur—r—r—r—ah! Silence! Bravo! Hush! Bravo!"

"I beg your pardon, young gentlemen, but I came here to see Shakespeare's *Macbeth*; and am not aware of any stage directions which authorise such vociferous activity on the part of the pit. What has the poor man done, that you should bellow at him in such a manner? Why, you'll frighten him out of his wits; and I'm sure his best wits will be required to do justice to his part. Moreover, may I be pardoned for asking, whether it would not be more wise, rather to applaud an actor for what he *has* done, than for what he is *going* to do."

Such was the rebuke which we met with from a very venerable-looking old gentleman who sat immediately behind us. I did not much relish it at the time; but can now regard it as the most sensible portion of this my theatrical record.

The first storm of enthusiasm having passed, a *comparative* state of quiescent comfort succeeds: not that our zeal is a wit diminished, but that our physical powers are somewhat relaxed, and that we now obey an impulse sanctioned by judgment, rather than a franticism excited by fervid partiality. It is, after all, delightful to witness that pervading sympathy, which causes two or three thousand assembled persons

to yield forth a simultaneous testimony, of the warmth with which they greet the apt delivery of some particular passage of the poet. In such happy instances, the multitude shew themselves to be of one family. There is estimable brotherhood in the universality of such movements: not that my "universality" must be taken in its most rigid sense; for it is not improbable, that, while the serious *nine* are applauding the actor, the odd *one* may be cracking a nut. I confess to the folly of being angry on such occasions; and, indeed, it is annoying, when the kernel of a poetical passage is deemed secondary to that of a filbert. Again; how wanton is the dulness of that man, who *never* blows his nose, except at the exact moment when all his neighbours are giving the most silent attention, to some exquisite modulation of feeling on the part of the actor. It was on such an occasion, that I once narrowly escaped a thrashing from a great bottlenosed trumpeter, whose ill-timed blast wholly destroyed the effect, which otherwise would have been produced by Kean, in the "farewell" of Othello's "occupation." With more emphasis than discretion, I audibly and deliberately exclaimed, "Confound that nose!" The performance was for several minutes disturbed by the hisses of some, the laughter of others, and the threats of Nosey, whose wrath I had much trouble in assuaging. I begged *his* pardon, assuring him that my ungentle remark had solely applied to his *nose*.

The intervals between the acts are by no means deficient in interest; the fair splendours of the dress circle proving most attractive. Perhaps, the interregnum becomes enlivened by a squabble, more elaborately worked out than that which I have just described between Nosey and myself. The murmurings of incipient altercation gradually swell into breezes of hostility. All eyes are directed towards the scene of action. Anon, we observe the numbers around, mounting the benches to get a peep into the cock-pit. The ladies in the boxes near, are alarmed. The men become eagerly interested: the voices of the engaged swell louder; and louder still the voices of the backers. An oath is heard—a blow evidently given; then a struggle, and then a confused hubbub of "Turn him out!" "Give it him!" "That's it!" "There he goes!" The sound of a falling

body then announces, that one of the combatants is *prostrate* in that space, intended only for *standing* room. The cheers of the spectators follow. The side door of the pit is heard to swing on its hinges. The tugging and shuffling of two pair of hands and feet continue a few moments, when the doors closing-to, confirm the ejection made; and, after an indistinctly heard rumbling in the corridor, the storm subsides. The men return to their seats; the ladies resume their tranquillity; the bell rings; and up goes the curtain for the next act.

Thus the play proceeds, till a brief disturbance possibly occurs during the entrance of the half-pricers, which, like the blast of Nosey, is always ingeniously contrived to take place at the wrong time.

The play concludes: the hero is prostrate, panting in death; and, on the fall of the curtain, he is called to life again, by the magic power of his own proper name. Here is work again for Jack and self. Again, as at the beginning, we employ every possible means of deafening our quieter neighbours; and, having expended a greater sum total of enthusiasm than would have sufficed for the performance of the most impassioned character ever conceived by Nat Lee himself, we suffer the idolised tragedian to depart in peace, and sink sore-throated, sore-handed, sore-footed, and sorely exhausted, upon our comfortless wooden seats.

Freshly, as the shower after dusty heat, comes the farce, which is less wearing than tragedy, in being more sparing of the *intellectual* man; otherwise, as regards the man physical, it is sufficiently fatiguing: so that, by the conclusion of the performance, we are willing to depart, under the comforting anticipation of oysters and porter. A modified wish to be gone, is evinced by the audience at large, during the progress of the last scene; while many are on their legs, employed in shawling, cloaking, buttoning up their great coats, and half throttling with worsted comforters their little children. The concluding words of the actor,—particularly addressed to the audience—are, therefore, least attended to; and

many a box-door is open before the curtain has fallen. Then follows the bustle of departure, in which the conditions of entrance are curiously reversed; for the pit avenue is quiet compared with the box portico. In the latter, all is riot and confusion. Loveliness remains impatiently shivering on the threshold, while gallantry runs to and fro in search of her ladyship's carriage. Then we have the call for hackney-coaches—number so-and-so (though, in fact, "number one" is the pervading consideration); the hoarse responses of the coachmen; the vociferations of footmen; the fiery zeal of link-boys; the trampling of vexed horses; the one, two, three, of the carriage-steps, as they are let down; the four, five, six, and closing slap of the door, as they are put up; the r—r—roll of the wheels, as one vehicle drives off; and r—r—ram-jam of the two next contenders for precedence. Such are among the principal features of box company departure.

From the pit, on the contrary, moves a mass, dense, slow, and silent. Some linger behind to take a survey of the interior of the theatre; watching with a half melancholy interest, the dying lights of the great central chandelier, and scenting the flavour of unconsumed gas. Their voices, which shortly before were drowned in the "busy hum of men," are now hurled back to them by echo: the servants of the theatre appear in various parts of the box-tiers; and the noise of falling seats reverberates in restored space. The gilded fronts of the boxes are veiled with their canvass coverings. The vast hall of excitement and multitude, becomes the tomblike abode of silence and desertion; and the last straggler is, perhaps, the last, only because he is the most poetical. He retires with a sigh, repeating Moore's lines,—

"When I remember all
The friends so link'd together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one who stands alone—
Some banquet hall deserted;
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands
dead,
And all, but he, departed."

LOCKE, N. J.

PRIOR'S LIFE OF GOLDSMITH.*

THE work before us, has one great requisite for ensuring success. It is written *con amore*. Mr. Prior is, what every good biographer ought to be, a faithful squire to his hero, deeply interested in his fame, and following him with unwearied fidelity through all his fortunes. A more diligent hunter after facts never existed. He favours us with a slight sketch of his labours:—

“The great difficulty, was to procure such information as might be new and satisfactory. Of all the distinguished writers of so recent a date, his life, or at least a large portion of it, considering that it offered some curious vicissitudes, was the least accurately known. Not a new fact on the subject, and scarcely one connected with his productions, had transpired for thirty years; no one was known to possess any of his remains; and in the innumerable biographies of literary men, and others published since his death, there was not, with one exception, even a letter of Goldsmith to be found. Material as these obstacles appeared, the design, when once determined upon, was pursued, it is hoped, with becoming spirit. A journey was undertaken to his native spot; to the subsequent residence of his father, at Lissoy; to Athlone; and to Roscommon and its vicinity, where the poet had spent some time in the house of one of his uncles: communications were entered into with his relatives who were supposed to be capable of communicating information; indeed, all who could be traced, were applied to on the subject; and the records of Trinity College searched for such facts as they could supply. With the same view, application was made by the writer, to all his literary acquaintance, and removing to London in the following year (1831), he had the advantage of pursuing there, the research that would have proved unavailing elsewhere. In proof that no reasonable diligence was wanting to the completion of an object, which he considered more national (to Ireland) than personal, it may be mentioned, that several hundreds of letters have been written in furtherance of his inquiries, and personal applications nearly as numerous made to others; while many of the periodical works, and several of the daily journals, for a period of fifteen years, have been carefully examined by himself, to ascertain the exact dates of the poet's productions, to trace such others from

the same publishers as he did not avow, and to glean all the miscellaneous intelligence they might afford. Much of this was done amid occupations of a public nature, and necessarily cost much time and laborious inquiry. The result, however, has been a large, and it is hoped accurate, accession of information.”

This hope, we are sure all the readers of Mr. Prior's indefatigable volumes, will admit to be amply gratified. It is no wonder that it has been a labour of nearly seven years.

The first twenty pages shall serve as a specimen of the industrious labours of Mr. Prior. Public documents are hunted through to ascertain that, on the 5th of March, 34th Hen. VIII. (1542), a king's letter appointed John Goldsmith clerk of the council; the records of the parliamentary commission of 1641, supply the testimony of the Rev. John Goldsmith, as to his adventures in the time of the Massacre. We are furnished with a copy of the grant, which assigned to George Goldsmith and Hester his wife, the lands of Kilbegg and Brackughreagh, in the Barony of Moycashell; the books of Trinity College, Dublin, are in constant employment, to discover such entries relative to all kinds of Goldsmiths, as the following:—“1697, Sep. 23^o. Johannes Goldsmith Pensio:—Filius Roberti Goldsmith generosi—Annum agens 18—Natus villa dicta Ballioughter Com: Roscommon—Educatus Stokstown sub Mag^o. Cugh—Tutor Eu: Loyd.” Sir William Betham is put under requisition for points of family history and genealogy; *Lloyd's Evening Post*, May 27–29, 1765, is hunted up for a paragraph recording the generosity of the mother of General Wolfe, because her name was Goldsmith; the heading of a lease contracted between William Conolly one of the lords justices, and Ann Jones the poet's grandmother, is duly exemplified, with an evident regret that no larger portion of the document has been preserved; that the house of Pallas in which Oliver was born, “would appear” to have become the property of a branch of the family, is evidenced by an extract from an Irish magazine, “Exshaw's, for 1770,” [Mr. Prior, Mr.

* The Life of Oliver Goldsmith, from a Variety of Original Sources, and comprising numerous Unpublished Letters, &c. &c. By James Prior, Esq., Author of the “Life of Burke.” 2 vols. 8vo. London, Murray. 1837.

Prior, what month ?]. The Reverend Doctor Streat, of Athlone, to whom the author feels obliged for the inquiries he had made, is made to furnish up his Celtic lore, to inform us that Ardnagan (one of the places to which Goldsmith's birth is assigned), or Ardnagowan, is in more correct orthography Airdnagabla; the identical leaf of the family Bible which records the births of the Goldsmiths, and sets at rest for ever the doubts and mistakes of Bishop Percy and others who date Oliver's entrance into the world on the 29th, instead of the 10th, of November, fall into the all-searching hands of our biographer; the Register Office of Dublin disgorges deeds relating to the lands of Lissoy, concerning which, had also been ransacked, "the scarce volume, giving an account of the forfeited estates in Ireland;" a traveller in America is dragged homeward, to testify respecting the hawthorn bush of Auburn, and so forth. We have not minutely catalogued the documentary evidence from books and papers which form the raw material of the first score of pages; and yet what a miscellaneous mass! Deeds, grants, leases, parliamentary records, college books, newspapers, magazines, family Bibles, public registries; Wood's *Athens*, Temple's *Rebellion*, Ulster King of Arms, Mr. Jones Lloyd, proprietor of Smith Hill or Ardnagowan, Drs. Streat and Neligan of Athlone, Mr. Bond of Lissoy, Best an Irish clergyman, Davis's *Travels in the United States*,—all dance before us, not in any mazes of metaphorical confusion, but in the straightforward paths of ticketed and labelled chronological regularity. One grief penetrates the accurate heart of Mr. Prior.

"The reader will observe many variations in the orthography; thus, Lissoy or Lishoy, are used as the whim of the moment prompts; thus, also, we have Pallas, Pallasmore, Pallismore, and Pallacemore, all meaning the same place; and the family of Hodson, near Athlone, into which the poet's sister Catherine married, is now by their own relatives called and spelt Hodson or Hudson indiscriminately; the latter, indeed, most commonly. Few things perplex an inquirer in Ireland more than these needless and arbitrary variations."

This is a sad pity, and should be corrected by act of parliament, now that the schoolmaster is abroad.

Leviuscula hæc, says the philosophic

Clarke, after enumerating the principal subjects of grammar, prosody, accents, &c., which occupy the notes of his *Iliad*,—*Leviuscula hæc, sed ex elementis constant, e principiiis pendent omnia*—and we ought to be grateful to a biographer who takes so much pains, to inform himself and his readers of whatever can be discovered bearing reference to his task. Many things which, at the time they occurred, seemed to be as trifling and unimportant, as the pains bestowed to find them out now may appear to the careless reader, contributed, no doubt, to form the mind, to influence the feelings, and to feed the imagination of the future poet.

The same care marks the work throughout. The progress of Oliver, from the fostering care of Elizabeth Delap, who boasted, with deserved pride, that she was the first who put a book into his hands, through the tuition of Byrne, the village schoolmaster, the Rev. Mr. Griffin of Elphin, Mr. Campbell of Athlone, the Rev. P. Hughes of Edgeworthstown, till his entrance in the Irish University, is duly set forth, with as many personal anecdotes as can now be recovered. We fear, that like most anecdotes of the boyhood of men afterwards distinguished in life, they are somewhat apocryphal. It is generally agreed upon, however, that he exhibited no proofs of his future ability while at school, but this has been said of so many other remarkable persons, that it is scarcely worth noticing. In the appreciation of talent, there are two parties to be considered, the observer as well as the observed. Many causes will concur to render the early career of a man of genius undistinguished, without driving us to the hypothesis, that because he did not shine at school or college, he was inferior at that very moment in intellect or ability to those who, measuring his capacity by their own, looked down upon him for not executing, or, perhaps, even attempting to execute, those literary feats, which formed the height of their aspiring.

The pecuniary difficulties of his family, rendered it necessary that he should enter Trinity College as a sizer. Mr. Prior laudably corrects various errors connected with this event.

"The time having arrived for entering the university, Oliver was admitted a

sizar of Trinity College, Dublin, June 11, 1745. An error in the year of admission, has prevailed in all accounts hitherto given of him, which arises from the university year commencing on the 9th July, so that the six previous months appear, to an inadvertent examiner, to be of earlier date than they really are.

"The following is the entry extracted from the official register, in which, however, there are two errors; one stating him to be born in Westmeth, which arose from the abode of his father being in that county; and the other, in representing him to be only fifteen years old, when he was really more than sixteen, if the date of his birth, November 1728, be, as we must believe, correct.

"In a list of eight sizars, entered on the same day, his name is the last enrolled. His answering, therefore, in the previous examination, it is presumed, was less satisfactory than that of others, there being on such occasions a contest for superiority, among such as apply for the benefits of the foundation. But, considering that he was the junior candidate of the party, and, no doubt, triumphed over many other competitors, the fact of admission at all is evidence of considerable proficiency in classical knowledge."

He was unhappy in the choice of a tutor. Of Theaker Wilder, who was the person selected, it so chanced that we have heard somewhat. His name is connected with the Droughts, Greaveses, Macdonnells — all men of honourable record in the history of Dublin College. That poor Goldsmith should have been ill-used by the roaring and hard-drinking mathematician into whose hands he was committed, is possible enough; but that Theaker Wilder was any thing worse than a riotous lad while an undergraduate, and a severe disciplinarian and tutor in after-times, we doubt. The very anecdotes gathered by Prior go to no further extent. Those which are found in other Lives of Goldsmith may be looked upon as wholly without foundation. That the tutor of Goldsmith was capable of kindly and honourable emotions, Mr. Prior comes forward willingly to prove, in a passage which also supplies a notice of Wilder's melancholy end:—

"With passions so uncontrolled and unamiable, he could be considerate and charitable. On the death of Dr. Maguire, about 1768, he succeeded to the mathematical chair: at his own expense he published, for the benefit of the widow and family, an edition of Newton's *Arith-*

metic, prepared for the press by the deceased, with copious notes by himself. He intimated likewise a design of completing and publishing, from the same kind motives, three other unfinished treatises of his predecessor, on Arithmetic, Equations, and Ratios. And it may be remarked, that at the moment (1770) he first appeared in the press, his quondam pupil, after long struggling with obscurity and poverty, had attained the summit of literary reputation. The end of this gentleman proved as melancholy as his habits had been exceptionable. Early in 1770 he quitted the university for one of its livings, that of Rathmelton, in the county of Donegal. Here, it is said, a female of equivocal character exercised such influence in his house as to deny him admission when he chose to stop out late at night; and on attempting at such times to enter by the window, usually met with strong resistance, until certain terms of capitulation with the party within had been proposed and accepted. It is, therefore, scarcely matter of surprise that he was found dead one morning on the floor of his room, with traces of severe contusion, the cause of which, as no investigation took place, remained unknown."

It is probable that the notes on Newton are nothing better than a collection of "cuts," as the men of T. C. D. call the mathematical conundrums in which they so much rejoice. But that is no matter. Theaker Wilder employed his labours in the most scholarlike and generous manner—in spreading, as far as he could, the scientific fame of his predecessor, and devoting the profits of his work to the advantage of the widow. This does not bespeak an innately savage disposition. As for the unfortunate *liaison* hinted at in the above extract, something may be said in palliation. By the strict rules of the Irish University, the charter and laws of which were drawn from those of Cambridge, celibacy was, as in the English universities, enjoined on the fellows; but in process of time the law was, at first secretly, and afterwards openly, disregarded. An ambiguous wording in the statute afforded a loophole of retreat. It was not exactly enacted that fellows should not marry, but that, if such marriage were discovered, the fellowship should be vacated. As nobody was bound to discover on himself, and as public feeling in Ireland was always against the statute, the salvo quieted unreluctant consciences, and the fellows married with-

out scruple; but, even within the memory of the present generation, the ladies did not assume the names of their husbands, though received in society without hesitation on that account. About the beginning of the present century the pretence was flung aside altogether, and the wife fearlessly took the name to which her marriage gave her a right. Many of these ladies were, and many continue to be, the grace and ornament of the circles in which they move, whether in Dublin or the country; but the practice is now at an end. An old-bachelor provost, of the name of Hall,* who had been educated in an English university—Cambridge, we believe—caused the statute to be drawn more strictly, and all persons obtaining fellowships from the date of the altered statute are doomed to celibacy. We do not know the particulars of Wilder's case, but it is possible that the character of the termagant who ruled his house might not be in any serious respect more equivocal than that of ladies who, when the circumstances are explained, were above blemish or censure.

We should like to have Goldsmith's own account of the conduct pursued towards him by this savage tutor. The collegiate stories here collected are of no great consequence; such as a joke about the centre of gravity which has been cracked by every sophister since the days of Usher, and for which the tutor could not have cared a farthing; and a quarrel respecting a breach of collegiate discipline (giving a ball and supper within the walls—an enormity practised even in our own time, we fear, and, of course, duly rebuked, and as duly laughed at), which ended in a personal "turn-up" between Wilder and his pupil. Now, from the riotous manners of the parties—to say nothing of the general habits of their country and college—this is possible enough; and, judging from what is recorded of the personal prowess of both—the fellow being "noted (p. 65) for strength, agility, and ferocity"—very probable that the latter had the worst of it: but that a matter so much of ordinary routine should affect the mind of

Goldsmith with despondency, will not be believed by those who have studied the history or eaten the commons of the *Collegium Sanctæ et Individuæ Trinitatis juxta Dublinium*. Not very long before, Goldsmith himself had been engaged in a riot of no small magnitude, which drew upon him the anger of the university. The following is the record of that part of the sentence which relates to Goldsmith:—

"*Et cum constat insuper Oliverum Goldsmith (three other names are likewise mentioned), huic seditioni fuisse et tumultuantibus opem tulisse visum et proposito et sociis senioribus predictos Oliverum Goldsmith (cum aliis) publice admonere et hanc admonitionem in album Collegii referri.*"

The riot is thus related by a Dr. Wilson:—

"Several scholars were expelled for raising a sedition and riot in the city of Dublin: 'twas occasioned by a report that a scholar had been arrested in Fleet Street. To revenge this supposed insult, a numerous body of scholars rushed into town, under the command of Gallows Walsh—who in those days was controller-general of riots—explored the dens of the bailiffs, conducted the prisoners in triumph to the college, and pumped them soundly in the old cistern. In those days of primitive simplicity, the pumping of constables was a very fashionable amusement. The commander then proposed breaking open Newgate, and making a general jail-delivery. The enterprise was attempted, but failed for want of cannon. Roe, who was the constable of the castle, and was well supplied with artillery, repulsed the assailants; and some townsmen, whose curiosity induced them to become spectators of this futile attempt, were killed in the action.

"Goldsmith, though not a principal, was present at the transaction, and was publicly admonished for aiding and abetting the riot,—in the words of the sentence, *quod seditioni favisset et tumultuantibus opem tulisset.*"

This, we submit, was a town-and-gown row of no common kind, and a young gentleman engaged in it is not the sort of person to break his heart for a knock-down blow. The riot is

* Hall was accused of some underhand conduct in this business. Sandes, the new Irish bishop, was, if we do not forget, energetically angry about it; but our recollections of the affair are quite confused. Hall succeeded Percy in the bishopric of Dromore, but died in a few days after his consecration. He was a man in no way distinguished for knowledge or ability.

detailed in a droll style by a friend of Burke's, in a letter to a friend :—

"I wonder Ned (Burke) did not acquaint you with several important affairs which have happened in town, but I'll supply his place. Jupiter, perceiving the days devoted to him* had passed equally disregarded with those of the other gods, was resolved to make it now more remarkable; for, lo! a sudden fury seized the Trinitarians,† and, with impetuous haste, they poured through all the streets, in hopes to free a wight by catchpole's powerful hand to durance hard conveyed. Sol, fearful of their swift approach, now * * * was hasting to unyoke his steeds—sure most just it is to call him god of wisdom—for, had he stayed, what might he not expect from those blades who with victorious arms had now overthrown the myrmidons of Dublin's mighty Lord. Now see the chance of war; the wight, who erst in triumph led the hopeless victim to the prison vile, now fell himself a prey to those whose fury heretofore he'd braved: who with Joe, as great as when Achilles caught old Priam's murdering son, and, with relentless fury, tied him to his chariot, so they, with fury equal and no less relentless, forced the wretched captive to their own dominions; there spoiled him of his armour, and with force as when the great Hercules the fierce Autæus from the ground uprear'd, then plunged him in the horrid gulf for catchpoles vile prepared, where no kind nymph or dolphin huge, him bearing, might relieve.‡ Thus plunged in water and in grief, long time he lay. At length, his arms uplifting, he implores their kind relief, which they in brief afford, and save the wretched captive from his fate; but naked led him, midst the admiring crowd, to the great building where the varied race of merchants, catchpoles, aldermen and duns, wh—, thieves, and judge, fill up the noisy choir. Thus, with many a shout victorious, marched the glorious youth, till the dun night now warned them to retreat.

"The remainder you must take in plain prose. The mob attempting to force the Black Dog,§ the gaoler fired, killed two, and wounded others. Five scholars were expelled for the riot, and five more admonished: so ended an af-

fair which made great noise in the city. Another man was killed since a-fighting."

Really, when we find Goldsmith engaged in such occupations as giving balls and suppers, breaking open spunginghouses, ducking bailiffs, attacking "the donjon-keep of Newgate's dreary hold," and captivating his brother-students by singing songs and playing on the flute, we cannot believe that his mind was of so very peculiar a sensibility as to grieve over the trifling causes of irritation afforded him by Wilder. A deeper and more reasonable ground of grief was the dreadful want of money under which he laboured. Dr. Wilson describes him as being in a state of squalid poverty; and, when we consider the reluctance with which he entered college as a sizer, the galling treatment to which students of that rank were in those days submitted, and his efforts to rise from its condition frustrated by the ill success attendant on idleness, we need hardly look any further for reasons why he was more than once tempted to abandon his collegiate career in despair. The necessity that compelled him to pledge his books must have wounded him more cruelly than the grim pun of his tutor on the occasion—*Mutat quadrata rotundis*. We can easily believe what is here asserted (p. 76), that Wilder privately encouraged Goldsmith in joining in a riot, the object of which was to punish a class of men so universally obnoxious to Irish gentlemen as bailiffs. If such were the case, it bespeaks a very cordial understanding between them: and we must add, that when Mr. Prior remarks that he "was said to have encouraged privately what he was afterwards called upon to punish in his corporate capacity," he should have observed, that the punishment was extremely slight. How would the authorities of Oxford and Cambridge deal with students aiding and abetting a riot, in which, after rescuing persons confined under process of law, the turbulent gownsmen proceeded to break

* "Thursday—Die Jovis—the day of the riot."

† "Members of Trinity College."

‡ "Alluding to ducking the sheriff's officers in a great cistern, then in the area of Trinity College, as punishment for presuming to arrest a student."

§ "Newgate, it is presumed, from the previous statement of Dr. Wilson. It was then, as appears from other notices of this riot, a dilapidated and insecure building, which accounts for the students attempting to force it."

open a gaol, and entered into an affray attended by the loss of lives? We are of opinion that they would not be contented with a simple admonition, which so slightly affected Goldsmith in his university course, that he sat for a scholarship the next year, and obtained the minor advantage of an exhibition, and offered no impediment to his taking his degree at the proper time. The son of the first man of our day—of the Duke of Wellington himself—had far harsher measure dealt to him than was met with by the poor and obscure Goldsmith.

On due examination, it will be found that the general conduct of the governing powers of universities is directed by the best motives. That there will be individual cases of oppression and misconduct is only to be expected from the usual condition of mankind, but they are exceedingly rare. As for the complaints made by men, who have afterwards risen to eminence, that they were neglected by provosts, and fellows, and tutors, and outstripped in the race for academical honours by persons whom, in their career through life, they left immeasurably behind them, we do not attach to them any great importance. Universities must lay down a certain course to be followed by all, and the consent of the European world has rather strictly defined what that course is to be. Independently of the glories and the beauties of the classical writings, the fact of the primary record of the Christian religion—the New Testament—being in Greek, renders a sedulous culture of that language a matter of necessity in Christian countries. Latin, for many reasons—ecclesiastical, legal, civil, antiquarian, historical—is indispensable. It would lead us into a disquisition too long and too discursive for the present paper, to consider how much the general cause of civilisation is indebted to what we may logically call the *accidents* of Christianity; as, for example, this of imposing on us as a duty the intimate knowledge of the poets, philosophers, historians, wits, and sages of Greece and Rome; and yet it is matter worthy of consideration. Religious reasons require, that to the study of these languages should be joined that of Hebrew; but as there is no literature of any importance in the language, beside what is contained in the Old Testament—as the contro-

versies of the Christian churches rarely demand critical reference to the original text—and as a knowledge of the tongue can hardly have any practical bearing on the ordinary concerns of life, it is not so generally attended to. It has also been decided upon, by universal consent, that rejecting from elementary courses, for the most philosophical reasons, sciences of mere experiment or observation, chemistry, botany, mineralogy, &c., the mind of an educated youth should be devoted to the cultivation of sciences which, reasoning on principles *à priori*, exercise the intellect through all the master-processes of thought. Logic, metaphysics, mathematics in its various branches and its highest applications, as to astronomy, must be the sciences of an university. Goldsmith's complaint of the prevalence of such studies, quoted by Mr. Prior, is not the wisest kind:—

“As from the first, he did not hesitate to avow dislike to all the graver studies of the place, he at a future time appeared to seek an excuse for it; and many years afterwards, when writing the *Life of Parnell*, seemed willing hypothetically to infer, what he made no attempt to prove, that a similar feeling was entertained by that poet. ‘His progress,’ he says, ‘through the college course of study, was probably marked with but little splendour; his imagination might have been too warm to relish the cold logic of Burgersdicius, or the dreary subtleties of Smiglesius.’ By the accounts of his friend Beatty, who reasoned with him on his neglect, and the offence likely to be taken by his tutor on this account, he expressed repeatedly his contempt for mathematics, and greater dislike, if possible, toward ethics and logic. In the same spirit he tells us, in the *Essay on Polite Literature in Europe*, ‘Mathematics are, perhaps, too much studied at our universities. This seems a science to which the meanest intellects are equal. I forget who it is that says, All men might understand mathematics if they would.’”

We are as ignorant as Goldsmith of the author of this *dictum*, but we cannot reverence its sagacity. All men of ordinary understanding may be, to a certain degree, whatever they please. As there is no peculiar mystery in mathematics, any one, we suppose, may become a well-trained disciple; but to be a master, is not to be obtained by the meanest intellects. Goldsmith would have seen the fallacy of his ar-

gument, if it were applied to the arts in which he excelled. Surely the art of making verses, which may pass for poetry, is one to which the meanest intellects are equal; and yet the author of *The Deserted Village* would scruple to lay it down as an aphorism not to be disputed, that "all men might be poets if they would."

It is easy to laugh at the cold logic of Burgersdicius, or the dreary subtleties of Smiglesius: we doubt if Goldy ever devoted a serious moment to the pages of either; and we have no doubt that the same distaste for such studies, which rendered unpalatable the grave and prosy but most methodical expounders of scholastic logic, would have turned him away from the labours of Locke, or Berkeley, or Reid, or Kant, or even the trifling of Stewart. That, however, is no reason why the nature of thought and language should not be investigated, and the laws of reasoning accurately laid down. It is a different question to decide "*quo duce, quo lure,*" we are to enlist ourselves; and, perhaps, something might be said in favour even of the schoolmen: but we must let it pass. As for his despising ethics and logic, why that is droll enough. What are his papers in the *Citizen of the World*, the *Bee*, &c., but ethical treatises? and what was his great friend and patron, Dr. Johnson, but a peripatetic logician, as disputatious and as syllogistical as any of the *Magistri nostri* who battled the causes of Realism and Nominalism with all Aristotelic armoury of mode and figure?

It being settled what the course, scientific and classical, in a university must be, how are those who govern it to decide upon the talents and capabilities of the youth committed to their care, but by the progress they display? What Mr. Prior says on the subject is extremely just:

"It is obviously easy, but fallacious, to censure general systems of education, because many of the details may be inapplicable to particular individuals. Were it distinctly foreseen, that the youth of to-day is to be the distinguished poet, statesman, or mathematician, of a future period, his education might be varied, possibly with advantage; though this by no means follows: for exclusive devotion to one pursuit is as objectionable in education as in other things. But the bent of a boy's mind cannot always be ascertained with precision; even his wishes

cannot be safely trusted; and he must, therefore, as the sure method of disciplining and enlarging his faculties, follow 'that path which his tutors, and not his inclinations, have chalked out.'

"That colleges enrich the prudent, is sometimes true; but who are to be rewarded,—the attentive or the negligent? That the ingenious are neglected is so far from being the fact, that young men who exhibit proofs of talent at college are noticed, praised, and even remembered, long after the occasion, in a greater degree than their share of merit probably deserved; as the future lives of many have furnished little evidence of superiority. Ingenuity, therefore, in whatever form displayed, rarely passes without its reward. But if the implied compact entered into with such institutions, that of conforming to the system by which they are conducted, be disregarded, no just cause for complaint can fairly exist if their benefits be withheld. Poets, indeed, may think otherwise; and several of our distinguished names in that class looked back with little satisfaction to the period of their lives spent at a university; willing, perhaps, to forget their own errors or negligences in the occasional defects or mistakes observed in their instructors: but it is idle for the inexperienced to find fault with modes of study or the restraints of discipline. When a student complains of his college, the probability is, that the college has much more reason to complain of him."

Nay, take the very instance of what poets are best qualified to understand. Suppose two lads are to rise to collegiate distinction by a knowledge of Homer, one of them endowed with a soul capable of appreciating the magnificent beauty, the glorious sublimity, the heroism, the pathos, the poetic graces of all kinds, shining forth in every page of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, but who has never taken the trouble of reading either; and the other, no more than an ordinary and patient student, who has made himself master of the language of the books, and can expound their meaning, prosaically perhaps, but after a correct fashion, and unravel all the mysteries of their fables, their metre, their dialect, and so forth. The examiner may, perhaps, divine that the idler of the two is the more brilliant—though even that is not always self-evident—but he must award the honours in his gift to him who has the more adequately fulfilled the conditions of the examination. Nor let it be imagined that it is only fellows of col-

leges who make such mistakes. Lord Byron was captious enough in his complaints against Cambridge, but nobody there made the mistake which, not long after his lordship's having left the university, was made by the profound dispenser of literary fame in those days—the *Edinburgh Review*. The reviewers, who never lost an opportunity of railing against the English universities, and setting them down as abodes of unmitigated dullness, fatal to talent, and annihilative of genius, declared that Lord Byron had mistaken his vocation—that he never could be a poet—and that the sooner he abandoned the pursuit of the Muses it would be the better for himself. Had any thing like this been said in Cambridge, or had a desire to drive Lord Byron from poetry, which was the attempt of the review, been manifested by his tutors, the race would have been infallibly devoted to Bœotia.

We have lingered, perhaps, too long on the college career of Goldsmith, because we think that in his case, as indeed in many others, his *alma mater* has not had due justice awarded to her. We leave it to some of her sons to fight her battle, remarking only, that an inspection of the volumes before us will shew how absurd is the appellation of "the silent sister," bestowed upon her generally by men whose names are forgotten in their own universities. Considering the numbers of her *alumni*, as compared with Oxford and Cambridge, she has contributed more than her proportionate share to the literature of the country. Here we find Burke, Goldsmith, Flood, with many others, no doubt equal to the average names of the English universities, contemporaries in a college not mustering, perhaps, four hundred pupils.

The education, which fitted Goldsmith for the place he at last held in the world of letters, began, as usual in such cases, after he left college. It was desultory enough. Mr. Prior details, with as much minuteness as his materials, scraped with uncommon industry from all quarters, will allow, the fortunes of his hero in his various wanderings. Much cannot be added to what we already know,—his adventures in Cork with his horse Fiddleback, which we cannot help thinking with Malone, are somewhat coloured by Goldsmith's imagination; his sojourn in Edinburgh, where we think some further anecdotes might be picked up; [is there

no other record of his intimacy with the Duke of Hamilton than what is contained in a hasty sentence in one of his letters?]; his arrest at Newcastle, where also his fancy seems to be at work; his studies in Holland; his travels in France, Switzerland, and Italy; his disputations and flute-playings; his struggles in England, &c. &c., are told in a pleasant style; and the whole of "his travels' history" is illustrated by perpetual quotations from his works. Goldsmith, of all writers, is the one who most deserves the character which he applies to Cumberland—of "drawing from himself." Mr. Prior has succeeded in tracing his contributions to the *Monthly Review*, by means of Griffith's own marked copy, and has hunted up records of multifarious labours, to which, no doubt, his poverty and not his will consented, in fifty other quarters. He was principally employed in those days by Griffiths, and Newberry, and occasionally by Smollett in the *Critical Review*. Griffiths appears to have behaved very badly to Goldsmith; but he was all through life a shabby creature. A letter addressed to him from poor Goldy, fished up by the industry of Mr. Prior (Vol. I. p. 286), cannot be read without pain. It is melancholy to find the author of the *Vicar of Wakefield* compelled to acknowledge himself "guilty of meanesses which poverty unavoidably brings with it;" but he never was guilty of such meanness as that which wrung the letter from him. Newberry's behaviour, on the contrary, was kind, and the grateful author never forgot it. "He called himself the friend of children," says George Primrose; "he was the friend of men."

The collection of "articles" which Mr. Prior has gathered is at least curious, and we doubt not that his edition of Goldsmith's works will be valuably enriched by the result of his researches. They too truly verify the conjecture of Sir Walter Scott, in the biographical sketch prefixed to the *Vicar of Wakefield*, that the pen of its author illuminated the dulness of many a forgotten periodical. The most curious fact of his personal history, discovered by the industry of Prior, is his rejection by the College of Surgeons. He kept it a profound secret, but *enfin tout est connu*.

"Whether this mortifying result rose from want of knowledge of minute ana-

tony, which having been long from the schools might be easily forgotten, or of operative surgery, to which, contemplating physic as his peculiar province, he might not have paid sufficient attention; whether his memory or presence of mind were overpowered by the apprehension felt by every surgical tyro on such occasions, or he was disconcerted by the banter of some such examiner as Roderick Random encountered, it is vain to inquire. The circumstance is curious in itself, and is now for the first time disclosed. No communication on the subject appears to have been made to his relatives, nor was it even surmised by any of his acquaintance or biographers, although at the moment, no doubt, known to a few more intimate associates, who were sufficiently reserved to keep the secret. The unexplained relinquishment of the India appointment first excited suspicion of the fact in the mind of the writer, which was confirmed by a rumour, vague indeed and unsatisfactory, of the same nature, communicated by an eminent physician. The cause of such abandonment then became obvious, rejection from one branch of service necessarily disqualifying him for all; and, by the regulations of medical bodies, no re-examination of an unsuccessful applicant could be had under a period of three or six months, for the advantage of further study. Accident, therefore, or something akin to accident, did for him what it has done for others of our eminent men, who had determined to proceed abroad in the pursuit of wealth,—it kept him at home, to acquire fame; and, as in the instances of Burke and Barus, to elevate the literature of our country.

"The following extract is from the books of the College of Surgeons; it appears he was the only unsuccessful candidate on that day:—

"At a Court of Examiners held at the Theatre, 21st December 1758. Present (*blank*.)"

"(Here several names precede and follow that of the Poet, as having passed for the medical service of the army or navy; but it is only necessary to quote the one preceding him, from its connexion with the situation for which he was examined.)

"James Bernard, mate to an hospital. Oliver Goldsmith, found not qualified for ditto."

Not qualified to be mate to an hospital! The thing was settled; and fate had decided that he was to remain in England, to do that for which he was qualified.

The "Cock Lane Ghost," "Beau Nash," the "History of the War,"

the "History of Mecklenburgh," an oratorio, an English grammar—any thing and every thing engaged his pen, without adding much to his funds, or any thing to his fame. But in December 1764 appeared his *Traveller*, which gave him a permanent place in his "land's language." It procured him little money—twenty guineas; but it introduced him into higher circles than those to which he had hitherto been accustomed. Mr. Prior dispels the ridiculous fable of his mistaking the Earl of Northumberland's footman for the peer himself; and in general is able to prove that the stories current at the expense of Goldsmith have no better foundation than the waiting-maid gossip of such blockheads as Sir John Hawkins, or the idle prattle of the paragraph manufacturers. In 1766, he published the *Vicar of Wakefield*, of which (must not we be reminded of *Waverley*?) his bookseller had long hesitated to risk the publication. The *Deserted Village* appeared in 1770. His plays were brought on the stage, the *Good-natured Man* in 1768, and *She Stoops to Conquer* in 1773. His *Hermit* had been printed for the amusement of the Countess of Northumberland in 1764, and his *Haunch of Venison*, and *Retaliation*, were not published until after his death. These are the works that afford his passport to fame; for his "Essays," amusing as some of them are—the "Broken Soldier" is inimitable, do not lay claim to any very high pretensions; and his *Animated Nature*, and the Histories of Rome, Greece, and England, are works upon which it would be wrong to set his reputation. They are as merely taskwork as his narrative of the "Cock Lane Ghost;" and, independent of the inaccuracies with which they abound, the histories do not display one historical qualification. His lucid and easy style is their great charm; but he might as well have translated Titus Livius at once, if he could have compressed him within the limits assigned by the bookseller. With implicit good faith he swallows the history of the seven kings of Rome, the wars of Porsenna, the ten years' siege of Veii, even Curtius and gulf in the forum, the flight of the kings, the flight of the people, the religious ordinances of Numa, the political wisdom of Servius Tullius. Ilia and the she-wolf, the sibyl and her books, Tanaquil and her eagle, Tullia

the famous Roman patriot, Lucretia and her husband, the capital and its geese, all are narrated with undoubted pen. Julius Brutus, Cato, Coriolanus, with all their adventures, are made historical personages as readily, and occupy as much space and attention, as Caesar or Cicero. His doubts, as far as we can remember, only once. After telling the story of Virginia, a scruple arises in his mind as to its truth or accuracy; and he has a few misgivings as to the correctness of what we are told about the decemvirs, whose characters, he thinks, may have been misfigured in this business of the young lady. His scepticism extends no further. As for the ordinary commonplaces of Roman story, he gulps all. Regulus is murdered by being rolled in a oak. Hannibal is cruel and perfidious; his army is destroyed by "luxury" at Capua; he is betrayed perpetually by Marcellus. Cornelia is the model of chastity and patriotism; Cataline is a ruffian of unminged blackness; Cicero, the pattern of a consul, and, with all his party, actuated only by disinterested love of country; Caesar, a deliberate enemy to "liberty;" Pompey, an determined supporter; Brutus and his friends, all "honourable men;" Cato, the inflexible assessor of "virtue," and so on. He took things as he found them; the legendary tale, the partial character, the factious pamphleteer, were all good authorities, and why should he look further? It would but have disturbed long-seated opinions. His second volume is open to more serious objections, because, following those who dragged from the foul narratives which supply materials for the lives of the emperors, he has filled it with disgusting details, which even if they were as true, as in nine times out of ten they are false, should be condemned to eternal silence in works destined for the perusal of youth; and which, if we consider them in another point of view, have no more to do with the history of the Empire of Rome, than what is preparing in the kitchen of King William the Fourth for this day's dinner, has to do with the history of Great Britain. As to the histories of Greece and England, except what passages we find in the latter extracted from some of his own former publications, we do not think that he had much more in what they contain.

Of the *Vicar of Wakefield* it is useless to speak. There may be defects in the novel: Mr. Prior points out the principal, but what matter? who cares to see them? It has won the heart, not only of England, but of all nations to which those acquainted with the tongue of England, could expound it. The quiet humour, the heart-touching pathos, the guileless wit, the kindly picturing of life, the generous feelings, the well woven chain of story, sometimes sad, sometimes merry, but always natural, and always interesting; the odd jumble of characters, grave and gay, commonplace and eccentric, simple and knavish; but above all, the truly poetic, nay, the almost epic character of Dr. Primrose himself,—have endeared the *Vicar of Wakefield* to all who, in any condition of life, are accessible to genius, kindness, or honourable sentiment; and will continue so to endear it,

"As long as water runs, and tall trees bloom."

And Tony Lumpkin, and Croaker, and Lofty, and Hardcastle, and little Flanigan—why not add the refined gentleman, fitting prototype for the current generation of fashionable novelists, who danced his bear to none but the genteelst of tunes—will not they keep the name of Goldsmith as one of the main purveyors of dramatic fun, whether it pleases our managers to consider his comedies as stock pieces or not? They will for ever admit him as a fit companion into that gallery of comic Irishmen, gathered with so patriotic a pride by Mr. Prior.

Of his poems, we permit, now that we have become more critically acquainted with the compositions, on which he imagined it was modelled, does not appear to us a successful imitation; as it exhibits no approach in style, sentiment, manners, or current of thought, to our old ballads. Looking upon it in this point of view, it is a failure, though not greater than the *Permit of Warkworth* of Bishop Percy himself; but, considered without reference to any thing but its own merits, it is a pleasing and harmonious poem. In the *Maunch of Vernon*, Mr. Copley, it appears, suggests that some hints are derived from Boileau. If the right hon. gentleman had said that the conception of the whole,—and several of the most remarkable passages were taken directly

from his Third Satire—he would have been nearer the truth. *Ratification* is only a squib, but executed with peculiar delicacy and elegance. His greater poems, are the *Traveller* and the *Deserted Village*; the only complaint ever urged against which, by fastidiousness or envy is, that they are too short. Leaving all criticism on their literary merit aside, we may briefly allude to the political reflections called up by the *Deserted Village*. It is generally considered that Auburn, though in many particulars a creation of a poetic imagination, was founded on his own native place, Lissoy, and the popular history of the cause of its desertion, is given as follows:—

“Lieut. Gen. Robert Naper, so spelt in the law documents of the time, though now written Napier, who is represented to have returned from Vigo in Spain, with a large fortune, purchased, as has been stated, the adjoining lands. In erecting a residence and forming a demesne around it, the habitations of some, as is alleged, respectable tenants, and several of the peasantry, stood in the way, and being unwilling to remove for his convenience, were at length, after much resistance, all, excepting the Goldsmith family, ejected for non-payment of rent. Their houses were pulled down and the park enlarged to a circumference of nine miles; but so great was the indignation of the people at the proceeding, that, on the general's death, which occurred soon afterward, they assembled in a tumultuous manner, assailed the house, destroyed much of the property in and around it, and among other things the plantations, to the value of 5000*l*.

“Such is the story; but stories of this description in Ireland, after the lapse of a few years, must be taken with certain allowances for heat and misrepresentation; and after some trouble taken in the inquiry, we may be induced to believe that, if not wholly untrue, it is highly exaggerated. The original estate, on reference to papers connected with its purchase, was six hundred acres; to this on the death of the general, who seems to have died before the contract was finished, was added nearly six hundred more, and had the whole been converted into demesne, which from other documents we know was not the case, it could not have embraced any thing like a circumference of nine miles. The house, moreover, is of very moderate size, not at all of dimensions requiring such an extent of park; the high road likewise from Athlone to Ballymahon, a few smaller cross roads, the house of Gold-

smith's father, which could not be disturbed, the mill, to which he alluded in the poem, and a variety of other objects, if not natural obstacles, stand much less than a mile from the house so said to be built or begun by General Naper, and would necessarily interfere with his design. Neither, had he been tyrannically disposed, was the Goldsmith family at his mercy; their tenure, by the terms of the lease as already stated, was “for ever,” on the fulfilment of the moderate conditions therein stated; and the original possessor was Mr. Newstead, not General Naper.

“The truth probably was, that the general in entering upon his new purchase in a rude and disturbed country, found the occupiers of the soil disposed, as is too commonly the case in Ireland, to consider themselves its freeholders, and amply liable to any plea or even provocation, to be disturbed. That he could procure no rent the story admits; being necessarily driven on process of law to compel payment, the act was revenged by those barbarous outrages, which are as common on such occasions at the present day as at remote periods. When once removed, their habitations, which are commonly of the rudest description, may have been razed to prevent a repetition of such scenes.

“So far, it is possible, the offence of the proprietor extended; but the wanton destruction of a thriving or pretty village, in a country where such are carefully encouraged by all proprietors of lands, is wholly improbable. Popular opinion, however, always inclines to the weaker side; and the circumstances, if true only in the smallest degree, were calculated to make a strong impression upon a mind like that of Goldsmith, generous in its impulses, but not always discriminating in its judgments. These being retained and revolved with all the tenacity of early impressions, would readily acquire that tone of exaggeration, capable of transforming, for the purposes of poetry, a group of mud cabins into a beautiful village; and, perhaps, their turbulent and vindictive occupants, into injured, and innocent, and oppressed peasants.”

A poet has a right to take the picturesque side of a story, and to draw for embellishments upon his imagination; but if any thing like what is here related took place in our own times, it would make a capital grievance, and another ground for demanding “Justice for Ireland.” The orator would not think himself bound to be more accurate than the poet, but in place of the beautiful couplets of Goldsmith, he would supply us with a barbarian

medley of mangled metaphors, garnished with a due quantity of "ohs!" and "ahs!"—appeals to the tenderness of the Irish heart, and recommendations of "death's-heads and cross-bones." There would also be this remarkable difference; the poet looking merely to what comes under his observation, is not bound to write legislative essays, or to enter into statistical details; he sees, or fancies he sees, the peasantry leaving their native homes, driven by the pressure of severe rents and exacting landlords, and it is no part of his calling to do more than lament such results, hoping for better times and kinder feelings. The howling agitator sees the misery as well as the poet, and is hypocrite enough to lament it occasionally in frothy sentences, that which he is in reality augmenting by all the means in his power, but *he* has no poetical excuse for not pointing out the remedy. It is his duty, in the office he has assumed, to do more than howl and brawl. He well knows, that for the evils complained of in the *Deserted Village*, and the miseries of a far sadder description of our own times, there is an effectual cure. He well knows, what Goldsmith, who, we take for granted, had never bestowed a moment's thought upon the subject, did not know, that the remedy is the immediate establishment of a system of POOR LAWS IN IRELAND, and against their introduction the trader in the wretchedness of his countrymen, will "agitate, agitate, agitate," with a desperate vehemence. The hand that feeds the starving Irish will be uplifted to drive off the robber and the pickpocket, and the sturdy beggar, true to the instincts of his calling, loudly protests against relief being afforded to those who are really deserving of assistance. It is acknowledged that 2,300,000 human beings—TWO MILLIONS THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND PEOPLE—something about the population of Scotland, are in a state of the most destitute pauperism in Ireland, that they are all but starving, that they are houseless, unclad, unshod, that they are perishing by famine and disease, in the midst of a prosperous country, calling itself Christian; but when an attempt was made, in an assembly having the impudence to call itself the National Association of Ireland, not, indeed, to relieve that awful mass of misery, but merely to point out the appalling fact, and sug-

gest that it is time to think of a remedy, those who take upon themselves the office of clamoring for "Justice for Ireland," who will not allow any one to be Irish in heart or feeling, who does not bow down to their ragmuffin tyranny, cried it down as a crime or an outrage. Two millions and a half of people are starving. True, but what of that? Don't bother us with such nonsense. Let them starve. Are then famishing howls to divert us from the main matter? Look to the registry! Tipperary is in danger—look to the registry! What is the starvation of a couple of millions compared to the chances of Mr. Shel being unseated. Ay, strive—strive—strive, growls forth a deeper bark. Who minds them? aren't they used to it? That's their business, mine is the rent, ay, justice for Ireland, the rent, the whole rent, and nothing but the rent.

A commentary on the *Deserted Village* might be made an instructive work. The poem was published only a few years before the struggle for what was called Emancipation began, a struggle which we were always told was to conclude, as fast as one ill-judged concession after another was made to men incapable of faith or honour, but which has not concluded yet. We were told, too, that the labours of the Grattins and O'Connells would infallibly raise the condition and awaken the intellect of the Irish people. Has the promise been kept? Go back to Goldsmith. The principal topic of complaint in his poem is the driving out of "the bold peasantry," and the consequent thinning of the population. Could he now re-appear in Ireland, he would find that his fears on the latter point have not been realised. He would see that his bold peasantry has been replaced by thronging swarms of miserable wretches, whom those who rob and degrade them dignify by the complimentary title of the finest peasantry under the sun. He would see, also, that the character of boldness has vanished, and that a grovelling herd, sunk in the most debasing superstition, ground to the earth by the most abject poverty, and therefore familiarised with vice, and nurtured in crime, fills the place of "the country's pride." No, where would he find what, even to his imagination, could supply the hints for "Auburn, the sweetest village of the plain." He would have to turn away with loathing from the squalid wretch-

edness, coward turbulence, abject *fétiche* worship, savage and bloodthirsty cruelty, which meet the traveller in Ireland at every step. The country schoolmaster he would find acting as secretary to Captain Rock, and dictating lessons of murder; the village alehouse, bereft of its humble finery, a filthy cover for the assassin; the country clergyman, a mark for the bullet of the hired bravo; and the decent church that tops the neighbouring hill, an object of interested hatred to the occupier of the chapel founded since the days of the poet. Save in Protestant Ulster, he would not find in any village of Ireland a shadow of the comfort, the decency, or the innocent industry which he pictures forth in *Auburn*. Such are the fruits of Emancipation. As for the promised advance in intellect, a comparison of the period of fifty or sixty years before the relaxation of the penal code, say from the Hanoverian succession, with the fifty or sixty years that succeeded, will shew how false was that expectation. Ireland has made but scanty contributions to our literature in the past half century. In the period which, we are told, should be designated as "her dark night of sorrow," she gave us Swift, Burke, Berkeley, Parnell, Sterne, Goldsmith, Sheridan (for every thing he did of any value must be referred to the earlier period), to pass names more or less known, of Flood, Barré, Maclean, Murphy, Kelly, O'Hara, Centlivre, Macklin, &c. It would be difficult to produce a similar list from the records of the last fifty or sixty years. The reason is plain enough. In Goldsmith's time there were no Maynooths, no Catholic boards, no normal schools of agitation. The Protestant talent of the country was not compelled, by motives of self-preservation, to abstract itself from the pursuits of literature, taste, and science, for the purpose of mingling in the tumults of politics and polemics; and if the penal laws prevented the development of Roman Catholic talent, it has been as effectually checked by the vulgar turmoil to which it is compelled to contribute. We should as soon expect sound moralists and theologians from among the students of Dens, as any productions, *Digna lini cedro et levi servandu cupresso*, from those who think that the sputtering Bilinggate of the Corn Exchange is the perfection of eloquence

and genius, which has long been the creed of the "talented" men of emancipated Ireland. No doubt some brilliant names will occur, and the Roman Catholics may justly refer to Moore, [although he was educated as a Protestant, we believe, and certainly in a Protestant university, and the theological opinion of the author of Little's poems, are not of much importance;] but no one who has carefully considered the literary history of Ireland since the Revolution, will be inclined to contradict our general assertion. What has "emancipated" Ireland produced, to compare with what has been done by Scotland in the present century? In the opening half of the last century, the Scotch could not bear competition with the Irish, degraded and darkened by the penal laws. Is that the case now?

But let us get back to Goldsmith, and his biographer. Mr. Prior has executed his task with much talent and unwearying industry; and his hero's fame has not suffered from the searching minuteness which has been exerted to discover every particular of his history. Many idle stories about Goldsmith's vanity, extravagance, or silliness, circulated principally by the biographers of Dr. Johnson, and the gossiping anecdote-mongers, who are always ready to tell something that may lower men of genius to the ordinary level of humanity, are here dissipated, as also are the exaggerated accounts of his literary profits. He was embarrassed all his life, but did not die much in debt. The searching zeal of Mr. Prior has discovered his tailor's bill (and a curious one it is), the balance of which is not quite 80*l.* against him, after dealings of some years' standing, and of that 35*l.* was contracted by his settling the bill of a relation. Every thing that comes to light about him proves him to have been as good a fellow as his own *Vicar*,—as kind, as generous, as simple, and as improvident. If such a disposition is unfavourable to a prosperous career in the world, it may carry with it its own consolation. It made poor Goldy lie in bed because he had thoughtlessly given away all his clothes, but it never brought a pang to his pillow. His sanguine spirit rendered the prospect or the presence of difficulties less appalling; his happy temper and universal benevolence, if it sometimes exposed him to the tricks of impostors, or the

censures of the more careful, kept him in good humour with all mankind; and if, amid slight and neglect, he occasionally might have shewn that he thought himself worthy of at least as much attention as men of inferior powers, it was no more than a natural impulse; and his novel, his plays, and his poems, may cover more vanity than he ever exhibited. He felt that the

genius was in him; and, while he was on his progress to undying reputation, he had *bonhomie* and philosophy enough to accommodate himself to all circumstances: and we venture to say, that none of the least pleasant hours of his life were those which he carelessly avowed, amid the astonishment of more fastidious circles, to have been spent among "beggars of Axe Lane."

COURTENAY'S LIFE OF SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE, BART.*

THE Memoirs before us constitute the first book of a gentleman who has for forty years occupied himself as a pamphleteer, or a writer in reviews; and candour must admit that he has performed his task *con diligenza and con amore*. The labour was needed; for Abel Boyer's biography (which was made up of memoirs and letters that had been published in Temple's lifetime, or by Swift afterwards, as also the published letters of Lord Arlington, with occasional use of the letters of D'Estrades) deals but little, or, rather, not at all, with the *private* life of its hero. The life by Lady Giffard, prefixed to the edition of Temple's works, in 1731, also omits the private relations: in fact, on examination of the original MS., it has been found, by Mr. Courtenay, that all such passages were suppressed. For this document, and for other material family papers, the present biographer is indebted to the Rev. Robert Longe, vicar of Coddenham, in Suffolk, into whose custody they came by occasion of his father's marriage.

Mr. Courtenay has been very solicitous to vindicate the religious character of Temple's writings against the aspersions of Burnet, who seems to have been jealous of the confidence which King William had for Temple. The bishop charges the author with being "an Epicurean both in principle and practice. He seemed," he adds, "to think that things were as they are from all eternity; at least, he thought religion was fit only for the mob. He was a great admirer of the sect of Con-

fucius, in China, who were Atheists themselves, but left religion to the rabble." These are grave charges, from which his biographer defends him,—first, by shewing that of the two phases of Epicurus' philosophy Temple adopted that which *places happiness in virtue*; paid no regard to the atomic theory, and had recorded his opinion that the religion of the ancients is a fruitless subject of inquiry, because they had not the benefit of Divine revelation. In the second place, that the charge of undue admiration of Confucius is brought upon insufficient evidence, being simply founded on the following passage from Temple's *Essay on Heroic Virtue*:—

"Somewhere about two thousand years ago lived Confucius (*Confucius*), the most learned, wise, and virtuous of all the Chinese, and for whom both the king and magistrates in his own age, and all of those in the ages since, seem to have had the greatest deference that has any where been rendered to any mortal man..... The sum of his writings seems to be a body or digestion of ethics,—that is, of all moral virtues, either personal, economical, civil, or political; and framed for the instruction and conduct of men's lives, their families, and their government, but chiefly of the last: the bent of his thoughts and reasonings running up and down this scale, that no people can be happy but under good governments, and no governments happy but over good men; and that, for the felicity of mankind, all men in a nation, from the prince to the meanest peasant, should endeavour to be good, and wise, and virtuous, as far as his own

* *Memoirs of the Life, Works, and Correspondence of Sir William Temple, Bart.* By the Right Honourable Thomas Peregrine Courtenay. London: Longman and Co. 1836.

thoughts, the precepts of others, or the laws of his country can instruct him.... In the perfection of natural reason consists the perfection of body and mind, and the utmost or supreme happiness of mankind. The means and rules to attain this perfection are chiefly not to will or desire any thing but what is consonant to his natural reason, nor any thing that is not agreeable to the good and happiness of other men, as well as our own. To this end is prescribed the constant course and practice of the moral virtues, known and agreed to generally in the world, among which courtesy, or civility, and gratitude are cardinal with them. In short, the whole scope of all Confucius has writ aims only at teaching men to live well and to govern well: how parents, masters, and magistrates should rule; and how children, servants, and subjects should obey."

Nothing, certainly, but the extremest jealousy in favour of the positive over the speculative and abstract, to which, it must be confessed, that Temple was too much addicted, can account for so grave a charge on premises so slender. The fact is, that Temple was too indolent to become a sceptic—being, according to his wife's testimony, "*such a lover of liberty that I remember, when he was young, and his fortunes low, to have heard him say, he would not be obliged, for five hundred a-year, to step over a gutter, that was in the street before his door.*" But charges of infidelity are often brought by *carol religionists*, who mistake superstitious observances for essential points of faith. Incapable of abstracting one from the other, such professors are too frequently disposed to asperse the characters of men who are better entitled to the name of believers than themselves. They suspect all who are capable of belief in those high and pure principles of doctrine and discipline, of which the unreasoning dogmatist is unable even to form a conception. The next age, however, will be found to impeach the alleged sceptic of the last for overmuch credulity. Such is especially the case with Temple, whose *Essay on Ancient and Modern Literature*, that gave rise to the long-continued disputation on *Æsop's Fables* and *Phalaris*, to which Bentley and Boyle gave such peculiar celebrity, is more remarkable for the author's facility in believing than in doubting. *E. g.* In arguing for the superiority of the ancients, Temple remarks that, with the

moderns, "there is nothing new in astronomy to vie with the ancients, *unless it be the Copernican system*; nor in physic, *unless Harvey's circulation of the blood.*" And then the motive that he assigns for depreciating these modern discoveries, of which he speaks with such remarkable coolness, is characteristic. "But, whether," he adds, "either of these be modern discoveries, or derived from old fountains, is disputed; nay, it is so, too, whether it be true or no; *for though reason may seem to favour these more than the contrary opinions, yet sense can very hardly allow them*; and to satisfy mankind both these must concur."

But the question of Temple's religious sentiments is set at rest by the manner in which he disposes of the argument, drawn from religion, relative to the subject of dispute concerning the ancients and moderns. It is as follows:—

"For divinity, wherein they give the moderns such a preference above the ancients, they might as well have made them excel in the knowledge of our common law, or of the English tongue; since our religion was as little known to the ancient sages and philosophers as our language or our laws. And I cannot but wonder that any divine should so much debase religion or true divinity, as to introduce them thus preposterously into the number of human sciences; whereas, they came first to the Jews, and afterwards to the first Christians, by immediate revelation or instruction from God himself: thus Abraham learned that there was but one true God; and in pursuit of that belief, contrary to the opinion of the learned Chaldeans, among whom he lived, was content to forsake his own country, and came into Palestine: so Moses was instructed to know God more particularly, and admitted both to see his glory and to hear his name, Jehovah; and to institute from Heaven the whole religion of the Jews: so the prophets, under the Old Testament, were taught to know the will of God, and thereby to instruct the people in it, and enabled to prophesy and do miracles, for a testimony of their being truly sent from Heaven: so our blessed Saviour came into the world to shew the will of his Father, to teach his precepts and commands; and so his apostles and their disciples were inspired by the Holy Ghost for the same ends. And all other theology in the world, in how learned nations and ages soever it flourished, oft ended in gross superstition and idolatry; so that human learning seems to have

very little to do with true divinity, but, on the contrary, to have turned the Gentiles into false notions of the Deity, and even to have misguided the Jews and the Christians into the first sects and heresies that we find among them."

In conclusion, on this part of our theme, nothing more can be needed for Temple's vindication than to point attention to the *Family Prayer*, an account of which the reader will find in the 28th page of the first volume, and in the Appendix A of the work before us; and to his *History of Divine Revelation*. "Above all," says Mr. Coutenay, "the truly Christian *Advice to Lady Essex* affords ample proof of Temple's adherence to the great truths of Christianity: without the knowledge of a single passage in Sir William Temple's life which shews that he was peculiarly indulgent of his passions or appetites; with testimony to his religion and virtue from Swift, his domestic secretary; and with our knowledge of his writings and actions, we cannot admit, on the word of Burnet, that Temple was an Epicurean, a follower of Confucius, or an Atheist: such, indeed, was, long ago, the judgment of impartial critics."

It was in the year 1628, and at Blackthorn, that Temple was born. "The family, of which he represented a younger branch, had long been seated at Temple Hall, in Leicestershire, and the head of it was one of the first baronets." He was the eldest son of Sir John Temple, knight, master of the rolls, and privy councillor in Ireland; in much confidence with the Earl of Leicester, lord-lieutenant, and author of a history of the Irish rebellion of 1611. Young Temple received his earliest education under the celebrated Dr. Henry Hammond, rector of Penshurst, in Kent (the well-known seat of the Sidneys), and his maternal uncle. When Hammond was driven from his living by the parliamentary government, Temple was sent to a school at Bishop Stortford. Here he learned all the Latin and Greek he ever knew. His Latin he retained; but he often regretted the loss of his Greek. After an interval of two years, occasioned by the unsettled state of affairs, he went, at the age of seventeen, to the said Emmanuel College.

In 1647 or 1648, at twenty years of age, Temple left Cambridge. The circumstances that made him now a decided royalist deserve to be stated.

His father had concurred in the earlier measures of opposition to Charles I.; but had separated himself from the parliamentarians when their measures grew more violent, and decisive against the monarchy, and was opposed to those who kept the king in thralldom. This, added to the fact of his having been tutored by Dr. Hammond, would serve to bias Temple against the republican spirit; and the accident of his passing through the Isle of Wight while the unfortunate king was confined there was calculated to strengthen his prepossession.

At the Isle of Wight, Temple met with the son and daughter of Sir Peter Osborne.

"They were on their way to St. Maloes, to join their father, who was governor of Guernsey for the king. Temple accompanied them to France, but the journey was for a time interrupted, through the loyalty of young Osborne. 'The spite he had,' says Lady Giffard, 'to see the king imprisoned, and treated by the governor, Colonel Hammond, so unlike what was due to him, prompted him to step back after all the company were gone before him out of the inn, and write these words with a diamond in the window. *'And Haman was hanged upon the gallows he had prepared for Mordecai.'* The adventurous cavalier had no sooner rejoined his companions, than he was seized, and brought back to the governor. His sister, trusting, it would seem, to the gallantry of even a roundhead officer, took the offence upon herself, and the loyal friends were suffered to depart.

"The wit and loyalty thus displayed by a young lady of much personal attraction, were not lost upon William Temple. He stayed apparently some time with her in France, and formed a lasting attachment. Whether he had obtained from her an avowal of preference when his father, hearing of his proceedings, ordered him to Paris, is not certain. He proceeded on his travels, and was probably separated from Mrs. [Miss] Osborne for some time."

The story of Temple's courtship with this young lady forms the romantic portion of the present volumes. The course of their true love did not run altogether smooth—Sir John Temple disliking the match, and the Osbornes being violently opposed to it. The lady's correspondence is, therefore, somewhat voluminous. As there seem to have been difficulties in the way of their meetings, it must be acknowledged

that it is such as to justify the memory of the lady being held in especial honour. We know not, indeed, whether the excellence of her husband's epistolary style might not have been learned from that of her letters. Mark what she says upon that very subject in one of them :

"In my opinion, those great scholars are not the best writers (of letters I mean—of books, perhaps, they are): I never had, I think, but one letter from Sir Jus; but 'twas worth twenty of any body's else to make me sport. It was the most sublime nonsense that in my life I ever read; and yet I believe he descended as low as he could, to come near my weak understanding. 'Twill be no compliment, after this, to say, I like your letters in themselves, not as they come from one that is not indifferent to me; but seriously I do. All letters, methinks, should be free and easy as our discourse,—not studied as an oration, nor made up of hard words, like a charm. 'Tis an admirable thing to see how some people will labour to find out terms that may obscure a plain sense; like a gentleman I knew, who would never say the weather grew cold, but that winter began to salute us. I have no patience at such coxcombs, and cannot blame an old uncle of mine, that threw the standish at his man's head, because he wrote a letter for him; when, instead of saying (as his master bid him) that he would have writ himself, but that he had the gout in his hand, he said, that the gout in his hand would not permit him to put pen to paper. The fellow thought he had mended it mightily, and that putting pen to paper was much better than plain writing."

This, it must be confessed, is in capital taste, as well as exceedingly amusing. Let us now return to Temple, who, it seems, passed two years in France, and visited Holland, Flanders, and Germany, acquiring the French and Spanish languages, but not the German. He took a great fancy to Brussels, and conceived a strong desire to be the king's resident there, if he should come to be restored. On his return to England, he found himself without occupation, and lived two or three years about the town, in the usual entertainments of young and idle men; but, although he entered into the dissipations of London, he displayed, even at this early age (twenty-two, or twenty-three), the contemplative and literary character. He lived much alone, read much, and composed prose and verse. Essays exist at Coddensham

of which Lady Giffard spake highly; but Mr. Courtenay, at first, estimated them as of little value; nevertheless, on a more attentive perusal, he found them of more worth than he formerly thought them, and the specimens given in the Appendix justify the best appreciation. About the same time, he composed a collection of romantic stories, which he thus entitled:—*A True Romance; or, the Disastrous Chances of Love and Fortune, set forth in divers tragical stories, which, in these latter ages, have been but too truly acted upon the stage of Europe*:—and addressed it to the lady of his affections. She was always a great reader of romances, and much of her correspondence relates to such productions. The stories were respectively denominated, "The Labyrinth of Fortune," "The Fate of Jealousy," "The Constant Desperado," "The Force of Custom," "The Generous Lovers," "The Brave Duellists," "The Incautious Pair," "The Maid's Revenge," "The Disloyal Wife." They are, we are told by Mr. Courtenay, just what one would expect, under those titles, in a circulating library of pamphlet novels.

The courtship between William Temple and Dorothy Osborne lasted for seven years. Of the letters that passed between them, says the biographer, "many of them are not to be distinguished in their topics from the hundreds which have been written or invented: they contain abundant evidence of a faithful and passionate attachment; much allusion to the persecution of friends; the difficulties of the correspondence; the impatience with which the letters were expected, and the blush with which they were received. There are thanks for long letters, reproaches for short; rings, pictures, and hair requested or bestowed; company despised, and the world abjured; tears amidst parties of pleasure, and delight in the solitary ramble; rivals rejected, and cruel brothers defied. There is the usual variety of matter, and rapidity of transition; some fashionable gossip, and much serious reflection; now and then a very little scandal; often, the warm commendation of a friend."

During the courtship, Dorothy Osborne was much at Chicksands, where her father was in ill health; and she was there greatly tormented, not only by the opposition made to her choice,

but by the intrusion of other suitors, or *servants*, as she styles those who addressed her. The list of these, says Mr. C., with which in some of her letters she entertains her true lover, is as long as that enumerated by Don Juan's Leporello: among them was Henry Cromwell, the son of the lord protector, of whom, next to Temple, the lady evidently thought well.

For the minute detail of their course of wooing, the reader must be referred to the *Memoirs* themselves; understanding from us only, that, after obstacles were surmounted, and day named, the lady was taken ill of the small-pox, which destroyed her beauty, but failed to quench her lover's affection. He hesitated not for a moment, and the faithful pair were at last united. They spent the first year at the house of a friend in the country, where his eldest son was born, and then went to reside with his father, in Ireland; with whom, partly in Dublin, and partly in the county of Carlow, they "passed five years, with great satisfaction." When at Carlow, where he appears to have built a house, Temple took part in all county affairs; but neither the conversation of an agreeable family, nor his public duties, prevented him from pursuing the studies of his closet; and he traced to the five years thus passed quietly in Ireland much of what he knew of philosophy and history. At his wife's desire, also, he translated the *Fortunatus* of Virgil; and about this time composed "A Family Prayer, made in the fanatic times, when our servants were of so many different sects; and composed with the design that all might join in it, and so as to contain what was necessary for any to know and to do." This beautiful prayer we have already alluded to, and regret that we cannot quote,—adding, in Mr. C.'s words, that in it, "although intended to be comprehensive, there is no evasion of the essential doctrines of Christianity; the atonement by the Son of God is put forward as the ground of hope, and *his Holy Spirit is invoked for assistance."

Temple, having been chosen into the Irish convention, and Parliament, settled at last in England, and was recommended by Ormond to Clarendon and Arlington. While in parliament, there are no proofs of his eloquence as a speaker; but Lady Giffard tells us, with a little sisterly exaggeration, that

"he often turned the house in their warmest debates, by never entering into any of the parties or factions; and that a considerable person, Sir John Perceval, illustrated his influence, by observing that he was glad he was not a woman, as he was sure that Temple might have persuaded him to any thing." Clear it is, that he was an active member on committees: in one appointed for the promotion of the trade of Ireland he was distinguished. "Its principal recommendations were, a navigation act, similar to that which had passed in England in 1654, and the free exportation of wool, a point in which Temple, who had lived much in the country, appears to have taken much interest. He also took much part in the act of settlement, and was one of a committee for preparing a clause for the security of the Protestant interest; but this circumstance indicated, in the seventeenth century, no peculiar bias; nor are we acquainted with any particular view which Temple took of this difficult arrangement."

The Duke of Ormond had, first of all, a prejudice against Temple, in consequence, as he concluded, of his opposition to some measures of his own, in the time of Charles I.; and, therefore, when in July 1661, as one of the Commissioners sent to England, Temple waited upon the king, he was coldly received by the lord-lieutenant; but, returning soon afterwards to Ireland, and resuming his station in the House of Commons, his independence seems to have won Ormond, who was then resident in Dublin, and was accustomed to observe, that "he was the only man in Ireland who never asked him any thing." On the prorogation of Parliament in May 1663, Temple removed with his family to England, and became an idle man for about two years; but, having brought with him letters of recommendation from the Duke of Ormond to Clarendon and Arlington, then the principal ministers of Charles II., he secured the interest of Arlington, and obtained a diplomatic mission to the Bishop of Munster.

In obedience to his instructions, Temple went over, by Brussels, to Coersvelt, where he found the bishop; and in his first diplomatic report relates the circumstances of their first interview. The bishop was, above all, solicitous to secure the price of his adhesion to the British interest.

In three days the new diplomat had accomplished the first fruit of his mission, and was praised, therefore, by his patron; but Temple, who was subject to fits of the spleen, was not entirely satisfied with this only; he wanted remittances. Some of his letters, accordingly, are full of complaints, while others are full of gratitude; and, notwithstanding the general ease of his epistolary style, are sometimes stuffed with hyperbolical phrases and sentences which grate on modern ears. We, however, do not censure so severely the religious expressions of loyalty and fidelity as Mr. Courtenay does; who has written his work throughout in a style of overmuch sarcasm, and with an air of levity of which we cannot altogether approve. We are of those who can see a peculiar propriety germane to the time, in those dedications of Dryden and other poets to princes and peers, which vulgar critics are apt to carp at. Dignity, then, was known by types and signs, which made it obvious to profane apprehensions. More modern refinement has abolished most of these, as idolatrous symbols, insulting to the sense of intellectual equality which is now the boast of social fellowship. If this be so, and there, indeed, be no person nor object deserving of our reverence in the form and pressure of this age, so much the worse for us and our children. Is there no level higher than that to which we have attained? none who has taken a station on some heaven-kissing hill? Have we ceased to address kings and ministers as gods? It may be well, but it is ill, if we have, moreover, forgotten that "the powers that be are of God," and if, as is too probable, we have not only ceased to recognise the godlike in them, as our rulers, but also the divinity which should stir in every one of us, as men.

Though, as we have said, naturally indolent, Temple could be active on occasion, and one occurred in the course of this diplomacy in which he shewed extraordinary alertness. Temple had been furnished with full powers, and ordered to get on horseback, and go straight to the bishop's court, there to be instructed by him what he should further do. This order was countermanded; but the counter-order travelled too slow for Temple, who had started immediately. The counter-order was followed by a third order, to

proceed; but it was in obedience to the first that the diplomatist had commenced "a rapid and secret journey, in the assumed character of a Spanish envoy, from Brussels to Munster,—just in time to hear of the signature of a separate treaty between the bishop and the Dutch."

We regret that we cannot set out at full the detail of the adventures in which this journey involved Temple. The gates of Dortmund being shut, he was obliged to sleep upon straw, at a near village, where his page served as a pillow. On reaching a castle belonging to the bishop, he was received with great honour, and instructed "in the most episcopal way of drinking possible." The vessel was a bell of silver gilt, of the capacity of two quarts, or more. The general who entertained him took out the clapper, and gave it to his guest, filled the bell, and drank off the contents to the king's health, replaced the clapper, and turned down the bell, in proof of the accomplishment of the draught. This ceremony went through the company, *only Temple drank by deputy*. The next day, about a league from Munster, he was met by the bishop, from whom he received unusual attentions, that led him to suspect either an intent of deceiving him, or that he was more necessary to the prelate than he desired to be. At Munster, he found that business was avoided; but the plenipotentiary brought the bishop to sit down in the chamber provided for himself, and enter upon affairs without ceremony. He met with evasions, and had no sooner parted than he received private information of the treaty having been already signed at Cleves.

Temple now saw that this business was at an end; and, in contrast to the temperance which he had shewed as to the bell, we next find him at the bishop's table, drinking "fair with all the rest." Perhaps, whilst thus drowning his disappointment, he was wetting his wits to turn the tables on the bishop, which he contrived to effect in grand style.

In approaching the most eminent, perhaps, of Sir William Temple's diplomatic achievements—the negotiation of the triple alliance, and his celebrated discussion with De Witt—we have much to regret that our limits will not permit us to set forth in detail the several incidents. In

these transactions he was successful by the force of his own personal character alone. His plain dealing and integrity were so prerogative in the production of effects that were really wonderful, considering all the circumstances, that Flissan, the historian of French diplomacy, draws from the example of them the maxim, that *in politics one must always speak the truth*. Burke said rightly, that, in this instance, mutual confidence and common interest had dispensed with all rules,—they had smoothed the rugged way, removed every obstacle, and made all things plain and level; that the candour, the freedom, and the most confidential disclosures of the negotiates were the result of true policy; and that, accordingly, in spite of all the dilatory forms of the complex government of the United Provinces, the treaty was concluded in three [five] days.

The volumes before us give a graphic picture of the two plenipotentiaries. Temple had determined on visiting De Witt, and thus breaking first the ice. Take his own account of the adventure. "I told him," says Temple, "who I was; but that, having passed unknown through the country to all but myself, I desired I might do so still. My only business was to see the things most considerable in the country, and I thought I should lose my credit if I left it without seeing him. He took my compliment very well, and returned it, by saying, he had received a character of me to my advantage, both from Munster and Brussels, and was very glad to be acquainted with me at a time when both our nations were grown friends; and we had equal reason to look about us upon what had lately happened in Flanders."

Such was the unostentatious commencement of a negotiation which issued in such important results, and it speaks much for our hero's skill. The conversation between them lasted above two hours; and the impression left on Temple's mind, as repeated by him to Lord Arlington, was of De Witt being "either a plain, steady man, or very artificial in seeming so,—more properly, *homme de bon sens* than *homme d'esprit*, pointing still to that which is solid in business, and not to be imposed upon easily. These I take to be his talents; so that whoever deals with him must go the same plain way that he pretends to in his negotiations,

without refining or colouring, or offering shadow for substance, which he complains of much in the marquis, and perhaps with reason."

The last difficulty in this great affair being put at rest, the treaty was formally executed.

"After sealing (says Temple, in a passage which all historians have thought worthy to be recorded), we all embraced, with much kindness and applause, of my saying upon that occasion, '*A Breda comme amis, ici, comme frères*;' and Monsieur De Witt made me a most obliging compliment of having the honour, which never any other minister had before me, of drawing the states to a resolution and conclusion in five days, upon a matter of the greatest importance, and a *seconds* of the greatest expense, they had ever engaged in; and all directly against the nature of their constitutions which enjoined them recourse to their provinces upon all such occasions, and used to draw out all deliberations to months' delay; and added upon it, that now it was done it looked like a miracle.

"I must add these words, to do him right, in return of his compliment, that I found him as plain, as direct, and square in the course of this business as any man could be; though often stiff in points where he thought any advantage could accrue to his country; and have all the reason in the world to be satisfied with him: and for his industry, no man had ever more, I am sure; for these five days, at least, neither of us spent any idle hours, neither day nor night."

Enough, even from our relation of these transactions (weeded, as it has been, after a fashion that with tares plucks up wheat and all) must have transpired to satisfy the reader that the triple alliance has not been unreasonably held to confer immortality on the name of Temple. To the honour accruing from the success of the negotiation Temple was peculiarly entitled, as it clearly resulted from the influence of his personal character. For the means of judging of the merits of the treaty itself, we must refer the reader to Mr. Courtenay's elaborate pages; nor can we afford any space to the details of its reception by France and Spain. Our taste leads us to accompany Temple, whose gaiety of disposition had now completely triumphed over the spleen with which he was once troubled. We find him thus writing:—

"I am engaged to spend this evening

at M. De Witt's, with the Prince of Orange (whom I have seen only once upon my return), where we are all to play the young men, and be as merry as cards, and eating, and dancing, can make us; for I do not think drinking will have any great share. The next day, M. De Witt is at leisure to have a match at tennis, where I hope to acquit myself better than to night, if I have not forgot all the abilities I ever had.

"Your lordship sees what a worthy minister you have helped his majesty to, that spends his time and his master's money at this rate; and, therefore, the best thing you can do is, to hasten the ratification, that I may be gone to Brussels, and grow into some order again; and persuade the marquis to some more in the conduct of the peace than he has yet shewed in that of the war. We are here afraid of nothing but some brusque answer from him to disconcert our whole affair; though we have omitted no cares to prevent it."

The entertainment thus referred to is celebrated in history. De Witt, though 43 years old, is recorded to have "danced the best of any man in the room." And now an accident occurred which shewed the importance of personal character in a public functionary. Touching the commercial stipulations, a despatch arrived in a cipher, which, through some mistake, Temple could not translate; and he was naturally afraid that De Witt might suspect him of a diplomatic trick. Thus he writes:—

"He would not believe I could fail, at least with pains, and desired me to go about it, saying, he was impatient to know his majesty's answer about inserting the provisional articles, which could only be known by this despatch, since my next would bear date after the arrival of the treaty in England; and, thereupon, put me in mind of keeping my promise with them, which I assured him of. I went home, and, after six hours spent in vain, returned to him at ten that night, and told him I came to lose all the credit I had gained with him, by telling him a thing I knew very well he had no reason to believe, what was, that they should send me letters from court at this time in a cipher I was able to make not one word of; and so told him my story. He was a little grave at first, but soon smiled, and told me that I had gained greater credit with him and the states than I could lose by a greater matter than this, and said, perhaps he could help me in it, being as much versed in cipher as another man. I very frankly

pulled out my letter, and my key, and my paper with the rules, and upon it we fell to work together for two hours, and all to as much purpose as picking straws, and so we gave it over; but without the least ill-humour or distrust in him,—only saying, things without remedies must pass, and we must stay till my next letters come; upon which he would believe I would tell him the king's answer in that point as clearly as if I had seen it now. I assured him of it, though I confessed there might be a way to evade it, and told him I would end with him as I had begun; that his majesty had enough to employ in business that required address, and would, I was sure, employ me in none but where plainness and truth were the qualities necessary. In this manner I passed over an ill step, which might have been of ill consequence to me in my whole journey; for I must attribute the strange success of my negotiation to no ability, but to the confidence between M. De Witt and me, which made him tell the Spanish ambassador, and the marquis's envoy, that he did not believe the king could have employed another man in his kingdoms who could have brought this business to such an issue, and so sudden."

It now becomes absolutely necessary for us to abridge the details of this very able and interesting work. In brief, then, the reader must understand, that such was the fame acquired by Temple, from the preceding transactions, that he was mentioned as secretary of state, and really appointed ambassador at Aix, and was not unemployed in the peace of Aix. The process of signature in this case was attended with some curious difficulties.

"The Baron De Berjeyck, representative of Spain, received orders to sign the treaty; but M. Colbert, the French ambassador, went singly to the pope's nuncio (for the pope had been, from the beginning, a sort of nominal mediator), and signed one original of the treaty there; and then to the Dutch ministers, where he executed another, apologizing for not signing at the English ministers' house, by reason of Temple's illness.

"Now came the baron's turn to sign; when it was found that the French *diplomate* had scrawled out his signature from one side to the other of the paper, in order that there might be no room for the name of the representative of the Spanish monarchy.

"The baron claimed a right to sign in the same line, alternating right and left in the two copies; nor would he go to

the nuncio's house to perform the operation: Colbert, on the other hand, denied the baron's right to an equality; because he was not an ambassador; and refused to acknowledge his signature, unless affixed in the presence of one of the mediators. Two days were wasted in these disputes: 'the baron being a man in preciseness and caution more a Spaniard than a Spaniard himself, I was weary,' says Temple, who was all the time in the bed of sickness, 'of so many comings and goings with messages about these perplexing trifles.' He now got well enough to return the formal visits of the three ministers; and at last got the baron to sign one instrument, and leave it in his hands, and send another by his secretary to the nuncio's house."

Lord Arlington thought that Temple might fairly call this treaty his own work, whatever *padrinos* (sponsors or bridesmen) he might have had to assist him in it. Further difficulties arose as to the completion and the exchange of the ratifications; so that Messrs. Beverning and Berjeyck were frequently "set at those heights," says Temple, "that they were several times upon the point of drawing their swords in my room." Temple contrived, however, to manage Spain and her representatives, to the especial satisfaction of the Dutch, who thus warmly declared their sentiments. "All Christendom (they say to Temple) owes you the glory of having first disposed the king of Great Britain's mind to so strict an alliance between his majesty and this state, for the universal good and peace of Europe."

Temple's miscellaneous correspondence testifies his devotion to Ormond and to Arlington, and contains some amusing traits as to his official jealousies, particularly against a Mr. Glanville, who had been sent over to Ostend upon business connected with the recovery of tin which had been lost. There is an allusion, also, to some project of national costume—in these words:—"His majesty's resolution of a certain habit, by which the nation shall be known, is infinitely applauded by the marquiss, and all others here. I should be glad to know from your lordship that it is likely to be as constantly observed as it is wished, and honourably resolved." Algernon Sidney is mentioned as having renewed his acquaintance with Temple, and requested his assistance to convey two letters to England. Notices of Cow-

ley, Waller, and Sir John Denham—together with the fire of London, Temple's own pecuniary difficulties, and his desire of a seat in Parliament—likewise occur; and Mr. Courtenay concludes this part of Temple's life with telling us that he was now thirty-eight, and began to complain of suffering in his eyes, which he ascribed to their excessive use in business. "He might probably have added," writes his biographer, "his private correspondence and miscellaneous works."

In 1668, Temple was appointed ambassador at the Hague. Here he was, as before, stingily provided for by his government; and was, moreover, embarrassed by certain new forms of etiquette, which it served the purpose of Louis XIV. to introduce; and which were deliberated in the privy council of England. The result being an order in council enforcing the strict rule, Temple acquiesced reluctantly.

We are disposed to hold that these facts, together with some passages in his letters, which we regret not having room to quote, place the character of Temple in another and a better light than that in which Mr. Courtenay chooses to exhibit it, and also serve to point out the proper excuse for what Mr. C. may justly find objectionable. The high-flown professions of esteem remarked in his letters are to be accounted for as part and parcel of the *etiquette* of the time, of which we have now evidence that he only adopted, and not advocated, the forms. We think that we have reason to complain, that our biographer has charged upon the individual what was (if a fault) the fault of his age, and a style of proceeding against which, in fact, he had entered his protest. And we hesitate not to say that, for the period, the correspondence of Temple is rather undertoned than over-coloured. Surely, his style should be judged by that of *his* contemporaries, and not by that of *ours*. Of these formalities, both in literary composition and social intercourse, we have got rid; but we cannot divest ourselves of the sentiment, that the spirit in which they originated was good; and we do hope that, with the types, we have not quitted the spirit they embodied, but substituted the latter, in a purer and etherealised medium, for the letter which had become dead.

The pensionary, De Witt, again appears on the scene, in intercourse with

Temple, as ambassador; and the remarks we have just made are borne out at the very commencement of this new relation. "The day of my arrival in this place," says Temple, "I sent to advise M. De Witt of it, and to let him know that, though I yet owned my being here to none else, yet I could not omit doing it to him, nor satisfy myself without seeing him that evening at his house, as soon as it grew dark, if it would be no inconvenience to him. *I desired he would use no ceremony with me upon the point of the first visit,—for he could not see me here; and I would visit him like an old friend, and not a new ambassador.*" Perhaps, more significant yet is the acquaintance of Temple with William, the future king of England. "I found him," says the ambassador, "in earnest, a most extreme hopeful prince; and, to speak more plainly, something much better than I expected, and a young man of more parts than ordinary, and of the better sort,—that is, not lying in that kind of wit which is neither of use to one's self nor to any body else, but in good plain sense, with show of application, if he had business that deserved it, and that with extreme, good, agreeable humour and dispositions; and thus far of his way without any vice; besides, being sleepy always by ten o'clock at night, and loving hunting as much as he hates swearing, and, preferring cock ale before any sort of wine. I thought it not impertinent at once to give you his picture, which the little lines are to make like rather than the great ones; and the rather, because your lordship, I remember, was inquiring after it when I could not give it but very imperfectly. His person, I think you know, is very good, and has much of the princess in it; and never any body raved so much after England, as well the language as all else that belonged to it."

These notices of William of Orange may be interesting, and, therefore, we continue them. Temple told De Witt, on the discussion on the "Marine Treaty," in relation to this prince, that "there wanted not some among us that would be so wise to know, that it was impossible for us ever to fall into any firm confidence with the states upon their present constitution, nor particularly with him, upon the Prince of Orange's occasion. For my part," he added, "I was not at all of that

mind, that though the king could not lose the affection he had for his nephew, yet he was of opinion he could not express it better than by inspiring into him the belief, that he could make himself no way so happy as in the good-will of the states, and trusting wholly to them in the course of his fortunes, and not to private factions, or to foreign intrigues and applications. *That his majesty was of an opinion himself that princes were not apt to do themselves more hurt, and make themselves less any way, than by affecting too much power, or such as was directly contrary to the stomach and genius of the country which fell to their share;* and, besides this, I knew his majesty was so just, and so reasonable, that though he should take kindly of the states any respect they should shew his nephew, yet I did not believe he would offer that to any king, or state, which he should not take well that any other should offer to him; and I did not believe he would ever be put upon any such designs by his council, or his people's inclinations. For they, who looked upon the prince in a possibility of one day coming to be their king, and that loved a prince who grounded his power in the affections of his people, and loved to rule by laws, had rather, perhaps, see the Prince of Orange happy in the good-will of the states, and such moderate power as they should think consistent with their government, than of a humour that aims at any thing that might tend to subvert their civil constitutions," &c. &c.

In such passages, as these Temple's habit of speculating stood him in good stead,—it led him into unconscious flattery of De Witt's prejudices, which served Temple's immediate end, but at last resulted in the pensioner's ruin. The latter, however, had confessed a growing likeness for the young prince, and, by way of compromise, was willing that the states should make him captain-general of the forces, and admiral; but that they (and, we may be sure, he) did not like to unite the civil and military charges, by making him stadtholder.

Temple having made his public entry and speech, and taken note of our relations with Spain, respecting which he suggested a general guaranty of the Pyrenean treaty, and of all her dominions, found that difficulties were thrown in the way of his diplomacy by

his orders from home. The English government "objected to a general guarantee of the Pyrenean treaty; lest, in the extent of it, it should be construed to engage the king to greater charge and undertakings than will consist with the state of his affairs." But they agreed to bear one-third of the subsidy to Sweden, Spain, and the states bearing each the same share. Nor were these objections altogether unreasonable. The triple alliance, itself, as Mr. Courtenay rightly argues, in sanctioning the conquests of Louis, in Flanders, was widely at variance with the Pyrenean treaty, and only contemplated a return to it, if France should transgress the limits prescribed by that alliance. Temple, however, was placed in a situation to be compelled to remonstrate, and, probably, began to suspect, even before he was warned of the secret arrangements which were making between Charles and Louis. He had, however, reason to complain that, while these negotiations with France were proceeding, he was allowed to sign, on the 7th of May, 1669, a treaty, whereby the dominions of Spain were guaranteed to her, on her engaging to make a payment to Sweden of 48,000 crowns. On the other hand, when he complained of the pertinacity of the English merchants on the marine questions, he had implied enough warning in the fact of Arlington having imputed to him, in reply, too much partiality for De Witt. "Nothing," writes Arlington to Temple, "is more ordinary in the mouths of men here than that your partiality and mine for the league, or, in plainer language, for Holland, makes us easily follow all M. De Witt's dictaments." To this charge Temple returned a manly remonstrance. "I cannot help," he wrote, "their thinking me so weak a man as to be governed by M. De Witt, and led to what he pleases; but, under their favour, they cannot object to his leading me to any thing, but only my not leading him so as they pleased: so that my fault is not his governing me, but my not governing him; which I know no remedy for, and doubt they might succeed in it as ill as I." He also demanded new instructions, if the policy of England were changed. Accordingly, a Mr. John Werden (afterwards minister at Stockholm) was sent over as a special agent to the Hague; and, at length, "the concert of forces"

was signed, and the subsidies were paid to Sweden, which had been two subjects of dispute. Temple now ventured not to go one step beyond the instructions, which, he began to perceive, had been coldly as well as tardily given; and, after having had to justify himself and the Dutch government, was ultimately ordered home, although the ministers would not venture avowedly to recall the negotiator of the triple alliance.

On his arrival in London, October 1670, Temple was coldly received by Arlington, whom it had been his custom to visit first; and, of course, now that he had been specially summoned, he did not omit this duty. But, instead of leaving (as usual) all company to greet his visitor, and receiving him with open arms, Arlington, who was closeted with Lord Ashley (afterwards the well known Earl of Shaftesbury), kept his old friend an hour and a-half in a waiting-room, and, when he appeared, conversed frigidly on ordinary topics; and, after a while, to prevent recurrence to business, called his little daughter out of the next room, and then admitted Lord Crofts, so as to make particular conversation impossible. An interview which he afterwards had with the king was of similar character.

Temple subsequently got a quarrelsome kind of explanation of this conduct from Sir Thomas Clifford. "The English government had determined to break with their allies. Temple, therefore, prepared to retire from the employment of politicians who neglected (to quote from a letter by his lady) to "consider well that there is no trust to be put in alliances with ambitious kings, especially such as make it their fundamental maxim to be base." He proposed to obtain a little more ground at Sheen, and to make improvements in his house and garden. His father presented him with five hundred pounds, with an injunction to lay it out in ornamenting the place, by making the front of the house uniform; and urged him to make use of his reputation and the king's favour towards improving his pecuniary means—a recommendation which Temple declined. Meanwhile, Lady Temple remained at the Hague, and understood among the diplomatic circle there that the recall of Temple was a point of stipulation with the French government. "We have seen," says Mr. Courtenay, "on the

other hand, the importance which the Dutch attached to it; and as the English ministers were not yet ripe for so public and decisive a step, the unfortunate victim of King Charles's baseness was not permitted to send for his family; but was obliged to keep up all his ambassadorial expenses at the court to which he was not to return, although his allowances were now very irregularly paid."

In the summer of 1671 Temple was formally recalled.

"The critical position of affairs induced the Dutch to keep a fleet at sea; and the English government hoped to draw, from that circumstance, an occasion of quarrel. A yacht was sent for Lady Temple: the captain had orders to sail through the Dutch fleet, if he should meet it, and to fire into the nearest ships, until they should either strike sail to the flag, which he bore, or return his shot so as to make a quarrel!

"He saw nothing of the Dutch fleet in going over; but, on his return, he fell in with it, and fired, without warning or ceremony, into the ships that were next to him.

"The Dutch admiral, Van Ghent, was puzzled: he seemed not to know, and probably did not know, what the English captain meant. He, therefore, sent a boat, thinking it possible that the yacht might be in distress; when the captain told his orders, mentioning, also, that he had the ambassadress on board. Van Ghent himself then came on board, with a handsome compliment to Lady Temple; and, making his personal inquiries of the captain, received the same answer as before. The Dutchman said, he had no orders upon the point, which he rightly believed to be still unsettled, and could not believe that the fleet, commanded by an admiral, was to strike to the king's pleasure-boat.

"When the admiral returned to his ship, the captain, also 'perplexed enough,' applied to Lady Temple, who soon saw that he desired to get out of his difficulty by her help; but the wife of Sir William Temple called forth the spirit which we have seen in Dorothy Osborne. 'He knew,' she told the captain, 'his orders best, and what he was to do upon them, which she left to him to follow as he thought fit, without any regard to her or her children.' The Dutch and English commanders then proceeded each upon his own course, and Lady Temple was safely landed in England. She was much commended for her part in what had passed, and of which she was called upon to give an account to Sir Leoline Jenkins, the judge of the Admi-

ralty. 'When I went next to the king's levee, he began to speak of my wife's carriage at sea, and to commend it as much as he blamed the captain's, and said that she had shewed more courage than he; and then (the king he must mean), falling upon the Dutch insolence, I said that, however matters went, it must be confessed that there was some merit in my family, since I had made the alliance with Holland, and my wife was like to have the honour of making the war. The king smiled as well as I,—very glad, probably, to escape a serious conversation with the man whom he had deceived and abandoned,—who had found this the only way to lure the discourse into good humour; and so it ended.'

"Temple went into the royal closet to kiss the king's hand, on the termination of his embassy,—received some general and worthless compliments upon his services, with a promise, on Charles's part, of a favourable word to the commissioners of the Treasury, and a present of the plate belonging to his embassy. 'His majesty seemed very much pleased I took it so kindly, and was so easily contented.' 'And thus an adventure has ended in smoke which, for almost three years, made such a noise in the world, restored and preserved so long the general peace, and left his majesty the arbitrage of affairs among our neighbours, by the emperor's and Spain's resolutions, as well as Sweden's and Holland's, to follow his measures for the common safety and peace of Christendom.'

We regret very much that Mr. Courtney has not thought it expedient to print Temple's letter of condolence to De Witt, on the loss of his wife. The progress of Temple's estrangement from Arlington was gradual; and, indeed, as our author observes, "they were scarcely suited, from the beginning, for one another,"—"the one being eminently manly and sincere, though *touchy* and tenacious,—the other a double-dealer, through easiness and weakness of disposition." Besides, although on friendly terms with Sir John Trevor,—with Mr. Williamson (afterwards Sir Joseph) Temple was not in good odour. Of Temple's domestic concerns during his three years' retirement little is known, we are told, beyond our general acquaintance with his habits of gardening, and his building and improving at Sheen. Five months of 1673 he spent in Ireland, with his father; and the rest of his time he seems to have employed in the composition of some political pieces,

A tract on Ireland, not in his collected works, recommends an exclusively English government; another on the trade of Ireland recommends some minute and fanciful regulations—all, however, in the spirit of the age in which he wrote,—among which were the butter laws, lately repealed by an act introduced by Temple's present biographer. Temple, also, about this time, prepared for the consideration of the secretary of state a survey of the constitutions and interests of the principal powers of Europe, with their relation to England in the year 1671, which contains, in Mr. C.'s opinion, some curious and reprehensible suggestions as to the Dutch, but which others may probably think justifiable on the score of patriotism. Temple as an ambassador and Temple in retirement are, and ought to be, two different characters; and there is no reason why a partiality contracted abroad for another people should continue to the prejudice of his own when he returned home. Lady Giffard's language, to which Mr. C. objects, is more appropriate to this subject than his own. With the triple alliance, she remarks, "began, *I will not say a friendship*, but a trust and confidence between Temple and M. De Witt, *from the experience as well as assurance of truth and fairness in their dealings, which helped much to the ease and despatch of those they were engaged in.*" This is, truly, the extent of the tether; and Mr. C. makes a vain attempt to stretch it further, in many of his strictures, in which he evidently confounds the diplomatist and the man, which, though, indeed, not separate, are, nevertheless, distinct, and should be so considered.

His *Observations upon the United Provinces*, written in 1672, contain some shrewd guesses at the Dutch character, and religion.

We have, also, as the produce of his leisure at this time, an *Essay upon the Original and Nature of Government*,—a thing which he thinks to be greatly affected by climate, traceable to patriarchal authority, and comparable to a pyramid. These works, with a letter to Lord Ormond on public affairs, written in 1673; and his beautiful and celebrated letter to the Countess of Essex, on the loss of her daughter, complete the produce of his leisure at this period.

We can now only hastily glance at

the future events of Temple's life, our space being already occupied. That he was succeeded at the Hague by Sir George Downing, and that De Witt's measures led to his own massacre, must be told in so many words. The Prince of Orange was now stadtholder; and the necessity of peace becoming clear, and the establishment of the Prince of Orange in his hereditary appointments making it, perhaps, more acceptable to Charles, Temple was thought the fit man to go over to the Hague to negotiate it. But it was found possible to do it at home; and it was, therefore, concluded at Westminster, in three days, between himself and the Spanish ambassador. Offers of the embassy to Spain and the secretaryship of state were now, in succession, made to Temple, and declined; but he accepted the appointment at the Hague, of ambassador extraordinary to the states, with emoluments made equal, after some discussion, to those of the other ambassadors of the crown. Before proceeding on his mission, he determined to have a preliminary audience of Charles; and, having obtained it, opened his mind very freely upon the "late counsels, and the ministry of the late cabal,"—making a long speech, to which the king first listened impatiently, then indifferently, and, at length, put an end to by a *coup de théâtre*. "A king," said Temple, "to be great, must be the man of his people." "And," said the royal actor, laying his hand upon Temple's, "I will be the man of my people." Thus, Temple failed in ascertaining "the ground upon which he stood," which was his great desire previous to his going upon an errand of a kind in which he had before met with inconvenience and disappointment.

And, in truth, the manner in which he had been treated opposed difficulties to his present exertion; though it was not owing to this that William of Orange received him with marked coldness, but the disinclination of the prince to the union with the Princess Mary, touching which Temple was charged with overtures. But at length he conciliated the prince.

Notwithstanding the excellence of Temple's conduct abroad, however, conspiracies were got up against him at home; and Lord Arlington himself was sent over to the Hague, affecting no public character, but, nevertheless, with authority and instructions

from the king of England. Here, however, Temple had a triumph,—for William felt himself insulted by Arlington; and, not only then, but after his departure, when Sir Gabriel Sylvius came on a similar errand, refused to communicate effectually with any other than Temple. Arlington seems to have suggested to the prince to visit England, and afterwards spread a rumour that he was actually coming over, to the discomfort of Charles, who wrote himself to Temple on the subject. William was extremely annoyed by these transactions, and his excitement was increased by an incipient illness, which turned out to be the small-pox, during which the prince “had a fancy hardly to eat or drink any thing but what came from the ambassador’s house.”

Temple was now suddenly called home—just after his nomination as ambassador to the congress at Nimeguen. It seemed that Charles had been frightened into an earnest desire of peace by the disputes in parliament, and Temple was employed in vainly endeavouring to reconcile Arlington and Danby. After a stay of six weeks, he returned to the Hague, with proposals for the peace.

The prince’s confidence in Temple continued, and he consulted him at last about the Princess Mary. William’s notions of royal matrimony were not a little romantic: he was particular as to “the person and the dispositions of the young lady; for though it would not pass in the world for a prince to seem concerned in those particulars, yet, for himself, he would tell me,” says Temple, “without any sort of affectation, that he was so, and in such a degree, that no circumstance of fortune or interest would engage him, without those of the person, especially those of humour and dispositions: that he might, perhaps, not be very easy for a wife to live with; he was sure he should not to such wives as were generally in the courts of this age: that if he should meet with one to give him trouble at home, it was what he should not be able to bear, who was like to have enough abroad in the course of his life; and that, after the manner he was resolved to live with a wife, which should be the best he could, he would have one that he thought likely to live well with him, which he thought chiefly depended on her disposition and edu-

cation; and if I knew any thing particular of the lady Mary in these points, he desired me to tell him freely.”

Temple’s skill was as apparent in this negotiation as in all the rest in which he had been engaged. Lady Temple went over to England on the mission, with letters to the king and Duke of York, from the prince as well as her husband; who, also, authorised her to impart the secret to Lord Danby, and “to no other person, the privacy of it being very much recommended to her.” On the announcement of the prince’s intention, the friends of the lady seemed to have retaliated on the tardy lover, and would have had the marriage excused until after the peace. But Temple had an opportunity soon of pushing the prince’s interests in England; for Charles was still desirous of his undertaking the office of secretary of state; and, though the ambassador pleaded want of means to complete the purchase of the place, (which was then bought and sold!) a special messenger was sent, and a yacht to bring him over.

He left Nimeguen on the 5th of July, 1677, and on his arrival had an immediate audience with the king. We wish that we had room for the lively account which he renders of Charles’s conversation.

In September 1677, permission was given to the Prince of Orange to come over as a suitor to the Princess Mary. Yet, when he came, Charles still wanted to postpone the match. William was greatly offended; Temple was employed to carry his remonstrances to the king, who finally acquiesced in an immediate marriage. Whatever might have been his inducements to depart from his resolution, not to allow of this union until after peace should have been made, that which he avowed was appropriately chosen, to conciliate the prince and his agent upon this occasion. “Well, I never yet was deceived in judging of a man’s honesty by his looks,”—of which he gave Temple some examples,—“and, if I am not deceived in the prince’s face, he is the honestest man in the world, and I will trust him, and he shall have his wife.” The duke, to whom Temple signified the king’s pleasure, acquiesced, with seeming reluctance; Lord Danby completed the arrangements between the king and the prince; and the marriage was accomplished, much to the dissa-

dissatisfaction of Lord Arlington, who, thereupon, broke with Temple altogether.

At home, Temple was exposed to the rivalry of Mr. Montagu, an ungrateful friend, who practised for the secretaryship; and, on being refused by Lord Danby, became the declared enemy of both. Sir Joseph Williamson had been committed to the Tower by the commons, for countersigning commissions to Popish recusants, and was released by the king; and Mr. Montague was now under suspicion as to some "plots," the evidence for which lay in the hands of M. Olivencrantz, the Swedish ambassador. The papers of Mr. Montagu having been consequently seized, came into the hands of the house of Commons, and among them was the letter from Danby on which his well-known impeachment was founded, to prevent which Charles dissolved the *Long Parliament*.

The state of the king's affairs at this time were not such as to induce any man to take part in his administration. Temple, therefore, wisely declined all invitation to accept the so-frequently offered secretaryship. He, however, proposed to the king the scheme of a privy council, which was adopted, and of which he became a member, though reluctantly, because of the admission into it of Lord Shaftesbury. The council worked ill, agreeing upon limiting the kingly power in the hand of James, when he should come to the throne. Temple, as well as Shaftesbury, objected to this plan, though from different motives. Temple felt that the total exclusion of the person was less hurtful to the interests of the monarchy than the limitation, even temporary, of the prerogatives of the crown. Its further proceedings were of the same divided character; and it was, probably, his dissatisfaction with this junta that induced Temple, in 1679, to suffer himself to be returned to Parliament for Cambridge University, though he had *purposely* failed at the last election, as a candidate for Coventry: On the Duke of York's arrival in England, Temple waited on him, and made a declaration of his political views. He had, however, been kept in the dark as to the share which Essex and Halifax had in the duke's coming over; and they, finding that the duke had no fancy for the new council, laid the whole blame upon Temple. The

result of these events was to separate Temple from his friends.

When the king, in the next council, declared his intention to prorogue the parliament for a twelvemonth, Temple uttered an eloquent remonstrance, to which his majesty listened quietly; but Sunderland, not containing his wrath, exclaimed that nothing further should be done in the settlement of Temple's claims upon the Treasury. Finding how matters went, he determined to retire—*into the country for a month*. His pecuniary claims upon the government had always prospered best in the hands of his wife; and it was through Lady Sunderland and Lady Temple that he afterwards received an offer from Lord Sunderland to assist him in this business at the Treasury; and he at last obtained a settlement of the most difficult point. Sunderland renewed his kindness, but without any confidence as to public matters. Such, however, was the influence of his name, that Temple was nominated (Sept. 1680) ambassador extraordinary at Madrid, whither he had then gone; but that the king desired him to remain for the meeting of parliament. During this interval, it was debated in council, whether the Duke of York should be desired to go back into Scotland; but Temple attended not this council, remaining in the country, with his thoughts towards Spain, and resolved never to enter into any matters personal between the royal brothers. In the debates of the House of Commons upon the Exclusion Bill he took no part. One speech of his there is recorded,—it is on the question of supply for the support of Tangier, which had come to the crown as part of Queen Catherine's dower; but in vain,—for, instead of voting money for Tangier, the house addressed the crown upon "the dangerous state and condition of the kingdom." On the commons making an attack upon Halifax, as the author of the last dissolution, he argued in the house against a proceeding grounded upon common fame. But in the debates of the council on the same subject, he pressed as earnestly the necessity of conciliating parliament as he had in parliament the desirableness of conciliating the king. It having been determined in a council, at which, as would appear, Temple was present, that the king should send a message to the House of

Commons, declaring his resolution not to pass the Bill of Exclusion, and Jenkins, the secretary of state, being appointed the bearer of the message,—it was afterwards determined, in the king's closet, that Jenkins was an unacceptable messenger; and, Sir Robert Carr and Mr. Godolphin successively declining, the king himself requested Temple to carry the message.

“ ‘I did not very well understand,’ said this counsellor to his master, ‘why a thing agreed upon last night at council-table should be altered in his chamber; but that I was very willing, however, to obey him, and the rather upon others having excused themselves, and to shew his majesty that I intended to play no popular games: upon which I took the paper, and told the king that I was very sensible how much of his confidence I formerly had, and how much I had lost, without knowing the occasion; or else I might have had part in the consulting this change of what was last night resolved, as well as in executing it; and I would confess to his majesty that I had not so good a stomach in business, as to be content only with swallowing what other people had chewed.’ Temple gives not the king's reply, but continues: ‘I went away, and carried my message to the house. . . . I tell this passage freely, as I do all the rest, as the only thing I could imagine the king could ever take ill of me; and yet I know not how it could be a fault, more than in a point of manners, or the homeliness of the expression.’

“ ‘The message was received ‘just as was expected;’ and produced nothing but violent votes against Popery and the Duke of York. Seeing the violence of the two parties, ‘who agreed in nothing but bringing things to the last extremity,’ Temple despaired of an accommodation. He saw that the ministers, totally incapable of managing parliaments, fostered the king's distaste of them, in order that no more might be called. This motive, as he conceived, induced his colleagues in the foreign committee to overrule him, when he deprecated, as we have seen, a positive declaration of the king to parliament against the Bill of Exclusion; on which occasion, in recommending an approximation of king and parliament, he used the now trite illustration of Mahomet and the Mountain.”

Some time before Temple's retirement, an intention was expressed, probably by Ralph Montagu, in the House of Commons (1679), of impeaching him, “as one that had been an instru-

ment of making the general peace”!!! The same foe of Temple also circulated a story that, being a man of arbitrary principles, he was the author of several anonymous publications, against the constitution of parliament, in favour of Popery. Lord Sunderland and Henry Sidney, therefore, advised him to publish the several manuscript pieces of which he really was the writer; and he accordingly collected them, under the title of *Miscellanea*. These consisted of the compositions we have already noticed, with an amusing *Essay upon the Cure of the Gout by Moxa*, addressed, in June 1677, to M. De Zulicheur; which disease, he tells us, “hardly ever approaches the rough and poor, such as labour for meat, and eat only for hunger; that drink water, either pure, or but discoloured with malt; that know no use of wine, but for a cordial, as it is, and, perhaps, was only intended: if such men happen, by their native constitutions, to fall into the gout, either *they mind it not at all, having no leisure to be sick, or they use it like a dog; they walk on, or they toil and work as they did before*: they keep it wet and cold; or if they are laid up, they are, perhaps, forced by that to fast more than before; and if it lasts they grow impatient, and *fall to beat it, or whip it, or cut it, or burn it*; and all this while, perhaps, never know the name of the gout.”

In the year 1679, Temple's poems were printed, of which the best is that “Upon the Approach of the Shore at Harwich, in January 1668; begun under the Mast, at the desire of my Lady Giffard.” In 1683, Temple commenced writing his own memoirs. The memoirs originally commenced with the year 1665; the first part extended to the author's recall from his embassy at the Hague, in 1671, and included the Munster treaty, the triple alliance, and the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. The first part was, at some period of the author's life, designedly burned by him. Dean Swift (who was with Sir William Temple from the year 1689 to 1699, as reader and amanuensis) ascribes the voluntary destination of these Memoirs to the change of policy in Lord Arlington, and Temple's consequent estrangement from him. The second part of Temple's Memoirs, embracing a period from 1672 to 1679, was prefaced by an address to his son. The sequel was entitled, “Memoirs,

the third Part, from the Peace concluded 1679 to the Time of the Author's Retirement from Public Business." Neither part of the Memoirs was published by the author; but in 1691 the second part appeared, printed from a copy lent by a friend, who is not known.

During the privy council scheme, Temple had not been without his private sorrows, as well as his public. He lost his only daughter, fourteen years old, of the small-pox, having lost seven children before, almost all in their cradle. Until 1686, he lived entirely at Sheen, without ever seeing the town or court, but with his gout and other infirmities growing upon him; nevertheless, he waited occasionally both upon Charles and James II., at Richmond, and was received with especial attention by the latter; and, some time after the marriage of his son, John, removed to Moor Park, in Surrey. To this place he removed in Nov. 1686, taking Windsor in his way, where he waited for the last time upon King James. He now betook himself again to the occupations of the country, and boasted of this year as the best of his life.

But in the midst of this quiet, the Revolution of 1688 occurred, which Lady Giffard qualifies by the epithet *surprising!* and, on her testimony, it appears that Temple knew nothing of the Prince of Orange's intention to come over. Moor Park, lying in the way of both armies, became unsafe; and Temple, therefore, rejoined his son at Sheen. John Temple had in vain attempted to obtain his father's permission to meet the prince upon his landing. Of this refusal, says Lady Giffard, "in telling his principles of never engaging in *any thing illegal*, or that seemed to divide the royal family, I have already given the best and truest reason." William pressed Temple to enter into his service, as secretary of state, observing, that "it was in kindness to him that he had not been acquainted with his designs." William came to him two or three times at Sheen; and on the 14th of January, after he had been charged with the administration of the government, but before he became king, he dined with Sir William Temple at his own house. These interviews, however indicative of mutual regard, produced no change in Temple's resolution.

It is clear that Temple was an in-

different observer of this great event. After King William and Queen Mary were actually placed on the throne, he permitted his son to accept the office of secretary of war. Within a week afterwards, the young man drowned himself in the Thames, leaving this writing behind him:—"My folly in undertaking what I was not able to perform has done the king and kingdom a great deal of prejudice. I wish him all happiness, and abler servants than *John Temple*." The causes of this unhappy occurrence are believed to refer not to the business of the War Office, but an undertaking on the part of Mr. Temple to induce Lord Tyrconnel, James's lieutenant in Ireland, to submit to King William; and especially an engagement for the fidelity of a certain General Richard Hamilton, who, being employed to negotiate with Tyrconnel, betrayed the trust reposed in him. Lady Giffard, in alluding to young Temple's death, thus concludes her interesting Memoir:—"With this deplorable accident ended all the good fortune so long taken notice of in our family, and but too well confirmed the rule, that no man ought to think his life happy till the end of it. With this load of his affliction, and my own, and all of us with our hearts oppressed, we returned, at the end of that year (1689), with Sir William Temple and his desolate family, to Moor Park; which his daughter-in-law, her mother, and two young children (both daughters), then made a part of: and he had so firm a resolution of passing his life there, that I believe such another revolution itself would not have altered it. God Almighty only knows how he shall please to dispose of what remains to him who, upon all the dismal accidents that happened in his life, I have so often heard repeat these words,—*God's holy name be praised.*"

There's no foundation for the opinion that Sir William Temple approved of suicide in the abstract, and bore his son's loss with stoicism. From this charge Mr. Courtenay has completely defended his author, as he has also vindicated him from that of having behaved unhandsomely to Swift. But for these particulars we must refer to the volumes themselves. We must also pass over Lady Giffard's life and character of Sir William Temple. In 1691 the second part of his *Miscellanæ* was published. Of the tracts con-

tained in it, that *Upon the Gardens of Epicurus, or, of Gardening*, was probably written in 1685. This essay professes to treat the subject historically, philosophically, and practically; and indulges in a discursive, and, what Mr. Courtenay calls, "a wanton attack upon natural philosophy and astronomy," confessing, however, that in moral philosophy he disports himself more agreeably. Had we space, we could defend Temple here from the objections of his biographer. Of Temple's Epicurianism we have already spoken. We are disposed to concur with the critic in his opinion of the *Essay on Heroic Virtue*, and feel that what Temple says of *poetry* is fine and accurate, although his selection of the poets who should illustrate his remarks is indefensible. To his *Essay upon the Ancient and Modern Learning* we have already referred, as drawing him into a controversy, in which his position, that the most ancient books in prose are *Æsop's Fables* and *Phalaris's Epistles*, was much disputed, and the names of Wotton, Bentley, Boileau, and Boyle (Earl of Orrery), are conspicuous. Swift's *Battle of the Books* refers to this quarrel: it was suppressed during Temple's life,—Temple having a distaste for burlesque writings. On the pamphlet of De Crous we have not room to write a sentence.

Early in the year 1694–5, Temple lost his wife, of forty years. Her death was accelerated by that of the queen's, who died a month previously, and for whom she had a great affection. Lady Giffard consoled her brother's widowhood; who, now being called upon to make a new will, concludes a short testamentary paper with directing that "his heart might be interred six foot under ground, on the south-east side of the stone dial in his little garden, at Moor Park." It was, however, not until the year 1699 that Temple died, at Moor Park. Swift is said to have kept a journal of his last illness, and therein recorded the event in the following manner:—"January 27, 1699 (N.S.). He died at one o'clock this morning, and with him all that was good and amiable among men." According to his directions, Temple's heart was buried under a sun-dial,

which still remains in his garden, and his body in Westminster Abbey. Sir William Temple left some posthumous writings, which were published after his death. *An Essay on Popular Discontents* is unequal; another *Upon Health and Long Life* is popularly written. Of two other pieces, Temple only finished some heads, designed for Essays,—*Of the different Conditions of Life and Fortune*, and on *Conversation*.

The *Introduction to the History of England*, though published in 1695, was probably written at a later period than some of the posthumous works. Temple had been applied to by the proprietors of a General History of England for advice and assistance; and it is probable that the Introduction grew out of that application.

Swift published Temple's Letters and Memoirs shortly after his death; and in 1703 he produced a further collection,—asserting all along that he had had Temple's private directions for so doing. In 1709, he announced the third part of the Memoirs—much to the displeasure of Lady Giffard. The several works of Sir William Temple, including those letters which had been published by Swift, were collected and published in his folio volumes, in the year 1720, with a Life taken from Boyer's Memoirs. In 1731, another edition appeared, with Lady Giffard's notices of her brother's life, from a manuscript prepared for publication by Sir John Temple himself, but with several omissions.

Of the volumes of which we have made such ample use we are desirous of speaking with respect. The Right Hon. Thomas Peregrine Courtenay is a liberal Tory, and he thinks that the politics of Sir William Temple were of the same cast. The points, however, on which he censures his author, and we defend him, shew, we think, that there is some difference in the colour of their opinions and feelings. A more decided, as well as deeper, tone of composition—a higher and firmer political sentiment, and a more learned and philosophical orthodoxy—would have made the work all that it ought to be.

THE TOPICS OF THE MOMENT.

I. THE IRISH CORPORATION BILL.

WE write just at the conclusion of the debate, and the declaration of the division, on Lord Francis Egerton's motion; and the few remarks we shall offer must necessarily be of a desultory character. They will naturally fall under three heads—

1. *The despicable prettexts resorted to by the Ministerialists.*—They are about to lead the country; according to their own account of the matter, to the verge of a convulsion. They are, therefore, bound to shew the most cogent and unanswerable reasons, for persisting in a course so full of danger. And reasons of some sort they do give us. They tell us that the Irish have a natural right to the same institutions as ourselves. They tell us that Ireland ardently desires and longs for open corporations. They tell us that they feel it so clear and unquestionable a duty to grant this demand, that they must run all risks and take all consequences, even to the resignation of their own places, rather than delay a single hour the urging forward this measure of "*justice to Ireland.*"

Yet there is not one of all the *three hundred and twenty* who follow them on this question, who does not know and feel in his conscience that all this is a tissue of false pretences, a farrago of the merest cant and hypocrisy.

Instead of really believing in the justice and propriety of applying in all cases the same institutions to Ireland which are found eligible in England, they well know that in every department of government a great distinction between the two countries had always been made. They know that the Irish Reform-bill differed greatly from the English—that the Irish registration differs greatly from the English—and they know, too, that in applying the principle of the English poor-law to Ireland, they find it absolutely necessary to go to work on a totally different plan from any which exists in England. Their own commissioner has surveyed the country, and has returned and told them, *that it will be impossible, in many parts of the island, to find materials for constituting boards of guardians; and that the power must therefore be placed in the central board.* Now, this is exactly what the Conservatives have proposed to do in the case of the corporations;—to abolish the existing corporations, on account of their proved abuses, and, instead of setting up new ones, to fall into similar errors, to devolve their powers, as far as absolutely necessary, on the government in Dublin. But the ministerialists, having themselves avowed the impossibility of finding materials wherewith to constitute efficient boards of guardians, still persist in declaring it to be easy enough to form good corporations! No one is so blind as to suppose that there is an atom of sincerity in such declarations as these!

Again, they declare it to be their belief that the necessity of this measure is so urgent, as to render it an imperative duty to place it in the very front of the government measures for the present session. But, can we suppose them to be sincere in this professed belief? Are we to forget the peaceful and leisure sessions of 1833 and 1834, in the latter of which the Whigs passed some one or two measures, and of which Lord Brougham promised his friends in the north, that "*if parliament had done little in that session, it was likely to do still less in the next.*" If this scheme of Irish corporation reform were really in itself good, and desirable, and even urgent, how came it that it never entered their heads, in those leisure times—in those days, too, when a majority of two hundred in the Commons stood ready to enforce their mandates,—how was it, we ask, that not a notion or a wish respecting corporation reform in Ireland seemed ever to occur to their minds?

The answer is most obvious. In those days they could *do without* O'Connell, and hating and despising him as much as they do now, and feeling no need of his assistance, they would no more have dreamed of proposing a measure which, on the face of it, goes to augment prodigiously his power, than they would have proposed to make him lord-lieutenant of that kingdom. The language of their chief organ, the *Morning Chronicle*, then was, "*The tactics of O'Connell are those of the devil in the old legends;*" and so far from asserting the natural right

of the Irish to possess exactly the same institutions which exist in England, they plainly told us (*Morning Chronicle*, Dec. 21, 1833), that

"The institutions of England are not adapted for a population so divided as the Irish. Mr. O'Connell asks, Why Irishmen should not manage the affairs of Ireland? They might manage the affairs of Ireland well enough, were there no ascendancy. But till the two parties have found out their natural level, they ought not to be trusted with sitting in judgment on each other. We would not only not allow jury trial in Ireland at all; but we would not allow a single Irishman to be a magistrate in Ireland."

Yet it is this very same party that now tell us, not only that it is the most flagrant denial of justice to refuse to Ireland exactly the same sort of corporations which exist in England, but that this is the most urgent and important of all questions, and one which they feel bound to put in the very fore-front of all their arrangements! Who does not perceive the contemptible hypocrisy of all this false profession?

But, again,—we are to believe that Ireland is piteously in want of new corporations, while half of England can exist very well without them. The ministerial outline or pattern of a corporation has now been before the public for about eighteen months.

Liverpool has one of these blessings; yet, somehow or other, Manchester, within an hour's ride, looks calmly on, and never once utters a wish that she, too, might have a corporation. Warwick, and Lichfield, and a dozen other midland towns, have been duly "reformed,"—and yet Birmingham stands, amidst them all, without the least movement of desire to be possessed of a similar ornament. In what way, then, comes it to pass—by what logic is it to be demonstrated, that Belfast and Cork will have a just ground for revolt,—and the ministry the clearest reason for breaking up the government, if that is not done for the towns of Ireland, which half the towns of England neither have nor desire! Nay, to come still closer home: the corporation of London itself, one of the most corrupt in the three kingdoms, has been left unreformed through session after session; and yet we are informed that, if a reform of that in Dublin is not instantly granted, the Irish will be justified in demanding a repeal of the Union! But false pretexes and hypocritical professions seem to constitute the chief portion of the ministerial arguments. They have, however, one imposing and cogent motive to put forward, and of its use they are by no means sparing. It is,—

2. *Their main Argument*,—INTIMIDATION.—This is used in every possible shape, and thrown into every conceivable variety of form. "We are seven millions." "Remember, we forced Emancipation from you; we are now thrice as strong, and do you think we will not have whatever we choose to demand?" "If you do not give us all we ask, in what way, by what means, upon what system, do you mean to govern Ireland?" This last is a favourite interrogation of theirs; and they are also very fond of answering it by the assumption,—"*Of course, by the bayonet!*"

Now, of the main point in this argument, "we are seven millions,"—it was well replied by Lord Stanley, some time in last session,—that if it was good for any thing, it went to establish a despotism,—the tyranny of the majority. We are seven millions, *therefore you must surrender to us the corporations.* We are seven millions, *therefore you must give up the church.* We are seven millions, *therefore you must give up the Union.* We are seven millions, and will not be ruled by heretics. If the argument is good for one it is good for all of these positions. But if we, who are *eighteen* millions, do not intend to allow these seven millions to prescribe the whole system of government for the empire, it is time that we made up our minds where to cry a halt.

Concession, from the mere apprehension of inconvenience, may be carried too far. Each step conceded may furnish not only a precedent for further concessions, but also substantial strength to the encroaching party. And thus it is in the present case. "How can you expect to stand against us," says Shiel, in the present debate, "when you see in our ranks *sixty* of the representatives of Ireland? Therefore, give up your opposition, and let us gain this step, which will raise our numbers to *ninety*. And then, when we return, two years hence, with fresh demands, and ninety members from Ireland to back them, how much weaker will be your opposition, how much surer our further success."

And then comes their favourite question: "If you refuse to concede what is

asked, upon what principle do you mean to govern Ireland?" Nor do they stop here, but instantly assume, as a matter beyond a doubt, that the bayonet is to be instantly set to work, and that the whole Conservative party is burning to see Ireland filled with commotion and with blood.

There is a very convenient *hiatus*, however, in this assumption. There is something left unsaid, because it could not be said very conveniently. They do not mean to broach such an utter absurdity, as to say that they expect that Sir Robert Peel, were he to assume the government, would forthwith order ten regiments of dragoons to scour the country, and to kill every man, woman, and child they could meet. They do not mean to tell us that a Conservative lord-lieutenant would commence his career in Dublin by ordering grape-shot to be fired up and down all the principal streets. They mean nothing of this kind. But what is the meaning, then, of their prognostications, that a Conservative government in Ireland *must* rule by the bayonet,—*must* be marked by scenes of blood? The meaning is,—the innuendo which lies concealed in all these predictions is,—that either they actually mean to get up a rebellion on the accession of a Conservative government, or that at least they hope to frighten a Conservative government from taking the helm, by threatening a rebellion before-hand. At all events, one thing is clear, that as no government, Conservative, Orange, or Ultra-Tory, could ever themselves begin a rebellion, or, without provocation, attack the people,—so the very prophecy of bloodshed, so liberally used by the ministerialists, implies that they contemplate a rebellion, got up by the priests and the association! But surely the responsibility and the guilt of bloodshed must rest on its *authors*. The only question for the Conservatives is, whether the threat of rebellion is to frighten them from the attempt to arrest the country's downward course? But if they are to be frightened now, when will they *not* be frightened? The enemy will not grow less audacious or less disposed to dictate; nor will his demands and his threats terminate, except with the full possession of one, if not of *both*, the islands.

What, then, is the rational answer to the inquiry,—How will you govern Ireland? It is, With mildness, but also with firmness; with real impartiality, but with no favour or concession to agitators; with strict adherence to justice, but also with a consciousness that the true bond of connexion is between the Protestants of the two countries. By a course of policy such as this, all honest men would be conciliated, and if it answered not the ends of the agitators, let their threats be answered with a cool determination, that the *eighteen* millions will not be dictated to by the *six* or *seven*.

But we must proceed to the remaining branch of this subject, and that is a strictly practical one,—namely,

3. *The position and prospects of this question, and of the Ministry.*—The House has just divided, giving the ministry a majority of *eighty* on this motion. The numbers were,—322 to 242, or, with the pairs, 340 to 260. This leaves 58 absent, or, deducting the Speaker, 57. Of these we find, by Mr. Lowe's useful Division Chart, that 20 were ministerialists; 5, neutral; and 32 Conservatives. Thus, then, in the very first great division of the session, we find 32 Conservatives absent when only 20 of their opponents are missing, thus giving the ministerialists the triumph of a majority of 80, when it ought not to have exceeded 68. Both the representatives and their constituents ought to see to this.

But a number of questions now arise. What is to be done in the face of this majority? How could Sir Robert Peel accept office under such circumstances? Or, if he could not, and this was generally felt, would not the ministry have the ball at their foot? What is the real position of affairs? Is it time to look out for a retreat, or is our position a defensible one?

We believe that it is quite defensible, and that it, in fact, grows stronger every day. Yet, the desperate conduct of the ministry calls for remark, and merits perpetual infamy. They are playing a deep and a desperate game, hazarding the peace and safety of the country, with the low and miserable object of keeping, at all hazards, and at any price, their own places.

They have managed by their ignorance and incompetence, to get the commercial and monetary affairs of the country into such a state, that we are within a very narrow step of a chaos of misery, confusion, and distress. By the factitious prosperity which they created last year, and of which their journals boasted so loudly, they have brought us into a position more truly fearful than that of the

panic of 1826. A very trifling commotion might bring the Bank of England to a stand, and plunge the country into the most awful confusion; and knowing all this, they are doing all in their power to create, in addition, a political excitement; so that, whenever they may find it convenient to threaten resignation, or even actually to resign, they may leave things in such a state, as to make it almost impossible for any man to carry on the government.

The country ought to understand this. The people ought to be made generally acquainted with this desperate scheme. It ought to be generally known, that there is a deliberate purpose of plunging matters into such a state of difficulty, as to deter any one from taking the helm; in order that thus it may be in the power of O'Connell's servants, and of O'Connell himself, through his servants, to insist upon any terms they choose to name.

Now the first question is, in what way the House of Lords is to meet this case. Certainly with the greatest confidence—the most undaunted determination; but still, perhaps, with caution and patient deliberation.

The house might resolve, that as it is universally confessed, that the proposed corporation reform must have a considerable bearing upon the interests of the church, and that in an adverse direction,—it judges it expedient to settle the question of Tithes, before it proceeds to the enactment of corporation reform.

Or it might adopt the proposition of Lord Grey, made in the course of last years' discussion,—that each corporation should consist of an equal number of Protestants and Papists, elected by the inhabitants of each class, with a mayor alternately named by either party.

Or it might consent to constitute new corporations, framed on the principles of Lord John Russell's Bloomsbury Vestry Act.

But it obviously appears desirable to deal with the subject cautiously and without haste. The ministry has evidently some object in view, in thus forcing the bill forwards with this extraordinary speed, and the lords should endeavour to understand and to counteract the manœuvre.

But after all, with steadiness and courage, the field *cannot be lost*. A majority of a hundred peers cannot be overcome by creation: the difficulties which may beset Mr. Spring Rice, are of little consequence to them; and whether or not the ministers, to be revenged, after an Irish fashion, on the *lords*, choose to demand a dissolution of the *commons*, concern the peers just as little.

This last question, however, concerns *the people* greatly. The friends of the ministry allege, that if the House of *Lords* does not obey the orders of O'Connell, the House of *Commons* will be cashiered. And we can easily conceive, that the Whigs, expecting a refusal, and intending to catch at this refusal as an excuse for resigning, may shortly ask the king to dissolve.

But will his majesty comply with their request? We believe, not willingly. But Sir Robert Peel may calculate, and that very safely, that a dissolution would give him a strong reinforcement in the commons; and he may prefer not accepting office till after the experiment has been tried. The Whigs, therefore, may be taken at their word, and that very shortly.

Conservatives of England, are you prepared to seal their doom? Is every county, every city, every borough, organised and provided, and ready for the fray? If not, let the next fortnight be well employed; for now, if ever, "England expects *every man* to do his duty." Within a very few weeks it may be, at once and for ever decided, whether the British empire shall be ruled by Englishmen and Protestants, or given over to the sway of an Irish desperado, supported and propelled by a mob of Maynooth priests!

II.—CHURCH-RATES, AND THE MINISTERIAL PLANS FOR THEM.

It is now said, after several postponements, that the ministerial plan will be opened about the time at which this will meet the eye of our readers. And amidst all the assurances of Lord Melbourne and others, that the measure will be one calculated to give stability to the church, there appears but too much reason to believe, that the scheme will be one of positive, direct, unblushing spoliation.

Those in the confidence of the home secretary make no secret of the fact, that a noted actuary has been employed, under the noble lord's directions, for several months past, in making calculations as to some supposed "surplus," which it is thought may be screwed out of the church lands, by the very simple, natural,

and equitable operation of breaking or terminating the existing leases, and letting the property, by commissioners, at a rack-rent.

But to this plan there will be found many objections: and first,

1. *As regards the Tenants.*—How is this “surplus” to be got at? Even if the principle of the measure were affirmed, still it must be many years before such a scheme could be brought into efficient operation. Many of the holders of church property, are in possession of leases having two or three good lives to run out. If these refuse, as many will refuse, to purchase, what a period must you wait! or if you sell the reversion, what will you realise by so distant a prospect?

But the principle itself must be affirmed, before we can proceed a single step. Now, can you get any House of Commons to affirm this principle,—i. e. of laying a coercive hand upon the tenants of church property? Are we referred to the Irish Church Bill, which passed both houses in 1833? That is exactly a case in point, and *in that case the House of Commons negatived Lord Althorp's proposition*, declared the tenants equitably interested in the estates, and thus destroyed the main feature of the ministerial plan! Is it forgotten, that the very reason assigned for the withdrawal of the famous 147th clause, was, *that the house had already put an end to all hopes of a surplus*, and that it was, therefore, unnecessary to retain a clause which merely enunciated a barren principle, from which no results could arise.

Now, in the present case, a certain revenue is said to be accessible, not at present possessed by the church. Does not this revenue at present exist? and if it exists, is it not in the possession of persons who will earnestly maintain their right? But if this vast annual revenue is now actually held by divers of the people, how do you mean to possess yourselves of it? By purchase at its fair value? Then there is no new resource developed by the plan, any more than there would be in a proposition for buying so much consols or bank stock.

By seizure? Then you have first to ascertain, whether the House of Commons,—which refused to entertain such a proposition, even at Lord Althorp's instance, and when Lord Althorp was all powerful in that assembly—will now affirm it under the present very different and less favourable circumstances.

But this scheme is founded in error and delusion in another respect.

2. *As regards the Church.*—Supposing it to be true that, by some process or other, a new source or income can be laid open, and a new revenue, whether of 90 000*l.* or of 900,000*l.* a-year, can be realized; still, the next question is, what does justice prescribe to be done with it?

Clearly, this property is the property of the church. No one else can lay claim to a sixpence of it. Whatever it produces, then, ought to be first of all devoted to the purposes of the church. We do not mean to the enriching this or that dean or prebendary, but to the increase and efficiency of the church as an institution. And while we have 1900 benefices with incomes below 100*l.* a-year, and three or four millions of the people without church-room, there is small probability of any revenues being really recovered and made available, to a greater amount than these two clear necessities will demand.

But, instead of these matters being made, as they ought to be, the first and chief concern, what is the point about which the ministry is chiefly concerning itself? It is to relieve the Dissenters from a burden of some *thirty or forty thousand a-year!* Not more, assuredly, but probably far less, for the whole church-rate is only 597,000*l.* a-year; and it would be a high calculation, to suppose that a division of the people amounting to less than a million, and consisting mainly of the poorer classes, are interested in more than a fifteenth of the whole amount.

To take off an odd thirty or forty thousand a-year, then, is all this stir and pother made. It seems to be the peculiar vice of this ministry, to choose to try all great questions upon some mean and contemptible issue. The very existence of the Irish Church was staked upon the point, whether an odd 50,000*l.* should be taken out of her revenues for general education. And, in like manner, in order to satisfy a small fraction of the nation, in a matter almost imperceptibly minute, they now coolly propose to throw the church entirely upon *her own resources*; and of course, without professing any such intention, to destroy her character of a NATIONAL ESTABLISHMENT.

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SHOULD CLERGYMEN TAKE PART IN POLITICS?

THIS is one of those important questions to which it becomes us, as the directors of public opinion, to turn the attention of our readers. We have never hesitated one minute to express our opinion, because that opinion might be in opposition to the popular feeling. It is *truth*, and not *popularity*, we have courted. The correctness of this statement must be illustrated in the present case; for there is no maxim more current in every assembly, more popular in what are called the liberal parties of the age, nor more frequently impressed on their readers by the Whig and Radical portions of the daily press than this, that clergymen should have nothing to do with politics. The aphorism is amazingly plausible. It comes home to us, on its first announcement, as a sort of indisputable axiom. We feel, on the very blush of the subject, that the pulpit or the missionary platform are the appropriate spheres of ministerial influence, but that the clash of political opinion should neither reach a clergyman's ears nor elicit his sympathies. We are on this, as on many other subjects, at issue with "the people," so called. We at once avow it as our conscientious and well-weighed conviction, that clergymen, so far from waving the consideration of all the political questions that come before the councils of the land, are bound alike by the nature of their creed and the duties of their office to speak out on more than one subject belonging strictly to the province of politics.

Before we proceed in our demonstration, we must observe that the very same prints which denounce, in no measured terms, the important and influential part which O'Sullivan, and others of the same school, have taken in great public questions, held up to the admiration of the little world in which they move the frenzied oratory of Dr. Wade, or the unprotestant conduct of Maurice James. A Tory clergyman is denounced by these consistent personages to utter execration, because he indicates some feelings of attachment to his country and to its noble institutions, and does not shrink from avowing them. But should a reverend Radical vent his tirades against all that truth has stamped with its impress, or time hallowed by its years, language is exhausted in supplying terms sufficiently expressive of their admiration of his enlightened patriotism and becoming conduct. The bishop that demonstrates the national schools to be the hot-beds of Popery is abused and bespattered: the archbishop that encourages the semi-papal institutions, and threatens to inhibit and muzzle every minister in his diocese who does not fall down and worship the golden calf which he has set up, is honoured as the able, the liberal, and the great. In fact, Whig and Radical clergymen are allowed to preach, pray, or publish all sorts of revolutionary politics; but a Conservative, or, in other words, a consistent clergyman, must not breathe a word indicative of his political creed,

at the risk of drawing down anathemas from Derrynane, or insult and opprobrium from the *Globe* or the *Chronicle*. Moreover, should a clergyman of any of the church establishments of the land stand forth to defend the principles on which they are based, or to ward off from their battlements the rude or insidious assailant, morning and evening Radical newspapers are sure to reprobate what they pronounce to be the bigotry and the political character of the man; but if a dissenting minister should declare from his pulpit that the church is a nuisance, or announce in the press that she did more harm than good, or spout politics at church-rate abolition meetings, or in any way give utterance to his malice and smouldering jealousies, he is held up as the able assertor of his rights, as the expounder of the grievances of the dissenting interest, and the eloquent champion of every good thing. In short, according to the movement press, Radical politics adorn, as with a glorious garland, minister and man, established or dissenting; but Conservative patriotism, based on scriptural piety, and given utterance to, while the grasping clutches of an irreligious ministry are taking from the mouths of his children their bread, and from the reach of coming generations the bread of life, is enough, in the estimate of the Radical press, to entitle the man to all the epithets in the vocabulary of O'Connell, and to all the pains and penalties of papal excommunication. It is right that the real cause of the popular clamour should be laid bare. It is right that it should be shewn that these *ex parte* complainers are actuated by no fear lest the dignity of the clergy should be compromised, or the holy influence of their character deteriorated, by their giving a scriptural impulse to the movements of society. Such fear would be no reason for them. They merely dread the power that is inherent in truth, when its torch is introduced amid the dark schemes of a wretched policy, and the sound and sanctifying power it is fitted to impart to every plan wherewith it is brought into contact. It is not the eloquence or the argument of the man that these democrats so heartily deprecate: it is the sacred principles he brings with him—the word of God, which, as the sword of the spirit, rips up and exposes to the reprobation of the good

the latitudinarian plans of designing men. As long as a minister of Christianity will exert his talents in behalf of the “sovereign people,” and O'Connell's serfs in the cabinet, so long will he be the subject of many a fulsome eulogy from the “liberal press;” but the instant he begins to dispute the shibboleth of party, and to weigh men and measures in the balances of the sanctuary, a hue and cry is got up about clergymen meddling with politics, and for daring to cherish even a thought, or to utter the gentlest verdict on such measures as Carlyle, Owen, Hume, the devil's chaplain, and others of the same battalion, have declared to be for the nation's welfare and the people's good. An emissary from hell, or a minister of Satan, or a chaplain of infidelity, are invited to bring the weight of their united influence to the political measures of the day; but a minister of God, a man of holy habits and enlightened mind, is strictly debarred from stepping beyond his cloister, or daring to apply the truths of Christianity to any one tangible subject. Marvellous consistency! There is reason for this, though that reason be a wicked one. It is the fact that men of Radical sentiments are rarely men of real piety. There appears to be a deep discordancy between the principles of the Bible and many of the current prescriptions of our modern politicians. Radicalism does not lie easy on a Christian's heart. It brings with it something incongruous to bosoms that have been made the consecrated homes of a heavenly inhabitant, and have learned at the feet of the great Teacher, “Fear God and honour the king.” On the other hand, men who have lost their caste in society and their status in the world, men of reckless minds and unhallowed feelings, are almost invariably found allied to the movement party, and mixed up with its desperate politics. They are sunk in esteem, and destitute of all moral weight so long as society maintains its existing balances; whereas, if they can succeed in breaking up the foundations of all earthly relationship, and exposing to disruption, by the iron hoof of revolution, those ancient ties which are at once the strength and the ornament of society, they feel assured that they will be thrown up in the convulsion to some point of eminence and of power, and thereby regain, in

this new aspect of things, something of the influence they had, in a healthier state of society, justly forfeited. They can lose nothing, for they have already lost all : they may gain much, as all is to be gained. Hence we have only to look around us, in the present disposition of party in Great Britain, to enable us to discover that Voluntary doctors and Radical democrats, and characters of wounded reputation and diseased morality, are all banded together against every institution : hating it, not *for what it is*, but *because it is* ; and prepared, in order to rescue themselves from the ruins in which their Catiline courses have precipitated them, to pave their path to aggrandisement with the ruins of a broken altar and an upturned throne. On the other hand, we have but to repeat our review to discover that all the pious and devoted clergy, the learned and the good of the three ecclesiastical establishments of Britain, are to a man in favour of Tory or Conservative principles. This fact speaks volumes : it alone decides the question whether it is Conservatism or Whiggism that embodies most of light and Scripture in its constitution. Before entering into the merits of the abstract question, we wish to clear away an objection that may be taken against us at the outset. It is said that, by thus espousing the duty of clergymen taking a part in the political measures of their times, we are really injuring the influence of the holy ministry, by identifying its servants with party, and laying open their lessons and their actions to the suspicion of being mere designs to promote the security of the party with which they are connected. Now, in answer to this, we reply that a mere party clergyman has none of our approbation. Mere partisanship, or, in other words, attachment to a party because it is expedient, or convenient, or customary, is unworthy of a rational mind ; and adhesion to a party through thick and thin in all measures, because they are the measures of that party, is equally unworthy of enlightened patriotism. Political partisanship is most unbecoming to a clergyman. Political *principle*, produced by Scripture truth, and not political *partisanship*, the result of education or habit, is the *το περιον* and the *το καλον* of the ministerial character. It is the politics of *principle*, not of *party*, which every minister of the Gospel is bound,

in our estimate, to espouse. It is not, therefore, any party we commend to clergymen, but the application of the principles of heaven to the politics of earth ; in order that the impure and the vitiated may be precipitated, and the good and the useful remain, the sweetener of society.

The whole question hinges upon this : Is religion applicable to man in his social as well as in his individual capacity ? Are there prescriptions in the Bible for kings and rulers, as well as for artisans and ploughmen ? We contend that there are. What province in the affairs of men does the following inspired maxim belong to ? " Moreover, thou shalt provide out of all the people able men" [this is *power*], " such as fear God ; men of truth, hating covetousness" [this is *sanctified power*] ; " and place such over them, to be rulers of thousands and rulers of hundreds, rulers of fifties and rulers of tens" [this is the *exercise of political franchise*]. Christianity contemplates, therefore, the nature of the political community. It prescribes the character and the qualifications of candidates for representing our interests in the senate ; and calls upon every man, as he values the approbation and fears the displeasure of his God, to keep these prerequisites before him. In the same infallible oracle we read these words : " Let every soul be subject to the higher powers ; for rulers are not a terror to good works, but to the evil ; for he is the minister of God to thee for good." All these maxims proceed upon the hypothesis, that the representatives and rulers of the people have been elected according to the first extract we have quoted from Holy Scripture ; for, unless they are good, *i. e.*, Christian men, they cannot be the ministers *for good* to others. Here, then, we have revelation dealing with the political as well as with the personal conduct of men, and prescribing how they are to exercise the functions of the citizen, as well as those of the father or the son. How does this affect the clergyman ? Is he only the mere expounder of abstract principles, and not the faithful applier of these principles to men's business and bosoms ? He is to fix the charge where God has fixed it before, and to preach on those duties on which patriarchs, and prophets, and apostles have preached before. The " Liberal" party will never find fault with the

Christian minister, while he lays out naked, undirected, and unapplied principles and dogmas; but the instant he begins to tell his people that the Bible is not a fine-spun romance, but a great system of moral and religious appliances, which are to exercise a plastic power on the conduct of individuals, families, parliaments, and palaces,—the whole pack is roused, and set yelping at his heels. The fact is, the basis of the theory, that a *clergyman* has nothing to do with politics, is the prior theory, that *religion* has nothing to do with politics,—one of those injurious and atheistic notions which deluged France with blood, and opened men's eyes to the fact, that, if *religion* is made to have nothing to do with politics, murder, and plunder, and infidelity, and all hell at once, will have to do terribly, and to our cost, with them. We maintain that religion ought to be the firm substratum of all politics; and that the bills that issue from the senate ought to be the offspring of the truths revealed in the Bible. The Scriptures say so; and whether the *Morning Chronicle*, the *Globe*, and the *Courier*—those mirrors of a raw and anti-social Radicalism,—or the oracles of truth, are to decide this controversy, it needs little reflection to determine. Certainly, our forefathers held our views on the subject, and reprobated, even at the stake, those of our contemporary antagonists. The prophets of old rebuked political depravity, whenever it appeared. Paul, in chains, sharply reprov'd Felix, in power; and exercised his privileges as a Roman citizen when he made his appeal to the tribunal of Cæsar. Our reformers followed as firmly in their footsteps, and feared not the face of princes, nor the scowl of them in power; but exposed and denounced political delinquency: and even the Nonconformist fathers, whose mantles—purged, nevertheless, of their inspiration and their power—our modern Dissenters claim, held the very same sentiments. The following extract from Baxter, vol. vi. p. 13, is a proof at hand:—

“*Memorandum 1.* Remember that your power is from God, and, therefore, for God, and not against him. You are his ministers, and can have no power except it be given you from above. Remember, therefore, that as constables are your officers and subjects, so you are the officers and subjects of God, and the

Redeemer; and that you are infinitely more below him than the lowest subject is below you; and that you owe him more obedience than can be due to you, and, therefore, should study his laws, and make them your daily meditation and delight. And remember how strict a judgment you must undergo, when you must give account of your stewardship; and the greater your dignities and mercies have been, if they are abused by ungodliness, the greater will be your punishment.

“*Memorandum 2.* Remember, therefore, and watch most carefully, that you never own or espouse any interest which is adverse to the will or interest of Christ; and that no temptation ever persuade you that the interest of Christ, and the Gospel, and the church, is an enemy to you, or against your real interest, and that you keep not up suspicions against them; but see that you devote yourselves and your power wholly to his will and service, and make all your interest stand in a pure subservience to him, as it stands in a real dependence on him.”

These maxims, so applicable to the courses pursued by our present cabinet, ought to be inscribed on the lintels and doors of Lord Melbourne's mansion and Lord John Russell's park. Thus we find the able Christian ministers of the primitive reformation and nonconformist days, asserting, *unâ voce*, that religion is the holy womb out of which all politics are to proceed; and that, so far from having nothing to do with politics, it has the whole formation and moulding of them committed to its charge and control; and illustrating, in their own practice, the necessary result of these truths, by personally telling kings, and lords, and senators, their duties and their delinquencies. And what has been the result of the entertaining of these views by the great founders, fathers, and defenders of the church in Britain? It has been this: our constitution is leavened and pervaded by Christianity, and our laws are drawn from the founts of truth and justice. The cross has been incorporated with our crown, and the laws of heaven have defined and seasoned the pandects of earth. Nor has it been left to doubt whether this has been productive of good. Britain, in native territory and physical resources the smallest of the nations of the earth, has proved herself, through her intellectual, moral, and political power, to be more than a match for the combined armies of the world. Her victories are written on.

the Alps and the Pyrennees, the mountains of India and the forests of America. At home, prosperity has encircled her provinces and peace flourished in her dwellings; eloquence has distinguished her senates, justice her courts, and mercy her throne: and all this because our forefathers felt (and, feeling, acted) that religion and its ministers had every thing to do with politics. It is perfectly true, that the *reason our soldiers and our sailors have had so much to do with victories is that, before their day, our clergymen had so much to do with politics.*

But let us shew up the rank stolidity of this the cherished theory of our "liberal writers." What is a political franchise or a parliamentary seat? It is simply *power*—power to do mischief or to do good. Now, it comes to be inquired, what is there within our reach capable of giving this power a beneficial and salutary bias? for the greater the power, the more necessity there is to communicate to its exercise a right and beneficent impulse. We contend, that Christianity alone can transform mere power into sanctified power; the power that wickedness employs for the subversion of all that is good and great, into a power that piety may wield for the vindication of right, and the perpetuity of peace and good order. Man, unimpressed with the principles, and a stranger to the regulating influence of Christianity, necessarily uses such power as he possesses for vicious ends, because he is by nature a depraved and fallen creature; and, on the other hand, man, such as he may be made by the sanctifying influence of Christianity, will necessarily use the power he is possessed of for good and salutary ends. A Christian legislature must be superior, *ceteris paribus*, to an infidel one. If this be the fact, is it not the duty of clergymen to announce it, to patronise it, to do every thing in their power to elevate to the senate and the council of the nation those very men who shall carry Christianity with them, and dip their theories in its sacred stream before they send them out to the world?

If it be the duty of clergymen to apply to power, wherever it is deposited, the salt that can season it, most assuredly is it their duty to endeavour, by example, and influence, and every other legitimate means, to illustrate this duty. Moreover, the

clergy have, by virtue of a right to vote, so much *personal* as well as *official* power. For this they are solemnly responsible. If they refuse to exercise that power, they are burying their talent in a napkin, and withholding the very weight which is demanded to insure the triumph of right principles, and the defeat of revolutionary and infidel Radicalism. We have heard that many of the parochial clergy withheld their votes on the idle plea, that they may be regarded as mere political partisans; and, thereby, deprived of their still more important religious influence: where such clergymen are the ministers of proprietary chapels, their fear is still more strong. Mere experience will not stand one moment against principle. If it be their duty to exercise the portion of power they possess, no fear of contingent results can cancel that obligation. But, so far from incurring the charge of partisanship, we conceive that the exercise of their franchise, on the part of the clergy, on the principles which we have laid down, will shew that they are the upholders, not of a party, but of principle—not of Toryism and Whigism, but of Christianity, in its bearings on all problems, and its applicability to all systems. We rejoice that the force of these reflections begins to be more felt, and thrown into more extended practice. At almost every great meeting, we have recently observed, that one or more of the most distinguished clergy of England, Scotland, and Ireland, were present—not in the character of Tories or Whigs, but in the character of men feeling that the truths of Christianity ought to be carried out in the legislation of all government, and lifting up their deep and simultaneous protest against the conduct of the Melbourne ministry—not as being Radicals and Whigs, but as the public despisers of the word of God in all its applicabilities to political measures. The clergy have shewn themselves, in this part, the advocates of truth, not of party. A very fine illustration of what we mean by this, is found in the very splendid speech delivered by Dr. Norman M'Leod, the moderator of the Church of Scotland, at the Peel banquet in Glasgow.

But there are other, and at present still more pressing, reasons for the clergy stepping forth at this crisis. The constitution of Great Britain is

placed in jeopardy. If they believe that this constitution has been the means of promoting the best religious interests of the people—if they be not strangers to the feelings of patriotism, and to the associations that must be twined around the heart of every reflecting Briton, they must feel it their duty, as well as the duty of the laity, to take care

“*Ne quid detrimenti respublica capiat.*”

We should not very highly value that man who would not do his utmost to preserve the constitution of a country so valuable. Because one may be a clergyman, he does not cease to be a man and a patriot. With a little change, every clergyman may say,

“*Britannus sum ; nil Britannicum a me alienum puto.*”

A decided Christian will be a decided patriot. The day is come when neutrality must not be. Our country must be preserved, not only for its own sake, but for the sake of the good it is fitted to accomplish, and the great blessings it is able to deposit over the breadth and length of the country.

There is another still more urgent reason why clergymen should come out at the present day more distinctly on great public questions,—it is this: *The church, of which they are the representatives and the defenders, is in danger.* If the reasons already adduced have hitherto been regarded as inadequate to draw forth decision on the part of the ministers of religion, the last places them in new circumstances, and brings them to one or other of these alternatives: either to stand by and suffer the fountains of spiritual and everlasting benefits to be broken up, or to come forward and to be ready, not only to be bound, but to die, if need be, for the integrity and perpetuity of their national Zion. If it be believed that our Established Church is in its elements and foundations a scriptural institution, and the open and national organ by which the Christianity of a government is shewn forth—if it be calculated to insure the dissemination of a healthier faith, and with greater certainty, regularity, and speed, to carry out the streams of truth to the remotest hamlets of the empire,—little, indeed, must be their anxiety either for the advancement of truth or the interests of men, who adduce a connexion with the altar

as a reason why they should not step forth to defend it. Clergymen are appointed, not merely to proclaim the great truths of the Gospel, but also to look after the safety of the most effective apparatus for extending its influence in their own day, and during the generations that are to succeed them; and, believing that the national church is one of the mightiest engines that has been erected upon earth for the maintenance and the diffusion of religious truth, where and what can be that clergyman's anxiety about the ark of the Lord, who fastens his eyes intently on the truth, but cares not for the pillar that sustains it—who looks with joy on the glory between the cherubim, but heeds not the danger of the mercy-seat on which it burns?

The conduct of such men is, really, most paradoxical. They are busy purifying the water, while the enemy is as busy boring holes in the cistern that contains it. They are occupied most creditably in preaching, while their voices are almost overpowered by the sounds of the pick-axe and hammer that are battering down the walls around them, and sapping the foundations of the pulpit beneath their feet. They will awaken to their peril when unroofed of their privileges, and when, divested of their commanding position, they learn, by painful experience, the miseries of the Voluntary system. We maintain that the clergy are the guardians of this sacred principle,—that religion is to mould, by its plastic power, the whole political organisation of the country; and, when attempts are made to dissociate education from religion—to destroy the important connexion that subsists between the church and the state—to *dechristianise* the institutions of the nation, and to despoil the temporalities of the church,—it becomes the solemn duty of the clergy to stand forward, and anticipate, by every right effort, the unhallowed disruptions. They are to take the poor man's part, that his patrimony in the parish church be not wrenched from him; they are to take the country's part, that its doom be not precipitated, by its plunging into an atheistic Voluntaryism; and they are, above all claims, and beyond all ties, to stand up the assertors of the scriptural truth, that kings are to consecrate their energies, and nations, in their corporate capacities, their best influence, to the service and support of

the kingdom of God. We are pleading for no clerical partisanship; we deprecate this: all we contend for is, that our parish ministers appear in behalf of the supremacy of Protestant Christianity, in every compact, and in every corporation; and that, having, in virtue of their status, great power, they should exert it, openly and manfully, in behalf of the institutions they love, and the everlasting principles on which these are based. We do not charge all the clergy with indifference to these suggestions; we desire simply to increase and fan their efforts in this field. Many have lately stood forward against the daring aggressions of the present ministry, on the first principles of our religious establishments, with an energy and effect that have told most powerfully on the country at large. M'Neile, at Liverpool; Cumming, in London; Tottenham, at Bath; Cook, at Belfast; and M'Leod, at Glasgow,—have rendered great service to the cause of the Established Church, by sacrificing every subordinate consideration in an absorbing anxiety to perpetuate the church, and enforce their forgotten duties on a sacrilegious cabinet. To two of the speeches of these clergymen we must briefly refer for a very lucid vindication of the duties of the clergy at this crisis, and the inconsistency of withholding their countenance while the spiritual welfare of millions is placed in eminent jeopardy. When the bad combine, it is time for the good to do so also. Are the clergy prepared to allow Messrs. Burnet, and Binney, and Bennet, and James, and Jay, to rouse the passions of the people against their choicest blessings, and their dearest interests, without entering their public and solemn protest? Is the church to be bereaved of her natural—her ablest—defenders? Is the Christianity of the body politic to be assailed by every *soi-disant* reverend, and no champion appear to assert its necessity and beauty? We are sure that neither the state nor the church will appeal in vain for speedy and effective espousal.

We have before us two speeches *

lately delivered at influential church-meetings, both able and effective. The speech of the Rev. John Cumming, a minister of the Scottish church, Covent Garden, made a deep impression on one of the most numerous and respectable assemblies we have ever seen assembled in Freemasons' Hall. We were present at the delivery of this speech, a report of which now lies on our table, and during its delivery had the satisfaction of witnessing the overwhelming enthusiasm with which it was heard,—leading us at once to feel that a chord was struck which would not soon cease to vibrate, and that many a firm champion of an insulted church was prepared to rally round her. The speech of this reverend gentleman is a complete vindication of the principle and the value of our national church. The presence of at least a hundred clergy at the meeting, from the humblest curate upward to the high dignitary, afforded us encouragement to believe that the ministers of religion were at length about to bestir themselves, and practise what we have been pressing in this paper. The scene that followed the announcement of the resolution of Sir Robert Peel, expressed at Glasgow, by this speaker, beggars all description, and told at once the mind and metal of the assembly.

Not having been present at the Bath meeting, notwithstanding our general ubiquity, we cannot speak personally of the effects of the Rev. E. Tottenham's speech; but, judging from the report before us, we should pronounce it singularly clear, and well put. It wants power, and popular impressiveness; but it excels in perspicuity, and contains many valuable facts, which, however, the speaker ought to have acknowledged to be borrowed from that admirable volume the *Essays on the Church* and some of the tracts of the Established Church Society in London. They are not the less effective, however. Tottenham's speech is a connected series of facts. Cumming's is an exhibition of first principles, followed out,

* Speech of the Rev. John Cumming, M.A., minister of the Scottish Church, Crown Court, Covent Garden, at a meeting of members and friends of the Established Church, held in Freemason's Hall, Feb. 18, 1837. Right Hon. Lord Ashley, M.P., in the chair. London; Seeley, Nisbet, Fraser. 1837.

Speech of the Rev. E. Tottenham, at a meeting in Bath, to petition against any measure respecting Church-rates which should compromise the principle of a church establishment. W. Pocock, Bath; and Simpkin and Marshall, London. 1837.

and brought to enforce the necessity of a church establishment. They are the productions of different minds, but both effective in their way. Both of these clergymen have set an example as to the kind and amount of interference in the politics of principle which we have been explaining. They lay out those principles on which rulers should act, and against which our present rulers are bringing to bear every word of expediency, tergiversation, and idiocy. Both speakers explain their principles at the outset of their statements. Mr. Tottenham says:—

“I should wish it to be understood that I do not appear here to-day as a political partisan. I may have my own views upon political questions; but it is neither my habit nor my wish to enter the arena of mere political agitation. I come here as a clergyman, and upon religious grounds. I believe that we are struggling, not for mere church-rates, but for an important religious principle, in the operation of which the interests of religion, and the benefit of the community, are very considerably involved. We contend, then, for church-rates, not merely on the score of actual provision for some of the necessities of the church, but because, as things stand at present, they involve the principle of an establishment; and we hold it to be of immeasurable importance, in the sight of God and man, that there should be, on the part of the government of our professedly Christian country, a practical acknowledgment of its obligation to promote the interests of religion.”

Mr. Cumming lays down the very same reasons for his standing forward on the platform on this occasion, in the following remarks:—

“And, my lord, if I were to appear before you this day to advocate any matters of mere financial detail, or if I were to stand here to espouse this or that plan of supporting church establishments, in preference to any other, I feel I should be interfering in matters which do not concern me, and stepping beyond my sphere as a Christian minister, in attempting to address you. But I am persuaded—first, from the lucid statement of the noble chairman; secondly, from the resolution which I am called upon to second; and, thirdly, from a consideration of the whole matter in its length and its breadth—that it is not this rate or that rate that is involved, but whether the land shall be consigned to the tender mercies of a rampant Voluntaryism, or

blessed for ages yet to run by a national and a scriptural establishment. I feel, my lord, that all the agitation that has taken place respecting the abolition of church-rates, is barely a successful attempt to conceal the great principle that is really and substantially at stake. I am sure that the abolition of the church-rate will prove but the first tap of that ‘heavy blow and great discouragement to Protestantism’ which has been threatened from high places. It is just (believe me when I say that I have no pecuniary interest whatever in the matter,—for I am here placed in London myself contributing church-rates, and most cheerfully, to the support of a church to which I do not belong) a cry for one of those ominous instalments that have ever preceded the most disastrous catastrophes which have befallen our native land. It is meant to be the opening of a larger crevice, into which a lever may be thrust, by the triple alliance of Voluntaryism, Infidelity, and Popery, adequate to the overturning of the ecclesiastical edifice. And, whatever the superficial observer may take notice of or pass by, the more practised eye can detect, written amid the folds of the banners under which this party moves to the havoc—‘*Delenda est Ecclesia*,—nothing less, and nothing more.”

We should like amazingly to enter into a running analysis of the principles and arguments of the two reverend gentlemen whose speeches we have quoted as specimens—successful specimens—of that delicate connexion which should subsist, and has in the healthiest days of the nation subsisted, between parsons and politics. We must not, however, amid our press of important *matériel*, devote too long a notice to this engrossing subject. The following is, however, so striking, that we must give it a place:—

“I feel, my lord, it arises from the very necessity of the case, that religion ought to pervade our public as well as our personal relations. I do feel, my lord, that man’s bosom was made for the habitation of his God; and it comes to pass that, if you drive the living God from that bosom, the moment that the man goes from a private into an official relationship, most assuredly will infidelity, or Popery, or some other idol, enter the forsaken temple. Man’s bosom cannot be without an inhabitant—man’s heart cannot be without a God; and, if the living God be not there, an idol of some fearful character must necessarily usurp his place. Now, observe the light this mother principle pours on our present

subject. William.—(I will use the phrase most respectfully) — WILLIAM, say the Dissenters, may be a most decided Christian; but WILLIAM THE FOURTH, KING OF GREAT BRITAIN, must not dare be any such thing. He is, according to the new theory, free to take his Christianity into his closet, and there (as I trust he does) hold sweet and solemn communion with his God; but the instant he comes to his cabinet, Voluntaryism stands at the threshold, and says to his Christianity, 'Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further.' — CUMMING, p. 11.

And, in another part of the same speech, the orator observes:—

"Truth in this world is not in a congenial climate; it is an exotic in our fallen earth. Error, on the other hand, is indigenous; it arises every where, and spreads its luxuriant branches without extraneous aid. Leave truth to the mercies of the Voluntary system, and, unless miraculous appliances are administered, it will soon decay; while error, feeling all the surrounding elements nutritious and fostering, will need no support to enable it to spread. It arises from the very nature of truth, that it requires all the hospitality of kings, and all the patronage of princes,—all tender and assiduous cares to foster its growth, and to promote its prosperity. You may, with the utmost confidence, leave a false and superstitious creed to the guardian care of the Voluntary principle; for such a creed will advance amid corrupted hearts, if unpatronised and uncared for, and if tended by Voluntaryism it will positively luxuriate. Fruitful plants require to be carefully nursed; weeds, on the other hand, will flourish alone, and extend in the ratio of the culture amidst which they are placed. Truth is a pilgrim and a stranger on the earth. She has been commissioned by the Eternal, from whence she came forth, to visit and to beautify a dismantled world; and states, and governments, and principalities, and powers, are called upon by the claims of her, the sojourner and the stranger, to clothe, and nourish, and welcome her into every sphere, from which she may go forth armed with power and protected by impenetrable panoply."

This is placing the interposition of clergymen in matters political on its real and its most satisfactory basis. The claims of truth are the claims of God; and that minister of religion must be unworthy of his lofty office who has nothing to say when the claims

of his Master are placed in peril, and the interests of his fellow immortals threatened with destruction; and, if he cannot turn the tide, he can at least record his public and solemn protest. Amazing absurdity, that when infidels assail the foundations of Christianity, the clergy may appear the champions of its truths, and the defenders of the faith; and when popes and cardinals corrupt its vitals, they may come out, with a Chillingworth and others, to vindicate the light from the threatened eclipse, and piety from base prostitution: but when prime ministers and their cabinets dare avowedly to deal "heavy blows" to Protestantism, and to withdraw with sacrilegious hand the sinews of its maintenance, they must, forsooth, stand in abeyance, and tamely submit! This is not the charity of the Gospel; it is a mawkish and a miserable pusillanimity. Are the clergy to see Whig ministers driving religion out of her ancient abodes, and care nothing! say nothing! and do nothing! Yet, such is the irreligious conduct of the present ministry. It is well observed by Mr. Cumming,—

"But, my lord, this same hankering after the destruction of the Established Church evolves from another prior principle,—the determination, on the part of all the three parties that I have named, to drive all religion as an exile out of every national institution and every social compact. The great battle in the present day is not about personal Christianity,—upon that we are all agreed; but the controversy is, whether it be the duty of kings and governors, and of all that be in authority, to establish the kingdom of Christ, and to consecrate their power and their riches to the support of that kingdom upon earth. I protest, before Heaven and earth, against the impious sentiment, that men are not to be religious in their *official*, as well as in their *personal* capacity: and I am ready, my lord, to prove that it is the duty of all that be in authority and influence to take their religion with them; and to carry its plastic power into every relationship; and to make it the all-pervading cement by which kings and their people, and thrones and altars, are bound and knit together. Rest assured, the instant these agitators succeed in extracting Christianity from the institutions of this land, that instant you may write, 'Ichabod, Ichabod, the glory is clean departed,' upon her churches and her throne, her crown and her coronets, and upon all that is ancient, and near and

dear to us. We have seen this principle—this anxiety to drive religion out of every institution—painfully illustrated in recent times. For instance, it was attempted to drive the Christian faith wholly out of the national schools of Ireland; but mark how it fell out, and what was the issue. Nature, according to the ancient philosophy, abhorred a vacuum, and Popery instantly rushed in and supplied the place that was empty. It was attempted next to follow out the same atrocious principle, by excluding all religion from the schools that were to be established in Liverpool; but M'Neile came forward, with an intrepidity that does him immortal honour, and opposed the scheme with an energy and success that turned the whole current of popular feeling against the atheistic outrage."

There is another reason of great weight why the clergy should take up their position in reference to the politics of the day. Education is threatened with eternal banishment from religion. The union which has connected the advancement in intellectual knowledge with the inculcation of scriptural principle—which has bound the head and the heart together, and recorded it as being equally necessary to direct the affections of the latter as to develop the faculties of the former,—is menaced with a total repeal. The men who at present hold the reins of government in this thereby oppressed land, seem determined to consign religion to the pulpit and the monastery, and on no account to allow the application of her sweetening and her corrective powers to any one pursuit or subject upon earth. If they should succeed in establishing, universally, a system of education divested of all religion, they will lay the foundations of another French revolution. If, according to the maxim of Bacon, increase of *knowledge* be increase of *power*, they will add to the *power* of the rising generation, but detract from its *principle*, by affording it no opportunity of coming into contact with the maxims of Christianity, which alone are adequate to control and to regulate. Knowledge is, indeed, *power*; but sanctified knowledge is *peace*: the former leads to rebellion and crime, in the case of men otherwise morally diseased; the latter leads to the highest prosperity, accompanied with the greatest peace. That the present ministry entertain most wretched views on this head is abundantly proved by their most distinguishing projects.

Among the most celebrated of these is the London University College, which is held up by the partisans of Melbourne as a model—a normal school of what their hearts desire, and their heads contemplate. In our September Number for 1836 we discussed the subject of university education at some length; and, in reference to the Scottish universities, endeavoured to lay out the inevitable issues of education dissociated from religion. Now, however, is the time for the clergy to vindicate from the inflictions of political quackery that vital element in the prosperity of Britain—the education of her offspring. If they do not desire to see the *Penny Magazine* occupying the place of the *Bible*, the modern school-master in possession of authority, and the London University in the place of Cambridge and Oxford, let them cast off their diffidence, and openly and boldly defend a persecuted faith and a perilled population. We say again, let the clergy steer clear of mere party politics, in order that their sacred character may remain untarnished by contention; but let them speak out most emphatically on the politics of principle, and especially as bearing on the ecclesiastical establishments of Britain, and on the character of those educational institutions which are of first-rate importance to the present and future prosperity of our common country.

"But," it is contended by many of the clergy, "will not our interposition plunge us into endless and painful controversy, which it is much better to allow to rest?" It is abundantly true that all controversy is disagreeable to a peaceful mind; and nothing but sacred interests, that are misrepresented, or menaced with destruction, can vindicate the duty of the clergy casting openly their influence into the scales that vibrate between opposite and contending weights. But, on the supposition that our church, and our national Christianity, and the vast interests that are identified with these, are at this moment simultaneously attacked, this professed dislike of controversy must be construed into criminal indifference; and, charitable or uncharitable, we must conclude that those who decline inevitable controversy, in present circumstances, prefer self-ease to truth and righteousness. Never yet was peace secured, save after severe

contention. The wilder the storm, the sweeter the calm that follows it. The cautious and calculating are not the most urgently demanded accessions to our cause in the present time. Zeal and energy are the elements we now want; and when the clergy shall have felt the force of these truths, and shall have come forward, fearing no man's frown, and courting no man's favour, we are sure that a powerful moral impulse will be imparted to the advocates of order and the promoters of Christian truth, which will be followed by the most salutary results. Let the church arm herself for the battle. This is no romantic crusade: it is the rising of Christian men in behalf of the most sacred of all property,—the rights of the defenceless poor, the principles on which the stability of a country reposes, the honour of God, and other correlative objects, which ought to stir the most torpid, and to animate the coldest.

We do not colour the injuries inflicted on our church by the dissenting interest and its multifarious tails, nor are we conjuring into real danger any phantom of our own. The language of the leaders of the voluntary ranks is condensed into a few lines by Mr. Tottenham in his speech.

"Listen to some of their descriptions: I select a bouquet from their garden. They speak of the Church Establishment as an 'apocryphal church'—a 'system of legal robbery'—'shielding and perpetuating corruption'—'extending a merely nominal Christianity, which dishonours religion, and is calculated to delude the souls of men'—'establishing iniquity by a law'—an 'ecclesiastical soup-kitchen'—a 'fertile source of infidelity'—a 'contrivance of the prince of darkness'; and they denounce the ministers of the church—as 'state paupers'—a 'privileged order of Brahmins'—'insensate beings who are now appearing in the pulpits of the Establishment, and who, as a body, are capable of almost any thing'—a 'host marshalled in the cause of despotism'—'sorcerers'—'tampering with the rights of conscience.' Never mind, I shall have something to say to you about conscience presently—'shedding the blood of God's saints'—'hands filled with bribes from the state and thefts from the property of Dissenters'—who are to 'be cast into the wine-press of the wrath of God'—and, 'along with all despotic governments, to be crushed to atoms past recovery.' Well, to tell you the truth, I am tired of gathering my bouquet, and I shall read no more."

Such is a bouquet from voluntary vineyards. Are the clergy prepared to let these opprobrious terms come with impunity from the press and from pulpit? They are, it is true, so discreditable and low, that they will have no weight with men of sense and of taste; but it is to be borne in mind that they are chiefly directed to the lower orders, and that in this class the commencement of all revolutionary outbreaks generally takes place. It is easy to convince very many, even of the most ignorant of the lower classes, that the abusive language heaped by Dissenters on the national establishments is at once unfounded and unchristian, and that, instead of being in any shape their enemy, the Established Church is their best friend, and a right to worship at its altars their dearest privilege. In Scotland they have managed this much better than we have done. The clergy of the northern establishment have carried on with great unanimity and power, and under the sanction of their ecclesiastical superiors, controversial lectures on the principles and the beneficial effects of a religious establishment; and the result has been an almost universal feeling of attachment to their national church awakened in the minds of the humblest mechanics, and a growing conviction that the plausible sophistries of Voluntary partisans were meant to deprive the poor man of his ancient patrimony, and to enrich the priests of Voluntaryism by the spoils. Some such plan is much wanted in England. Cheap and popular tracts, occasional lectures from the pulpit, and public meetings, addressed by eloquent and powerful speakers, are measures deserving of the serious consideration of all sound-hearted churchmen. But we say the clergy must set the example; theirs must be the first place in every Christian enterprise. Whether we are to be a Christian or an atheistic nation rests mainly with the ministers of Christianity. We do not fear that the issue will be disastrous, because we do not despond of being able to draw forth the exertions of that section of our population on whose services so much, most certainly, depends. The concluding part of the Rev. J. Cumming's speech is an admirable exposition of this hope.

"We must meet them in the name of God, and in his strength we shall master them. We must crush the alliance, or

we must ourselves be conquered. Take every man to his heart the words, worth ten million times their weight in gold, of that distinguished and accomplished statesman, Sir Robert Peel, at the Glasgow Festival: 'I MEAN TO SUPPORT THE NATIONAL ESTABLISHMENTS WHICH CONNECT PROTESTANTISM WITH THE STATE IN THE THREE COUNTRIES,' and abide steadfast and immovable. Here is our firm, our determined resolve. Here is the inscription on our banners, under which we war together; Ephraim not envying Judah, and Judah not vexing Ephraim. Read it, Voluntaries, and tremble; for these are the fixed sentiments of a great, because a Christian, people: read it, Satan, and know thy discomfiture is at hand: read it, Popery, and Infidelity, and Voluntarism; for it is based on the word of God, and there is flung over the sacred sentiment the protection of Him to whom the 'shields of the earth do belong.' And beyond all human instrumentality, even when most zealously employed, one great truth is to be remembered,—our cause is the cause of God, and it shall not fail. Tried it may be ten days, but it shall triumph. The bush may burn upon Horeb for a season; but God is in the midst of the bush, and it shall not be consumed. Our Zion is

engraven on the palms of the Redeemer's hands. Ours (I say ours,—for, however distinguished by peculiarities of ritual, England's church and Scotland's beloved kirk are in heart and in sympathy one—their common name is Protestant, their condition here is established) *church is the ark of the living God; and, though she may have to brave many a storm, and battle with many a wave, yet I believe One sits at the helm who controls the winds and the mighty waters; and it is destined, under His guidance, to carry His chosen ones athwart the turmoil and the troubles of this scene, and to land them, not like the ark of Noah, on the barren mountains of Ararat, to look forth upon a world depopulated and dismantled, but upon the everlasting hills of the heavenly Jerusalem."*

We have never been croakers. Conscious of a right good cause, good hearts and clear heads to defend it, we have been noted for sanguine anticipations. Religion is mustering its motives, the clergy are giving utterance to their sentiments, Conservatism is rallying its forces, and the miserable and vacillating faction that has so long lain like an incubus on this country is about to be devoured by its own dogs.

CIBARIA MEMORABILIA.

BY NIMROD

No. II.

MUCH as gluttony is to be condemned amongst people of all ranks in life, and although there is no rule to be laid down respecting a man's style of "living," as the act of housekeeping is called,—that being dependent on his means,—still, every man who can afford it should keep a good table, and exercise hospitality; for, if he do not, and should have done nothing else to make himself either useful or signal, he will slide into eternity as he has crept into existence, and very soon be forgotten. In fact, the man who can, but does not, live well, may very reasonably be accused of selfishness, and a want of that sympathy which is a leading characteristic of his nature. In my walks through life, however, I have met with several persons who, wanting neither the means nor the inclination to keep a good table, have been remark-

able for keeping a bad one. The "*ars fruendi*" that Horace allows to Tibullus, did not, as was his case, accompany the "*divitiæ*," and thus is the failure accounted for. I could name a memorable instance of this in the establishment of a wealthy and very worthy old gentleman, whom I was in the habit of visiting, in Hampshire. He neither knew nor cared, himself, anything about what is called good eating, and, perhaps, concluded his friends had a like indifference to it. "Is the soup good?" heard I him twice ask a *bon-vivant* neighbour, as he was himself lapping it up in perfect satisfaction. On no answer being returned, the question was repeated, when his guest answered, "It is *pleasant*." On another occasion, I heard him ask a young nobleman, nearly two hours after dinner, during which time he had been drink-

ing strong port, whether he would like a bottle of claret? "*Very much, indeed,*" said his lordship, with rather a strong emphasis.

That delicacy of arrangement called "the economy of the table" is an art difficult of acquirement,—at all events, not very generally practised in perfection. Still, we may believe that at no period of the world has it been so thoroughly understood and appreciated as at the present; and we may reasonably persuade ourselves, that were a modern *bon vivant* asked to partake of the "*lautum et elegantem victum,*" for which Nepos boasts, in his *Life of Atticus*, that gentleman was so distinguished—to say nothing of the probability of its having been served on a maple-wood table, without a tablecloth—he would for once forego his reverence for the classics, and very much prefer a dinner at Lord Sefton's. But this faithful biographer of the celebrated Roman knight, when speaking of his virtues, has one sentence which all persons who give dinners would do well to attend to. "*Atticus elegans fuit,*" says he, "*non magnificus, omni diligentia munditiam non affluentium affectabat.*" There is nothing that displays a worse taste—nothing, indeed, is more vulgar, than a man attempting to give large and expensive dinners, without a suitable establishment. The attempt must fail in one department or another, and a ridiculous scene is often the consequence. Indeed, I once witnessed one truly so. The lady of the house, having no regular house-keeper, was fearful of having the sweetmeats and tarts, intended for the second course, tithed by the servants, and had them locked up in a room, and then mislaid the key. A fine scene of confusion was the consequence; and the hammer and pincers of the blacksmith alone removed the difficulty. Horace, in one of his satires,* is very good on this subject, as, indeed, he is on most others: he is describing a dinner at which display was intended, but which ended in a failure. We can fancy we see all the evils we speak of—namely, one dish burned to a cinder, a good sauce quite spoiled in the cooking, the servants ill-dressed and awkward, and the groom stinking of the stable. There is, likewise, a blamable ambition in little people inviting

great people to their houses, which must be somewhat of a sacrifice to the latter, and no small torment to the former. Cicero, I remember, is jocose on this point in a letter to Trebatius, one of his learned and dearest friends. "There is a queer chap of your acquaintance," says he—"I don't even recollect his name—who is perpetually asking me to his suppers, because I am a friend of yours. However, although he has not yet prevailed on me to accept the intended compliment, I am, nevertheless, obliged to the man." There was a little of this weakness in the character of my own father, who, having lived much in the *beau monde* in early life, was rather fond of a great man at his table. Having one day a person of more than ordinary distinction at his board, the eyes of an awkward country footman were so riveted upon him during dinner, that he absolutely walked down a large tray of glasses that stood in the room on a web stand, never having seen them until they were floored. And, after all, it is doing the great man any thing but a favour, inasmuch as he must lose by the exchange. A friend of mine, who really lives well, and has a good establishment, once asked a sporting nobleman in his neighbourhood, who lived still better, to dine with him; but he refused that, and a second invitation also. On his being asked *when* he would come, he answered candidly, "Upon my word, I can't say; the dining-room at — is devilish comfortable."

There is, likewise, some art, or, at all events, judgment, required in the selection of guests to a dinner-party, which is too often not sufficiently regarded; for, as Swift says, in his *Tale of a Tub*, a man may pass for a philosopher in one company, and be taken for a fool in another. Cicero's advice to a person ambitious of the honour of being one of the first-named class, not to run the chance of exposing himself in society, is very much to the purpose:—"Est quod gaudens te in ista loca venisse, ubi aliquid sapere viderere." Thus, my father's selection of the two or three hard-headed neighbours to meet the hard-drinking doctor alluded to in "*Bacchanalia Memorabilia*" was well-timed and judicious; being a sort of annual sacrifice to friendship con-

* Sat. viii. l. 2.

tracted in early life with a man whose only blemish was that of not being satisfied with less than two bottles of port, at a sitting. But I have heard him speak of—indeed his countenance was expressive of it at the time—the wretched hours he had passed at his own table in the presence of some young sporting friends, whom my brother or myself had selected in our youthful days. “I watched your conversation last evening,” said he once to me, after a party of this description: “it was really painful, after all I have spent on your education, to find your whole thoughts engrossed by hounds, horses, and riding; and you talked of nothing else.” But this is no isolated case. I remember, some twenty years back, dining with a clergyman, who never was a-hunting in his life, but was signal for his literary acquirements; when he beckoned me out of the room, before dinner. “I have,” said he, “a favour to ask of you; it is *not* to speak of horses or hounds, if you can help it. My nephew is come to visit me, from Dorsetshire; and, having, unfortunately for me, been taking what he calls ‘a Tour of Hounds,’ I have three times had a recapitulation of it; and if you once mention the subject of hunting, we shall have it over again.” We did have it over again, and I shall never forget the attempts made by the uncle to abridge it; but, finding his nephew was well “hung to his fox,” with a breast-high scent, and that there was no chance of either stopping him or heading him, he took a walk in his garden, till the last fox was killed.

This part of my subject is very well handled by Mr. Walker, in several Numbers of the *Original*, under the head of the “Art of Dining,” which leaves little for me to say; but it would be well if his remarks in the twenty-first Number, on the too common want of a good fire, in cold weather, and some other comforts, in dining-rooms, where they are so frequently found to be sacrificed to show and ostentation; were more regarded than they are. His strictures, also, in other papers, on the tyranny of custom, which has so prostrated the real pleasures of the dinner-table to the same unworthy propensities, are equally just and meritorious; but on a certain large portion of society they will be of no avail at present. The “come-and-

dine-with-me-to-day” system which he speaks of, on herrings, hashed mutton, and a cranberry tart, excellent and kind-hearted as it is, will not be revived again even in the country, much less in London. In fact, amongst all my acquaintance, thus far in life, I never knew but one man who was quite the same man in London that I found him to be in the country, and who carried with him to the metropolis his usual hospitality and benevolence: and, perhaps, he carried it too far; for he asked almost every one of his acquaintance, whom he met in the streets, to dine with him *on that very day*,—the too frequent consequence of which was an ill-assorted lot of guests at his table. The fault here, we may say, lay on the right side. But, to shew to what an extent the hospitality of this Welsh squire was carried, I will relate the following anecdote, which I think is hard to be beaten, on this score at least. Being on a visit to him once at his house, in London, and seeing his coach come to the door at the usual time, I asked him whither he was going. “Where *you* like,” was his answer. “Then,” said I, “take me into the city; I want to call upon a lawyer.” As it happened, the lawyer stood at his door as the coach stopped; and, my business being merely to give him a letter from a client in the country, I told the footman I had finished my business. But my host had not commenced his; for, taking a card out of his pocket, he handed it over to the lawyer, whom he had never seen before in his life, accompanied with these words:—“*Turbot and lobster-sauce, sir, at six; shall be happy in having your company.*” To give an idea of this gentleman’s hospitality in the country, I need only say, that the usual annual amount of his maltster’s bill was seven hundred pounds. “And once,” said he to me, “I malted the produce of twenty acres of barley, of my own growing; *but the bill was not ten pounds the less for that.*”

The dropping-in system that Mr. Walker speaks of will never go down in London; and it is very much reduced in the country, and even in Wales. I could name a sporting colonel, however, in one of the principalities, who still keeps what is called an open house; so much so, indeed, that the first question he asks on his arrival

at home, every day, about bell-ringing time, is, "*Who is here?*"

Intimately connected with good eating, and still more so with bad, is that said thing called a good digestion, which Shakespeare so judiciously wished might wait on appetite. Without it, not the wealth of a Cræsus, the honours of a Wellington or a Peel, nor even a conscience quite free from reproach, can procure real happiness to any human being. And by what a wonderful process is this operation performed! No wonder it puzzled the doctors of early days to account for it, and that at one time it was believed to have been conducted by an invisible being which had its residence within the stomach. One thing, however, is now generally admitted, namely, that on its strength or weakness depends the state of our general health; and that to the abuse of its powers are to be attributed some of the most painful diseases, as well as frightful deaths, to which the human frame is subject: also, that it is the standard by which the quantity of our food should be measured; that it varies with the vigour or decay of age and health, the use or disuse of air and exercises, and many more causes which it would be superfluous to name. In fact, it may properly be called the sole regulator of health, in a perfectly organised frame.

As it cannot for a moment be supposed that the means by which digestion is effected was not intended to be equal to the end proposed, it is quite clear that it would do its duty to extreme old age in naturally sound constitutions, were it not trespassed upon too much. Indeed, so convinced am I of the good effect of a strict dietary system, that a man of independent means, and of a properly constructed frame, might safely take one thousand pounds to return five, if, barring the effect of accidents and epidemics, *he ever became what is called "seriously ill,"* until his constitution should yield to the all-powerful hand of Time.

Now, the question is—and a most interesting one, too—how is this invaluable treasure, a good digestion, to be preserved? The prescriptions are various, and opposite. One person will tell you to eat luncheon,—in fact, never to let the stomach become empty, or it will, as it were, devour itself—at all events, become weakened. This doc-

trine is to me, of itself, hard of digestion; for why should not the digestive powers be restored by rest, as is the case with all our active faculties? Some of the longest livers I have known never tasted luncheon; my own father amongst them, who would have required it to be put down his throat with a balling-iron,—for he would never have swallowed it *sponte sua*. In fact, I consider it a horrible innovation on our manner of living; and the most irksome, unpleasant, unsatisfactory hours—independent of actual pain or calamity—that I have ever spent, have been those passed in houses in which I have been induced, by the example of others, to eat a hot luncheon,—and this in very bad weather, which has precluded taking exercise after it.

But did I not eat luncheon in my hunting-days? Not once in a week did I taste any thing between a good substantial breakfast and dinner; and I have heard Mr. Warde, the father of the field, say, he never ate luncheon in his life; and who has had a better digestion than he has had, and I hope now has? Lord Panmure has gone a step beyond him; for his lordship has never accustomed himself but to one meal a-day, and that has been a good dinner, to which he has been thus able to do justice, having nothing of the *indigesta moles* of the previous meal to contend with.

Lord Byron, in *Don Juan*, says:—

" — Man is a carnivorous production,
And must have meals at least *once* a day:
He cannot live, like woodcocks, upon
 suction;
But, like the shark and tiger, must have
prey."

I will allow him *two*—a good breakfast and a good dinner: but, as for a hot luncheon, I think it a most destructive meal; and I learn, from good authority, that half the young men who lose their health or their lives in the East Indies, are destroyed by the excitement of hot luncheons, followed by still hotter dinners. I am aware that it has been the practice of medical men to order their dyspeptic patients not to let their stomachs become empty; but I think I shall live to see this theory, as I have seen many others, upset. "How do you live?" said Abernethy to a good-looking dyspeptic, whose stomach, he suspected, had not been empty for many a long

day. "I eat a little, and *often*," he replied, "and I don't drink much." "Then eat a little, and *seldom*, and drink still less," resumed that determined enemy to all cooks but his own; "and then you will get well." But this son of Esculapius was rather too severe on the kitchen,—at all events, rather hasty in condemning it. "I see what is the matter with *you*," said he to a lady of my acquaintance, who seldom ate more than would keep a six-months' old kitten alive,—*"the kitchen! the kitchen! your husband keeps a good cook."*

Now, I will tell you, reader, what I consider the best means of preserving that invaluable treasure, a good digestion; and I speak on the authority of fifty-seven years' experience. "Do not overload the barrow," as an old country apothecary used to say; or, speaking technically, do not let the *ingesta* exceed the *egesta*. And even with the help of strong exercise, by which the escape of the "*egesta*" is facilitated, still the grand secret is not to eat too much at one time. As to what you eat, it is not, in my opinion, of half the consequence that the quantity eaten is. It is the *ingesta* taken to excess; it is giving the stomach more to do than it is well able to do, that weakens the digestive powers beyond any thing else, hard drinking to excess of strong spirituous liquors excepted. Now and then, what is called "a good blow-out" may be indulged in with impunity; but, generally speaking, no person should quite satisfy the appetite at dinner: I mean to say, he should be able to ask himself, at the conclusion of it, some such question as this:—"Could I now eat the thigh of a pheasant, or the leg of a woodcock, placed on a bit of toast, well covered with its ropes, and some very well melted butter? Could I, after that, find room for a little apricot tart, or some tipsy pudding?" If the stomach implies assent, there is no harm done by that day's dinner, be it what it may, as Nature will not turn sulky at the task she has to perform.

There can be no man who has had the education of a gentleman—even if he should be silly enough not to believe a word in them—that does not occasionally read the Scriptures, for the sake of their beautiful language. But all persons should read them, for the instruction they contain on worldly affairs, seeing that no probable means of convey-

ing it is untried. They teach by precept and example, and employ every argument which may be likely to make an impression on the mind. At one time they cheer us by comfortable promises; at another they put us on our guard by seasonable hints and admonitions. Amongst the latter are many against intemperance in eating, and having our bodies, as well as our hearts, "overcharged with surfeiting," by which the day comes upon us un-awares. Nothing can be more demonstrative than this—and coming from such authority, too—of the danger from over-feeding, which sends thousands of nearly all civilised nations every day to their graves. And yet this warning voice is too often disregarded by those whose lives are most valuable to them. I remember, when I was a lad, however, being surprised to see a neighbouring clergyman, with whom I used to dine two or three times during the holidays, send away his plate before he had eaten more than half what was on it, and generally with this remark to his servant,—"*There, Samuel, take it away: it is very good, and I could eat it; but I think I am better without it.*" I need scarcely observe, he lived to be a very old incumbent on a very good rectory, having had none of those disorders which Goldsmith calls "*clerical.*" But such jokes are of old standing in the world. And yet the conduct of my host was truly epicurean, and in the strictest sense of that term, inasmuch as it was by balancing the hazards of consequences against present gratification that formed the principal feature in Epicurus's system of philosophy.

One word more about the sole fountain of health. If the natural powers of the stomach were properly consulted, I really believe that, setting aside accidents and epidemics, before alluded to, we should *never be ill*,—meaning to imply by the word "*we*," persons who, like myself, are descended from healthy parents, are free from malconformation, and have the unrestricted use of sun and air. But this said organ requires a deal of tickling and humouring to keep it in good humour, after the age of forty; when, as Johnson says, there is no dallying with life in any way. Then the question is, how should it be treated to keep it in good humour, and induce it to do its duty? The answer is obvious,—nei-

ther stuff it nor starve it. "When the body is in want of aliment," says a very clever writer, "to refuse it any, and let it suffer from hunger, or thirst, is delirium, and a real sin against the law of nature;" and Horace, in the 8th satire, 2d book, implies, that when the stomach is angry it is proper to appease it. But we are too apt not to be content with appeasing it; but actually encourage it to exhibit extra wants. Indeed, I have often heard a friend of mine, remarkable for a good twist, say, he never knows what it is to be hungry; but at the hours of meals a sort of mechanical appetite enables him to make what is called an excellent dinner.

I have often thought that the lower orders of the English people, and, indeed, those of most other countries, neither know nor care any thing about the process of digestion; and, provided they get what is vulgarly called a bellyful, trouble their heads little about the consequences. This caused me to be surprised at hearing of a French road-wagoner, a few weeks back, having been heard to order his dinner at a small public-house, requesting that "it might be something light, as he had been all the morning troubled with indigestion."

Several new and rather startling nostrums have been of late years in vogue to assist weak stomachs, and amongst them a slice of *fat* bacon for breakfast. For the honour of the pig, I am free to admit that this is often found to be of service to bilious persons, and in spite of the authority in the 14th chapter of Deuteronomy, which prohibits the pig being eaten fat or lean. But who would ever have supposed that, among *modern* prohibitions, the very staff of life itself is one? Bread is now forbidden to be eaten by very dyspeptic subjects, in consequence of the fermentation it causes in the stomach. "Here is a pretty business," said a dyspeptic dignitary of the church to his wife, on his return from a visit to Abernethy; "I have been praying twice every day of my life, and six times on Sundays, for my daily bread; and now I am not allowed to eat it!"

I will now conclude my observations on this part of my subject—digestion. All persons ought to know from experience what food agrees with them, and what does not; also the quantity they may take with impunity: so that, in fact, a good or bad di-

gestion is greatly at our command. As for myself, having been blessed with a good one, I have taken as much care of it as a general want of prudence and forethought have permitted me to do. Were I, however, to feel the approach of disease, or to find myself, from some invisible cause, not to be the man this month that I was the last, it would be to diet and the saddle, not to the doctor and the druggist, that I should apply to restore me. I feel quite satisfied that Dryden was right when he said, "God never made his work for man to mend;" and that he would need no "mending" if he lived more in obedience to nature; which implies temperance, and exercise. It is not necessary that, either to enjoy life or live long, a man should be in the highest possible state of health his nature is capable of; but such a state is alone to be attained by a strict course of diet and exercise, or, what is called in the training stables, "*work*;" which implies more than exercise. Persons who live well, and do not, or cannot, take much exercise, imagine they find the substitute in the blue-pill (I never took but two of those things in my life, and hope never to take another), and the black draught; but they will not answer the purpose for any length of time. Man is naturally a long-lived animal; but, substituting the candle, as a metaphor, for the lamp of life, it will not do to light it at both ends at once. Our "three-score years and ten" may be considerably prolonged, if such be our wish, by our own means; and the flame will then only expire when the material is exhausted.

Temperance.—The question is, What is temperance, in the common acceptance of the term? "Moderation in any thing, and, Johnson adds, "opposed to gluttony," as abstemiousness (*absque temeto*) is to drunkenness. But what is temperance, in practice? I smiled at a definition given of it, a short time back, by one *bon vivant*, when speaking of another *bon vivant*, who had been obliged to slacken his pace, on account of ill health. "He has fallen back," said he, "on mutton and sherry." What would a brahmin say to this? Now, my own notion of temperance is simply this: if we feel no oppression in the stomach after eating, and no additional heat, or accelerated circulation, from drinking, we are sufficiently temperate for the rational

expectation of a long life, generally free from disease,—taking it for granted that a sufficient quantity of bodily exercise is taken in the open air. As for that very high state of health which Mr. Walker speaks of having attained, the attainment of it is a matter of certainty, as proved by the condition of prize-fighting-men; but it is upon terms and by sacrifices quite incompatible with the present usages of good society. Besides, the above-named writer observes, and Hippocrates asserted it before him, this very high degree of health is not only difficult to be preserved for any length of time, but life is not so certain under its influence as when the happy medium is preserved. This reminds me of an assertion of mine, in my letters on the condition of hunters, which was commented upon by the opponents to my system of never letting horses get quite out of condition, which was inevitably the result of the turning out to grass system in the summer. I said, horses in such very high condition as three or four years of the in-door treatment would bring them to, must be narrowly watched, as they were always more or less liable to inflammatory attacks, from the unnatural state in which they were kept. Such is the case with race-horses; they remain but a very short time at their best, without being let down again, as the term is, in their condition. But any thing approaching to a purely natural state is quite out of the question with hunters and race-horses, as, indeed, it is with man, as far as his health and comfort are concerned, which the statistics of mortality from various parts of the world very clearly shew.

Still the word “condition,” in the sense in which I have just used it, is not one of too low import to be applied to a human being. On the contrary, it behoves every man, who has the means of doing it, to keep himself in a certain degree of condition by diet and exercise, which will greatly add to his enjoyment of life, as well as to the length of it. But the word “condition,” with the epithet “good” attached to it, is often very improperly applied, both to horse and man; but never more so than to man. When we see

him “*pinguem, et nitidum bene curatum*,” as Horace has it, fat in person, and sleek in his skin, we tell him how well he is looking. I admit that his appearance is agreeable and pleasing, still he is unfit for any bodily exertion, and disease is never far from his heels. On the other hand, gout, dropsy, apoplexy, or paralysis, very rarely, indeed, attacks a man in condition,—in regular training *never*. The why and the wherefore of this is admirably accounted for in one of the Numbers of the *Spectator*, in which the human body is, as it were, dissected to our view upon paper, and the necessity for our assisting the secret distributions of nature, so clearly pointed out.

I cannot say that, in my hardest working days, when I have found my bodily powers, as it were, nearly superior to the influence of fatigue, as well as inaccessible to disease, I ever felt the extreme buoyancy of person which Mr. Walker speaks of as having experienced from a certain dietary course, assisted by strong exercise, in the country;* but I once perceived something approaching to it. I had been spending the early summer months chiefly at a watering-place, and was, consequently, out of condition. In the month of August I went to pass a fortnight with a brother-in-law, in Wales, for the purpose of shooting on his moors; and here I produce my proof. His house was situated on the top of rather a high hill, and the road that led to it from the lodges measured exactly half a mile. Previously to shooting commencing, I felt oppressed, and blown, at the end of this half-mile walk, up hill, which I took two or three times a-day, as a preparation for walking the moors; but when I returned from ten days traversing the mountains, it required the evidence of my senses to perceive that it was not level ground.

Choice of Food.—I am not sufficiently versed in the dietetic science to say much on this subject; but it appears to me that what we may call the law of nature forbids only what is injurious to health,—varying its precepts, however, according to constitutional peculiarities. Of course, I now allude to persons who, like ourselves, are inhabitants of temperate re-

* “One day,” he says, “I took hold of the branch of a tree, to raise myself from the ground, when I was astonished to feel such a buoyancy as to have scarcely any sense of weight.”—(See *Original*, No. IV.)

gions, and not to those of hot countries; where not only have legislators made laws respecting food, but where the dietetic science has constituted a considerable part of morality. The question with us chiefly lies between animal food and vegetable; and there are circumstances which appear to make it one somewhat difficult to decide upon. I never was in India, and, therefore, am unable to speak of the Brahmin race; but when I see a six-foot Irishman, with Herculean powers, and a finely developed frame, who I know has been brought up like a hog, chiefly on potatoes, with only a very small portion of milk, and has not tasted animal food or flesh a dozen times in his life, I confess I am staggered. Still, as man is not herbivorous, but carnivorous, animal food is his natural food; and I am sure it agrees best with me. Lord Byron, I find, ate nothing but fish, the least nourishing of all food; for which reason, I believe, his lordship selected it, being averse to getting fat. But from the very common adage, that "fish should swim three times"—first in their native element, then in the kettle on the kitchen fire, and, lastly, in wine in the stomach of the eater,—we may pronounce them, for the most part, unwholesome, indigestible food; and the premature death of the noble poet rather strengthens the presumption. As to a vegetable diet, it is, in my opinion, from the effects I have seen from it in France, only fit for real hogs; and there are but few vegetables brought to table that would not be better in the hog-tub. As for beans, peas, and cabbage, unless very young indeed, I am quite sure they never could have been intended to get beyond the pig-trough. Human constitutions, however, vary very much as to food; and in this respect resemble those of horses. The stimulus of animal food, together with fermented liquors, is too much for many men; and, for the same reason, some horses will not be in good health if they eat beans, which are very exciting food. On the other hand, I have noticed labouring men, in counties—Gloucestershire, for instance—where they live chiefly on fine wheaten bread, and very little meat, to look sallow in the face,

and become shrivelled and old long before their time.

I could produce many facts to prove the superiority, as regards a good digestion and health, of a generous diet, consisting principally of good animal food, over that of bread and vegetables; but, perhaps, the most striking and satisfactory one within my own knowledge, is to be found in the result of the cholera, which raged in Calais, and its neighbourhood, four years back. The proportion of French to English deaths was at least twenty to one; and I have good reason to believe that the latter did not amount to more than half-a-dozen in all. I resided at that awful period in a large old chateau, three miles from the town, on the Dunkirk road; and, although twenty-eight persons fell victims to the disease *within the circumference of two miles*, and I had nine adults and four children under my roof, it never passed my threshold. This I in a great measure attribute to a strict dietary discipline—not a vegetable, nor even an apple, being eaten by any one of the family, and nothing drunk but cold and weak brandy and water with meals, and a little sound wine afterwards. The vast quantity of vegetable matter eaten by the French absolutely courts such diseases as the cholera; and the havoc it made with them in the various places in which it appeared is truly awful to contemplate. On discussing this point with a French medical gentleman in Calais, to whom, perhaps, it would have been vain to have said a word against the prevailing national taste for vegetables, he admitted that, as far as his observation went, Englishmen carried their years better than Frenchmen, and made a stouter resistance to disease.*

Now the question is, What is meant by a generous diet? Why, as according to the old adage, "what is one man's meat is another man's poison," there is a difficulty in defining it. With a man of good constitution, however, and able to take a certain quantity of exercise, two substantial meals a-day will keep him well up to the mark, without overloading his system; but it is impossible to fix the measure of his drink, without being acquainted

* All epidemic disorders fall lightly upon Calais; still it is worthy of the notice of the pathologist, that in the last influenza not one English person sank under it, whilst the mortality amongst the French was considerable.

with his habits. As regards myself, having long since broken myself of the habit of drinking during dinner when alone, I find about a pint of claret afterwards just the right quantity ; a bottle, too much.

Supper.—This once so much prized meal took its flight from the tables of the upper orders of English soon after Squire Western and the ptarmigan took theirs. They were become *rare aves* in my younger days, and I have no wish to see them return. But whence the objection to them on the score of health? I cannot answer that question, inasmuch as every animal, save man, goes to sleep with a full stomach; and Mr. Hunter's experiment on the greyhounds seemed to confirm the benefit of doing so. After an early dinner—say not later than three o'clock—they may be conducive to health; but although, for the last sixteen years, I have always dined, *en famille*, at or about that hour, in the summer months, I never ate supper, because I prefer eating a good breakfast: I am, however, inclined to think my practice a wrong one, and Mr. Walker's remarks in his papers on suppers strongly induce me to that opinion; and that the best plan would be to divide the meals,—that is, to make a light dinner, and a lighter supper. However, as I am now in my fifty-eighth year, and could be warranted sound, “limb, wind, and eyesight,” and without even a rheumatic pain, my system of living cannot have been far wrong. Although very little of a philosopher in other respects, I am so far a disciple of Epicurus, as to have thought with him, that good health is the second happiness of life; and have, therefore, taken care of it, as, in my opinion, all mankind are bound to do. Indeed, I have gone a point beyond this. I have always endeavoured to keep myself in something approaching working condition; and it was only a few weeks back that a neighbour of mine allowed I was less distressed, for wind, than he was, when walking over the Calais sand-hills, where the ground is loose, and in parts steep of ascent; and notwithstanding he had been walking eleven hours on the preceding day with his pointers.

But one word more about supper, in reference to the digestion of it during sleep. It certainly argues in favour of Mr. Walker's recommendation of it,

that exercise after a full meal is not only most disagreeable, but dangerous. It appears to set every thing fighting in one's stomach, and the strongest food gets the mastery, to our no small annoyance. It has often been my lot to ride fast, and far, after eating a hearty dinner; but I never did so without punishment. Neither did I ever do so without thinking of a circumstance that once happened at Melton Mowbray, which of itself speaks to the danger of it. One of the best of the first-flight men, Mr. John White, got a very bad fall; and two of his friends rode off to Melton for assistance. The doctor sought for had just dined; and, with almost the last bit in his mouth, got into his saddle, and was on his way to the wounded sportsman, accompanied by the two gentlemen who came to fetch him. Mounted on their hunters, and anxious for the safety of their friend, they kept the doctor's horse going at a right good pace: but, finding there was still something left in him, they began tickling him with their hunting-whips, till they got him to his full speed. “Stop, gentlemen,” cried the doctor, “*I cannot go this pace.*” It was of no avail; the gentlemen continued tickling the nag, and the nag continued to answer the whip. “You *must* let me pull up,” exclaimed the doctor; “I have just eaten a hearty dinner, and I shall have an apoplectic fit if I go this pace any longer.”

Pleasures of the Table.—An ascetic temper is ill displayed in any situation; and the festive pleasures of the table, when kept within decent bounds, have been less condemned than most others sought after by mankind. Even the Stoics talk of unbending the brow of care at the hour of meals; and Cicero, the wisest of philosophers, in moral knowledge, at least, expresses the great delight he experienced in a pleasant dinner or supper party. “It is there,” says he, “that I throw out just what comes uppermost, and laugh away the sighs and sorrows of my heart.” The very appearance of a good dinner certainly seems to diffuse cheerfulness over every face; but the charm extends far beyond this. The effect of pleasing conversation, and the assembling together of friends, has a surprising effect on the digestive powers, which, we must own, is rather difficult to account for, considering the process by which it is performed. Such

is the fact, however; and I can safely assert, that I have never known what it is to feel oppressed by a hearty dinner eaten in the presence of a very agreeable party. And I must also admit, that a well selected party in the act of eating a good dinner is a most agreeable sight to a benevolent mind; neither have I any objection; now and then, to hear a rhapsody of exclamation from one or two of the guests, on the great merits of some individual dish, although it may not be considered to be quite *comme il faut*, in these refined times. The system of cramming, or, I should rather have said, of being crammed, is now, happily, done away with; but in my early days it was in vain to refuse a tit-bit, or to taste of some particular dish, at the host's command. "Bring Mr. So-and-so's plate here," he would say; and there was nothing for him but to submit.

The Cook.—An old writer calls a cook "a pimp to the mouth; that kills his own stomach to quicken his master's; who lives like a bear, by licking his fingers. Before a feast, he, in his white sleeves and apron, resembles the ephod of a priest, and seems to be preparing rather a sacrifice than a supper. His office is a representation of hell, where all sorts of creatures are tormented in flames, to satisfy the depraved and various nature of the tastes of men, whose pleasures and contentments are no other ways to be completed but at the prejudice of their fellow animals, over which reason, not strength, has purchased them the sovereignty, so much abused in this world as may render the worst of punishments just in the next." This is rather a hard sentence on both cooks and their masters; but, as a set-off against it is the old proverb, that God sends us meat, whilst the devil provides the cook. Among the little gods, however—the *dii minorum gentium*—those called Penates, who, from the very derivation of their name, must have presided over the kitchen, were paid great respect to in the heavens, by reason of their services to mankind, who could neither live nor use their understanding without them.

Perhaps it might be too much to say, that a good cook is the most economical servant in any gentleman's establishment; but it is beyond doubt that a bad one is the most destructive one. I am, therefore, very much inclined to

believe that heads of families often mistake their own interest in making the value of five or ten pounds a-year a consideration in hiring a female cook, since their object should be to get a good one. It is beyond a doubt that great waste takes place by meat being ill dressed when served the first time to the table; but when it comes in the shape of a second edition, still greater loss will be sustained, unless it is made piquant and tempting by good cooking, which goes a long way in the servants' hall. "Waste not, want not," is frequently the motto over the kitchen fireplaces of great men, and it applies to all kitchens; for, if a cook be not supplied with the "wants," "waste" is sure to be the result.

Now the question—What constitutes a good cook? is not very easily answered, so many qualifications being necessary. Agreeable to the old rule in syntax, however, that the masculine is more worthy than the feminine, I shall name a few of the qualifications which the *præfectus*, or chief of the kitchen—as the French call a man-cook—should have. First, he must be born with a palate—that is, he must be able to taste well (*integro sapere palato*), or he will never excel in his art; and to preserve this taste he must have some self-command. He must avoid spirituous liquors and cigars; and, as one eminent in his line told me, he should, previously to great occasions, on which it is much his wish to excel, have recourse to medicine, by way of refining his palate. He should be not merely cleanly in his own person, but insist on the strictest personal cleanliness in his kitchen-maids, and have a very sharp eye to stewpans and saucepans. Respecting another sort of taste, the proper arrangement of a dinner, he will only acquire that in his apprenticeship, under a real artist; and not then, unless the master of the artist knows how the thing should be done. For this reason, cooks from hotels, in England, are not in request in noblemen's and gentlemen's establishments.

The charm of a good cook has been acknowledged in all ages of the world, and was never in higher repute than in the present. "Who is the author?" says Goldsmith, in his *Citizen of the World*, was the question asked in his time by the critics, on the appearance of a new book. "Does he keep a

coach? Where lies his estate? *What sort of table does he keep?* Feeding upon turtle," says he, "is a more ready way to fame than having digested Tully." But nothing wipes away disgrace equal to a good cook:—

"What cannot copious sacrifice atone?
Thy truffles, Perigord; thy hams, Bayonne?"

With French libation, and Italian strain,
Wash Bladen white, and expiate Hay's stain."

These are the words of Swift; and what a just paraphrase of them did I hear the other day, at Brussels. "What will become of a certain noble lord," asked one gentleman, in my hearing, "should the charge of cheating at play be substantiated against him?" "Oh," replied another gentleman, well known in St. James's Street, "he will remain on the Continent for a couple of years; he will then return with a very good cook, and all will be right again."

The inferiority of women-cooks to those of our sex is admitted. I have eaten many dinners dressed by those of the first class—of those who have had forty or fifty guineas a-year wages; but their want of excellence *throughout* is apparent at one glance. In roasting, however, they have the preference, especially over French men-cooks, who overdo their meat on the spit. In fact, to ensure success, and where the rent-roll will admit of it, there should be a French *chef de cuisine*, an English kitchen-maid, and a London or Paris confectioner.

By way of shewing the general interest taken in cookery, and the wish of the generality of housekeepers to excel in it, the following anecdote may be given. Mr. Murray, the celebrated publisher in London, was congratulated by a friend some years back on the extensive sale of a particular work which he had published. "It is very great," replied Mr. Murray, with a smile; "*it is next in extent to Domestic Cookery, by a Lady.*"

French and English Cookery.—Being now entering upon my seventh year's residence in France, I may be equal to form an opinion on the relative merits of French and English cookery. As regards expense, the French is greatly preferable, going nearly the length of "making something out of nothing;" whereas, our lumps of roast and boiled meat, of

which a considerable part is always rejected and wasted, greatly swell the butcher's bill. It also requires, that in this simple state, meat, to be well-flavoured and wholesome, should be of the very first quality; which it is not necessary that it should be under the French system of cooking. As for the wholesomeness, I think that, to a certain extent, also lies on the French side; although I agree with Mr. Walker (who thinks as I do as to the wholesomeness), that "the French mode of cookery is not so favourable to physical power as the English." But when I venture to pronounce French cookery to be more wholesome than our own, I mean only the best sort of it; for I consider the food of the lower orders to be very detrimental to their health, from the immense quantity of indifferent vegetables of which it is composed; as, also, from its washy, unsubstantial nature throughout. On these subjects, however, there is nothing like figures; and, on referring to a work called *Statistics of Mortality in the various Countries of Europe*, by M. Moreau de Jonnes; *Paris and London*, 1834, we find the number of deaths to be, as compared with the amount of population, 1 in 55 in Great Britain, and 1 in 40 in France. Now, it being generally admitted that the climate of France is very much superior to that of Great Britain, it would appear, that to the quality of the food chiefly must her excess of mortality be attributed.

But to return to the best sort of French cookery. I admit that caution is required in the choice of dishes at the *tables d'hôte*, where there is too much of the *cana dubia* about them to take them quite upon trust. Nevertheless, when we consider that it requires something like mechanical force to separate the fibres of a tough beef-steak, or a leg of ewe mutton, I think there can be no doubt but that the evils of a rich sauce are more than compensated by the comparatively slight powers of digestion which the French meat requires, after having been already half digested in the stewpan. As for their soups, I have never tasted what I call a good soup since I have been in France. They all appear to me to be made of the same materials, and after the same manner,—namely, a great deal of burnt bread to give them colour, a great deal of vermicelli to give them a pretty appearance, and just as much flavour of

animal food as if the dishcloth had been once rinsed in the tureen after this mis-called liquor had been put into it. But I am not altogether qualified to give my opinion about soups; for, although I am the son of a man who never dined at home without soup, I very rarely touch it—not five times in a year. I consider it the worst possible start over the mahogany,—not only relaxing to the stomach, but, with myself, acting as a damper to the appetite, sufficient to destroy half the pleasure arising from a well-cooked dinner.* And it would seem that it was always considered a damper. In the celebrated song of “Wednesbury Cocking” the guests are to dine for a groat; but on condition that, before they begin upon the beef, they are to swallow a gallon of broth. This recalls to my recollection a fact that occurred many years back in Cheshire. Two gentlemen, afterwards eminent in their profession—one of them, indeed, became chief-justice of England—served their clerkship with a very rich, but excessively miserly, attorney in that county, whose larder was generally very ill supplied. “I know not what we shall do, sir,” (he resided in the country), said his housekeeper to him one day, on finding that two of his clients intended stopping to dine with him; “there will not be dinner enough, I fear.” “Have you brothed the clerks?” inquired the lawyer. “I have, sir,” replied the housekeeper. “Then, *broth ‘em again*,” resumed the miser. Another droll anecdote was current about this said lawyer; but how far characteristic of him, it would be indecent in me to say. Being overtaken on his road home one night by a violent storm of thunder and lightning, he became very much alarmed, and was glad to avail himself of the company of a neighbour who was going his road. “You need not be afraid,” said the man to him; “if the devil was to come he would take me, and not you.” “Why so?” asked the lawyer. “He knows *he is sure of you*,” was the answer.

It was Voltaire, I believe, who made the following distinction between the French and English nations. “We,” said he, speaking of his countrymen, “have a hundred sauces, and only one religion; whereas, *you* have a hundred religions, and only one sauce (he meant melted butter).” There is too much truth throughout the whole of this sarcasm, and more particularly as regards the cookery. What can be more unsatisfactory—I was near saying more unwholesome—than the dinner set before a hungry traveller at any of our English inns, at a short notice? A tough beef-steak, a greasy mutton-chop, or a still more greasy veal cutlet, floating in something like a sauce, perhaps five days old, with half-a-dozen slices of, generally rusty, bacon! But how different does he fare at the inns of even small country towns in France! He is certain, at all events, to have choice of food at any of them; but at the *tables d’hôte* of any places of note, he must, indeed, be fastidious if he do not make an excellent dinner of fish, flesh, fowls, and pastry, should he be inclined for so much variety, and for the same price as he pays for his tough beef-steak and badly boiled potatoes in his own country.

Perhaps, in all civilised countries, too much time and attention may be said to be devoted to the luxury of eating and drinking; and, certainly, there is none in which the culinary art is so generally studied, and so ably practised, as in France. This is, amongst others, in one way accounted for. Necessity has ever been the sole motive for, if not the mother of, all inventions; and there cannot be a doubt but that to the generally inferior quality of French meat are many of their “hundred sauces” and good dishes to be attributed. As regards their vegetables, however, the French people need not this stimulus,—for I believe them to be generally good, if sought for; but their mode of dressing most of them is excellent. Whether, in this state, they are so wholesome as in the simple form in which they are sent

* I have been more than usually shy of our soups, in all great public establishments, since I was let into the secret of the sort of Medea’s cauldron in which they are oftentimes concocted, and also of some of the various ingredients of which they are composed. They are, however, of a nourishing nature; whereas, a Frenchman’s soup has not even that redeeming quality. In fact, it is a strange *mélange*:—

“corpore in uno
Frigida pugnant calidis, humentia siccis,
Mollia cum duris, sine pondere habentia pondus.

to table in England, is another question; and, as I am not much versed in the science of medicinal cookery, I will offer no opinion on the subject. I well remember, however, that Cicero complains of being afflicted with a violent dysentery, from eating richly dressed vegetables, at the inauguration feast of Lentullus, during the existence of a sumptuary law which exempted the products of the earth from its restrictions.

Effect of Food on the Mind.—A good deal of nonsense has been written on the various effects of food on the mind and disposition of man, all of which strikes me to be very deficient in solidity. "Il est certain," says Rousseau, "que les grands mangeurs de viande sont en général cruels et féroces plus que les autres hommes. Cette observation est de tous les lieux, et de tous les tems. *La barbare Angloise est connue.*" (See *Emile*, tom. i. p. 274). Our countryman, Sir William Temple, in his account of the United Provinces, has fallen almost into the same error; but Mr. Hume, in his admirable essay on National Character, points out the Swedes as a striking exception to this general observation. John Bull is, undoubtedly, a truly carnivorous animal; but, in answer to the remark of M. Rousseau, I must observe, that notwithstanding the comparatively unsubstantial and cooling diet which his own countrymen are famed for using, they can exhibit a bit of the bull-dog now and then, as much as John can do; and no one doubts their courage. Animals that live entirely on flesh are said only to be savage when hungry; at least Shaw, the naturalist, states that a lion, satiated with it, loses his courage to such a degree, that a child may obtain command over him, by the use of sharp words and a stick!

The life of privacy and retirement which I have lived during my residence in France, has not enabled me to say much of the style of French dinners in private houses; but one which I sat down to in that of a French nobleman, at St. Omer, in September last, could not be surpassed at Belvoir Castle. It had but one fault, which was being too good; and, from the variety of dishes that made their appearance, at convenient intervals, aided by a like variety of wines, the inducement to partake of them was an overmatch for prudence. As for dinners at inns, or

hotels, as they are called in France, they put to shame those we meet with in England. A visit to Calais, or Boulogne, will prove this assertion; but I wish I could have given a sketch of the dinner at the Anciente Poste hotel, in St. Omer, at the races, last summer. It would have made a beautiful picture, by the pencil of a good artist, not only from the form and variety of the dishes, but the magnificent dessert which overspread the centre of the table. It had another advantage, not to be heard of at race-dinners in our own country; it was ordered for forty persons, and forty persons sat down to it, the party being selected by the stewards. Neither was the charge for it alone immoderate, being ten francs a head; but when I came to pay my bill the next morning, I was reminded of Mr. Warde's description of the Pytchley-hunt dinners, in Northamptonshire,—viz., that "*they were all very well but the reckoning.*" I was charged for three bottles of Champagne, as my own share; and was then asked by the landlord, *what brandy-and-water I had drunk.* My answer was—placing my hand on my stomach—"Regardez mon estomac, monsieur; *c'est impossible.*" Boniface shrugged up his shoulders, and said no more. Neither did I; but I believe that, for once in my life, I paid forty shillings in the pound, having drunk half that quantity, and nothing else besides.

On talking over these matters lately with a very clever Englishman, he remarked, that the peculiarities in the habits of different nations at their meals would afford an excellent subject for the pen of a well-travelled gentleman; and I am quite of his opinion, as even trifles relating to the social state of other countries are interesting. The breakfast *à la fourchette* is not at all to my taste; neither do I think it is nearly so prevalent in France as formerly. The last time I was at Dunkirk, however, I saw it in full operation, and under circumstances which, I must say, surprised me. It was at the early hour of seven o'clock, when I was making my breakfast of coffee and a roll, that I saw a table prepared for two, in the same room, with every thing necessary for a dinner. It was soon occupied by two gentlemen, who, having eaten heartily of some very savoury dishes, and drunk a bottle of wine between them, got into their curricula, and drove away. Now, had I partaken of

this repast, I should have felt muddled, if not fuddled, all the rest of the day, and, I think, incapacitated from any mental exertion.

"Did you ever observe," said the gentleman to whom I have alluded, "the difference between the French and our method of taking soup? *We*," said he, "drink it, *they* eat it; which is at once observable by the manner in which it is handed to the mouth, by the spoon. We draw it up by our breath, which is called sipping, accompanied by a not very agreeable noise; they hand it into the mouth noiselessly, the point of the spoon entering within the lips. Again," said he, "you will not see the most uncouth of the French put a knife into their mouths, at their meals; whereas, too many of what are called our 'respectables' seldom put the fork. You will never hear of a Frenchman cutting his throat by eating pease, as Brummell said his father and mother had both well nigh done." The quantity of new bread the French eat with their dinner is, to me, quite extraordinary,—so much so, as to induce me almost to doubt Abernethy's anathema against it; but their general moderation in drinking, perhaps, balances the scales. They drink their Champagne the last thing of all,—as we say, "topping up with it," on account of its digestive properties, which, no doubt, it possesses. In fact, this wine is sadly belied: it is very aristocratic, I admit—no recommendation to it, perhaps, in these days,—and will not endure to be associated with low company. *Drunk by itself*, it is, no doubt, the most wholesome wine in the world; and it is a well-known fact, that gout is almost unknown in that part of France called Champagne. As Mr. Walker says of it, by promoting exhilaration, it pro-

motes digestion,—*ergo*, it must promote health.

Many ludicrous stories are told of the mistakes made by both Englishmen and Frenchmen, in reference to their national tastes in eating; and amongst them the following was related to me, the other day, in London. A Frenchman was told by one of his countrymen, that he would be charmed with the London muffins. No sooner, then, was he arrived in our metropolis, than he entered a shop, and bought one, which he immediately ate, in the state in which it had been drawn from the oven, perhaps, on the preceding day. His disappointment may be imagined; and it was not until he tried another, which he ate in the same cold, raw state, that he was satisfied that his friend had played him a trick. I never thought I should have lived to see a man eat a raw artichoke at his breakfast; but I witnessed the fact last summer. What would some aldermen give for that French gentleman's digestion?

Conclusion.—I have now said my say on this subject; and, as Seneca tells us, it is awkward to preach to the belly, because it has no ears, it may reasonably be expected, that not an ounce more nor an ounce less will be eaten in consequence of these remarks. I can only answer for myself, that, had I been intemperate in eating, other pleasures, which I am now able to indulge in, would all have been swamped in that one gratification. I should have been dyspeptic and gouty, in place of being hale and well, and equally capable of fatigue as I was twenty years back. In fact, "*'tis the pace that kills*" over a country, or over the mahogany; and there is a temperance in all things—in eating, drinking, hunting, smoking,—ay, even in knowledge, and in religion.

REVOLUTIONARY PARALLELS BETWEEN 1685-9 AND 1833-7.

No. I.

1. EARL OF SUNDERLAND AND VISCOUNT MELBOURNE.
2. SIR WILLIAM PETTY AND MARQUESS OF LANSDOWNE.
3. EARL OF MULGRAVE AND LORD-LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND.
4. ECCLESIASTICAL COMMISSIONS.
5. DISSENTERS COURTED BY GOVERNMENT.
6. EXULTATION OF THE DISSENTERS.
7. JEALOUSIES RAISED BETWEEN THE CHURCH AND DISSENTERS.
8. UNNATURAL COALITION OF PAPISTS AND DISSENTERS.
9. RUPTURE BETWEEN THEM.

ONE of the purposes of history is to record the changes and events in the policy of a country, which have affected the liberties or prosperity of a nation, and thereby to invite succeeding statesmen to imitate or avoid the course of those who have gone before; it therefore may often be useful to make a comparison between the conduct of ministers presiding over the same country at different periods. Before drawing a parallel between the times in which we live, and the eventful era in English history when King James II. sat upon the throne, it will be proper to premise that the power of the king at the present day is so much more limited and circumscribed than at the time the former resigned, that what the historians of James II. describe as the acts of the king, must in our days be held to be the measures of the executive government. The bounds between the king and the people, and the extent of the royal prerogative, were fixed at the Revolution; and it has been reserved to us, for the first time since then, to see an administration professing to advocate the liberties of the people, and at the same time abusing the influence of the crown, and breaking down the barriers which were erected by Lord Somers and the great men of that day to defend our rights and privileges.

We may now proceed at once to a narrative of the events which took place between 1685 and 1689, and between 1833 and 1837, and to a review of the principal actors on the scene during those epochs. In our progress, we shall not fail to observe a manifest resemblance between the rulers, and the circumstances respectively, at those successive periods. Both administrations altered the constitution of the corporations, to the end that "they might become masters of the elections"—both endeavoured to appropriate the

property of the church to other purposes—both sought to advance Catholicism and depress Protestantism—both courted the Dissenters, and alike failed in gaining their sincere confidence—both made attempts upon the universities—by both were "the fountains of the church attempted to be poisoned"—by both was "ecclesiastical, as well as civil preferment, bestowed on such as were negligent of honour, virtue, and sincerity"—both declared for "liberty of conscience" and "uniformity of religion"—both sent "emissaries to gain the people by arguments, promises, and menaces"—and the "arbitrary proceedings" of both "begat universal discontent against the king's administration."

1. In the conduct of the affairs of the cabinet of James II., the chief mover was the notorious Earl of Sunderland, who at that time was the first lord of the treasury. The character of the prime minister has frequently been described, both by contemporary authors and later historians. Bishop Burnet says "that he changed sides often, with little regard either to the religion or the interests of his country."—Vol. ii. p. 354.

We have now a premier who, having served in the administrations of Mr. Canning and the Duke of Wellington—having acted in opposition to Lords Grey and Brougham and Sir F. Burdett, while they advocated popular rights—having spoken and voted against parliamentary reform,—subsequently became the colleague of the very persons whom he formerly opposed, and, lastly, has outstripped many of them in his revolutionary career.

Roger North, who knew Lord Sunderland, says, "That he sought to overturn the church and monarchy settled by law."

Since the Revolution, there never has been so "heavy a blow to the church, or so severe a discouragement to Protestantism," as that which Lord Melbourne himself admits that he has inflicted; and we may question whether his majesty feels his crown sit the firmer on his head since the noble viscount has ruled his councils. We may well say of the two prime ministers:

"Arcades ambo,

Et cantare pares et respondere parati."

Archdeacon Coxe (in his *Correspondence with the Whig Leaders, &c.*) says of Sunderland: "A nobleman of so subtle and insinuating a character could not fail to acquire and retain power, under the crooked policy which marked the reigns of the two last Stuarts." Accordingly, he continued to enjoy the favour of both the royal brothers; and under the last, "sacrificed his religion to his politics." Lord Melbourne, "the Proteus statesman" who guides the helm at the present day, has also held office under royal brothers, the first who have occupied the throne in succession since the Revolution; and, previous to the formation of his own government, had taken part in three various administrations, advocating different principles.

There is also this striking coincidence in the histories of the two revolutionary statesmen, each on entering into public life "favoured the popular party;" Sunderland so much, that at one time he "had even taken an active share in supporting the Exclusion-bill." (Coxe's *Shrewsbury Correspondence*, 386.) Each accepted and first held office as Tories; and each at a later period were members of Whig administrations.

But, for the information of our premier's worthy colleague, the secretary of state for the home department, we should state that Lord Sunderland, having been a Whig officer of state, could not vanquish the suspicion which the Whigs, and especially Admiral Russell, the brother of the noble secretary's patriotic and unfortunate ancestor,

Lord Russell, "naturally entertained of a nobleman who had been the favourite and confidential minister of James." Of this, says Coxe, we have a remarkable proof in the observations of Admiral Russell to Shrewsbury, in reply to the information of the duke, that Sunderland was about to pay him a visit, and that he would find him "in good humour, mighty right, and more than ever for the Whigs."*

About the period of Lord Sunderland's life at which our parallel commences, he had, "for greater security, connected himself with three Catholics, from whose friendship he promised himself considerable advantage." "These four, if we may believe the king himself," continues Lingard (the Roman Catholic historian, xiv. 9), "met in private, talked over their services and pretensions, and engaged to aid each other in the acquisition of the objects of their ambition." We are not told any where that Daniel O'Connell was the name of any one of these Roman Catholic gentlemen. But the same author tells us that the prime minister established "a secret board to watch over the interests of the Catholics." Under the name of a "National Board of Education," a similar institution has been established in Dublin, at which the Roman Catholic and Protestant archbishops, Dr. Whateley and Dr. Murray, preside, for the like purpose.

The prime minister of James had the advantages of rank and fortune. "He was," says Hume, "a man of *intrigue and capacity*"—"of extreme duplicity, or, at least, variableness of conduct"—"of mingled indolence and impetuosity," says Sir James Mackintosh; and adds, that "the difficulties in which they (the ministers) had involved themselves were multiplied by the subtle and crooked policy of Sunderland, who, though willing to purchase his continuance in office by unbounded compliance, was yet extremely solicitous to adapt his various projects and reasonings to the circumstances of the moment. Placed between two

* "Chippenham, Aug. 11, 1696.—I am under some pain about the honour designed me by a great lord. I confess my fault and folly, that I cannot bring my tongue nor countenance to seem satisfied with a man I am not; but will do in it as well as I can. You say he is very much for us: it was plain that was his design to appear, when he writ to Felton about coming hither, and complaining of some friend of his wanting friendship. It is an old saying, 'When the fox is abroad, look to your lambs.' No man is ever secure from his tricks; but he can play none very prejudicial, if he be not too much trusted and relied upon."

precipices, and winding his course between them, he could find safety only by sometimes approaching one and sometimes going nearer to the other." (P. 225.) Viscount Melhourne is of a noble family, and is possessed of considerable property; and is, we think, to the commonest observer, placed between two precipices, by a course of proceeding very similar to that of the wily minister of James.

At the close of the reign during which it had been endeavoured to enslave the people and to destroy the church, and which terminated by the king being driven from his throne, "Sunderland is believed to have entered into a correspondence with the prince (who succeeded); and at the expense of his own honour and his master's interest, to have secretly embraced a cause which he foresaw was likely soon to predominate." (HUME, p. 298.) We may hope that the parallel may never be carried to that extreme. However, at an earlier period of his political career, and before he had obtained the royal confidence, he sought, says Lingard, p. 8, "to secure the good will of the Catholics, and held himself out to them as the warm and uncompromising champion of toleration in the cabinet;" and to gratify "his ambition," and to supplant his rival, he was careful to propose in council measures in behalf of the Catholics, which he knew that "his rival," in accordance with his avowed principles, would certainly oppose.

How forcibly does this narrative remind us of the intrigues of the cabinet in 1834, whereby our present prime minister and some of his colleagues, in concert with the leader of the Roman Catholic party, were enabled to supplant Earl Grey, and assume to themselves the reins of government. But to continue. With reference to a later period of Sunderland's political life, we find, in a letter of Mr. Montagu to the Whig minister, the Duke of Shrewsbury, the following allusion to a statesman who had exhibited the same love of place and changeableness of politics lately displayed by our present rulers:—"These events," speaking of Sunderland, "have freed us from a companion that was intended us, who would have been worse than all this; but I think we are got clear of that fire-ship for ever." (COXE'S *Correspondence*, 544.) When shall we be able to rejoice on a similar occasion?

We also hear of this ex-premier, Sunderland, saying that King William "had been pleased to shew so much goodness to him, to suffer him to retire to Althorp, and never to think of business, which he was so unfit for." (COXR, 545.) Our King William has already graciously permitted one ex-minister (the descendant of Sunderland) to retire to Althorp from business, for which he is totally "unfit." And the reflecting part of the nation desires to see another equally unfit minister receive his majesty's gracious permission to retire to Brockett Hall, "and never to think of business" any more.

2. Turning to others of these times, it may be interesting to the present Marquess of Lansdowne to hear how much the opinion of his great-great-grandfather upon Irish matters was esteemed by one of the most eminent men of his day. In 1686, Lord Clarendon thus writes from Dublin to Lord Rochester: "Though I am well with Sir William Petty myself, and know he means well in the main (it being his interest to have the settlements continue here undisturbed), and does desire that you may be privately informed of all he does, yet I must tell you nobody here (even those in his own circumstances) has any reverence for his notions or calculations, they being in truth most of them, *fallacious*. His surveys, upon which much of the settlements are founded, are abominably erroneous; and if ever the acts or possessions of them are unravelled into, remember, I tell you, it will be as much upon advantages (that) will be taken of Sir William Petty's *false foundations as upon any thing else*."

And, in like manner, the following character, given by Bishop Burnet (p. 683) of a nobleman who held a high office in 1686, is deserving the attention of the present lord-lieutenant of Ireland.

3. "The Earl of Mulgrave," he says, "was apt to comply in every thing that he thought might be acceptable; for he went with the king to mass, and kneeled at it. And being looked upon as indifferent to all religions, the priests made an attack on him. He heard them gravely arguing for transubstantiation. He told them he was willing to receive instruction." We cannot say to the present lord-lieutenant of Ireland,

"*Mutato nomine de te
Fabula narratur.*"

Hume informs us that, in 1687, the ministers of James II. gave preferment, and the lord-lieutenant of Ireland conferred power, upon a lawyer "who had been convicted of crimes, but who compensated for all his *enormities* by a headlong zeal for the Catholic religion. He was even heard to say, from the bench, that the Protestants were all rogues, and that there was not one among 40,000 that was not a traitor, a rebel, and a villain. The whole strain of the administration was suitable to such sentiments." (260.) It appears that the present day affords a perfect copy of this historical piece.

A few months before this, viz. 14th August, 1686, the Earl of Clarendon, in a letter from Dublin to King James II. upon the condition of Ireland, writes: "The old Protestant settlers carry on six parts out of seven of the trade of this kingdom; and I must further say, that in my life I never met with people fuller of duty to your majesty, nor more desirous of opportunities to manifest loyalty." He also informs us, in the same letter, that "the Roman Catholic clergy in several places have forbid the people paying their tithes to their Protestant ministers"—"that the old proprietors have in several places forbid the tenants paying their rents to their present landlords;" and represents the Protestants as thus addressing themselves to their rulers, and expressing their fears: "When we see all our countrymen disarmed, and that the powers and arms are in the hands of the Irish, how can we forget the barbarous murders committed on us by their fathers? And when we are told plainly that we have no rights to our estates, what violence may we not expect from those who have now power to take what they think their own?" But no more regard was paid to these representations at that time than at the present.

Before the period to which we refer, William, Lord Russell, a real patriot, had fallen a victim to his noble efforts for the liberties of the people against the tyrannical encroachments of the crown; and the only person of that noble house of whom we hear during the administration of Lord Sunderland, is a creature of the *Tyr-connel* of that day, engaged on the side of unconstitutional tyranny, in executing his orders to displace Protestants and advance Catholics in their room, and to subvert

the real liberties of the people."—CLARENDON, v. i. p. 459.

All the members of the government, who were attached to the Protestant interest, having left the administration, on account of the dangerous measures which were introduced respecting the church, the chief management of the public affairs during the last years of the reign of James fell upon the prime minister, and his associate, *Tyrconnel*. Sir J. Mackintosh says, "In consequence of the direction of public affairs being transferred from the Protestants to the faction who (as their title to power was zeal for the advancement of Popery) must be called *Papists*, though some of them professed the Protestant religion." In consequence of the measures encroaching on the church (as he writes), rather than affording relief to the Catholics, and in consequence of the outrageous conduct of their Catholic neighbours, the Protestants, who were the wealthiest traders, as well as the most ingenious artisans, began to emigrate; and the object of these proceedings on the part of the government was, "that the revolution in Ireland would supply the means of securing the obedience of his English subjects by intimidation or force."—MACKINTOSH, 125, 130-3.

It really appears as though we saw the events of other times reflected. The Protestants are now the wealthiest traders; they are now emigrating in consequence of outrageous conduct. And government seeks to control the English by means of the turbulence of the Irish, and the members whom they send to parliament.

Having thus given some account of the principal characters who were members of that administration of King James II. which attempted to overthrow Protestantism in these realms and erect Popery on its ruins, to subvert civil liberty, and to subject the people to the tyranny of an unconstitutional and irresponsible government, we may proceed to enumerate the principal measures by which the same administration endeavoured to accomplish these objects. And if, having examined the conduct of the cabinet of King James, and also the recent policy of our present Whig-Radical rulers—if, having observed the measures of the two governments, and noted the events which occurred during each,—it shall appear that the conduct

of Lord Melbourne's administration bears a strong resemblance to that of Lord Sunderland, we may leave it to our countrymen to decide whether such a government be one in which they can place confidence—one in whose hands they can intrust their liberties, and, above all, their holiest institutions.

If any can be found to approve the conduct of our present rulers, and some, we fear, there are, they may object to such a parallel; and say that the altered condition of the country does not warrant any such comparison. They may argue that the present advanced state of civilisation, that the progress which the nation has made in moral, intellectual, and political information during the last one hundred and fifty years, precludes the opportunity of assimilation. Lord John Russell may tell us that "the enlightened age in which we live will not endure to be bound in the fetters of the seventeenth century." We sincerely hope that it will not, however the chains may be gilded by himself and his noble colleagues. So far we concur with his lordship.

James endeavoured to introduce Popery by his sovereign authority; he abolished tests by an assumed dispensing power; he declared liberty of conscience by a royal edict: and therefore he failed in his attempts, and lost his throne.

Many right-minded persons of the present day, perhaps, have hitherto felt no alarm at these things, who, had they lived under James, would have been found among the first to feel jealous of power used to pluck up by the roots the liberties and established religion of their land, because, in the one case, they would have to listen to professions, but professions of, in fact, absolute power scarcely disguised; but in the other, the professions of a ministry assuming the character of slaves to popular opinion, rather than servants of the crown.

4. One of the most alarming acts of King James's administration was the institution of the Court of Ecclesiastical Commission. Hume says, that "among all the engines of authority formerly employed by the crown, none had been more dangerous, or even destructive to liberty, than the Court of High Commission, which, together with the Star Chamber, had been abolished in the reign of Charles I. (A. D. 1641) by act

of parliament, in which a clause was likewise inserted prohibiting the erection in all future times of that court, or any of a like nature. But this law was deemed by James no obstacle; and an ecclesiastical commission was anew issued, by which seven commissioners were invested with full and unlimited authority over the Church of England. On them were bestowed the same inquisitorial powers possessed by the former Court of High Commission. They might proceed upon bare suspicion; and the better to set the law at defiance, it was expressly inserted in their patent itself that they were to exercise their jurisdiction, notwithstanding any law or statute to the contrary. The king's design to subdue the church was now sufficiently known; and had he been able to establish the authority of this new-erected court, his success was infallible. A more sensible blow could not be given, both to national liberty and religion."—HUME'S *Hist.* (Jas. II.) vol. viii. c. 70, p. 252.

On the 4th of February, 1835, while Sir R. Peel's government was in office, his majesty appointed a commission "to consider the state of the several dioceses of England and Wales with respect to the amount of their revenues, duties," &c. "and to consider also the state of the several cathedral and collegiate churches." In March following the commission made its first report; and in April, by the union of Repealers, Radicals, and Destructives, the Conservative administration was overthrown. The commission was composed of an equal number of ecclesiastics and civilians, so that, in all necessary reforms, the interests of the established church might be duly represented and supported. Lord Melbourne's government succeeded, and on the 6th June "*an ecclesiastical commission was anew issued;*" but as the principles of this government were opposed to those of the administration which they had just ejected from office, this new commission, like that in 1686, was composed of a majority of civilians. Lord Sunderland's contained three prelates and four ministers of state. Lord Melbourne's consists of thirteen members; of whom three, viz. the two archbishops and the Bishop of London, hold places for life; the remaining ten are removable at pleasure by the king in council; that is, by the minister of the day: two, indeed, of these are

bishops, nominees of ministers; of the other eight members, five are cabinet ministers, and three lay nominees. Thus there is ever a standing majority of eight to five against the church. There is, indeed, a semblance of guarantee against abuse, inasmuch as the seal cannot be affixed if two bishops are present, and both object; but it is no more than a semblance, for it is so secured, that a single bishop can ratify the acts of the commissioners. If, therefore, ministers can find or make a single bishop subservient to their views—and recent events shew that such may be made and found—then the whole direction of affairs is at their disposal. — Vide *Bishop of Exeter's Charge to the Clergy of his Diocese*, Nov. 1836.

And, as if in order further to violate the spirit of the British constitution, and to assimilate this commission to its prototype in 1686, the act passed in 1836 makes this commission perpetual, and enacts, "That when any scheme prepared under the authority of the said act should be approved by his majesty in council"—i. e. by ministers—"it should be lawful for his majesty in council to issue an order, or orders, ratifying the same," &c. "And it is further enacted, that every such order should, as soon as might be after the making and issuing thereof by his majesty in council, be inserted and published in the *London Gazette*. And it is further enacted, that so soon as any such order in council should be so registered and gazetted, it should in all respects, and as to all things therein contained, have and be of the same force and effect as if all and every part thereof were included in the said act, *any law, statute, canon, letters patent, grant, usage, or custom to the contrary, notwithstanding*."

I need only here refer the reader to the words of the patent of the commission of 1686, mentioned by Hume and Lingard, to shew the resemblance between the two appointments. In 1686, the Earl of Rochester had been appointed a member of the Ecclesiastical Commission, upon which occasion the Earl of Clarendon thus communicates his apprehensions to his brother: "I know not how to wish you joy of your new place in the church affair; though we have forty abstracts of the commission, yet I do not understand it; and I confess I am naturally no friend

to new judicatures. God send those who contrived it are friends to our religion! For God's sake, let me beg you to be careful how you act, and be not prevailed upon to hurt the best church in the world; and which, notwithstanding all the calamities she is now under, will yet flourish and be triumphant, even in this world."

The apprehensions which were thus feelingly described by a friend to Protestantism in 1686, are similar to those which are entertained by all who wish well to the church at the present day. And we may trust that the prophecy of Clarendon will again be one day in like manner fulfilled.

In allusion to the arbitrary powers with which the present ecclesiastical commissioners are invested, a learned prelate, whom we have lately quoted, writes, "I cannot see the wisdom which makes the revenue of the church the subject of perpetual scrutiny, and invites its enemies to speculate on its downfall. Already has the creation of the commission and sanction of parliament been hailed as a recognition of the right of parliament to interfere, not only with the regulation of its revenues, but with the revenues themselves." "A commission, when necessary, was the obvious method to regulate ecclesiastical matters." "This threatens changes in the ecclesiastical constitution so often as the convenience of a government, dependent on the will or caprice of a faction hostile to the church, may require it." These commissioners "may seize the revenues of any see when vacant, and make the successor stipendiary; and all concerns of the church may gradually be drawn under the control of the ministers of the day." If the property of the Dean and Chapter of Durham may be appropriated, he says, to the university of Durham, why may not the property of the Dean and Chapter of London be appropriated to the university of London? If there be any principle in such proceedings, it equals in danger any the most arbitrary practices of the Tudors or the Stuarts.

The actual injustice, as well as the dangerous and unconstitutional tendency of this measure has naturally attracted much observation, and given great dissatisfaction to all who wish well to the religious establishments. A recent memorial of the archdeacon and clergy of the diocese of Canterbury,

in the following dignified and able language, complains of the dangerous character of the commission :

"We respectfully declare that the safety and liberties of the church require a distinct term to be fixed for the expiration of a commission, of which the constitution is at variance with the Bill of Rights, and of which the powers are so new and unlimited, the range so changing and undefined, as to render its existence (even for a determined period, and in times more propitious than the present) an object of continual jealousy and alarm.

"We acknowledge that, from the nature of your functions, your powers must be conveyed with some latitude. But we pray that they may be defined with the utmost strictness that the end to be obtained will allow; and that before application be made to parliament for powers to carry into effect any future portions of your recommendations, those portions be made the subject of conference by the whole bench of bishops, and that opportunity be given for the expression of the sense of the chapters and the parochial clergy. The preponderance of laymen, and of ministerial influence in the constitution of your commission, renders this precaution the more necessary. Neither precipitation nor secrecy can be desirable in such measures; nor have our institutions grown up to their excellency but under that caution, which has almost always attended the progress of great measures in this country, and rendered them the fruits of public opinion, properly so called, as distinguished from the chance transitions of popular caprice or temporary prejudice.

"We deprecate the alienation of church property to other than purely ecclesiastical purposes, as a precedent at all times dangerous, and proved, by recent events in one portion of the united church, to be capable of being made the pretext for unlimited perversion and spoliation.

"We further deprecate the violation of charters, of testamentary dispositions, and of ecclesiastical establishments, involved in the suppression of canonries."

Many other memorials and petitions have been presented, which shew the peril attending the exercise of such vague and extensive powers as those with which the commissioners are invested. One which is signed by

"seven eminent dignitaries of the church, men of opposite interests and adverse parties," exhibits the just apprehensions entertained where political feeling has no part. The petitioners say they "were not aware that it was intended by the appointment of the Ecclesiastical Commission to *destroy* any ecclesiastical institution, and to reconstruct it upon a fresh plan, but merely to rectify existing abuses, and in doing so to apply the remedy only so far as the evil was found to extend." They complain that in the "commission no parochial clergyman, or prebendary, or dean, has been constituted a member," and, "in consequence, only one species of ecclesiastical interest has been properly and powerfully represented." In the case of chapter patronage, the petitioners say that "in the fifty-second clause of the fourth report of the ecclesiastical commissioners," they "observe with great surprise and alarm that a power is recommended to be given to the commissioners of dividing livings, even during the lives of the present incumbents, *and taking away from them* any portion of the value; and this to be done without the consent of the patron." The petition concludes: "There is, in fact, nothing by which your petitioners are more alarmed than the existence of a central board, sheltered by general and indefinite powers, armed with a public purse, and inflamed by a zeal for change. Such tribunals always fall under the absolute influence of some active individual, become a cloak for tyranny, and a source of endless vexation to the individuals who are subjected to their irresistible power. As a remedy against this evil, your petitioners humbly request that in any bill which in your wisdom you may choose to enact for the constitution of such commissioners, you will give to them powers clearly and plainly defined, and nothing more than the necessity of the case requires. Your petitioners wish to live under the control of laws, and not under those ill-defined and general powers which, to the great alarm of your petitioners, are asked for on the present occasion."

The preceding representation of the nature and constitution of the Ecclesiastical Commission is the more important at present, as the church is the main object of the attacks of the Radicals and Revolutionists, under the

guidance and favour of ministers of the crown.

5. Writing of the year 1686, Dr. Lingard, a Roman Catholic priest, and, therefore, not to be suspected of an undue bias in favour of the Church of England, says,—“About this time, the royal advisers seized the opportunity to wean the king from his notions in favour of the Established Church, and to turn his attention to the Dissenters: let him establish, by proclamation, in England, as he had already done in Scotland, universal liberty of conscience.”

In the summer of 1834, the Whig-Radical administration made the same attempt upon his present majesty; with what effect may be judged from the following sentence of the king's reply to the bishops, at the time when it was first sought to apply the property of the church to other than ecclesiastical purposes. On the 28th of May, his majesty expressed his “*fixed purpose, determination, and resolution, to maintain*” the “*religion, and the Church of England and Ireland*,” and ended by saying, —“I have spoken more strongly than usual, because of unhappy circumstances that have forced themselves upon the observation of all. The threats of those who are enemies of the church make it the more necessary for those who feel their duty to that church to speak out.”

But, though ministers did not succeed in rendering his majesty indifferent to the established faith, we shall presently see that they did not relinquish any of their favourite policy, of giving “severe blows to Protestantism,” and encouraging sectarianism and Popery. In this course we shall likewise see that they followed the example of their prototypes, in the time of King James.

Dalrymple, a Whig historian, informs us that, in order to court the Dissenters, “James published a declaration of indulgence in favour of all his subjects, by which he not only gave them a full toleration in matters of religion, but dispensed with their taking the tests; and thus laid open all offices to Catholics, sectaries, and churchmen alike. The declaration was specious and liberal, indeed, to appearance; but hollow and designing at the bottom; for, under pretence of shewing indulgence to Nonconformists, it was only meant to procure it for Roman

Catholics. The declaration of liberty of conscience, as a means of affecting popularity, was nothing new at that period of the tyrannical dynasty of the Stuarts; their hypocritical methods had been before resorted to by unprincipled ministers, as a blind to the people, and a cloak to their own ambition. —*Vide RAPIN*, v. ii. p. 662.

Declarations for liberty of conscience were ever put forth by ministers in times most dangerous to the church. “Religion,” he says, “was concerned in the projects of the cabal; but, probably, some were for having the progress of the Popish religion subservient, to render the king absolute, rather than to favour the progress of Popery.”

Dr. Burnet tells us, in 1686, “agents were now found out to go among the Dissenters, and persuade them to accept of the favour the king intended them;” which, Dr. Lingard (xiv. 141) informs us, “James was accustomed to assure them was nothing but freedom of conscience — the *natural right of man* — a right so evident, that he would not insult their judgment by undertaking to prove it.”

And, as we see by the Duke of Queensberry's Letter from Holyrood House, in 1686, in Scotland, “the fanatics and their friends were made to believe that the favours designed to the Roman Catholics would extend to them.”

In 1835, this part of the imitative policy of the Whigs was more artfully conducted. While political preachers harangued, and political pamphleteers inflamed the people, the Roman Catholic agitator himself went on a mission through the north of England, and the south of Scotland, where the Dissenters were the most numerous; to praise the ministers, whom he had lately denounced as incapable, heartless, base, and bloody,—to preach down those peers who had preserved the rights of freemen, in opposition to ministers,—and to persuade the Voluntaries that the Roman Catholic church in Ireland, not being connected with the state of England, presented no such terrors. Other persons undertook the same office in other districts.

And in 1836, the ministers took upon themselves the management of the same policy—frequenting dinners and public meetings where the Voluntary preachers took a prominent and violent part.

6. The effects of these proceedings were alike at both periods. As, in 1686, the Nonconformists shewed feelings of thankfulness and exultation, and paused not to consider the dangerous tendency of the proceedings of ministers; as, "in the delirium of their joy, they crowded round the throne" of James "to express their gratitude for the benefit of religious liberty,"—so have the Dissenters, in the present day, come forward with petitions and addresses, expressive of their abundant confidence and gratitude.

In 1686, "the example was shewn by the Anabaptists; the Quakers followed, then the Independents; next came the Presbyterians, and after them the Catholics, who were careful to express their satisfaction that the benefit was extended to all Christian sects, without exception" (LINGARD, xiv. p. 145). So completely has the Jesuitry of the Catholics blinded and captivated the Protestant Dissenters, that, in 1834 and 1835, they "contended that Popery was no longer Popery, when it declared on the side of Voluntaryism,"—as if lengthening the creed, and shortening the commandments—as if doctrinal errors and superstitions, affecting spiritual welfare, were nothing, when compared with political circumstances. (*Vol. Mag.*) The Separatists exult in the alliance with Papists, and avow that "means ought to be taken to press their plans on the attention of the only living man who could turn them to account—the great Irish agitator" (*Vol. Mag.* Oct. 1834); and Mr. O'Connell, in his letter of the 30th Dec. 1836, in reply to Mr. Beaumont, acknowledges and states the terms of the alliance. Indeed, in many instances, they outdo the fanatics, admitting that "the accusation of combining with Roman Catholics, Radicals, and Infidels, if accusation it can be called, is true," and attempting to justify such iniquity by the pretended virtue of their common object.—DR. RITCHIE, *at Belfast*, 1836.

In 1688, Sir Patrick Hume, afterwards Earl of Marchmont, lamented that so many mistaken Protestants in Britain had fallen into "the wonderful and extremely dangerous mistake of considering the deepest laid method of carrying on that hellish design, as a kindness done to them, and as a relishing relief from prelate violence; that some of these same are gone so far in their deplorable error as to miscontrast

the methods of their greatest friends, and to calumniate their persons, and that in favour of their greatest enemies;" and, also, "that these same mistaking Protestants are more inclined to trust their whole doctrine, worship, discipline, and government, in religion; liberties, lives, rights, and estates in society—in a bottom with Papists, the known enemies of their interest in all these eight points, than with the prelatial Protestants, whom they cannot, for their hearts, shew so much as to differ from them in the one half of them; and that they are more inclined to trust the promises of the Papists, though inconsistent to their principles, than those of the others, though very consistent with the principles of, at least, their religion."—*Marchmont Papers*, iii. 74.

The whole of this is perfectly applicable to the conduct of the present Dissenters, and requires so few extracts from these writings to shew the justness of their insertion, and the danger of the present designs of the Papists to the Dissenters themselves, that we may conclude this part of the subject, for a season, in his words:—

"I hope I may spare my pains of rehearsing, by many unquestionable proofs, that the ultimate design of the plot is the subversion of the reformed religion, and the altering the government to a suitableness to the Popish way."

7. Dalrymple (107) informs us that "James, improving upon these advances, endeavoured, by raising jealousies between the Dissenters and the church, to procure concessions from both; from the former, in hopes of keeping, and from the latter of regaining, his favour. For this purpose, addresses in favour of Protestant Dissenters were encouraged, and favourable answers given to them. Plans were received and digested at court for their security. The court language was, that the king's intentions to shew favour to the Dissenters had hitherto been prevented from taking effect by the severity and pride of the Church of England. In order to expose the rigour of that church, James gave orders to make a scrutiny into all the vexatious suits which had been brought in the Ecclesiastical Court against Dissenters."

If we merely substitute the ministers for the king, what is the narrative of

this Whig historian but a faithful account of transactions during our own time? He goes on to say,—“Animosities daily arose between the zealots of the Church of England and of the Dissenters,—the former upbraiding their Protestant brethren with their desertion of the Protestant cause, and the latter reminding the Church of England of her past rigours, and insulting her present misfortunes.

Examples of such proceedings at the present day will be given hereafter.

8. The Whig Bishop of Salisbury, Dr. Burnet (ii. 702), writes, “The Dissenters had left the Church of England, because of some forms in it that they thought looked too like the Church of Rome. They needed not to be told, that all the favour expected from Popery was once to bring it in under the colour of a general toleration, till it should be strong enough to set on a general persecution; and, therefore, as they could not engage themselves to support such an arbitrary prerogative as was now made use of, so *neither should they go into any engagement for Popery.*”

We regret that many of the Dissenters who have left the Church of England from disgust at the forms resembling Popery, enter into engagements for Popery, and make common cause with the Papists to force on the crown the most arbitrary exercise of its prerogative, in the creation of peers, to erect new courts of judicature, and unconstitutional modes of legislation, by giving the irresponsible will of commissioners the entire effect of solemn judgments, and their decrees the force of the statute law. Such of the Dissenters appear to have forgotten, “That every true Roman Catholic—every man whose religious tenets are in strict conformity with those of Rome, must partake of the spirit of his standard in proportion to his sincerity” (BLANCO WHITE). Nor do they know that their standard of faith is planted, not on Scriptures, as governing the papal canons, but upon the canons themselves, as giving authority and sanction to the inspired Scriptures, the very citadel of Christian truth. And there are, unfortunately, among the Dissenters, some who are so little aware of these things, and, we fear, some whose religious is but their political creed, that they heed not the dangers accruing to religion and civil liberty from an un-

natural alliance; where, for the sake of power, it is necessary that one party or the other must desert or compromise its principles, and abandon its sincerity.

While we are thus compelled to advert to some of the Dissenters, we contemplate with pleasure a numerous body of them, the design of whose faith is holiness, and the exercise of whose judgment places them beyond the snares of those who desire their assistance until they are prepared for their destruction. But, to continue the parallel, we are informed that the expectation of the favours designed to the Roman Catholics being extended to the Dissenters was likely to “cement them” to each other on that occasion, in 1686. A like expectation at the present time appears, also, to have formed an union between the Papists and that class of Dissenters of whom we first spoke. Mr. Marshall, a most active one, declares, “there is no reason why their (the Roman Catholics’) assistance should not be accepted as frankly as it is offered; and, considering how numerous they are, and with what vehemence they are accustomed to urge their claims, it cannot but prove of the greatest avail.” Avail! for what good purpose?

There can be no doubt that the object of this “unnatural coalition,” as it was termed 150 years since, in which Infidels and Deists bear no inconsiderable part, is the destruction of the established Protestant church; and the certain consequence to religion of such an event would be, the advancement of Popery in England, its ascendancy in Ireland, and the progress of infidelity in both. To the empire, the result would be, the dismemberment of Ireland from the British throne. In that respect there is little change since the time when Lord Guildford addressed his observations on the state of Ireland to the Earl of Clarendon, when about to proceed thither as chief governor. Such instructions are worthy of record, although they were neither attended to by the popish successor of Earl Clarendon, nor by the noble lord who at present occupies his situation, and acts up to his sentiments. “He that governs Ireland,” said Lord Guildford, “will have a zeal for the Church of England, when he considers that he is a servant to the crown, and of what importance the king’s supremacy is to the support of it.” “The Irish,” he adds,

"will have an aversion to the English, and their government; and, if ever they have it in their power, they will shake it off."

Liberty of conscience being one of the most frequent arguments and plausible pretexts used by those who aimed at the destruction of the national church in 1687, or desire it in 1837,—let those who, although they unite themselves with the Roman Catholics, do yet honestly and sincerely seek liberty of conscience, observe the remarks of his holiness of Rome, contained in a circular sent forth in 1819.

It is the custom of the Roman Catholics to quiet the suspicions of the more scrupulous among their Protestant coadjutors, by saying that the pope has, at present, little or no power in these islands; and, probably, they may have the highest authority for using such an expression. Nothing is more likely than that his holiness should grant a dispensation, and give plenary indulgence, to all those faithful Catholics who shall deny the authority of the pope in these realms, in order to advance Catholicism, and increase his power.

It was not indifference to the cause of Popery that induced Pope Innocent XI., in the time of King James, to receive with coldness Lord Castlemaine, whom that monarch had sent as ambassador to the court of Rome. It was not indiscreet policy on the part of Louis XIV.—who, by revoking the edict of Nantes, had expelled all Protestants from his dominions—to write to James, in 1686 or 1687, that, "as the exercise of the Catholic religion could not be re-established in England, save by removing from the people the impression that the king was resolved to make it triumph, he must dissuade him from saying or doing any thing which might authorise or augment this fear." This jesuitical piece of casuistry is mentioned by Bossuet; and our present rulers seem to act upon the advice.

Such conduct on the part of the Roman Catholics is in perfect harmony with the spirit and avowed principles of the Church of Rome—a church which justifies any sin, by the unprincipled doctrine, that the end sanctifies the means—a church which sanctions the breach of an oath. This is no idle declamation. The third canon of the Council of Lateran, the standing law of

the church, declares, that "*all oaths against the interests of the Church of Rome are perjuries.*"

Those Dissenters who, like the Non-conformists in the time of King James, have leagued themselves with the Papists, under the pretence of obtaining national education for the poor, liberty of conscience, and toleration for all, would do well to read the pope's circular letter to the Irish prelates, on the subject of Bible-schools, dated at Rome, Court of the Sacred Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith, Sept. 18, 1819. Pope Pius VII. says, the parable of the sower and the seed, and the enemy and the tares, is "seen verified in these our days, particularly in Ireland." Information has reached the ears of the Sacred Congregation, that "Bible-schools, supported by the friends of the anti-Catholics, have been established in almost every part of Ireland." The directors of these schools are, generally speaking, *Methodists, who introduce Bibles, translated into English by the "BIBLE SOCIETY,"* AND PROPPED UP BY ERRORS, with the sole view of seducing the youth, and entirely eradicating from their minds the truth of the orthodox faith." The holy father adds, that "every exertion must be made to keep the youth away from their destructive schools. What must Protestants think of the honesty, veracity, toleration, or devotion of those sincere Catholic allies, the infallible head of whose church gives such an account of the Bible, translated with so much anxiety and care as to employ the united learning and diligence of forty-seven most eminent divines of the Protestant church, during three years? The translation was commenced in 1607, and completed in 1611. The Bible Society was established in 1805. The prelates of the Romish church in Ireland, in their "annual pastoral charge," term that same Bible a "*pernicious book, the reading or retaining of which is entirely, and without any exception, prohibited to the people;*" and commend peasants for lifting in the tongs, and burying or burning that HOLY GOSPEL which his holiness insinuates to be "the GOSPEL OF THE DEVIL." We would bid Protestants of any denomination whatever consider well ere they subscribe to such blasphemous infallibility.

But, since the Voluntaries, and some other Protestant Dissenters, from the

English and Scottish reformed church, who are advocates for liberty of conscience in our time, see so much "cause for gratification" in their alliance with the Roman Catholics, it may be well to refer them to the catechism of that church for the opinion which Roman Catholics entertain of the Protestant church. The *Catechismus Romanus* declares it to be led by the spirit of the devil! and does so in these very words: "Sed quemadmodum *hec una ecclesia errare non potest*—ita ceteras omnes quæ sibi ecclesiæ nomen arrogavit, et quæ *diaboli spiritu* ducuntur," &c.

We may remind the Voluntaries of 1836, that such a doctrine is in perfect unison with the words of the New Testament, translated into French, and printed at Bourdeaux in 1686. That Testament thus translated 1 Tim. c. iv. v. 1: "Now the Spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times some will separate themselves from the *ROMAN faith*, giving themselves up to spirits of error, and to doctrines *taught by devils*."

Let any one who is *allowed* to peruse his whole Bible turn to the passage; let those who distrust the English version, and have access to the original, refer to the Greek, and explain how, or for what purpose, the Romanists interpolated the word "*Roman*" before "*faith*" in the Bourdeaux Testament. The object remains the same, though the translation was afterwards, in a great measure, suppressed.

9. The materials which form this union between Roman Catholics and Protestants are of far too opposite a character to allow it to be of long duration. As, in 1686, the Nonconformists "knew that the genius of their religion was diametrically opposite to that of the Catholics" (HUME, 256), so the Dissenters of this "enlightened age" perceive that their spiritual principles are at complete variance; nor will a fancied identity of secular politics, or the restlessness of worldly ambition, permit the two parties to continue in alliance. Symptoms of difference have already arisen. This became evident in the House of Commons, on the 3d of June last; when Mr. D. W. Harvey told Mr. O'Connell that "the Catholic religion was essentially an establishment; it was universal in its system, and it *tolerated no other*. The Catholic church aimed at ecclesiastical ascend-

ency; not so the Protestant Dissenter. Gentlemen might smile; but one thing was certain—that there was a struggle between Protestantism and Popery." There have also been signs of a rupture lately, when the same Protestant Dissenter, addressing the Catholic agitator in a letter, said, "I cannot allow *you, of all men*, to impose upon me articles of faith." And even more alarming appearances of such an event are contained in a more recent letter to Derrynane, from the bountiful Mr. Beaumont, in which he asks Mr. O'Connell, what right he has to take upon himself the advocacy of the claims of the Dissenters.

The same reliance may now be placed by us on the present ministers' professions of attachment to the established church that our ancestors, in the time of James, could place in those of Lord Sunderland and his master. The Catholic historian says, James "assured them that he cherished no hostility against the established church." He was all the while endeavouring to undermine it. While James was reproving "the very hard usage the Huguenots had met with" from Louis XIV., and boasting of his sentiments of toleration to the Prince of Orange, he was congratulating the French on the want of it, in revoking the edict of Nantes.—*Vide* King James's Letters, &c., Appendix to Dalrymple, p. 177.

We have heard of a statesman from whose lips a more than ordinary departure from truth was expected, whenever he was seen to lay his hand upon his heart, and assume a deportment of much sincerity and veracity.

In the same spirit, every measure which has been introduced by the Whig-Radical cabinet, for the purpose of inflicting "a severe blow," or giving "a heavy discouragement to Protestantism," has ever been prefaced, on the part of Lords Melbourne, John Russell, and Glenelg, and Mr. Spring Rice, by professions of extreme attachment to the Protestant church, and ardent zeal for the welfare and efficacy of the ecclesiastical establishment.

"But Esau's hands suit ill with Jacob's voice."

In 1686, we find Clarendon writing to the king, that "the Roman Catholic clergy in several places have forbid the people paying their tithes to the Protestant ministers;" and, also, that "the

old proprietors have in several places forbid the tenants paying their rents to their present landlords."

This prohibition to pay tithes has now become so universal in Ireland as not to require proof by adducing any examples; but, in order to render the parallel more complete, non-payment of rents to, and non-ownership by, Protestant landlords, is now recommended and hinted at by the priests.

"Who are these *bloody landlords*," exclaimed a reverend father, after Divine service—"these tyrannical despots? Why, they are fellows whose names were not known when your ancestors possessed the lands they now possess; *but a time will soon come that will oblige them to prove what right and title they have to their possessions.*"

A letter from Ireland, dated 1685, writing of the Whigs, says, "It is very certain that, if the devil had had power to give Monmouth and Argyle those victories that Heaven bestowed on his sacred majesty, there is not a Cromwellian in Ireland, in or out of employment, but would join with the rebels, and cut our throats; and it is as certain they will do so again, if ever any such opportunity offers. Is it, therefore, advisable to keep such men in power, and in authority, either in the militia or civil government? And is there any kingdom or empire upon earth that can be always secure from revolts and insurrections?"

It was reserved for the period of the Whig-Radical administration of Lord Melbourne to illustrate the truth of this observation, and to place additional power in the hands of such dangerous persons. In proof of the present inclination to blood, we subjoin the following quotation from the address of a reverend priest, in 1835:—

"These Orange Conservatives are very confident, like the devil, when he tempted our Saviour in the wilderness; but we will strike fear and terror into their hearts on Tuesday. I hope it will not be necessary to draw the sword; for I hope the very sight of the scabbard will be enough to frighten them. But I tell you, boys, if the Conservatives gain this election,—they cannot gain it!—but if, by paying,

threats, and violence, they do gain it,—if they trick us out of our representatives on this, as they did at the last election, and we be beat, more blood will flow than there is water in the river Barrow."

This address was printed, and was delivered by Father Kehoe to his congregation, after Divine service, from *the altar*.

Are not these fearful denunciations to be uttered from the altar? Let sincere Protestants observe that these are not mere empty words; they are the anathemas of men aware of their own influence and power, who, having control over the enslaved minds of a benighted people, give utterance to such imprecations and savage sentiments, knowing they will produce the desired effect of excitement, intimidation, and hatred. Yet these are the men whose influence and power our ministers think insufficient, and endeavour to increase; these are the advocates for civil and religious freedom, whose alliance the Protestant Voluntaries are proud to claim, and with whom their mistaken followers are deluded to continue in a war against church establishments, to promote the mock cause of liberty of conscience.

At what period of English history, either before the revolution or at more recent times, have the clergy of the Church of England denounced from the altar any of their flock who might vote, at an election, for a man who differed from any of themselves in politics? What instance of infringement of liberty of conscience, or of action, can be found among the English clergy, that will bear any comparison to this outrage by the Catholic priesthood?

Enough has been said to shew that there is, at least, as much hatred entertained by the Irish now as at the time when the Earl of Clarendon was lord-lieutenant. We will now conclude this chapter; and in our next we shall scrutinise some other parts of the policy of Lord Melbourne's cabinet more narrowly, and shew that the resemblance in those measures already stated is not greater than in those which are to come.

THE REMEMBRANCES OF A MONTHLY NURSE.

ADA LASCELLES.

EARLY impressions and associations cling to us nearly as closely, through life, as the peculiar contour of our faces, and the expression of our features. I cannot describe what I felt a year or two ago, when I met again, after a lapse of many years, the fondly remembered Eleanor L——, the beauty and the admiration of the whole school where I was educated. She was my senior some two or three summers, but she had honoured me with the name of "*her favourite*," and took my part in the school on all occasions, whether right or wrong; whilst I looked up to her almost with idolatry, and could have fought, scratched, or abused any one of the girls who had dared to hint that Matilda B——, or Gertrude C——, was as handsome or as accomplished as my female paragon. She was, indeed, then, a most lovely creature; and so thought a high and gallant officer, who obtained her from her parents at the early age of sixteen years and a half, and took her with him to India, where he had an official situation. Deeply is there imprinted on my mind all she said, and all she wore, on that day, when, young as I was, I stood by her side at the altar, holding her white gloves, as her most distinguished bridesmaid, with my eyes intensely fixed on that most finely sculptured face of hers, while she pronounced the irrecoverable "*I will*," and witnessed the small, gold, symbolical ring, placed upon her girlish finger by her exulting lover. Did she love this noble officer? Who is there that can answer this important question? I asked it of myself many times on that same day. I had asked her the same many times before, but never could I get a satisfactory answer. I was too young then to reason much upon the subject; for Eleanor L—— smiled sweetly on me and all around her on that day, as she had ever done before. I therefore endeavoured to persuade myself that all was right within her heart. After the ceremony I could hardly find an opportunity to approach her, so much was she engrossed by her admiring husband. She had only time fondly to embrace me, as she put off her elegant bridal dress, and attired herself in one more appropriate for tra-

velling. I kissed her hands, her cheeks, her eyes, her lips, her forehead. I was almost convulsed with grief, when I saw her handed into the carriage that was to bear her from me, I thought for ever, and saw her wave her hand, and heard her promise "*she would never forget me*." I hated at that moment her gallant husband, and have never been able in after life to think of him with any degree of pleasure. Did he not take from me my most beloved friend? and did not I love her better, I thought, than it was possible for any man in the world to do? Perhaps I did; but what then? I could not heap upon her neck and arms the finest and the largest pearls; I could not give her rank, station, equipage. In short, I could not marry her, but I could have died for her: our love surpassed the usual love of women; it was like that of Jonathan and David, and the feeling never has been obliterated from my bosom.

I received many letters from my sweet Eleanor, and some valuable presents, whilst she was in India; but we had both been tossed about so much on the turbulent waves of life's ocean, that it was no wonder that we had lost all knowledge of each other's latitude and longitude, that we knew not even if we yet floated or not thereupon, or had foundered years ago and disappeared.

What was my astonishment and delight when I recognised my beautiful friend, in the wife of a physician of much eminence here in London, as she came to pay a morning visit to the Hon. Mrs. Meredith, some short time after the birth of my darling Algernon—loved by me, no doubt, more fondly, from that spirit of *egotism* which pervades us all. I had been the means, under Heaven, of saving this dear child's life (as I have elsewhere narrated), and so, forsooth, I must love him the best of all the children I had done good offices too! Here was self-love indeed, for he seemed to me as my very own; I had both pride and pleasure in beholding him, and every thing that gives us pleasure we are sure to love.

I had looked so very juvenile when Eleanor L—— set off for India, that

my form was not matured, nor the character of my face fixed; insomuch that she did not find out in the "Monthly Nurse" her former little petted favourite: but I could scarcely contain myself, on seeing her, from throwing my arms around her, and weeping upon her bosom. But I refrained myself, even as Joseph did when he beheld his brethren; yet it was with a miser's feeling, who longs to count over his treasure without a witness. The moment I had fairly got away from the house of Mr. Meredith, I hired a fly, attired myself in my most becoming morning dress, bought an elegant new bonnet expressly for the occasion, and drove to the handsome mansion of Dr. Lascelles in ——— Place, sent up my maiden name, and was instantly admitted.

After we had tenderly and repeatedly embraced each other, Mrs. Lascelles and myself began to peruse each other's form and features, with more strict scrutiny than we had done at first, and to make mental observations, at least, upon the changes that unavoidably must have taken place upon us, with the wear and tear of so many years.

What she thought of me I know not, but I saw she was still one of the finest women I ever beheld. An Indian climate had certainly made her once delicate skin of a darker hue, but it had not altered the beauty of her eyes, her long eyelashes, and the raven glossiness of her hair. Her form, too, was not injured by undue enlargement,—she had not, like myself, increased a good deal in size, but she preserved that elegant rounded shape she possessed when I last saw her, of course a little matured. Was she happy now? Alas! I could this time have answered the question to myself; but I might have saved myself the trouble, for in a few words she told me her story.

She had lost, many years ago, her gallant officer and husband in India, who had left her considerable property, and one child, a boy, then about seven years old. She had embarked for England with her child and effects, but had been shipwrecked on the voyage, and had with the greatest difficulty been saved from drowning, with her little boy. She had seen all her worldly wealth go down, to increase the "treasures of the deep,"—the mighty treasures old Neptune keeps to himself, making him a richer potentate than any on the solid part of the earth.

So much did my poor Eleanor suffer on her ill-starred voyage home, that she believed then she had lost the entire use of her limbs, and that her little Warren Hastings would have perished also: they were both in the most miserable condition when they arrived in London, for they had neither relatives, health, nor money. Some kind-hearted stranger acquainted the benevolent Dr. Lascelles of the wretched state in which the lady from India and her little boy were placed: when he immediately visited them in their humble apartments, somewhere about Camden-town; the whole of his professional skill was exerted for them, in the first instance, from the purest charity, but it was soon quickened into the most intense interest, and finally into an anxiety so acute for the perfect restoration of his lovely patient and her child, that, old bachelor as he was, it began much to alarm him, and make him suspect that he was caught at last.

Not long did the amiable Dr. Lascelles suffer the thing to remain in doubt. After analysing his feelings very accurately, as well as the character of his *inamorata*, and finding nothing wrong in either of them, he with much brevity and clearness told the lady "that he could afford no time for the business of wooing, but that he had never seen any woman before who altogether pleased him so well, and that he would give her just four and twenty hours to consider of his proposal of marriage, when, should it be accepted, they would immediately get his old friend the Dean of ——— to perform the marriage ceremony in her own rooms, as she was still too unwell to go to church with safety, though he thought in his carriage she might be removed afterwards to his own house in ——— Place."

Can it be wondered at, that poor Eleanor was but too thankful to accept this disinterested offer, an asylum of the most elegant description, with an honourable and much-honoured gentleman, a man of feeling and of education, for her protector? Then her boy too! her little Hastings! who was so great a favourite with the good Doctor, and insisted on using his gold-headed cane as his *Bucephalus*, every time he visited them! She hesitated not, and gratefully became the wife of one of the best-hearted men in England.

"I am sure," added Mrs. Lascelles,

as she finished this little narration, "you will much admire my excellent husband; he almost spoils me, and, as you see, he has perfectly restored me to the use of my limbs. He will be delighted to be introduced to you, my beloved Mary," continued she, most affectionately, "for he has heard me speak of you a thousand times: indeed, I always fancy there is a great resemblance in our Ada to what you were, Mary, at her age,—so that there is scarcely a day in which your name is not mentioned."

"You have, then, presented your kind excellent husband, Eleanor, with a daughter? have you any more children? I long to know every particular about you," said I, "and to see Dr. Lascelles, and your son and daughter. But pardon me—perhaps—I fear by your looks I have touched some painful chord. You have lost your first child, Eleanor?"

"No, Mary," she replied, "Hastings is alive and doing well, I hope; for we have sent him to India. I will not, dearest, dash the delight of this our reunion, by telling you all the particulars of my history—enough for me at present to say, that Hastings has turned out rather wild, and has given us both, his excellent father-in-law and myself, much anxiety. We shall have time enough to talk over all these matters at our leisure; for now that I have found you, truant, believe not that I will easily part with you."

I was easily persuaded to stay a few weeks at ——— Place, where I got well acquainted with the character of Dr. Lascelles, who had a most extensive practice, was doatingly fond of his Eleanor, and possessed a certain eccentricity of manner and sentiment, that, to myself at least, was very interesting. But what surprised me very much was his coolness and distant behaviour to his young daughter Ada, then turned of sixteen, and the exact counterpart of what her mother was when she stood, at the same age, to receive the nuptial benediction at the Church of St. James, before she embarked upon the world of waters that bore her to an Indian clime.

I was much puzzled to account for the good physician's freezing manner to his only child—one, too, so surpassingly lovely, and seemingly so affectionate and good. He never called her by her name of Ada, never caressed her, and as seldom as possible spoke to

her at all. When he did so, he called her "Miss Lascelles," and seemed not to heed the evident pain this coldness gave to both his wife and the fair young creature herself. I could not account for it, and feared to question Eleanor upon the subject, thinking it more delicate to wait her own time for any communication she might be pleased to make to me.

During the time of my stay at ——— Place, I own I narrowly watched the conduct and disposition of my friend's lovely daughter, with the suspicion, that there must be some fault or other of hers, at the bottom of her father's evident coolness to her. I could detect nothing about her, but that she was unhappy; and this, surely, could be easily accounted for by the cutting treatment she received from one so closely connected with her—one who shewed the most winning kindness to all saving herself. I thought, too, that Ada drooped much under this constant, and, as I conceived, unmerited infiction; that it was more than possible, it might injure her constitution, and produce decline. In short, I could bear it no longer, but determined, from better feelings, I hope, than curiosity, to ask Eleanor at once, "why she did not remonstrate with Dr. Lascelles herself, on his most absurd and cruel conduct to his own sweet child, and insist upon its being altered?" "You shall know all about it, Mary," said my friend; "but I hear now the Doctor's rap at the door, and there goes poor Ada down to take his great coat and stick, which she constantly perseveres in doing, although he never thanks her for her filial attention. He has received an impression, although I believe it to be a false one, and, being somewhat of a prejudiced man, he cannot, or will not, try to conquer or efface it; he conceives his poor girl to be designing, false,—nay, intriguing, nor can I convince him he is wrong: "She has deceived us both, Eleanor," he always sternly replies to my entreaties, "and she shall suffer for it."

As we sat at table, after this little conversation, and during all the following evening, I kept my eyes fixed on the modest, intelligent, and pensive countenance of Ada Lascelles, to be able to find out for myself, whether she were indeed a deceiver,—so young too! "She would deceive an angel," thought I to myself, "if she really be

as her father thinks her. There is some mystery about this case — some unseen work going on — some counter-current running deep below. She looks more like a youthful saint, a divine Madonna, than a plotter and intriguer. Physicians understand very well the physical maladies, the commencement or the cure of internal diseases of the body, but how should they know any thing of mental ones? How is it possible, that this plain, sensible, quiet gentleman, who is out all the morning tracing the sources of the many complaints that “flesh is heir to,” inquiring into the state of the digestive organs, and inflammatory symptoms, should understand any thing whatever of the intricacies of the human mind? — a female mind too! — the subtle working of contending feelings? “the depths that no plummet-line can fathom,” from whence, perchance, this poor girl’s actions, whatever they may have been, have sprung? Hers is no common character, — the lights that burn in those large dark eyes of hers are too holy for a worldly, a common observer to comprehend. I am sure that Dr. Lascelles does not understand the motives or the character of his lovely child.”

The following evening, as we sat in the richly furnished drawing-room in — Place, I studied the features of Dr. Lascelles himself, as he indulged himself in a short afternoon-nap, his usual custom before tea; and I felt persuaded, from the perusal of them, that he was a man very likely to take up a hasty opinion, and would be quite as reluctant to abandon it. I made up my mind, too, that my beloved Eleanor (and there she sat in a rich Eastern turban of gold lama-work, for some visitors were expected, and a dress of blue Canton crape, full and flowing), with all her beauty and her goodness, possessed not half the high-toned mind, the heroic greatness, of her equally beautiful, but evidently suffering daughter. As I riveted my eyes upon the latter, and read the deep abstraction of her own, I could not forbear sighing audibly, and whispering to my friend, “Your Ada has been wronged. Indeed, Eleanor, this affair must be probed to the bottom, or you will lose your child. There is mischief going on within — the worm is eating at the root of the flower.”

I was interrupted by the footman

bringing in a packet from India, and presenting it on a silver salver to Dr. Lascelles. “Your master is asleep, William,” said the sylph-like Ada, in a whisper, to the man-servant: “place the packet on the table until he awakes.”

“What is the matter?” exclaimed the physician, only now half awake, “Is Lady Ingleby worse? She cannot live many days, I know, and I promised I would go again to-day, if sent for.” “No, my love,” said Mrs. Lascelles, rising and giving him the packet, “it is from India, from poor Hastings — God grant that it may bring more favourable accounts than the last!”

I observed that Ada turned quickly round on hearing this, and, hastily taking up a book, shaded her face with her hand. I saw, too, that her father frowned upon her, and that the face of my friend was unusually pale. “Shall I open the packet, Doctor?” said she; “I am most impatient to hear how that poor misguided fellow likes his new appointment there.”

“You had better ask information of Miss Lascelles, then,” retorted the doctor, in a tone of irony and almost insult; “I have no doubt her secret communications with her deluded brother have given her a much truer account than we shall find here. But open them yourself, my dear Eleanor—I forgot that you must be most anxious, and, indeed, so am I; for, notwithstanding all his faults, Hastings has many noble qualities, *for he, at least, never deceived his parents!*” Ada Lascelles calmly put down the book she had been reading, and glided softly out of the room, as her father uttered this: I saw a tear glisten on the cheek of the agitated girl as she passed me; but I saw no resentment, no shame, no remorse,—nothing but sorrow, deep, intense, was upon that placid brow.

Dr. Lascelles apologised to me for this little outbreak, “My daughter is undergoing a course of discipline,” said he, “a moral purgation, that will, I trust, do her good. But, tell me, Eleanor, how does our extravagant son?”

“Just as usual,” replied his mother, weeping, “ever in want of money; he would drain you, if he could, I fear, of every shilling. He asks now for an additional 200*l.*, and says his honour will be forfeited, and he must give up his appointment at Calcutta, unless it is immediately sent to him. But I will not permit you to injure yourself and my other

child for his extravagances : Doctor, we will not send him this money."

"But we will, though;" exclaimed the well-meaning and generous physician; "my Eleanor's first-born child shall not be lost for want of assistance: I have no doubt, after this, he will settle steadily enough, and we shall hear of his being a great and good man yet, my dearest love."

I was startled by hearing a gentle sigh near me: it was from Ada Lascelles, who had meekly returned, and had taken a seat close beside me. All resentments seemed dead within that pure, white, girlish bosom—or, what was more likely, they never had been kindled there. I thought that the father looked softened, as his eye rested for a moment on her unreproachful face; for he said, without any acrimony of tone and manner,—“Eleanor, do you observe, there is a letter there from Hastings to—to his sister. You must be sure she is most anxious to have tidings from one she loves better than all the world beside——”

“Oh no, papa! not so,” murmured the poor girl; “you wrong me, indeed you do—you know not *how much* I love you and mamma; and I will prove it too, by bearing with submission your displeasure. I know that you believe you have just cause for anger against me. I know you think so—but surely it will pass away. You will not for ever keep at this chilling distance your own affectionate daughter. Dear, dear papa! give me only one kiss, one tender embrace, such as you used to bless me with, and you will restore me to some degree of happiness—for indeed, papa, I am now most wretched.”

I would have stolen out of the room at the commencement of this interesting family scene, but was prevented by my friend Eleanor: she whispered to me that it was better I should remain; that my presence might prevent those reproaches from the Doctor that usually followed these appeals of his daughter to his parental tenderness.

“Miss Lascelles,” said the physician, “there is but one way to this bosom, to its love, to its perfect affection. It is the road of *truth*, and *entire candour*. Confess to me at once that you did not *lose*, as you alleged, that gold repeater your grandmother left you, and all those family jewels; but that either you have given them away,

or disposed of them for some purpose of a clandestine nature. Own to your father and your mother (and mind not your mother's earliest friend, who is, I see, much affected by this scene),—own at once, with sincerity and repentance, how you made away with property which, though certainly your own, yet still, at your age, you are accountable for. Until that is done, Dr. Lascelles has no daughter.”

“My dearest Ada!” urged her weeping mother, “let me entreat you to be candid. There is some mystery about that watch and jewels; surely, your parents ought to know all and every thing that concerns their child. Pray, pray, be not so obstinate! For my sake, Ada, if not in obedience to your excellent father, acquaint us with the whole of that transaction.”

“Did you lose those jewels, or did you *sell them*?” questioned the Doctor, in a tone of voice which shewed how much he felt affected by his lady's touching appeal to her daughter; how much he wished to get the thing over, and fold his child to his heart.

I looked at Ada Lascelles: I expected she would rush to her father's feet, and confess some girlish fault of carelessness or folly; but she did not move. Once I thought I perceived that she cast her eyes *upwards* for a moment, as if asking fortitude or pardon from above: but I might be mistaken, or it might be the usual mode that people have when they are puzzled, or are deeply thinking, to look upon the ceiling, or the clouds, or the stars, to help them. I do this often myself, especially when I am venturing a reply to some friendly admonition respecting my predilection for relating *birth stories*. This of Ada Lascelles is not one, at any rate; but it is not, for that reason, intended as a “*sop to Cerberus*,” although it may have that effect. The story lay directly in my path, stared me full in the face, from the blotted pages of my note-book—blotted for want of a piece of blotting paper which I once had, but which is *gone to the dogs*, I believe; not the three-headed animal I have just mentioned, but those dogs invisible who consume so much of our property through life, wear out our clothes, spend our money, and lastly eat up our constitutions. The immortal poet says, “throw *physic* to the dogs,” but what use would it be to do so? the *dogs* would have too sound an instinct to *take it*, if so thrown. But

then it would save the patient from that penalty — this, no doubt, was what the poet meant, and it applies as well to physic for the mind as for the body.

"Only look at her," said the irritated father, pushing from him an ottoman stool, on which he had reposed his feet whilst sleeping. "How vain is it, Eleanor, attempting to move that stubborn spirit! By heaven!" — and he was getting into a violent passion; but I ventured to interpose, — a very bold thing, it is true, between members of the same family when at odds, but I have ever been a meddler of this description, and have sometimes got some hard knocks for my pains, or, as my old servant at Kensington would say, "monkey's allowance, more kicks than half-pence."

"Stop, my dear sir," cried I, approaching my dignified presence and my rustling royal-purple silk dress towards him, "there is more in this matter than you think of, or I will give up for ever my study of human character. Leave the thing for the present to the great unraveller of mysteries, *Time*, who is very fond of solving enigmas, and making out riddles, though some, perhaps, are too hard for his old teeth to crack. I will stake what you will, Doctor — my excellent receipt for nervous disorders, if you like, against yours for the gout — that my young favourite, Ada, is not so much to blame as you imagine, after all, — some imaginary point of honour, perhaps, on her side; which, whether true or false, if her own mind sees it in a certain light, why then, you know —" and I hesitated, for I began to have some suspicions, — "she is not a *culprit*, but a *martyr*."

There was a pause after this for some minutes — I know not how many, for who can calculate when the *mind* is intensely occupied, full to overflowing? There sat the father, with his eyes fixed on mine, but thinking neither of me nor of that dazzling diamond ring I have before mentioned, which, in my energy of speaking, I had brought, with the hand it ornamented, close before him, and kept there, as if, by withdrawing it, I should unweave the spell in which I had bound him. Some new-born idea was floating in his mind: he could not perfectly examine it — it seemed to him too wild, too perplexing; still it came and came again — the thought absorbed all his faculties — he removed not his eyes an instant from mine. My friend Eleanor, intent only on effecting

a reconciliation between her husband and his child, watched them both with the deepest anxiety, but without in the least sharing the sudden light that was beaming through that husband's mind. And how looked Ada? Apart she stood, with her hands clasped over her young and modest bosom; her mouth half open; her eyes — oh, those soft and eloquent eyes! what did they not express? Most people's eyes — blue, or hazel, or brown, or Jewish black — are perfectly content to express one single or simple expression, as it may, and think they have done their duty by such service: but there are other orbs that contain within them a whole world of passion, thought, or feeling; that, like the characters in the immortal Shakespeare's plays — his Hamlet, for instance — are made up of contrarieties, a compound of opposing qualities, balancing each other. Such eyes, such characters, are indeed a study; and such was to me young Ada Lascelles.

And how did Ada Lascelles look? Why, there were hope, anxiety, pity, fear, gratitude, affection, blended together; and there was resignation, also, to whatever might be the result of this engrossing scene; and there was a patient endurance of suffering, tempering the whole, that I could have clasped her in my arms, and sought to have comforted her in my bosom as my own daughter.

"Can it be possible?" at length broke from the overcharged heart of Dr. Lascelles. He looked first at his wife, then at his daughter, then at myself. He seemed to have settled the point satisfactorily to himself; for he took hold of my hand, which was still impressively held out towards him, though I then knew it not — for nature and not the art of rhetoric guided that hand — and kept it there a short period, but not, certainly, so long as it takes me to describe it, for a minute is an age in such high-wrought matters: he took my hand, and, cordially shaking it, he drew me towards him, so as to conceal his face from Eleanor; then whispered in my ear, — "You may be right, but it would kill the mother to know it. — God pardon me for my injustice to this heroic girl, if it should turn out as I now suspect!"

It was well for me that my beloved friend was not of a jealous temper; for here was I whispering and being whispered to by her husband, right before her very eyes. But Eleanor was

of a very tranquil nature, gentle, loving, confiding: she seldom went below the surface in her reasonings; if all appeared smooth and unruffled there, she was perfectly contented. She knew nothing of causation; she only thought of effects: and, perhaps, she shewed her wisdom by so doing, for she kept her brain free from ferment, and her temper smooth as a summer's lake.

Delighted, therefore, was my tender friend, when she heard her respected husband call out, with an agitated voice, "Ada, my child, come hither!" Still more so was she, when she saw that child clasped fondly to the bosom of her beloved father, whilst blessings were poured upon her youthful head. She wondered a little, and but a little, on what had produced this sudden change; what had, in a moment, broken up and thawed the mighty river of a father's love, which now flowed freely, abundantly: it was enough for her that it *did* flow; that the strong, thick ice was gone — she trusted for ever. Warm in her affections, though not profound in her speculations, she flew to the reconciled pair, and, throwing her graceful arms around them, requested permission to share in their mutual transports.

It was indeed a group worthy of the chisel of Canova, had he beheld the parents and the child at that exciting moment; but he was not then alive, and I neither paint nor chisel. I have nothing but a gray-goose quill (and the gray goose makes always the best pens) to lay my colours on with, as my friend John Burnet says, or to chisel my principal figures into "a local habitation" and a form. Happy is it for me, that my kind and imaginative readers (and all the readers of *Fraser's*, no doubt, are so) will save me a world of trouble and of *handling*, by letting that peculiar faculty of the mind, the bright and vivid fancy—which has all the primitive colours at command, as well as all the intermediate shades, with neutral tint into the bargain, upon her pullet,—sketch for them the hale, good-looking physician, in his red morocco chair, his black silk stockings and diamond knee-buckles (for, as I said before, we were all dressed this evening to receive company; and some most splendid drawings of the Alhambra, by the renowned S. Page, Esq. just published, were laid out upon the tables, to amuse and delight the visitors), his linen beautifully

white, and his suit of clothes beautifully black — without the assistance of the celebrated Dr. Wynn, to whom so many of the poorer class of professionals are indebted for his unrivalled *Black Reviver*, making many a seedy coat and shining pair of *inevpressibles* fit again to see the light of day, and face even the newly finished productions of the great Meyer himself, who has fairly beaten Stultz—the far-famed Stultz—out of the field. Then, to portray the mother: tall, finely formed, and with a countenance fit for one of the heroines in the *Arabian Nights' Tales*; even the wife of the caliph himself, the beautiful Zobeide. Then the daughter! lovely as an Iphigenia, and sharing all her concentrated enthusiasm of soul. Have they finished? No; by the manes of my ancestors! they are sketching in "The Monthly Nurse," also, at a short distance from the principal group. Have the goodness, sir, to hand it to me before you have finished it. Well, you are no flatterer, if that be an excellency; but let it pass. Should you wish to try your skill on me in another painting, remember I am not so corpulent as you have made me there, and am considerably taller; that I wear much more elegant caps, and have a beautiful hand and arm yet, which I always contrive, some how or other, with a woman's vanity, to display whenever opportunity offers: why should the talents be "hid in a napkin?" And then, sir, you have made my dress too scanty; I always wear eight breadths of sarcenet in my dresses, which I certainly should not be able to do if I were not pretty well off in the world. In short, my dear sir, I should feel infinitely obliged to you if you would do me the favour to erase from your painting my figure; it will look much better without it, for three figures make an orthodox number every way: and besides, and principally, I do not like to shew my face in the world as you have done me the honour to draw me. You will know me better, perhaps, some time or other, so no apology: it was but "fancy's sketch," and for once she has not succeeded, as regards myself; but, as to the principal grouping, it is excellent—quite in the Vandyke style: it is life itself. I declare the middle figure is a portrait; I have no doubt either your wife, or your mother, or your mistress, or yourself, have been attended

by Dr. Lascelles, and you have noted down every feature in his face.

Rap! rap! rap! went the street-door, and the grouping of my three principal figures was dissolved in a moment; separated from each other, and ready to perform their respective parts as host and hostess, and—but no; the Iphigenia has fled. She has glided up the stairs to her own room; I suppose to indulge in the “delicious wo,” if wo it be, that has the external signs of it, tears and sighs, but is so akin to bliss that it might be taken for it.

Shall we follow there? —“The Monthly Nurse” did so, and tenderly embraced the daughter of her friend, who was pleased to say “that she had penetrated into the depths of her character; had given her credit for motives that no other person had dreamed of; and, therefore, to her ear alone, to the first and dearest friend of her beloved mother, she would confide what had, for so many months, pressed upon her heart, and would take counsel from one whose judgment, she was pleased to say, she might be able to trust in preference to her own. “I am very young,” continued Ada, “and I may have erred; it is not an easy thing to preserve the straight line, when conflicting duties are pulling at us contrary ways: but we shall be missed, I fear, below; so let us enter the room together, for I have heard the door go many times since we have been here, and we shall find the rooms half filled by the time we descend.”

The luxuriant tresses of Ada Lascelles had been much discomposed by the strict embraces of her strong-limbed father, so we had to braid them over again, and twist in the string of pearls afresh; a little rose-water took off the slight redness that her happy tears had occasioned and, again affectionately kissing me, she placed her arm within my own, and thus we descended the stairs, and entered the brilliantly illuminated drawing-room of one of the most skilful, as well as most fortunate, physicians in the kingdom. Dr. Lascelles had, in addition to the income brought in by his extensive practice, a very ample private fortune, part of which he inherited from his father, and part of it had been bequeathed to him. An old valetudinarian gentleman, whose liver had been burned up in India, but whose gall had been increased in pro-

portion, had grown so partial to him, from receiving some benefit from him daily by his prescriptions, as well as contradictions, that, when he died, he left him nearly all his wealth, and these same pearls in Ada’s hair, and other ornaments, which the good physician threw into the lap of his wife and daughter; and had, also, out of the same legacy, presented the former enough to fit out her son in the handsomest manner for Calcutta, and to send him occasional supplies, until his appointment had grown of importance and pay enough to support him in that style which he knew Hastings too well liked, and which he had been too delicate, in his situation of stepfather—perhaps, I ought to say, too ill-judged and falsely indulgent to the child of an adored wife—not to chasten and control in his boyhood. But we are now in the drawing-room at — Place; and there are lords, ladies, bishops, counsellors, physicians, private gentlemen, members of parliament, poets, painters, and men of science of all descriptions, but of the first eminence, clustering through the rooms: it was rather a *conversazione*, as they call them, than a regular party; for no cards were introduced, although there was music in abundance, there being three or four well-paid public singers invited there to amuse the company, and no less a man than S. K., to favour us with hearing his tragedy of V—, before it was presented at Covent Garden.

It is a difficult thing to support two characters. I was no longer Mrs. Griffiths, “the Monthly Nurse,” at the house of Doctor and Mrs. Lascelles. More than one of the ladies present that evening stared at me, as they say, “with all their eyes;” that is, bringing up the whole strength of the faculty of vision, to make out the extraordinary resemblance between Mrs. — and the lady who did them the favour to take care of them and their young hopefuls, during the time when neither of them could well take care of themselves. Of course they could not bring themselves to believe in the identity of the two appearances; but still they could not help thinking, “’twas strange, ’twas passing strange.”

I have acquired, by long practice, such a look of perfect unconsciousness and tranquillity, when the eyes of those who have seen me before have scruti-

nised and questioned me, as it were, demanding an answering look of recognition, which they have asked in vain for, that it has become a matter of amusement to me to watch how very much puzzled many ladies have turned away from the investigation of my features, and given it up as a thing quite beyond their comprehension. I think I should make a tolerably good diplomatist by this command of my physiognomy; and have some thoughts, now I have totally relinquished my vocation of "Monthly Nurse," to offer myself to our *liberal* administration as ambassador to the Russian court, or *governess* to one of our Indian presidencies: for is it not a paramount qualification for such high offices, that no one will ever be able to find out by my countenance what is passing within the "vasty deep" of my busy mind? Talk not to me of the *transparency* that should exist, they say, between the expression of the eyes and the thoughts of the heart: all this might be very well in the fabled Arcadia of Sir Philip Sydney; but in the world—the plotting, calculating, intriguing world—where all the folks in it, or, at least, the greatest number, are racking their brains how to profit themselves by the weaknesses, the follies, and the sensibilities, nay—even the affections, of the others,—surely, it is wiser to put up a screen between the inquisitive glances of our neighbours and our own cogitations; such an one as we sometimes see used, made of wood and painted green, for an aristocratic barrier, when a pseudo-gentleman has the misfortune to be domiciled next door to one of the *three-gold-balls* fraternity, or, still worse, a vender of "Hanbury's Entire," or the innocent feet of calves, oxen, and sheep, properly prepared.

After coffee had been handed round, on the evening I have been speaking of, with cakes of every kind; when the drawings, and the models, and the gems, and the hundred of other eye-traps, had been duly looked at and descanted on; when the professionals had been *encored* and applauded,—Dr. Lascelles expressed a wish that his daughter should amuse the company and himself by giving them a little air, accompanied by herself on the harp, she having received lately some lessons from the first master on that instrument in London. The good Doctor had not intimated such a wish for many months;

and, though Ada had not literally "hung her harp upon the willows" since her father's displeasure,—for she had practised assiduously every day for hours,—yet whenever she heard his well-known step upon the stairs, her study was relinquished and her harp was mute, as if the atmosphere of a father's displeasure had an effect upon its strings. But now Ada was not asked a second time; and I am sure that the fine eyes of my favourite were moistened with emotion, though they did not overflow, as, with a heightened colour and a tremulous voice, she sang the following lines, which I got her to copy for me the next day, although she would not confess that she either wrote the words or composed the melody: but I must own I strongly suspect her of both these misdemeanours; for the poetry had so strong a reference to her late uncomfortable state with her father, that I think she could not by chance have found words so applicable—or, even if she had, where could she have got the artist to arrange an air that suited them so well? As for her Italian music-master, he could not have done it, even if he had tried; for he would have smothered up the simple, pathetic melody, had it come into his head, and so mystified it with shakes, trills, and ornaments, that "nature's sweet child" never could have been recognised. Drawing the harp towards her, her small black satin slipper on its pedals, her arms gracefully thrown round it, and her eyes timidly glancing towards the Doctor to see if he understood her song—thus did the lovely girl pour forth her simple lay; her admiring, but unconscious mother wondering "where her Ada got that pretty song:" and much more she wondered that she had never heard her practise it before that evening; for Ada had kept it altogether as a solace to her sufferings when quite alone.

SONG OF ADA LASCELLES.

Like sunshine to a drooping flower,
That smile, so long delay'd,
Came o'er this heart with wond'rous
power,
So long condemn'd to shade.
How much I welcome that lov'd ray,
Withheld so long a while!
For more than flow'ret loves the day,
Love I—a father's smile.

Many smiles and significant glances passed between the Italian professionals

at the simple, unadorned ballad that Ada Lascelles had given the company; and one of them was bold enough to insinuate that the young lady's voice possessed so much sweetness, flexibility, and power, it was a pity she had not the advantage of a few finishing lessons to give her *style*, and especially a shake, which, he was assured, no one could obtain without infinite pains and practice. But I was not of the same opinion, and feel well assured that were we allowed to hear an angel sing (and I assume that they do so better than mortals), they would very seldom, if ever, trill forth long unmeaning cadences, ending in a shake that gives one more the idea of a fit of ague than a graceful termination to an expressive song. But how should a "Monthly Nurse" know any thing of such high matters? and is not the whole tide of public prejudice against me? Let them all do as they like, and sing either as Gabriel does, or the arch-fiend Satan; who, being a perfect gentleman, according to Milton's description of him, must, therefore, know a good deal about matters of taste, and whether a minute and a half's shake is not too long for beings with such short breaths as man.

The next morning, whilst my friend Eleanor was giving directions to her servants, the young Ada stole into my room; and, after affectionately kissing me, she entered at once into the explanation she had promised me, which, she said, "was only a just payment to me for my having given her credit for deeper thoughts and feelings than either her dear papa or mamma had done: and that," added she, "is a great compliment indeed; for my father, you know, piques himself much on his 'clear-headedness,' and his 'peculiar faculty' of detecting every sort of 'quackery, fraud, and imposture.'"

"But, surely," said I, smiling, "we may still allow him his peculiar faculty, in all its freshness; for I should think that his daughter's crime against him comes not under either of these heads."

"I am not quite sure of that," responded Ada, very gravely: "my bark, that you have heard me sing about yesterday morning, has been obliged to pass through so very narrow a strait, and with a rock and whirlpool on each side of it, that, perhaps, in endeavouring to escape the one, I may have steered

my course too near the other, and injured the sides of my little vessel; for I have a strange feeling about my heart when I think of my dear excellent father, and how dreadfully he has been imposed on."

"Imposed on!" repeated I; and I felt that my features were a full inch and a half longer than when Ada entered my chamber: "a thousand alarms were up in arms" in a moment, nor were they at all nice in whom they took up and examined in their swift scrutiny. My friend Eleanor herself did not escape this instantaneous mental inquisition; I put her "to the question" within my mind's tribunal, but she came out unscathed. I blushed that I had dared glance towards her in so unfriendly a way, though she knew it not.

"Yes," continued Ada Lascelles; "my father has been, and is yet, grossly imposed on, and I have screened the offender. Can you not guess that it is my poor misguided brother, Hastings?"

I never should have guessed it, certainly: for seldom, if ever, did my friend Eleanor mention this son of a former marriage; and I, somehow or other, without at all examining the why or the wherefore, fell into her own humour respecting him. Therefore, having been given to understand that he was very handsome, rather wild, and was provided for in India, I seldom thought about him, and did not at all wonder that Dr. Lascelles never mentioned his name. Certainly, my usual penetration was in this instance entirely asleep, or I have used this faculty so much that it is grown blunted and unfit for further service.

"Ah, I recollect," said I, "that the Doctor hinted that you were likely to know more about Hastings than even his mother or himself. Does he not go on steadily in India?"

"Alas, my dear madam," said Ada, bursting into tears, "Hastings has deceived my good kind father and his idolising mother: *he has never embarked for India at all*; and he has got amongst a set of extravagant, abandoned characters, who are ruining him, I fear, soul and body."

"Hastings not in India! Why, there was a packet of letters from thence only yesterday, written by himself, and addressed to you all! My dear Ada, you must be dreaming."

"Would it were but a dream!

Those letters certainly did come from India; but they were sent there first by himself to cover the imposition, and then were forwarded by some one in his interest back again to England. I have seen Hastings myself within these few months, and know but too well that he has never left these shores. He has been living on the sale of his appointment there, and his splendid equipment for it, ever since. We all saw him safe on board the Bombay-Castle, Captain M——; but, after our departure, he removed all his effects from the ship, and has been living amongst a set of dissolute young men, and, I suppose, women also, ever since."

Ada blushed as she told me the latter part of this story, and hastily passed on to the share she herself had to sustain in this unpleasant affair.

"You will, of course, think I ought immediately to have disclosed my knowledge of this misconduct to my parents, and you would be right in thinking so, if this were all; but I have more to tell you. Hark! I think I hear mamma's step coming this way; she especially must never know what I am going to tell you; it would break her heart; and papa must never know it either, or my unhappy brother will be lost for ever. I am, perhaps, wrong even to confide it to you; but here is mamma"—and Mrs. Lascelles entered the room.

"I shall be jealous of my own child, dearest Mary, if you have these private meetings," said the smiling mother, patting the cheek of her Ada; "but I shall leave you together for another hour, for I am going to read the letter of my son Hastings over again, so make the most of your time, for I shall not give up another whilst you are in the house. How I should like to shew you my son, Mary! With all his faults (and he has his full share), I am sure you would say, that you had never seen a handsomer young man. Is not your brother very handsome, Ada?"

"I have never seen him surpassed, mamma, in personal beauty by anyone," murmured the young girl, glancing covertly at me.

"I was sure you would say so, Ada, for he has petted you from infancy, and I wonder you did not break your heart when he quitted us. Never did brother love a little sister as this wild boy of mine has loved my Ada! I believe he told her all his pranks; and she was always his shield and defence

against her father, whenever he was getting into scrapes. Indeed, there were one or two letters passed between them, when Hastings was at Portsmouth, after we all left him there, just before his embarkation, that she never would shew her father and myself. I do not think the doctor much likes this private correspondence; for, you see, he upbraided her with it, Mary, yesterday; but, for my part, I am very easy about it; I like to see them such friends; perhaps some love affair or other; but I shall go now, and read my letter, and see if he be equally confidential to his mother." And Mrs. Lascelles disappeared.

"You see," continued Ada, "how totally unsuspecting my poor dear mother is, and how easy and contented also. I am sure I am right. It would be cruel to tell her how very low my infatuated brother has fallen. What will become of him I know not; but I forget you are unacquainted with the circumstances. The letter I received from Hastings at Portsmouth, that I did not choose to shew my parents, was a request that I would contrive to send a few pounds to a certain young girl he mentioned, whose address he gave me, as he owned he had seduced her. I attended to his request, and sent nearly all my pocket-money to this unhappy creature; but what was my surprise and grief when, one evening, months after this, as papa and mamma were engaged at chess, and I was reading in my own room, I heard a noise from the small dressing-room adjoining, and saw my brother Hastings creep out, with his finger on his lip, to enjoin silence.

"Ada," said he, 'I have no time to waste in explanations, I will write them to you to-morrow; but now, I must have the sum of a hundred and fifty pounds, or I shall be carried off to prison; nay worse, shall stand at the bar of a court of justice, as a culprit. Can you manage, my beloved little sister, to get this sum up for me; but stay, I must bolt this door, or we may be interrupted.'

"Oh, Hastings,' I cried, throwing my arms around him, 'you will cause the death of our dear mother; she has not strength of mind enough to bear up against your repeated ill-conduct; you will break her heart. We all thought you in India.'

"Yes, if she hears that I have been

tried at the Old Bailey as a felon,' said Hastings, gloomily; 'which must be the case, if I procure not the money I have named. It is a forgery business, Ada, or something of that sort; but it is of no use preaching about it now. Save me first, dear girl, and then give me as long a sermon as you will.'

" 'Hastings, I have not the money. How could you ever suppose that a girl of my age should have such an enormous sum as that you mention? But I will go and ask papa, and ——'

" 'Not for your life, my pretty sister. Oh, Ada! if you stir a step in my affairs, without consulting me, so entangled am I in them, you will yourself, perhaps, place the halter round your brother's neck; and I think my dear little girl would not like that.'

" 'Like it, Hastings! I would at any time sacrifice my own life to save yours!' and I sobbed upon his bosom like an infant.

" 'You are a dear, little, affectionate fool, and so are all you women-kind. It was the tears of poor Alice Ellis that prevented my going out to India, when all my things were packed, and I had received dad's and mammy's blessings. Upon my soul, Ada, I am not so bad a fellow, even now, as you think me; there is a green spot or two in the desert of my heart; but I must have this sum, or you will see me dangle, like ripe fruit, ready to drop off; that is, from the *new-drop* at ——.'

" 'Hastings,' I said, 'your levity drives me mad; what can be done to save you?'

" 'Are you sincere, Ada, in that question? Would you really save your brother?'

" 'Oh, Hastings, that I might be tried! but I am helpless to serve you.'

" 'You have a watch, my sister, and many other valuables; enough might be raised upon these things to take up the confounded bill they induced me to draw, and accept also; that acceptance will destroy me.'

" 'And would these jewels of my grandmother be enough to get rid of that wretched bill?' I asked. 'Hastings, my own beloved brother, you know where the casket lies, take it, and depart. But what shall I say to my father when he asks me, 'Where are these jewels?' No matter; can I hesitate when such a calamity is hang-

ing over the head of all my family? No! were it the blood within these veins, instead of a few glittering gems, I would yield it gladly, to prevent my brother being brought to a public tribunal, perhaps condemned.'

Deeply was poor Hastings affected with the devotion of his sister. He sat leaning his head upon his hand, and I do assure you, madam, that tears dropped through his fingers upon the table; but some one approached, and he jumped up in wild alarm; his eyes looked fearfully around; those large and beautiful eyes flashed almost with frenzy. "Who comes there?" he exclaimed, as he ran to the dressing-room window, which was just over the water-cistern, and gave him a hope of escape. "Stay," cried he, "I must have the casket." And he took it from the drawer in which I kept it, hastily pressed a kiss upon my cheek, and was gone in a moment. He got over two or three out-houses that joined ours, and, I suppose, scrambled over the wall of one of the gardens, to get off without being known.

"I had a long letter sent, clandestinely, to me a few days after, telling me that my trinkets had been his saviour, and that he was now resolved really to get out to India, and try to live respectably; but I much fear he is still lingering about his old haunts, and, perhaps, is leagued with the very worst characters, for he is so exceedingly thoughtless, and has so few fixed principles: this has been his bane. I fear my beloved mother did not instil them into his mind at the earliest period."

"When did you mention the loss of all your jewelry to your father?" I inquired. "And how were you able to account to him for their loss?"

"A few days after my brother's visit we went to the Opera, and my father requested me to wear some certain ornaments that he much liked; when I was obliged to tell him at once, simply, 'that I had lost them all.' This, of course, made him ask me in what way? I hesitated a moment; then told him, I had seen a man escape from my dressing-room window, over the offices; and, on examining my drawers immediately after, I found that all my little treasure had vanished. But so strange did it appear to my father that I had never mentioned this circumstance before, and so embarrassed, no doubt,

was my manner of telling it, that it required not much acuteness in him to perceive that I had either perverted the truth, or was uttering altogether a falsehood. It shocked and alarmed him, for I had always been above suspicion in this respect previously. Believing that Hastings was in India, he had not the slightest clue to guide him; indeed, how should he ever have suspected that my brother, wild and thoughtless as he has ever been, would have taken from me all my little wealth, even if he had been in England, and had involved himself so deeply. I am at a loss now to comprehend how my father so quickly, last night, gave me credit for deeper and better motives, as you so kindly suggested, for I do not believe he has the slightest idea, even now, that Hastings did not proceed to India at the time his things were on board—in short, I am quite puzzled; but to you, dearest madam, at any rate, I owe my reconciliation with one of the best and kindest fathers in the world.”

When Ada had finished her little history, I told her that I gave her every credit, certainly, for the purity of her intentions, and the magnanimity with which, for her brother's sake, she had endured suspicion and displeasure; but that I still blamed her conduct, and much feared she had erred, by no means little, in not acquainting her parents with the imprudence and dishonourable conduct of Hastings. “Who knows,” I added, “but that this misguided young man himself may have cause deeply to regret your false indulgence towards him. Living without employment, and, perhaps, in the lowest company, without means of support, he may be induced to enter on a still blacker course, and commit darker deeds than that of robbing his sister: indeed, my dear Ada, you must allow me to mention the whole affair to your excellent father, who will use his own discretion whether or not your mother should be made acquainted with it. It may be the means of snatching this unprincipled young man from utter destruction.”

“Oh, call him not *unprincipled*,” said the now weeping girl; “judge not of him as you would of the calm reflecting Englishman. He is an impetuous fiery spirit, who as yet has only been guided by his passions and his impulses; he knows not what it is as yet to reflect; but he has a thousand good qualities lying in the depths of

his being, if he would but use them. I am sure he has been overborne by some master-passion, or he would not have acted as he has done; there is some girl, you see, has obtained a powerful influence over him. Poor Hastings! I would serve thee if I could; but I have no right to acquaint my father with thy folly without thy permission! No! I have argued the thing over in my own mind a hundred times, and have always arrived at the same conclusion. I will not betray the confidence reposed in me.”

“Well,” said I, “it is your own affair, my love, entirely, and your own mind must be the only medium through which you must judge of the propriety of your conduct. I shall urge you no more on the subject; yet I must own I feel very uneasy respecting the fate of my dear Eleanor's first-born child; but we must leave him in the hands of a merciful Providence. Let us now go down, my dear, to your mamma, for we have exceeded the time she allowed us for our little chat.”

I had now finished my visit, and had fixed to leave my friends on the following day. As we had still a great deal to say to each other, for friendship, like love, is never weary of hearing and saying the most trifling things over and over again, we sat, Eleanor and myself, in the drawing-room, two or three hours after the doctor and the rest of the family had retired to bed. The fond mother had been telling me of the great personal beauty of her son, which I, certainly, had often heard before; but she then also acquainted me, for the first time, that a very rich heiress, an only child, was deeply enamoured of him, and had intimated to herself pretty plainly, that he had only to ask in order to receive her hand and fortune; “but the headstrong boy did not choose to like her,” said Eleanor, “and set off to India, without even taking leave of her.” She then spoke to me respecting the prospects of her other child, and told me of a conquest she had made, but had no suspicion of herself. She was just mentioning to me, that the gentleman in question had intimated to her father his intentions, but wished them for the present to be kept secret from the young lady herself, as he hoped to awaken an interest in her heart previously to her hearing of his declaration. “But Ada is so truly a child as yet,” said Eleanor, “that she

never even dreams of lovers and a husband. At her age, Mary, if you recollect, I had been made a wife—but, surely, I hear a noise below! Yes, there certainly is one, and the creaking of a door! ‘What shall we do?’ And my poor timid friend was overwhelmed with terror; for we both believed that housebreakers were below, especially as the noise continued; it seemed like the forcing open of an escritoire, a cautious use of a chisel, or something of that sort. Mrs. Lascelles grew almost frantic, and rushed up stairs to her husband and child, whom she awakened in a moment, and acquainted with her fears. I, in the meantime, no longer in doubt that thieves were actually below, had opened the drawing-room window, with as little noise as possible, and was just stepping into the balcony to give an alarm, when Ada, in a loose wrapping-gown, and a face as pale as ashes, hastily prevented me, and drew me back again into the room. ‘Direct me how to act, most gracious Heaven!’ cried the agitated girl, sinking upon her knees. ‘Oh, madam! I have reason to fear that my wretched brother is at this very moment in the house, perhaps rifling the secretary of my ill-used father!’

‘Why should you suspect this, Ada?’ said I, nearly as much agitated as herself.

‘I cannot explain now,’ continued she; ‘but, since we parted yesterday, I have had a note from Hastings—incoherent, desperate: he is starving, and others with him. But my father is coming down the stairs, and armed with a blunderbuss! What shall I do? Hastings will be shot, and my mother will go mad! It must not be! it must not be!’ and she flew from the room like lightning, and followed the footsteps of her father. I mechanically went down also, although Eleanor, from the head of the other flight of stairs, screamed to me to go up to her, and several female servants were huddled together in a group around their mistress, half wild with terror.

‘Let go my arm, Ada,’ said the doctor, in an angry tone, to his daughter, who clung around him, and prevented his firing off the blunderbuss. ‘Do you wish to see your father murdered before your face? Surely madness must have taken hold of you, thus to act!’ But she relinquished not her hold.

About six yards off stood the young man, with a dark-lantern in his hand, which only partially illumined the doctor’s study (the room in which this scene passed), and shewed to me, but partially, the figure of a very tall, elegant young man, with a black crape tied over his face. I saw that he trembled dreadfully. An open secretary shewed but too plainly the purport of his nocturnal visit.

‘Take this frantic child away from me,’ said Dr. Lascelles to me, on perceiving I had entered the room, ‘or some mischief will be done. She knows not what she does.’

‘Oh kill him not, my father!’ shrieked the agonised girl. ‘Even though he is robbing you, take not his life! At what a moment to send him to his Maker, with such a crime as this unrepented of!’ Still the father struggled to free himself from his daughter; still she hung upon him; still circled him with her arms, and prevented him from taking away the life of the trembling culprit before him. I had not now a single doubt that Hastings, the son of my earliest and truest friend, stood there before me; and how did he stand? as a detected thief—a midnight robber! But he must be saved, at all events, thought I; and I saw by the increasing paleness of his poor sister, that she could not much longer defend him; that faintness was seizing her, and that then the doctor would be at liberty to do as he chose; for the miserable young man used no means to effect his escape, but seemed paralysed with the scene in which he was the chief actor.

I retreated, therefore, from the chamber, and flying to the street-door, unfastened all the bolts and chain, and set it wide open. Ada guessed my meaning in a moment, and wrestled with her death-like sickness and her father an instant longer; but it was but for an instant, ere she fell senseless upon the ground. During that instant Hastings had fled.

When the trembling servants could summon up courage enough to bring lights, and examine the apartment and the house generally, to see what had been purloined, and to administer to poor Ada such remedies as her father ordered for her, we found that the intentions of the thief had been frustrated. That though many articles of plate had been packed up, and brought from the

butler's pantry, nothing had been taken, and the secret drawer in the doctor's secretary had not yet been opened; so, that after a long and diligent search to ascertain that no accomplices were left in the house, the doctor kissed his daughter, when recovered, calling her "a little fool;" but in his heart, no doubt, he was glad that he had been prevented from taking away the life even of a housebreaker; for not the slightest suspicion, we saw, had he, or any one else, save Ada and myself, how nearly connected to him was the intended robber. About four o'clock in the morning we all retired, the poor girl creeping into my bed, to tell me all she knew besides with relation to her brother, and the reasons why she so strongly suspected him of a deed unworthy of his rank and education.

"I will shew you to-morrow," said the still agitated girl, "the letter that Hastings contrived to send to me yesterday: I know not by what means he did so, but I found it on my dressing-table. He speaks of his having obtained some sort of situation, or grant of land, I think it is, in Van-Dieman's Land, and that he only waits for some money to pay his passage thither, and buy some necessary things for him as a settler. He adds, that he is not going alone; that he cannot desert the poor girl, who has given up every thing for him, and he urges me to see him once more before his departure."

"Then he gives you an address, Ada?" inquired I, as a thought entered my head.

"Yes," she replied; "he tells me he is living in some wretched hole in Somers Town, in a single room, and that poor Alice and himself are reduced to the greatest want. He even adds, but I blush to tell you, that she has just given him an infant; and that the distresses of both mother and child had rendered him almost desperate."

"I will go there to-morrow, Ada," said I. "I owe this to the son of my dear friend; and I may, perhaps, be of some service to him."

"God bless you for the thought!" said Ada, fervently. "We know not to what misery, and to what guilt, people may be driven by headstrong passion and wretched circumstances. Wickedly as Hastings has acted, believe me, he is not utterly depraved."

"I fear," said I, "we must not attempt to extenuate his faults. It is a

dangerous principle, seeking to find excuses for bad actions; but if we can reclaim this poor prodigal, it is worth all our pains, and we will try to-morrow."

In a back garret, in an obscure street in Somers Town, I found the residence of the unhappy young man. I entered the room before he was aware of any one seeking him. I stood a moment at the door contemplating the following scene, and hearing the following dialogue.

On a miserable pallet lay the pale, emaciated form of a young girl, with a baby by her side. She preserved still the remains of much beauty, and had great delicacy of complexion. A small fire was at the further end of the room; and before it sat the young man I had seen the evening before. I knew him at once by the beautiful proportions of his figure, and the colour of his hair; he was stirring something over the fire, but what I could not tell.

"I fear it will be too thick," said he; "it seems more like pastethan gruel, Alice; but I am but a bad nurse, dearest! Come, take comfort; if we can but get over this trouble, we shall do yet. Once in our own settlement, love, and we will hold up our heads with the best of them. I know I have a very powerful arm for work, and I will use it, believe me, heartily, so that you need not despond. I will never forsake you, Alice, even if I should go to the gallows-tree for you."

"Bless you, Hastings!" murmured the soft plaintive voice of the young creature. "I have proof enough that you love me better than every thing else besides; but I have been to you nothing but a hindrance and a blight; but for me you would have gone to India and prospered; but I shall not hinder you long, dear Hastings; my time will soon be over. What will you do then with this poor little thing?"

The man whom I had seen the night before engaged in a scene of intended plunder, now leaned his head upon his hand, and sobbed like an infant. "Do not talk so, Alice," said he; "you will break my heart. Try to live, for my sake, and, poor thing! for the baby's, too. Come, take a little of this stuff (it is too thick, I fear); it will do you good, I hope; besides, Ada will send us something soon; I know she will not suffer us all to die." And the young

man poured out into a basin something that looked all in lumps, and certainly not over inviting to a delicate stomach. In turning, to bring the mess to the invalid, he started, and saw me. He knew me in a moment; and, with a face of crimson, hastily coming up to me, whispered to me, "Not a word of last night, I conjure you, or you will kill her." I nodded my head, and advanced. I soon made myself the mistress of all the secrets of that wretched attic in Somers Town.

The girl, I found, had been a milliner, and her extreme beauty had attracted the love of Hastings. She had been seduced, and most dearly loved her seducer. On his intended embarkation at Portsmouth, she had followed him thither, to take, as she believed, a last look and embrace of him; but had evinced such unfeigned anguish at the thoughts of a separation, that her lover had not the heart to desert her. Disregarding worldly interest, and every thing else, he had returned with her to London, where they had lived on the spoil of his equipments for many months, and after that, I fear, in a still less honourable way. The sale of his sister's valuables had relieved him from a very heavy and disgraceful responsibility. Now he had obtained a grant of land, not far from Sydney, but could not leave his unhappy partner, for she was just brought to bed, in the midst of extreme poverty, of a son; but she had suffered so much from contending feelings and real want, that she thought, and so did I at first, that she had not many days to live.

Cold must have been the heart that would not have done its utmost for two young persons so situated; but when one of them was the darling and first-born child of my own Eleanor, it is not to be wondered if I stirred myself to the utmost for their benefit.

Nutritious food, and hope of better days, soon revived the poor girl, who, saving her first guilty imprudence with regard to Hastings, was a most excellent creature. He tenderly loved her, and assured me a hundred times over, that he never could love another woman, and had no other wish than making her his wife, and setting off for Sydney.

With every thing necessary for their intended plan of life, with implements of industry and agriculture, seeds of every kind and sort, and a sufficient

sum of money for their support until their farm grows productive, did I accompany the young couple, now man and wife, and their infant, on board the vessel proceeding to Van-Dieman's Land; Ada having managed to take leave of them both previously. She, however, added many things to their stock of comforts from her own pocket-money. I have since heard that they are going on very prosperously, and are sincerely attached to each other.

Dr. Lascelles is a very keen-witted and intelligent man. I shrewdly suspect that he has had some notion, but not to its full extent, and certainly not of the purposed robbery, of the indiscretions of his beloved wife's son, for he made his daughter, Ada, the other day, a present of 500*l.*, saying, very significantly, "she was at perfect liberty to use it in any way she pleased." I forgot to add, that the watch and jewels of this charming young girl, not having been pledged for a quarter of their worth, I contrived to have redeemed, and sent back to her. Another thing makes me think that the good doctor knows more of this affair than he likes to own, is, that the other day, when I was present, he said good-humouredly to Ada, on perceiving his favourite necklace and bracelets on, "Surely these said gems are fairy-gifts, Ada; they disappear and come again to sight in a most marvellous way." But whatever suspicions the doctor may have, it is quite clear that my friend Eleanor has none; and even when she does know that Hastings is married, and settled in or near Sydney, she will not think it at all strange, for she is always saying, "that her son was fond of farming pursuits, and that he always told her he would go to Canada, or live in the back settlements in America, as he should love to clear and improve an estate of his own, no matter where it was situated."

That a great and, I trust, everlasting friendship should have sprung up from these circumstances between Ada Lascelles and myself, there can be no doubt. She is a rare and most extraordinary girl; and so thinks Algernon Meredith, I fancy; but this is no tale of him. We had enough of him before, and his escape from strangulation; and yet he is really worthy of a record by himself. If I live, he shall have it.

THE RIVER SAMBATYON, BY RABBI MOSES EDREHI.

MOSES EDREHI, the author of the extremely valuable and recondite work before us, presents himself with many passports to our favourable consideration. Accustomed as we have long been to be addressed in terms of flattery, we never recollect any thing so completely heart-winning and overpowering as the dedication of "the Historical Account of the Ten Tribes settled beyond the River Sambatyon, in the East." It commences as follows:

"TO THE ILLUSTRIOUS PUBLIC.

"I take the liberty to dedicate this small work to the public in general, to my friends and acquaintances, and more particularly the subscribers.

"Gentlemen,—The intention of those who dedicate their works is, in general, to obtain some favour or benefit, and not for glory or justice; and I am one of those. From the time I began this work, my intention has ever been to dedicate it to some great, humane, and charitable personage, who, by some heroic action, would be willing to render me some assistance to pay the expenses of printing it. But the misfortunes attending human life have deprived me of such a favour, in spite of all my efforts; and although it may not be necessary to declare or explain in this work such intention or desire, I do it for my satisfaction, and for the comfort of my life, following, at the same time, a proverbial maxim, which says, chap. xii. 25, *אש בלב איש ישררה* 'Heaviness in the heart of a man maketh it stoop, but a good word maketh it glad.' If a person is surrounded by the sorrows and anxieties attending human life, he must relate them to his friends, in order to get consolation, and that he may forget his sorrows and troubles; as in this case he will forget or banish them from his mind and heart, as the word announces, and will act according to the sacred text, *ושמרתם מאד לנפשתיכם*. As I am ignorant who are my friends or enemies, to whom I might relate my anxieties, I do it to the public in general, in order to comfort myself, and to obtain the consolation of selling my work, that

I may realise enough to pay the expenses of printing; and leave some profit for the prosecution of my journey to the holy land of my fathers, Jerusalem, where I may spend the rest of my life with my family, devoting the whole of my time, with divine assistance, to the service of God."

We do not know any thing to correspond with this address to the "illustrious public," except the periodical appeals to the "finest peasantry." But our author, the Israelite, has not been as fortunate in finding "great, humane, and charitable personages," ready to perform the "heroic action" of paying his "expenses," as a certain gentleman of the sister island, whom we, in imitation of our ministers, shall suffer to be nameless. Rabbis, it appears, are more difficult of finding than rabbles.

Moses, however, has obtained his end at last, for his book has come forth. The main object of its publication, we perceive, is to aid him in getting on to Jerusalem, where he may spend the remainder of his days with his family. It is dubious whether he hopes to meet his family in the Holy City, or to take them there. Judging from the venerable beard of the rabbi, as exhibited in his frontispiece, and from several incidental circumstances related in his work, he must be at the lowest computation a hundred years old; and we find that he was born in Morocco, not Jerusalem. It must be rather a hopeless speculation to start in quest of his parents, in order to receive their patriarchal blessing; and the family, or families, which he may have raised, as the Americans say, during his travels, must now be of years which render them capable of acting for themselves. We fear, on the whole, that the aspirations of Edrehi after Jerusalem are not destined to have an auspicious result, and that he must dwell in the land of Gentiles to the day of his death, far apart from the benignant sway of Ibrahim Pacha.

* A Historical Account of the Ten Tribes, settled beyond the River Sambatyon, in the East; with many other curious Matters relating to the State of the Israelites in various Parts of the World, &c. &c. &c. Translated from the original Manuscript, and compiled by the Rev. Dr. M. Edrehi, Native of Morocco, Member of the Talmudical Academies of London and Amsterdam, Professor of Modern and Oriental Languages, Private Tutor to the University of Cambridge, Author of "The Law of Life," "The Hand of Moses," &c. &c. &c. London: printed for the Author; and sold by Griffiths, Wellington Street, Strand, and H. Washbourne, Salisbury Square. 1836. Pp. xx. + 290.

We are the more confirmed in this view of the case, after looking over the formidable array of certificates* which he prefixes to his volume. In a document, "*fuit, Amsterdam, le 6 Août, 1811*"—about twenty-six years ago—Samuel Mendes de Sola, Imanuel Oheb Abendana, and a score other "*théologiens, membres de l'académie talmudique de la communauté Israélite Portugaise d'Amsterdam,*" certify their regret for the loss of their worthy colleague, the "Sieur Moïse Edrehi," who "*à l'effet de se perfectionner dans ses études a le dessein de se rendre à l'ancienne et sainte ville de Jérusalem, ville fameuse, entre autre, par les progrès qu'on y fait journellement dans les sciences théologiques et dans les mystères de la religion divine.*" Our readers, who have not turned their attention with critical minuteness to the state of theological

science in Jerusalem, may be somewhat unprepared for this panegyric on its advanced progress; but it is at least equally astonishing that Moses, having started from Amsterdam on his way to Jerusalem in 1811, should find himself no further advanced on his journey than London in 1837. His course towards his destined end is somewhat devious. We find "G. J. F. Noeldecke, Dr. med. et chir." applauding his "*noble but d'arriver sur le sol plus que classique, sur le sol sacré de ses ancêtres,*" under the date of "Oldenbourg, le 31 Mai, 1812." On the 12th of August of the same year, we find him receiving a recommendation from "J. Van Schinne, Maire de la Haye, département des Bouches de la Meuse," to the friends of science and humanity, to whom he may apply in the long journey he was about to undertake.

* Some of these certificates are curious enough. We copy two or three:

"Moi soussigné j'atteste que Monsieur Moïse Edrehi ayant eù l'honneur d'être admis à l'audience publique de S. A. R. le Grand-Duc de Francfort, fut ensuite invité par S. A. R. à une conversation particulière, où Elle a trouvé en lui un homme de talens et connaissances distinguées qui mérite d'être recommandé à la bienveillance et protection de tous les amis des sciences en général, et particulièrement de langues étrangères.

"Aschaffenburg,
le 17 Septembre, 1813."

"Parmi les attestations nombreuses données à Mr. Moïse Edrehi, plusieurs sont signées par des professeurs et des hommes de lettres que je connais particulièrement, et d'après le témoignage favorable qu'ils rendent au talens et à la moralité de Mr. Moïse Edrehi, je m'empresse de me joindre à eux pour le recommander à la protection de toutes les personnes en place, et à la bienveillance de tous les savans et hommes de lettres.

"Paris, le 1 Février, 1814."

"Having had some conversation with the Rabbi Moses Edrehi, I have the pleasure of testifying that he appears to be well acquainted with Jewish literature, and think that he can communicate much information respecting the condition of the Jewish people in the Emperor of Morocco's dominions, and the state of learning among them.

"May 12, 1828."

"After so many names of profound learning, I hesitate to subscribe mine. Nevertheless, at Rabbi Edrehi's request, I cannot withhold my testimony to his uncommon learning in the Hebrew language, and his eminent proficiency (beyond any thing I have ever heard or read of) in the history and antiquities of his nation.

"I have less diffidence in testifying to his knowledge of the Spanish and French languages, and to his diligence and temper as a teacher (of which I have had experience in my own family), to the correctness of his morals, and his very amiable manner.

"London, Aug. 25, 1828."

"STANLY LEFS GIFFORD, LL.D."

Nanik Pasha also gives him a certificate in Turkish. We have professors of oriental languages by the dozen; and after running over the list of such names, it is not unamusing to read the following:

"I have had also the pleasure of a long conversation with the Rabbi Edrehi; and from my perfect knowledge of the Hebrew language, literature, &c., I can pronounce him to be perfectly competent to instruct any one, both in the language and literature of that most extraordinary people the Jews.

"July the 28th, 1834."

"AUGUSTUS FITZCLARENCE."

Verily, this is as much a certificate of the learning of Lord Augustus Fitzclarence as of Moses Edrehi.

On the 4th of December he is at Gouda, and on the 9th, 10th, and 11th, at the Hague, receiving testimonials and good wishes from various persons—among them, Van Maanen—to speed him on his voyage; and 1813 supplies us with notices of his movements to Arnheim, Nimeguen, Cleves, Wesel, Mentz, &c. Perpetually journeying on the Jerusalem route, amid the kind words of professors, mayors, commissaries of police, sovereign princes, barons, generals of division, grand rabbins, and so forth. But still Jerusalem is, like the Flying island, as far off as ever; for in 1814 he is landed, not in the city of David, but in that of Napoleon Buonaparte, whose sceptre was then rapidly departing from him. Here all idea of pilgrimage to the Holy Land seems to be totally forgotten, for, except some visits to Amsterdam and Brussels, the rabbi made Paris his head-quarters, occupying a shop in the bazaar on the Boulevard des Italiens, which was unfortunately burnt on the 1st of Jan. 1825; and as the commissary of police of the quartier Feydeau testifies, “*tous les marchandises qui se trouvaient dans la boutique du Sieur Edrehi ont été perdues. Ce qui le reduit à la plus triste situation puis qu’il n’a aucune autre ressource.*” Until this calamity, Moses was a prosperous man. The business he followed was that of a perfumer on a considerable scale, having no less than fourteen young ladies in his employment constantly occupied in making *parfumes*.

This blow, which he ought to have considered as an infliction upon him for loitering in Paris, instead of fulfilling his design of proceeding to Jerusalem to perfect himself in his studies in that most theological and scientific city, as his brother Talmudists of Amsterdam declare it to be, completely ruined poor Edrehi; and by a natural attraction he gravitated towards London, where he has now sojourned for some ten or eleven years, performing the miscellaneous duties of rabbi, cigar-seller, preacher in the synagogue, pedlar, Hebrew grinder, wandering pharmacopolist, vender of specifics, author, and, what is too often a synonyme for that last trade, beggar, and many others, too numerous for our limits, with indefatigable assiduity. But not a word about Jerusalem from his London patrons, except in one recommendation from chief rabbi Mel-

dola, who expresses a hope that all humane and charitable persons will “encourage and enable him to execute his religious and devoted intention of settling in the Holy Land, at Jerusalem, with his family;” but this is dated on the 27th of Tishri, 5586, which date of the greater supputation corresponds with 1826, eleven years ago.

Yet the project is not abandoned—it merely sleeps; for here we have an address to the Committee of the Litvany Fund, in which he admonishes that erudite body to the following effect:

“The duty of benevolence to ‘the stranger’ is thus explained in the holy law: ‘And you shall love the stranger.’ This is a direct command, and is thus stated in Leviticus, xxiv. 22, *והיה לכם כנר כאורח יהיה כי אני אלדכם* ‘Ye shall have one manner of law, as well for the stranger as for one of your own country: for I am the Lord your God.’ This passage is, by the tradition of our wise men, explained to mean, that if a stranger shall remain in the land for twelve months, he shall be considered as one of the inhabitants, and entitled to all advantages and privileges, according to the law of the country.” [Rather a loose gloss this, and not palatable to poor-law commissioners.]

“The study of the divine law, the pursuit of science, and the advancement of the public welfare, are duties of the highest importance; and Moses makes it an obligation on every one to meditate on the holy law (Deut. v. 1).

“Without doubt, the greatness of this nation, and its reputation amongst the nations, has arisen from the extensive charities which have been instituted, and the great exertions which have been made to extend benevolence to all, of whatever country, and of whatever creed, who stand in need of protection and support; and, amongst these institutions, it is certain that there is not one that can justly claim a higher rank than your noble society.

“As the end I have in view, in the present publication, is to raise a small sum to enable me to retire to the Holy Land, to spend the few remaining years of my life in the city of Jerusalem, in the bosom of my own family, and surrounded by relations—that I may, after a long life of many and varied vicissitudes, devote myself to meditation on the holy law, and the exercise of devotion to the God of Israel. In humble hope that your benevolent society will render me some assistance, to enable me to proceed on

my journey, and enable me to devote myself to so laudable an object; I have taken the liberty of addressing the present letter to you; and I feel assured, that when my case is taken into consideration, you will generously condescend to assist me."

This touching address to the Literaries concludes with a prayer for the king and queen, as an appropriate wind-up to a supplication for sovereigns. We doubt not that the committee were highly edified by the extract from Leviticus; but Moses plies them on a sorer point from Ecclesiastes:

"Now, among these precepts of the law, as laid down in the Talmud (תלמוד), the obligation to assist and encourage men of learning and understanding, that they may be enabled to benefit the world by their knowledge, and to pursue without interruption the study of the holy law, is one of the principal injunctions. And this branch of moral study is the more needful to be observed, as poverty and trouble continually harass learned men and students, as is stated by Solomon in his book of Ecclesiastes,

שבתי וראח תחת השמש כי לא לקלים המרויח
ולא לנבזרים המלחמה וגם לא לחכמים לחם תם
לא לנבזים עשירי תם לא לירעים חזי כי עת
נפנע יקרה את כלם.

We must not affront the Literary Fund by appending a translation; nor shall we differ from Moses by adding the points, for we have no doubt that many among them will find his commentary (in *italics*) upon the passage quite pointed enough already. If we mistake not, however, Edrehi has ere now been favoured by the patronage of the Fund, his main claim as a literary man being two works, one called the *Torat Haim*, or the Law of Life, printed in London in the year of the world 5550, or 1790; and another, published in Amsterdam in 5559, or 1799, entitled *Yad Mosheh*, or the Hand of Moses—works which, having been, of course, diligently perused by the learned personages composing the Literary Fund Committee, obtained their patronage for the rabbi. The former of these illustrious compositions it has never been our good fortune to meet. We possess the latter, and have studied it with great interest and advantage. As the initiated are aware, the title is cabalistical, יד (a hand) making numerically 14; and the work, accordingly, consists of fourteen sermons of Moses.

They are very good and orthodox discourses, in which the necessity and piety of paying learned men, and supporting in idleness the rabbinical order, is touched upon with a most earnest and disinterested eloquence.

Since the publication of that work, we believe that Moses has not ventured into print until the present time. What the precise intention in the volume before us may be, it is hard to say; but it seems principally devoted to the discovery of the ten tribes and the history of the river Sambatyon. He informs us, after quoting many illustrious books, "particularly one called *Rogueo Saka*, and also Ptolemy and Kaketeas *Regeo Lat*," that

"This book of mine contains the cream of all that has been written on the matter in hand; and, in consequence, I have given it the title of *Mahasay Nisim*, Book of Miracles.

"This work speaks of the miracles which the blessed God wrought in our behalf, and which he still performs every moment for us, and particularly those in favour of the ten tribes who exist at the present day, and who have great wealth; and kings, princes, governors, lands, and cattle, are given them by the assistance of God: it also treats of the letter which was sent from Sambatyon in a very wonderful manner (proofs of which I will bring in the proper place). And I pray that I may find such favour in the eyes of the Almighty, as will dispose him to let me return to Jerusalem, to join my family and brethren; for I wish to go and die there, and be buried there; all which will take place with the will of God, not my permission; and therefore I have composed this book to find grace in his eyes, and those of the public, for whose instruction it is written, and also that their days and my own may be prolonged in this life, and that we may enjoy the next. And, moreover, I pray that he will enable me to print other books, which I have made on various precious and, to the public, instructive subjects; as may be seen in the books composed and published by me, called *Torat Haim*, or the Law of Life, printed in London in the year of the world 5559, or 1790; and also in a book published in Amsterdam, in the year of the world 5559, or 1799, called *Yad Mosheh*, the Hand of Moses.

"And so, I pray the Almighty and blessed God of Israel to assist me to meditate in his Holy Land, as well as my seed and generation after me, with health and prosperity."

We shall postpone the consideration

of the Ten Tribes for a while, agreeing, nevertheless, with Lord A——, that it is an interesting subject. With him, we are of opinion that Professor Milman's *History of the Jews* was comparatively valueless. When John Murray offered it for his perusal, his lordship asked, "Has Milman found the ten tribes?" The bibliopole was obliged to answer in the negative. "Then," replied Lord A——, "he and his book may go to Erebus. I have sucked the two tribes as dry as they will let me: if he had found the other ten, it might be a godsend." A more philosophical reflection upon antiquarian and historical knowledge was never made, and it sets its author at once on the very pinnacle of profoundly reasoning aphorists. We must, however, as a newer subject, betake ourselves to the river-Sambatyon; and a most respectable river it is. Had it been Christian, instead of Israelite, Sir Andrew Agnew would infallibly have moved it a vote of thanks.

Of the existence of this famous stream there are many most satisfactory testimonies, such as the Targum of Jonathan, the conversations of Rabbi Akiba with that somewhat singular Roman emperor named Tornosrefos, &c.; but

"The third and greatest proof is the declaration of an Israelite of the tribe of Dan, named Eldad Hadani, who came from those parts, and who published an account of it in a book, to which he affixed his own name, printed in the city of Brin, in Germany, in the year of the world 5443, named אלדד הדני, *Eldad Hadani*.

"This account, as that book says, had been printed at Constantinople for the first time two hundred years before. It then goes on as follows: 'And near the place where dwell the children of our prophet (and master) Moses is the great river Sambatyon, so called from their having fled from idolatry; and that river surrounds them, so that no one can enter except on the Sabbath. Other nations call it Sabteno. It forms a square, and would take three months to go round it in the inside. There are many houses and castles. They have nothing unclean amongst them, neither bird nor animal: the only want they experience is that of horses, on occasions that they wage war with other nations, as I will hereafter mention in a more fitting place. There are no wild beasts, dogs, cats, vermin, or flies; in fact, they absolutely have no unclean animal soever. They only have oxen, sheep, and poultry; all the *shurim*,

טורים, clean and lawful. Their cattle bring forth twice in the year; and they sow wheat and barley; and have, besides, all sorts of fruits that are in the world. They want for nothing, are devout, and have the fear of God before their eyes; and have the whole Bible, and the Talmud, and the Mesnayot, &c. &c. In general, the Hahamim are very learned in the arts and sciences, and are very rich, having much gold and silver, jewels, diamonds, fine pearls, and all sorts of precious stones, &c.; and when they read, they say thus: 'Joshua, the son of Nun, and disciple of Moses, said that the blessed Lord taught him,' &c. &c., as is noted in the book above named. The only language they know how to speak and write is the sacred Hebrew.

"They have, as we have, the Dinim; are extremely pious, God-fearing, and just. They never take an oath, and never mention profanely the holy name of God; and they even punish those who use His name to attest any thing; for they say, 'What is the use of swearing by His holy name, knowing that for doing so children die when they are young.' They live to the age of our father Moses, one hundred and twenty years. Children never die in the lifetime of their fathers, who live to see three or four generations. There is little or no fear of thieves, wild beasts, wicked and evil spirits, or any thing bad, so that children take it by turns to guard and watch the flocks; and all this comes from their being good, and never uttering falsehood, living according to the law, and strictly observing their religion, and abstaining from sin."

This is a very comfortable community; and as the veracity and authenticity of our friend Eldad, the Danite, is beyond question, the proof of its existence is complete. But Sambatyon itself is not to be dismissed so hastily.

"The breadth of the river Sambatyon is full 220 yards, and contains sand and stones; and the noise of these stones makes it like thunder and hurricanes; they rise up and go down, the noise whereof at night may be heard at half a league distance.

"There are also many springs and fountains of soft water, which empty themselves into a basin, from whence the gardens and orchards are watered and refreshed. The waters in the named places contain all kinds of fish, and round about are every sort of clean birds. The stones before named, which make so much noise, and move up and down, repose from the setting in to the going down of the Sabbath. And around the river there is a fire descends from heaven

every day in the week, and remains there, except Sabbath; so that no person can approach the river, for the fire burns every thing within its reach. Beyond the river dwell the four tribes, who come near with their flocks and herds to shear them, it being an excellent country for pasturage. Then the people of Sambatyon see them, and speak to them, and say, 'Shew us your asses from afar, and your camels;' and they are surprised."

And no wonder. Well, indeed, may it be said to Eldad, while recording these anecdotes, "Shew us your asses." Elsewhere we are informed:

"It has been told us, that our forefathers related that, the night of their being put down there, they heard many extraordinary noises; and on the morrow they saw a great fleet approach, and by one of God's miracles they escaped; and afterwards they were encircled by a river, in a place where there had been no river before. This river, which is of sand and stones, is called Sambatyon, and exists even at the present day. The stones and sand move about with such noise and violence, that were there a mountain of iron situated near, it would be broken in pieces. This noise continues until the coming in of Sabbath; also, when this time comes, there descends from heaven a cloud, which covers the river till Sabbath goes out. It is called Sambatyon, and by other nations Sabteno. In some places it is sixty yards broad."

The sceptic might, perhaps, doubt the existence of a river, consisting wholly of sand and stones, rolling with a thundering noise all the week-days, and resting on the Sabbath; but Moses Edrehi himself puts down all such irrational scruple, by what is almost as good as ocular demonstration:

"Now, kind and honourable readers, I, the author of this work, declare, on my word of honour, that I have heard it said, by many respectable and trustworthy persons, that they saw at Rome, amongst many other curious things which are there, a sand-glass, the sand of which was taken out of the river Sambatyon. The sand runs all the week, and stops on the Sabbath-day. It has also been seen at Leghorn. Consequently, my friendly reader, with the understanding God has given you, you will judge, by this wonderful history, that it is true and certain, and, moreover, that it is a thing which is written about in the Talmud," &c.

To this we can add our own individual evidence in corroboration. It

is perfectly certain that not only in Rome and Leghorn, but even in London, sand-glasses are to be found which cease to run on the Sabbath-day, if they be carefully deposited upon the end into which the sand has already flowed. Whether the sand comes from the river Sambatyon we cannot vouch, but that such is the fact is unquestionable. We invite the attention of the fellows of the Royal Society to this curious phenomenon, for it is as well worthy of a notice in their transactions as nine-tenths of the papers which they are in the habit of publishing.

Edrehi very properly reprehends the infidel spirit which is abroad:

"Some ignorant people there are who believe nothing; and so perverse, as to be unwilling to be convinced, letting every thing fall to the ground. With their bawling unbelief and pride, such persons close their hearts against understanding, or knowing the sacred Bible; and they shut their eyes to the light of the holy or sacred Talmud, called *תורה שבכל פה*, *Tora Shebaal Pee* (Mental Law); they are even ignorant of any ancient or modern authors, profane or sacred. For such unbelieving persons I will bring, in support of what I say, the testimony of an author who has obtained belief and credit in all nations, and it is Joseph Ben Gurgun the Great, called in their language Joseph de Bella Judaica, or Josephus, who, in his *History of the Wars of the Jews*, last book, thirty-fifth chapter, says, in the following manner, 'The Emperor Thetos, returning from Paras and Maday (that is, Persia and India), met with the Jews on the other side of the river Sambatyon; and it being Sabbath, he rested, and then crossed with his army, and was received by the Jews with honour and respect; and when he left he gave the name of Sabatino to this river, which means reposing on the Sabbath-day.'"

If this explanation of their want of knowledge does not make the "ignorant people," who know nothing of ancient or modern authors, ashamed of themselves, shame is banished from the earth. Gurgun the Great de Bella Judaica and the Emperor Thetos must put them to the rout.

The author of the book *Derech Hayaser*, who travelled in the year 1531, is another authority in favour of the river.

"When we came to the city, near to Sambatyon, we heard a great noise and roar, as of a tempest; and the nearer we approached Sambatyon, the greater was

the noise. We were told what it was, namely, the river, and that we ought not to go out of the city we were in a single step, on account of the danger from the Jews, who threaten the Pristians, because the king of the Pristians' country injured the merchants and citizens of that place, who are posted armed, as guards of the river Sambatyon, out of affection to the Jews who come from the other side of Sambatyon, and carry on war against the Pristians, whose king pays tribute to the Jews; and when he wishes to free himself, the Jews of Sambatyon wage war against the Pristians.

"Their king is an Ishmaelite and a Mahometan; and, in consequence of that, we were obliged to remain three weeks, during which time I made many inquiries concerning the river Sambatyon, of the Jews who live there, and respecting the city of Pristian. Of every thing I asked I obtained a separate answer.

"Touching the river, they told me that every day in the week the stones rise to the height of a house. When they said that, I asked them why did they want guards, as nobody could pass during the week, including the Jews, for fear of the stones? They answered, that they were wanted only two hours before Sabbath, when the stones remain still and quiet, and that many Jews come mounted on good horses, and cross the river in less than an hour; and that the guards go to the city to give notice of the coming of the Jews, so that they do not keep and observe the Sabbath. During the week, some are in one place and some in another, trying to rob travellers; but on Friday the guard assemble, and then go to the city to announce the approach of the Jews.

"This is all they told me concerning the river. On Sabbath there is no guard; it is not permitted. Respecting the history of the Jews in Sambatyon, they told me that, when they make war, they destroy the cities, and take away every thing they find therein, until they oblige their enemies to pay the annual tribute. They then go to the city, and cross the river Sambatyon an hour before Sabbath, and return home cheerful and contented."

The kings in those countries are not to be despised.

"Their king, Eleazar, is a very great man among the Jews: he is a giant nine feet high; his sword is six fingers broad, and three yards long. He never sheathes his sword till he has slain some of his enemies, of whom he can kill eight hundred at once. The soldiers carry a kind of halbert called *Romuch*, of coloured wood, and an iron point made sharp, two fingers in length. When

they get to Maray Francas, they kill thousands of their enemies. They also carry bows and arrows, as in the time of the king David, who slew the giant Goliath, in Palestina, with a stone thrown from a sling. Their bows are of pure gold, very thick and strong; and their swords have poisoned points, so that the wounded die directly. They are well acquainted with the science of war, and yet they pay tribute. They return home in peace to the other side of Sambatyon, the Friday before Sabbath.

"As I have before said, the king, Eleazar, is the greatest of all: he is always at the head of the army, to protect the other twenty-three kings, among whom there was one named Daniel, very pious, and so strong, that he could slay a thousand at a time, as they ever so powerful; and he is armed like Goliath the Philistine, and very humble. His palace is more magnificent than those of the other twenty-three. His lands are in Dan Ephrowaah, in Arminica, which name is given to his congregation and country; for each king, as I before observed, has his own lands separate. Their palaces are of gold, silver, and diamonds, these things being so plentiful among them; and no one is permitted to enter the palaces. The Ishmaelitic merchants are the only persons allowed to remain in the country; the reason for which is, because they are circumcised.

"They give gold to these merchants in exchange for the iron; and by this means the Ishmaelites return home very rich. When the king Daniel went to synagogue three times a day, his queen and family always accompanied him, because his two sons, the princes, were warriors. His two daughters are so modest, that they cover their faces when they go out, so that no person can speak to them. They are eminently beautiful; and they never go out unless they are accompanied by one of the family, until they are married, when they remain under the protection and care of their husbands.

"I was informed that this devout man has a very precious stone, a cronocal (carbuncle). He keeps it locked up in the week, and on the coming-in of the Sabbath he hangs it up in his room, and it gives us much light as seven candles. It continues there during Sabbath, there being no need of lights; for the holy law says, 'Thou shalt not kindle fire in all your habitations on the Sabbath-day.' I was, moreover, informed that in Sambatyon all the men and women know some trade by which to get a living, which is cheap. They become very rich, for there are few poor. They live like

brethren very religiously, and employ each other; for there is no other nation to rival them."

Many other equally entertaining anecdotes of this interesting nation are recorded; but we must not steal all the carbuncles which illuminate the volume of Moses.

The next proof, after the "voyage of this gentleman," is a letter brought from the Ten Tribes in person, dwelling on the other side of the river Sambatyon, in the year 1411, and acknowledged by the chief rabbies of the Holy Land. These philosophers admit that it was by a singular miracle they obtained the letter, and the story is at least edifying.

"It is necessary to premise that, in order to support ourselves, we are obliged to appeal to the brethren abroad; and we send messengers, or collectors, to gather in the contributions on which we depend, these collectors being chosen by drawing lots, גורל. In that year it came to the lot of the above rabbi Baruch to go to Mecca, מדינת [Mecca is meant], and the Levant. Now it happened that the caravan in which he went, and which consisted of five hundred persons, all armed, was attacked in the middle of the desert, and, at the dead of the night, the people were nearly all slaughtered by the thieves. The only person who escaped was rabbi Baruch: this was owing to having risen, whilst the others were asleep, to say his prayers, the Tekun-Hasot, תעוקת חסות; and when in the act of doing so, he perceived the approach of the robbers, he fell with his face to the ground; and they supposing him to be dead, he escaped after the departure of the thieves. He then arose, and found every one but himself had been robbed and murdered, and he fell on his knees and gave thanks to God for his preservation. They had, however, taken his clothes, mules, and provisions, so that he was left entirely destitute of every thing. He then set out to travel through the deserts, and did not know what to do, as he was almost starving for hunger; but fortunately he found some herbs which were good for eating, and water also he found in the mountains. He says thus, 'I led this life for three days, when, tired and fatigued of walking, having no food, I sat myself under a tree, and began praying to God.' He then relates that, when he finished praying, he saw a man on horseback approaching, armed with sword, pistols, and spear, like the Cossacks. This man wanted to kill him; but the rabbi begged hard for his life. At last the horseman spoke to him in

Arabic; to which the rabbi replied in the same language. He asked him what he was, and whom he believed in. The good rabbi said, 'I am a Jew, and believe in Shemang Israel, שְׁמַנְג יִשְׂרָאֵל; that is to say, he believed in the God of Israel. When the horseman heard this, he alighted and embraced him, and said, 'Be not afraid, for I am also a Jew.' The rabbi then told him what had happened to the caravan; and took from his bosom the letters he had received from the rabbies of the Holy Land, saying he was a *salvach*, שלוח, or messenger. The stranger brought out victuals of the best quality; and then left the rabbi to deliver the letters to his brethren of the ten tribes, on the farther side of the river Sambatyon. To a question of the rabbi, the stranger said his name was rabbi Malquiel, מלכאל, of the tribe of Naphtali. And the wise man said he should like to accompany him; but the stranger said that, as it was a journey far off, he had better stay behind, and that he would go and deliver the letters to his brethren, and return with their answer; for he said that it would be impossible for the wise man to perform the journey. He replied that he would not stay by himself in the desert; that he wanted a *kiminga*, קימנג, and then he should not be frightened at any thing. The stranger accordingly wrote him *kiminga*, קימנג; and leaving him, with a promise to return in three days, he departed with the letters to his tribe.

"He returned to the appointed place in three days, and said to the rabbi, 'I have performed my journey in the space of three days, and have been with my tribe of Naphtali, and afterwards to the other tribes that dwell near us, and I have told them all your sufferings past, and presented and delivered the letters; after reading which they began to weep, and gave me this letter, which you are to give to the rabbies of Jerusalem only.' Rabbi Baruch then said, 'You must conduct me to some city near here, for I cannot travel alone, being ignorant of the roads. The stranger agreed to do this; and leading the way, carried with him an abundant supply of provision. On the fourth day of our journey, he said to rabbi Baruch, 'According to our *Theum*, תהום, I am not allowed to travel with you any further. Go your way without fear, for nothing will hurt you so long as you keep round your neck the *kiminga*—it means the holy name of God. Thieves and evil spirits will not touch you; and may God be with you, whose name is round your neck!' He then gave the rabbi a bagful of gold for the rabbies of the Holy Land of Jerusalem, and told him that at three days' end he

would arrive at Babylon, and that he was not to tell any one but the rabbies of Jerusalem of his adventures. They then embraced and separated, the stranger giving him provisions and a valuable present of a box of diamonds, which he could sell at Constantinople, with the promise that he was not to sell them all together, but a part of them every year, as they were of great value, &c.; and that box contained one hundred and fifty diamonds, so that he would have sufficient to live on, he and the rabbies of Jerusalem, ירושלים ר'בבא. Rabbi Baruch continued his journey, and arrived at Bagdad, or Babylon, in three days' time. 'After resting a few days there,' says the rabbi, 'I went to Jerusalem and delivered my letters to the rabbies, told them all that happened, gave the bag of gold and the box of diamonds, which made the Hahamim very rich, and enabled them to pay their tribute to the governor, &c. The box of diamonds they divided amongst themselves; and they sent to the Jewish congregation copies of the letter, which were signed by ten of the principal rabbies, and attested by the pious rabbi, Haim Joseph David Azulay, of glorious memory.'

We need not transcribe the letter brought by the veridical rabbi Baruch from the Sambatyonites.

The work soon after assumes a rambling character; and we are sorry to see profane authors quoted, instead of the authentic Talmudical voyagers and travellers. On the whole, however, Moses has reason to boast of his literary exploits:

"I have here brought together several authentic and sufficient proofs of the existence of the river Sambatyon, across which neither boats can cross or bridges be built, and whose stream of stones and sand rest on Sabbath-days, and which still exists at the present day. I have shewn also the letters which came from the Israelites of the ten tribes who reside beyond that river in state and splendour. I have described their population, their riches, academies, and civil polity.

"I have also described the wars which they have had with their enemies, their neighbours, who dwelt outside the river; and I have given an account of all kinds of animals and birds which inhabited that land, and how many palaces, hotels, houses, &c. &c. &c. there are contained in it."

Eregi monumentum, &c. The list of authorities subjoined is highly commendable. We are sorry that we cannot extract all the names of the

Gentile authors who have written of the river Sambatyon, but we subjoin as specimens the following:

"Abraham Ortelio, Alexo Vanigus, Augustiniano, Diodoro Siculo, Dirjon, Garcelso de la Viga Enga, Jakesvery, Lecarbotos, Orejenes, Ozorio Losetuno, Dekeros, Pelinio, Pomario, Proklo, Plutarcho, Pekome Randoluno, Samuel Beardo, Seventonio, Senoponte."

We recommend, with the most perfect seriousness, the immediate perusal of these celebrated authors to all who are concerned in interesting and instructive literature.

Our rabbi is a native of Morocco, and he favours us with a few sketches of the land of his birth; but they are rather slight. If we are not mistaken, he contributed some years ago information of a much more interesting character to *Blackwood's Magazine*, where he appeared as taking part in one of the "Noctes." There, we believe, he stated how the Emperor of Morocco, in his time, was "a very disagreeable man," having contracted the habit of impaling people, flinging them into pits filled with tenter-hooks and spikes, tearing out their eyes or tongues, cutting off their hands or noses, and performing other pastimes, which rendered him rather an unpleasant companion in any small party—how he, Moses, was disgusted with rural walks in the neighbourhood of Fez, in consequence of an untoward event that happened while he and a friend were taking a stroll, and discussing divine philosophy; a lion having stepped forth, and most unceremoniously rushing in *medias res*, snapped in twain the argument and argumentator, much to the confusion of his companion—how Moses made a waistcoat of a lion's skin, and thereby verified the *Æsopian fable*—how he was seized by a crew of felonious boys by Bagnigge Wells, one fifth of November, and carried about by them in triumph as a living Guy Fawkes—how he was acquainted with Sam Gosnell, and the Turk who hanged himself, with Gosnell's commentary on the accident,—these anecdotes, and many others, added to his expressed disapprobation, in the "Noctes," of all sort of emancipation, whether of Papist, Whig, Jew, Dissenter, or, in short, bad characters of any kind, made him extremely popular in Oxford; and we are delighted to see the large number of subscribers of all parties to his book.

Let him proceed by all means in producing many more works of this kind. He promises one, detailing and explaining all the ceremonies attendant on Jewish marriages, which he assures us will be "of very great utility and benefit to the public." He has also in his possession

"A manuscript of the most important nature, and very amusing. It is written in one of the oriental languages, Arabic, and has never been printed: it is similar to the *Arabian Nights*, but much superior, and would be a great amusement to the public. And I have also many manuscripts of great value in the Arabic language. If any gentleman wishes to realise money, by associating himself with me in this undertaking, he will oblige by addressing a letter, M. E., *post restant*, London, from the 1st of November 1833, till the 1st of April 1834."

The time has, we suppose, been extended since the above sentence was written; and we must draw his proposal to the serious notice of capitalists. Colburn or Bentley ought to endeavour to enlist Moses for their rival publications.

In order to swell his volume, Moses favours us with an account of the Cape of Good Hope, which he thinks is still in the hands of the Dutch. But we have room only for one other extract, which exhibits an old friend of our ancestors in a new name.

"Josephus is an author very much esteemed, and well known among all nations; and he writes a great deal

about the ceremonies of the ten tribes; and he mentions that they are at the other side of the river Sambatyon, where there are many proofs of their greatness and riches. Also another book, called *Emry Benu*, אמרי בנור, mentioned that there was a very wise and learned man, of another nation, skilled in geography, who asserted that this side of Africa was not known to the ancients, because they did not know the course of the river Nelos, which takes its beginning and flows out from the mountains the ancients used to call הררי הלבנה, or the Mountains of the Moon; and upon these mountains there are multitudes of Jews, even more than one million, and they pay taxes to the king of Ethiopia. And the country they inhabit is called *Pretty Joaney*. In the book called ארורות עלם, Horhut Holan, he writes, that the caravans come from all parts, loaded with all sorts of spices, from the people who live in the land of Lameka and Kalkot, which is near the great sea of India; and he gives a detailed account of the numbers of the Jews, and of their grandeur, and of their palaces, and their kingdom of *Pretty Joaney*, and the river Sambatyon, and the land of Eden, and of a very great desolate wilderness, without inhabitants."

Leaving it to the ingenuity of our readers to guess who this *Pretty Joaney* may be, we here part with Moses Edrehi for the present, wishing him to continue going to Jerusalem as long and as successfully as a celebrated gentleman of the last century proposed the publication of Propertius.

THREE YEARS OF MY LIFE ; OR, ELLEN VERE.

"All's well that ends well."—SHAKESPEARE.

"Rude am I in my speech,
And little blessed with the set phrase of peace,
yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnished tale deliver
Of my whole course of love."—OTHELLO.

"FORECASTLE, there! Mr. M'Intosh, come aft," gruffly sung out Capt. Pangdon, of H. M. S. Tartar, hailing my station about eight o'clock one evening, in the month of April, when the frigate was gently slipping through the water off the coast of Devon, with a light breeze from the westward, which just inflated our royals and top gallant stunsails, but left the lower and heavier canvass flapping against the groaning masts at every heave.

"I say, Bill," I overheard one of the waiters remark, as I passed the weather gangway, "ar'n't the second lieutenant goin' to catch it now? The captain limps worse nor ever he did." A pretty infallible sign that he was suffering from his corns, at which time a fellow's commission would not have been worth the parchment it was written on, had I'angdon caught him tripping ever so lightly in his duty.

In answer to the "Sir!" which promptly issued from me as I reached the quarter-deck, and mechanically took off my hat, he condescended to elevate his thumb in the direction of the fore peak of the battered oilskin three-cornered covering on his head, and growl out, "my cabin;" which, being interpreted, meant that I should descend and there wait his pleasure.

"Now, sir," said the skipper on entering, "though I know you to be as slovenly in keeping watch as any young man that ever escaped a court-martial for neglect of duty, I believe you're well enough in a boat; and the ship can spare your services," he added by way of qualification, "and not find out her loss till you come back again. At one bell,* you'll man and arm the double-banked twelve-oared cutter; take a compass, some rum—biscuit, and a mate to bring the boat back if you get killed, and keep her quietly dogging about this part of the coast pretty close in shore. In about a couple of hours or so, you'll see a fire-balloon."

"A what! did you say, sir?" I inquired, humbly concluding I had misunderstood him, from the mumbling manner in which he spoke.

"A what! did I say, sir?" mimicked Pangdon, angrily scowling at me from beneath his shaggy eyebrows; "a fire-balloon," he repeated audibly enough—"a thing sent up in the air with a light tacked on to its tail, for the man in the moon to cook his victuals by. Ask a *midshipman*," continued the old Turk in a tone of the most contemptuous wrath, at what he had mistaken for my ignorance, "and he'll tell you what it is, you dam—" but, fortunately, remembering he was not talking to a "*midshipman*," he screwed up his mouth, and succeeded in restraining what was coming despite the soreness of his feet, and the luxury it would have afforded him to indulge in what we used to call in the gun-room, a "good swear." I very soon found out what I was wanted for. Information had been received, that the Hyacinth, a small smuggling lugger, was expected to cross, and either run, or sink and anchor her cargo after dark; but the breeze being too light for a large craft to have any chance of success in chasing such a sneaking clipper, it was resolved that the frigate should bring up in Torbay for the night, as if nothing were suspected (the Tartar was a channel cruiser), but leave her boat behind with, what was deemed in the cabin, sufficient force to carry the "prize," as it was somewhat prematurely called.

On asking for further orders, after the supposed capture had taken place, I was told to "keep the lugger safe, the Tartars sober, and let him see us by daylight in the bay." But the cutter's crew had been away all the preceding night assisting a ship on shore, and I took the liberty of asking for fresh hands.

"Pass the word for volunteers, and pick your men," was Pangdon's brief

* Half-past eight o'clock.

reply ; and, at the appointed hour, the boat shoved off with muffled oars, leaving the frigate to pursue her course. The breeze, as I have said before, was light, but a troubled swell was rapidly getting up, which, to my mind, portended that it would blow harder before we had less wind ; and, ere we had parted from the ship an hour, the rain began to fall in torrents, and the lightning flashed around, while heavy peals of thunder were continually rolling right over our heads.

"Here's a nice night for a fire-balloon to go up in, sir," remarked Sims, the mate, addressing me.

"Very," I answered drily ; and, by the time I was drenched through to the skin, I began to wish myself on board again ; for, independent of having been engaged on service all the preceding night, I was now on a most unpleasant duty,—one where hard blows, little honour, and less profit, would most likely be my portion if I succeeded (for, from the character of her skipper, it was barely probable that either crew or cargo would ever fall into the hands of government with the craft), to say nothing of what was in store for me if I failed. In vain I strained my eyes for the balloon, and in vain I puzzled my brains, till I became more stupid than usual, to discover why a common sky-rocket would not have answered every purpose just as well. Although invisible, it was clearly a mistake, but one which, as events turned out, made no difference either to poor Pangdon or myself.

The information about the lugger was correct enough, whoever gave it, for suddenly, while paddling silently about, Sims heard the words "Let go!" which were instantly followed by the sound of a splash on the surface, as the very fellow we were on the look-out for, brought up in at least four fathom water.

"That's him ! give way, men—softly and together, now—give way." The lugger lay to leeward of us, and, unfortunately, a surly growl from a beast of a dog, warned the smugglers there was danger in the wind ; else we should have boarded them in the smoke while they were humbugging about their sails, and very likely carried the Hyacinth without losing a single man. Presently we ran right stem on, to what I imagined his anchor-buoy, and

the noise of that produced the hail of, "Boat, ahoy ! Is that you, Ben ?"

"Ay, mate, all right !" I answered ; for it was impossible that he could see any more than ourselves ; and, though it was discovered *where* we were, I saw no reason for letting him know *what* we were.

"How are ye to-night ?" was the next tender inquiry.

"Hearty, thankye ! How's yourself ?"

"Middlin ! How goes on Meg and the youngun ?" but, as the devil would have it, just as I had coined a reply about "Meg and her youngun," which I flattered myself might be delivered without danger, a vivid flash of lightning betrayed all, and revealed to the eyes of the astonished defaulter of the revenue, not his friend "Ben," but a man-of-war's cutter, on his larboard bow, pulling slap for him, and barely distant above a couple of boats' lengths.

"Confound my buttons !" was his pious ejaculation, "my heart misgived me it warn't Ben. Shew a light heré ! In with the larboard spring a bit,* and let the Long Tom teach 'em manners." And the lesson we received was a severe one, and not likely to be forgotten in a hurry ; for the dazzling burst of flame from the mouth of the long eighteen upon their decks, was followed by a splitting crash, and a bubbling rushing sound of water, as the shattered cutter sank beneath our feet, amid the gurgling groans and smothered shrieks of the drowning wounded, and bitter execrations of the hardened villains composing the motley crew on board the Hyacinth.

"Strike out for the shore, and follow in my wake, lads, those that can !" was all that I ever said on the occasion. A long swim was before us, and "*sauve qui peut !*" the order of the night.

God knows how many escaped being hit ; more, I believe, than reached the beach alive. Indeed, it was "touch and go" with me, for I had a splinter sticking in my left shoulder, and any thing of that kind is far from improving a man's capabilities of swimming ; but, at last, thank Heaven ! I landed safely, barring a few bruises, and, on mustering the boat's crew to ascertain how many had been "expended," out of thirteen hands, besides myself, four only, including Sims, answered to their

names. Collecting the dripping and exhausted stragglers round me, I told them to "put their best foot foremost, keep together, and make for the light" we could see burning about a mile and a-half inland.

One poor fellow dropped in less than twenty minutes, and, after several vain attempts to carry him ourselves, or find immediate help, we were forced to abandon him to his fate,—and the primest seaman in the ship died like a dog, in a ditch by the roadside; for, when assistance came, it came too late, and he had breathed his last.

"Speak, what are ye? Smugglers or thieves?" was the salutation we were greeted with from an elderly gentleman, who, on hearing our peal at his garden bell, put his head out of one of the windows of the house, from whence the "beacon shone."

"Neither," was my reply, in answer to his question; "but the surviving officers and boat's crew of a cutter, belonging to H. M. S. Tartar, that——"

"Eh! what, my good fellow? surviving officers and crew of H. M. S. Tartar!" I explained, and requested shelter for the men, when down went the sash, and we could plainly hear him singing out for "Merton, Merton!" But the servant, I suppose, was fast asleep, for "Merton's" master bustled out himself, in spite of both wind and rain, and unbarring the gate at the drive, welcomed us in with the genuine spirit of English hospitality.

Never, never, shall I forget the figures that we cut. The men, who were not blessed with much clothing at any time, had still less now; and Sims literally having thrown off every thing in the water, presented an appearance more allied to a chimpanzee in the woods, than a civilised man in a village; while the only outward evidence of my being an officer, consisted in my belt and scabbard (my sword having gone to the bottom), for, expecting a struggle with the smugglers hand to hand, I had luckily 'dowed' both jacket and waistcoat before the boat went down. Shoes had I none; and my wounded and muddy feet, dissatisfied with their present situation, were on the look-out for another, discontentedly protruding themselves through what remained of a pair of stockings, which had once

been white, while the breast of my shirt was discoloured by sea-water mixed with blood.

After gladly accepting what was freely offered in the shape of assistance for myself and party, I left Sims in charge of the men, and started across for Torbay, to report the misfortunes of the night, and tell a "lame tale of services unperformed." I arrived about an hour before daylight, but no Tartar was to be found; and when I boarded a sloop of war, the commanding-officer told me she had never come in there at all since their anchor had been down, which was full nine hours at the least. I borrowed some dunnage, and indulged myself with a "shake down" upon the deck, in the surgeon's cabin; and when I roused up, at two bells* in the forenoon, I found it blowing a hard gale from the northward, the wind having shifted from the westward since the middle water, during the whole of which it had been blowing a good double-reefed-topsail breeze.

Days rolled on: the storm was followed by a calm, the calm again by a breeze. The sloop went out, and several craft came in, but brought no tidings of the frigate. People began to get sidgety about her.

"Could she have been taken by the French?" one day inquired a lady at a dinner-party, where Sims and I were dining.

"Not if Pangdon fought her, ma'am, I promise," was Lord R.'s blunt testimony to the courage of her captain.

"Had she gone down?" A "tenny" had weathered it, and the Tartar was one of the finest sea-boats; and, in heavy weather, bore her ports up longer than almost any other vessel in the service.

Three weeks elapsed, and some very clever fellow, in the *Torbay Express*, "confidently stated upon the most unquestionable authority, that the board intended stopping our subsistence money, drafting the two men amongst the fleet," and doing I know not what besides with the officers; when, one evening, while dressing for a subscription ball, I was summoned to repair in person on board the Pandora, then bearing the flag (blue at the fore) of Vice-Admiral Sir William Heavyside.

"Ahem, Mr. M'Intosh," said the veteran, as I entered his cabin, glancing

* Nine o'clock.

at my attire; "I am sorry to interrupt your gaiety, but this is no time for trifling. You'll take this"—putting a sealed packet into my hands—"to the Admiralty, and leave your address with the porter. That's all—you may go."

The cutter took me ashore again, a postchaise was waiting, and in the course of ten minutes I was whirling along the road to London as fast as four horses' legs could carry me. My curiosity was pretty well excited, as may be supposed; yet, so well had I learned to do as I was told and ask no questions, that it was not till within at least twelve hours after the fate of the frigate had been blazoned over half the southern coast of England, that I had the slightest idea of what the contents of the despatches which I bore consisted.

An 180-gallon butt had been picked up at sea, containing the ship's journals, and some other papers of consequence to her officers, but of no importance to the enemy; and in the last sea-log was the following hurried entry, scrawled in Pangdon's own hand-writing, and dated from the capstern.

"8. 30. P.M. In consequence of intelligence received."—Here followed something about the cutter having been despatched in charge of "Mr. M'Intosh, second lieutenant." And at "9 do., while under easy canvass, rounding Berry Head, observed a ship's light on the horizon, S. S.W. Hauled up S., and made sail in chase, breeze freshening, W. S.W. 1. 30. A.M. Coming on to blow, sea getting up; in first reef of main-top-sail, and first reefs of fore and mizen, *do.s.*" At "2. tacked, N.W. Hard squalls and rain; lightning," followed in the M.S. by the mark signifying "all round." Then, in half an hour was "tacked" again; and, lastly, came—"At 3 A.M. while in the act of sounding with the deep-sea-lead, the foremast was struck by lightning, killing Mr. Wakes, third lieutenant, and 7 men, besides setting the ship on fire forward. Bore up right before the wind, but the spring-stay having caught, the fire communicated aft to the mainmast-head. Cut away lanyards of lower rigging (fore and main), when both masts went by the wedges. Ship being still on fire forward, to prevent the flames driving aft (her head coming up), cut away the

mizenmast, and got tarpaulins on the spritsail-yard. 3. 30. All efforts to extinguish the fire having failed, cut the boom-lashings, and breaking down the starboard-waist bulwarks, launched the long-boat, which was swamped alongside by a heavy sea. Remaining quarter-boat found stove by the falling of the mizenmast. 4° less 10'. Private instructions, &c. having been destroyed, these are headed-up and hove overboard. Eddystone Light bearing N. by E., fire raging. Officers and men doing their duty to the last. All hope gone, and may God help us.

"R. PANGDON."*

So much for the poor old barks; but the individual fate of her gallant crew,—left only the horrible choice, between the alternations of being burned or drowned—remained, and still remains, a dark and dreadful mystery. Sims and I had to stand a court, and after that was over, I again returned to London, to seek employment once more afloat; but now that Pangdon—whose stern sense of justice had on one occasion led him to gain me promotion in preference to his own nephew, of whom he was extremely fond, while personally he entertained a strong dislike to me—was gone, I seemed about as likely to succeed in my search, as the man who hunted for a needle in a truss of hay. I learned, however, two things extremely useful for a young man setting out in life to know,—the exact value of people's promises, and how to "do a dun." Men now in power, who had been deeply indebted to my father, when alive, taught me the first; and my eldest brother, Tom,—who, though he had run through all the estates, was still dashing away at a splendid rate—the last. We had rooms nominally at the Albany, where we seldom made our appearance in the week. Sunday was our season, and then, and only then, "safely we walked in broad daylight." The morning of the Sabbath was spent at Tattersall's, the afternoon in driving round the park a pair of bays (subsequently sold for their keep), and the evening generally found us at the *soirées* of the late Marchioness of Salisbury. The game was glorious, could we only have ensured its lasting; but all things must have an end, and the patience of our

tradespeople formed by no means an exception to the general rule. My brother put up for him ———, lost his election, and we began seriously to debate on the expediency of a bolt to Dublin.

"Edinbro' won't do, you see," sapiently remarked my brother one day, as we were waiting to cross over into Piccadilly from Grosvenor Place, "though *you're* not known there" (I had never seen Scotland since I was twelve years old), "I am."

"More's the pity, for ——— but who's this bowling along at such a rate, and looming as large as Beechey Head in a fog? Sure enough, its old Harrison" ("Merton's" master,) "come up, I suppose, to receive his dividends."

"Egad! how are you?" struck in the fine old fellow. "Not afloat again — had enough of it, eh? Who's this?" turning to Tom, whom he had not given me time to introduce. "Your brother by the likeness, — much better looking fellow though than you. Just come from church, of course?" — I had never been into one for about five years — "better dine with me this afternoon — Spring Gardens, No. —, first floor. Half-past four, punctual, mind. Good by, for the present," and away he went.

"Half-past four!" repeated my brother; "good gracious, what a Goth! The devil take me if I go!"

"He's got you already, Tom, and Harrison gives good wine, so you had better come; I'm going," and lucky it was for me that I went.

Leaving Tom to get powdered by park dust, because he couldn't sit down to table at an unfashionable hour, I arrived at "half-past four, punctual," and enjoyed the champagne as much as if the dinner had been a couple of hours later. In the course of the evening, finding, that although plentifully stocked with acquaintances of all kinds, I was unprovided with friends, he questioned me pretty closely about my views, present and future; and at last I told him the candid truth of how I was situated. Harrison was what in those days passed for a religious man, — one who was quite contented with going to heaven himself, without sending every body else who didn't happen to think and do as he did, to the other place, — and, though a good deal startled at the discreditable line of life I was leading, yet he was

evidently struck by my straightforwardness, and desire for employment; and looking with eyes of pity and compassion upon a young man, who, when once out of the trammels of martial discipline, had never known a guiding hand to keep him off the road to ruin, but had been left to run wild, and play the devil from his boyhood — gave me some good advice, and told me, on parting, it "would go hard but I should hear from him very shortly."

I felt grateful for his kindness, but having no idea that he possessed any influence, thought little more of the matter, till, one fine morning, on awaking, I found myself raised to the rank of commander, and appointed to the Reindeer eighteen-gun brig of war. She had been paid off all standing, wanted little or nothing doing to, and was going out on the coast of Africa to relieve the P ———, and protect black men at the expense of white.

The brig was lying at Chatham, and, the day previous to our sailing, I had been sent for on some business, and, on coming out of the Admiralty, was accosted by an old cockpit messmate, named O'Sullivan, who, backed by the powerful parliamentary interest of the ———s, had already commanded a frigate, though barely five-and-twenty. He was a handsome, dashing, drinking, fighting Irishman, combining, in fact, all the best and worst characteristics of his countrymen; and his errand now, was to bid me be his guest at dinner, and his second in a duel. "Who was he going to fight with?" "Faith! he hardly knew himself. A fellow in the guards, though, he believed, of the name of Correl."

"What about?"

"That, he couldn't tell. Something to do with some young lady, at some ball" he had been at the night before. But, however, for a wonder, he had received, not sent the challenge, this time; and "Major Seymour" was the guardsman's friend.

Although only too happy to oblige "Riddling Jem," his engagements clashed most confoundedly with mine; for he had made an appointment for my meeting Seymour at half-past eight in the evening, and I had fully intended going down by the seven o'clock Chatham coach, and sleeping on board the brig; but my good resolutions were soon knocked on the head, by the fear of being ridiculed as "duty bound;"

and I passively submitted to be led by the nose, because I wanted strength of mind sufficient to say "No." I dined with O'Sullivan, and, true to the minute, came the soldier. He was a little stiff at first, but soon unbent, and, when we came to business, I found him as gentlemanly and accommodating a man as any one would wish to deal with.

"I'll tell you what, my dear sir!" I said, "I've not the slightest objection to your man and mine shooting each other whenever and wherever they like,—that's their look-out; but I've been pressed in against my will. This is my first command, and I don't intend to lose it."

"Certainly not, Captain M'Intosh; certainly not," interrupted the major. "Mr. Correll's off guard—only say where you'll have it, what time—it can make no difference to him; and as for me, you know, I'm quite a *secondary* consideration," he added, penetrating a most indifferent pun.

"What do you say to Gravesend, then, nine o'clock, and start from London in company at seven to-morrow morning? The ebb will have made by half-past ten," he added, my thoughts running on the brig, "and

"Agreed. Good night!" and he took his hat and went.

Refusing point blank to drink any more, we sallied out, beat up Tom's quarters, and turned into the opera, to hear the Prima Donna, see others, and be seen ourselves. The pit was about as crowded and hot as the Black-hole in Calcutta when we entered, and as it was impossible to get a seat, we were, of course, obliged to stand.

"There, Mac, look there!" exclaimed O'Sullivan, nudging my elbow, "three boxes to the starboard hand of that girl in the pearls, same tier;—*isn't* she a beauty?" And, certainly, if dark hair, soft blue eyes, and a fair complexion, are worthy of admiration, he was right.

"Tom, you villain!" I said, turning to my brother, "that's your old godmother."

"Have I a godmother?" stammered out Tom, who was regularly sprung, "where?"

"There (Heaven help her if she's got to bear any of your sins!), chaperoning that—don't put your finger up, you drunken fool!" I continued, in

some alarm, seeing him very much inclined to point, "but walk straight, if you can, and introduce us. O'Sullivan, you've got plenty of brass—come along;" and, "owdacious" as the deed may seem, we actually went up into the box. I had never seen old Mrs. R. since I was a boy, and now she was much too blind to remember me; but Tom did very well with a little prompting; and I was far too anxious to get alongside "Ellen Vere," to allow of any minor considerations standing in my way. She was very frank and communicative; and I soon discovered she was from Ireland, a stranger in London, and that "her aunt," who was in ill health, and staying at Mrs. R.'s, had been obliged to leave ———— Castle, in consequence of the disturbed state of the country. It was her first opera, and the noise and glare made her head ache; and "the people seemed to stare so at her," she scarcely knew what to think of it all.

I had her quite to myself, for O'Sullivan hardly spoke at all; and his countenance assumed an expression of anxious care I had never seen it wear before, under the most trying circumstances; while once or twice, to my surprise, I fancied "he sighed, as he thought on the morrow;"—he certainly did so, but I was mistaken for the cause; and Tom's eyes had encountered a sight, which sobered him like a shot. He laid his trembling hand upon my shoulder, and whispered in my ear,—as a dark, beetle-browed, butcher-like looking blackguard, most preposterously dressed, fought his way in below, amid loud cries of "turn him out!"—"look at that fellow in the pit there—I know his face—he's going to arrest me, I know he is. What in the world shall I do?"

"Do," I answered, "why, cut and run, to be sure, as soon as you can. Make for Chatham, get on board the Reindeer, and tell Smith (the first-lieutenant) that ———" but the rest was lost, for my brother had already effected his escape.

Mrs. R. not stopping the ballet, we shortly after handed her and Ellen to the carriage, and then returned home to smoke a quiet cigar at the rooms where O'Sullivan was lodging.

In all human probability this night was the last we should ever spend together. Correll was a crack shot,

and I was bound on the morrow for the "White Man's Grave." O'Sullivan was silent and moody; and when I inquired if there was any thing I could do in the event of his being shot, he took the fag end of a cigar he was smoking out of his mouth, and dashing it down on the hearth with a force that sent the sparks flying in all directions, seized my hand and grasped it like a vice.

"M'Intosh," he said solemnly, "there is. If ever — but no matter," he added, suddenly breaking off, "it's better as it is; I only play the fool. Here's to 'Ould Erin,'" seizing his glass, "the navy, and yourself; and now I shall go and turn in, 'all standing, rough and ready, like a trooper's horse;' good night, God bless ye! There's the sofa for you, Mac," and away he went.

Late as it was, and though wearied as I felt, in vain I threw myself upon the couch and strove to sleep. Feelings to which I had hitherto been a stranger, kept me pacing up and down the room in a state of feverish excitement, till streaks of daylight broke through the shutters and played upon the wall. It all seemed like a dream; a change had come over both of us within the last few hours, and, like the old woman in the fable, I began to doubt the reality of my own existence, and ask if "I was I?" The reckless Irishman had shewn, to say the least of it, anxiety, when on the point of fighting; and I was deeply in love.

Yes, fool enough, actually to fall in love with a girl I had never seen but once, and was never likely to see again. But I was not above four-and-twenty at the time; and wisdom, if it comes at all, comes only with gray hairs, and was an article, as the reader may perceive, not much in fashion amongst sailors in my time.

Nine o'clock found all parties in a field convenient for the purpose, at the appointed place. The "marking irons" were prepared, the ground measured, and a guinea sent spinning in the air for "choice of station and the word." Seymour won it, and placed his man, who, even at the last minute, expressed his readiness to withdraw his challenge, "provided an apology were offered." It was of no use; he might as well have asked the "Big Beggar-man" for some of his "Rint," as his antagonist for any thing in the shape

of that; and O'Sullivan's only answer was to curl up his lip, throw off his hat, and take his station.

"Ready?" inquired the major.

"Ready!" firmly responded both at once. About three seconds elapsed, when "fire!" was the word, and the pistols went off so simultaneously, that it seemed like one report. A smothered groan escaped the guardsman's lips, — his left knee-cap had been split in two, and O'Sullivan lay extended on the ground, to all appearance a lifeless corpse, while a torrent of blood was gushing from his side.

Though writhing with pain, Correll insisted on being instantly conveyed to London; but I had O'Sullivan carried to the nearest inn, and a surgeon sent for. He was a rough spun, ungracious bit of stuff as ever breathed; and when I asked him whether his patient had any chance of life, he eyed me front head to foot, and then made answer, "Chance of life? About as much as you have, if you've been his second."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Mean? why, what I say."

"Perhaps you'll be more explicit, or I shall take the liberty of heaving you out of the window," I said, just taking his measure in my eye.

"Why, then, that you'd better look sharp in putting your neck beyond the reach of the hangman's halter, unless you wish it stretched a little longer than it is. They want an example; and I'll not answer for his life an hour."

This was altogether more true than pleasant. It was already slack water: I had, therefore, no time to lose, — as little for reflection; and within the hour, the deck of the Reindeer was beneath my feet, and her topsail-yards at the mast heads.

"My brother, Mr. M'Intosh, on board, Smith?" was the first question I put, after the bustle of making sail had subsided;

"No, sir," replied the officer, to whom this was addressed; "but a note came on board for you an hour ago — your steward's got it."

It was from Tom, and ran thus: —

"Dear George — It's all up with me, I'm in quod, and so sick."

"Yours affectionately,

"J. M'INTOSH."

So much for living beyond one's income, and getting drunk. Poor fellow!

in another week he would have been in Dublin, had not his groom followed the laudable example of his master, and, "having put an enemy in his mouth to steal away his brains," suffered the secret to escape; it spread like wildfire, and Tom's career on town was as brief as it had been bright.

We rattled down the river with a soldier's wind,* never having occasion to let go an anchor once from the time we first broke ground; and, though the wind headed us a little in the Chan-riel, we were enabled to make a long leg and a short one, and, by dint of carrying on at night, to get the "broad lights" of the Lizard well over on the starboard quarter within six days after "~~blue~~-peter" had been hoisted.

In the active discharge of the duties of my profession I endeavoured to drown thought—forget Ellen Vere, and all and every thing connected with her; but I was unequal to the task, for, of all hard lessons, the hardest to learn is to *forget*. Go where I would, sleeping or waking, in the calm or storm, in Biscay's boisterous bay or Afric's sultry shores, it was all the same—I was haunted and harassed till I was driven wild; and oft in the still night have I sent the officer below, and, taking charge myself, paced the deck for hours and hours at a time, trying to weary myself into that sleep, which an evil conscience and ill-regulated mind deprived me of.

After we had been at least five months knocking about the coast, without falling in with any thing, my ears were gladdened in the middle watch one night, by the report of a "strange sail on our weather bow standing in for the land."

"We're just in the right place for them, sir," said Smith; "and that fellow's a blackbird catcher;† I'll swear. Look, how long and low he is in the water. Schooner-rigged and cotton canv—breeze freshening though—man the main-royal cluelines!" he sung out, as one of the sheets went, in consequence of a sudden puff; but the sail was soon set again; and, presently, the slaver split his mainsail, and, though he was pretty smart in bending another, it gave us time to close with-in gunshot, and send him an intimation

that his dishonest proceedings were not approved of. He was a large fore and aft-rigged craft, carrying sixteen guns, with which he shewed fight in extremely pretty style, paying our shot back two for one; for, weakened as our ship's company were by illness, we had not men enough to work the guns. I determined to carry him by boarding. At seven bells we were close up alongside, and the fellows on board the Reindeer seemed getting fagged. Now or never, therefore, was the time.

"Away from the guns, there, boarders!—port, boy, port!—hard over with the helm!" and as the wheel flew swiftly round in obedience to my orders, might be heard the grinding, jarring crash of the vessels as they closed, the hideous yell of the Spaniards, and the deafening shout of the British seamen as they landed on the blood-stained decks, and fiercely mingled with the schooner's crew. In the course of ten minutes we had driven the rascals all below, with the exception of the captain and a small gang of hands round the long gun, amidships, who fought to the last with a bull-dog courage, worthy of a better cause. The captain's thigh was broken, and he was down on one knee, while his left arm encircled the muzzle of the gun. I asked him in Spanish, if he had struck? "Not yet," was his reply, and he aimed a blow with his cutlass at my left arm, which shattered the elbow, and sent me reeling, sick, and dizzy, into the lee-scutters.

"Och! there's the captain kilt!" exclaimed the Irish serjeant of marines, and that was the last I knew of the action or subsequent capture; for, when I came to myself, I found the surgeon of the Reindeer arranging his amputating instruments preparatory to taking off my arm. "It was no pain—nothing of an operation," he informed me. It certainly didn't hurt him, and I daresay was very easy to perform; but, save me from the horror of ever feeling a surgeon's knife again.

I fell into bad health, and the climate was not particularly favourable for my recovery—quarrelled with the admiral—got sick of the whole concern—threw it up in a fit of disgust, and, as soon as the doctors would let me go, engaged a passage on board the

first merchantman bound for England ; preferring the chance of being ruined by returning there, to the certainty of dying if I continued where I was.

On entering the chops of the Channel during westerly winds and foggy weather, we fell in with one of our own cruisers, and, as the frigate came sweeping by with the wind right aft, she gave us the passing hail of "Ship, ahoy ! what ship's that ?"

"The Regent !" answered our master, adding where we were from.

"Any news ?" I sung out, more for the pleasure, I believe, of hearing my own voice, than in the hopes of getting any.

"Who hailed, then ?" came from the frigate in reply, and the figure of an officer, with an epaulette on each shoulder, sprang upon the taffrail.

"Commander M'Intosh, late ——" the rest was coming all in good order, but the captain of the king's ship waited not to listen.

"I'll send a boat !" he said, and stepping down from off the taffrail, I heard the hands turned up—"shorten sail."

Both ships were rounded to immediately, and presently a cutter came dashing up alongside with a message from the captain, offering me passage as far as Portsmouth. It was O'Sullivan in command, and I need hardly add I went.

After the first greetings had passed at the gangway where he received me, we went below, and, on casting my eyes round the cabin, which was furnished, above all things, with a piano, I saw the miniature of Ellen Vere ornamenting a panel opposite the door.

I had been the sport of fortune from my earliest years, but, in the buoyancy of health and natural recklessness of disposition, I had laughed at every thing that could possibly befall me. I was now weakened and crushed by pain and illness, sobered by reflection, and this blow came too heavy on me to be borne. All hopes of peace and happiness were scattered to the winds, and, dropping my head upon the table, I covered my face with my hands, and groaned aloud.

"Why, Mac, Mac ! what the devil's the matter with the fellow ? Is he mad ? Here, Ellen, ——" I started at the word, and saw not her likeness, but *herself*. With a delicacy which even at that moment I appreciated, she in-

stantly retired ; and as the door closed, I turned to O'Sullivan with the cold and caustic irony of a breaking heart, and congratulated him on the Admiralty having allowed his wife to enjoy the benefit of a cruise.

"Wife !" he exclaimed, with a loud laugh ; "I'm not married. No ; that would be a benefit."

"Then, sir !" I replied, losing all self-command in excess of indignation, "you're the blackest villain that ever went afloat ; and if I remain here a single hour longer, may that deck ——"

"You're mad !" struck in O'Sullivan, turning deadly white ; but whether with rage or shame I staid not to inquire, and, quitting his cabin, ascended to the quarter-deck. The Regent was about a mile and a half astern. "Lower a cutter, and drop me on board that craft," I said to the first-lieutenant. He stared, hesitated, made some remark or other, but at last turned to a boatswain's-mate, and desired him to pipe the boat away again.

"Keep fast !" shouted O'Sullivan, who was coming up the ladder at the moment—"keep fast !" he repeated sternly, to the first-lieutenant. "You're not going to leave us yet, Mac," he continued, in a bland and insinuating manner, which stung me to the very quick. It was no use contending with the captain of a man-of-war upon his own quarter-deck. I had been refused a boat, and I determined to jump overboard. "Down with the helm !" sung out O'Sullivan, as he saw me go in head foremost ; but the frigate had run nearly a mile ahead before any thing could be lowered, and the Regent, guessing that a man was overboard, had time to shorten sail, and pick me up before she passed. This was just what I reckoned on, for I had not the slightest intention of drowning myself for love ; and when I told the master of the merchantman what had happened, he comforted me with the assurance, that "them Irish were a queer set," and I might easily do better.

Wishing to see Harrison the first thing, I paid a boatman the moderate sum of ten guineas to set me ashore at Torbay, where I contrived to hire a hack, and ride over in time for dinner. He was delighted to see me—sorry for the loss of my arm—hoped I should get something by it—called

O'Sullivan a shabby scoundrel, and me a fool, first for falling in love, and then jumping overboard, when, perhaps, I might have been drowned; and concluded, by asking me what I had "done with Pompey?"

"With Pompey?" I replied; "Oh, I shot him through the head, long ago."

He started back in horror and amazement. "Why, what on earth shall we come to! Who gave you authority to take away his life?"

"No one; but he was very sick, and wouldn't eat."

"Sick, and wouldn't eat! Have you read your Bible, sir,—have you read your Bible?" he inquired solemnly. I could not say I had very lately. "For therein is written," he continued, "'Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.' As a magistrate, —"

"Mr. Harrison," I interrupted, "one of us has made a mistake. I had a little bull-terrier, called Pompey, that used to run underneath my brother's stanhope. Are you alluding —"

"Eh? no, no, no; then you've never had my letters?"

"I have never received a line from a single soul in England since I left."

"Why, the Pelican —"

"Was a ten-gun brig, which, when taken aback in a white squall, went down like a bathing machine, stern foremost; all hands and the despatches being lost."

"Good heavens! how shocking! Letters and all, eh? Sit down, though; it gave me quite a turn—some fish? —to think—but the bones are small—talking's bad—take care, choked else."

After dinner, he gave me all the news of the day, and explained about "Pompey," who was a little black boy belonging to a friend of his in the royal African corps; lately dead, that I was to have brought, or rather sent over, for the purpose of waiting on his grandchildren; his only daughter having been married some years to Lord Pettitoe's eldest son, which latter piece of intelligence accounted for his interest at the fountain head. I asked about Tom, but of him he could tell me nothing, save what I knew before, viz. that he had let every acre of land slip through his fingers; my poor father, who had worked harder than a horse to buy back into the family all that once belonged to it, having died

suddenly, before the deed of entail was executed which would have secured his heirs their "ain for aye."

I only remained a couple of days with Harrison, and then travelled up to London, where I tried to hunt my brother out when I arrived, and went to the different prisons for that purpose; but the bird had flown; and one who, but a single year before, had been as celebrated on town as any dandified donkey of the present day, nobody seemed to know any thing about, now that his money was all gone.

"I'll tell you what, sir," said my agent, "London's a large place, and there are a great many Scotchmen in it, namesakes of yours. You had better put an advertisement in the *Times*, stating where he used to reside, and telling him, that if he applies at my office he may hear of something to his advantage. That'll bring your brother, I know." And he was right, for the advertisement produced the desired effect within six hours of insertion.

"Well, Tom," I said, "so you're out of prison (by better luck than management, I make no doubt); and now, if it's not an impertinent question, may I ask what you intend to do? There is plenty of fighting going on under Wellington, and commissions are easy to be got, for officers are somewhat in request."

"No, no," he said, "good people are scarce. I'm reading for the law—you look incredulous, George, but I speak truth; and now, that I have nothing to depend on but my own abilities, I intend to *work*, for I must either do that or starve. I wrote you word, you know, of old Mrs. R.'s death, and all her money being sunk in annuities."

"Very likely; but if your letter was on board the Pelican, it's where the brig itself has gone to, and that's somewhere near the bottom, I expect."

"The deuce! why, that's the name of the ship your friend, there, O'Sullivan, wrote by too."

"Here's a letter for you, sir," said one of the young men belonging to the office, coming up and knocking at the door; for we were in a private room at Mr. Dee's, the agent. The blood rushed to my face, when I saw the "Portsmouth" post-mark on the back, but the direction was in a female hand, so I knew it could be no answer

to the challenge I had sent. It began, -- "O Captain M'Intosh! I am a weak, confiding girl, ignorant of the world's ways, and do not deem me bold in thus addressing you; but had we only known the loss of the Pelican, all that has passed might have been saved, and my *brother*— [with the dash under it]—spared the misery of knowing, that the friend to whom he owes the deepest debt of gratitude, had parted from him in such deadly strife. I cannot, dare not, tell you all that has happened since that night when first we met; but, for the sake of one whose worth in your eyes must be great indeed, that the bare supposition of her worse than death could have driven you to the awful lengths it has, I implore you to let all be forgotten, as it is easily forgiven. O Captain M'Intosh! how *could* you write that letter? Come down; but come in peace, for my brother's hands are bound, and he has vowed upon the cross, that they shall never be raised against the man who saved him at Sangor from the sharks.

"ELLEN V. O'SULLIVAN."

I was not prepared for this; and staggering back against the wall, I held out the letter to my brother, and told him instantly to read it and explain. He carelessly glanced over the contents, and then coolly inquired, "What I had been doing?"

"Making myself a bigger fool than I was born. But, have a little mercy, and explain."

"Why, haven't you heard about O'Sullivan's mother?"

"Yes, often. She cut and run, in company with Col. Fitzroy. Go on."

"Well, the divorce went through the Lords, and, of course, she was not to have any thing to do with the children, so she stole the daughter; and they were living on the Continent under the name of Vere, till Ellen was about seven years old, when her mother died, and some lady, who had married an old Irish baronet, and had no 'little pledges of affection' she could call

her own, took a fancy to the child, and adopted her as her niece, and they came to London last season to stay with that bad old woman, Mrs. R. Well, O'Sullivan was sure it was his sister, directly he got into the box and heard her speak, only he didn't like to say any thing about it, as he was going out the next morning to be shot; but as soon as they had cut the bullet out, and he was able to get about again, he came up to town and claimed her. It made rather a noise at the other end of London, and was talked of for nearly three days. I daresay it would have had a longer run, but the Prince Regent's ———"

"God bless him! my dear fellow; but I'll hear all you've got to say about him some other time."

"When Ellen's aunt,—as she was called—died (she went off much about the same time as Mrs. R.), O'Sullivan did not know what to do with her, so he took her to sea with him on board the Stratford ———"

"Good by, Tom, D. I. O. in a postchaise and four, for Portsmouth." And nobody can tell how thankful I felt that it was dark when I arrived there, for I very well knew what I looked like; but that was of little consequence. My peace was made; I had seen the folly of my ways, and I soon became such a reformed character, that it astonished every one, and delighted old Harrison, who shook me still more warmly than ever by the hand, when I told him, within three years from the commencement of our acquaintance, that Ellen had consented to risk her happiness with a man who, I trust, has never given her any cause to repent the step she took some five-and-twenty years ago. And Tom, though he can never win back all that he has lost, yet, by making use of the talents which formerly lay hid, has been enabled to call his father's hall once more his own, and lay by something "comfortable" to retire on in his old age, when "the sixth scene shifts into the lean and slippered pantaloons."

ONE OR TWO WORDS ON ONE OR TWO BOOKS.

IF the whole of our present Number, from the first page to the last, be not devoted to bards and hardesses, those interesting beings themselves are not to blame. Our table is literally covered with their contributions to the decline and fall of British literature. What to do under such bewildering influences, is a much greater difficulty than that by which the respectable quadruped was perplexed, when stationed between *two* bundles of hay. The bundles about us are scarcely numerable. However, accustomed as we are to encounter even greater difficulties than this, we shall set to work with a moral certainty that no obstacle can withstand our vivacious energies. With this preliminary flourish, we leave our comical faces and begin.

The first book on our list is one by no means to our taste; and as we like to get rid of unpleasant business as quickly as possible, we shall make short work with this. *A Satire on Satirists** is the title given by Mr. Walter Savage Landor to some thirty pages of not very pungent, but very ill-natured rhymes. We say this with all the deference due to a man of unquestionable genius and great acquirements, as Mr. Savage Landor is on all hands admitted to be; and we shall support our opinion of his satire by a few extracts. These will, we think, excite in the mind of every reader the same unaffected regret and disapproval which have suggested the following comments.

It would appear that Mr. Landor has some quarrel with *Blackwood's Magazine*; but what it is we know not, nor is it of much importance to the matter in hand that we should. If he have been treated with neglect, injustice, or incivility, in that periodical,

we do not deny his right to take up the pen in retaliation; though, even then, we should question the prudence of so doing, in the case of a laurel-crowned veteran like Mr. Landor. But there are no circumstances of provocation—none, at least, which we can conceive—that can justify the grossly personal attacks in which Mr. Landor has permitted himself to indulge against Professor Wilson. Of that gentleman's connexion with *Blackwood's Magazine* we know nothing: whatever its nature, he requires no champion, either for his own defence, or for that of any undertaking in which he feels an interest. Professor Wilson, however, as an author and a man, holds a place in general estimation, which nothing but the highest talents and moral worth could have secured for him. And it is most indefensible and repulsive in any one, especially one himself so deservedly eminent as Mr. Landor, to assail a contemporaneous writer of the first class as he has assailed Wilson. We remember that, some time ago, we had occasion, in this Magazine, to make honourable mention of Mr. Landor; and we then expressed our strong disapproval of a vulgar and insulting line in *Don Juan*, employed with reference to him.† Little did we then anticipate that we should ever have to censure a similar violation of good taste and feeling in Mr. Landor himself. Such, however, is unhappily the case. The following is the passage to which we especially object:

"When Peter Pindar sank into decline,
Up from his hole sprang Peter Porcupine.
Him W—son followed, of congenial quill,
As near the dirt,‡ and no less prone to ill.
Walcot, of English heart, had English
fun—

* *A Satire on Satirists, and Admonition to Detractors.* By Walter Savage Landor. Τας γαῖνς Ἀθηνᾶς οἶδα, τοὺς δὲ χάρων βίβ'. London: Saunders and Otley, Conduit Street. 1836.

† — "That deep-mouthed Bæotian savage Landor."

‡ "'As near the dirt,' &c.—The professor, if not Horatian in his art, is perfectly so in his opinion, expressed by the poet in the verse—

"'Nec latuit malè qui vivens moriensque fefellit.'

"He surely is as wise as any
Who cheats the world and turns the penny;
And if he does it all life through,
'Tis more than most wise men can do.

It must be acknowledged that some commentators have given the passage a different interpretation. The learned professor is an important contributor to *Blackwood*,

Buffoon he might be, but for hire was
 none;
 Nor, plumed and mounted on professor's
 chair,
 Offer'd to grin for wagers at a fair.
 Who would not join the jokes when hands
 like these
 Lead proudly forward Alcibiades,
 Train'd up to fashion by the nymphs of
 Leith,
 And whiffing his cigar through cheesy
 teeth?"

On the text of this passage we shall make no further comment, than simply to reiterate the expression of our regret that it was ever written, and by such a writer—

"Who but must weep if Atticus were he?"

As to Byron's expression, quoted in the note, namely, that "no gentleman could write for *Blackwood*," it was probably nothing more than one of those dandyisms in which his lordship, "Liberal" as he was, delighted to indulge. Lord Byron is dead, more's the pity! But, without meaning insult to his memory, we must say that his writings in prose and verse, when treating of others, were not more remarkable by their genius, than by the entire absence of a gentlemanlike spirit. To return. Mr. Landor having opened his attack on Professor Wilson, endeavours to support it by denouncing *Blackwood's Magazine*, and all its works, but especially its bygone criticisms on Lamb, Keats, Hazlitt, and Coleridge. Really, it is rather late in the day for all this. Does Mr. Landor suppose that, while he has been so actively engaged abroad, the world has been absolutely standing still here at home? Who now cares for the long-forgotten squabbles between the Edinburgh critics and the "schools" of poets, of one kind or other, attacked by them? The "Avenger, Time," has dealt pretty fairly with all parties. Coleridge and Lamb were, of late years, as warmly and justly appreciated as any men could possibly be. As to Hazlitt, he was never much more than a sort of brain-sucker of the two others, whose conversations he carried away and cooked up into lectures. This, which we, who never held but one opinion of the man, have invariably

said, is now generally admitted. Even an Edinburgh reviewer, in the last number of the *Northern Light* of liberalism, expresses this opinion, in an article intended to exalt the memory of Hazlitt. The writer says:

"But it was his fortune to associate much in life with stronger and more original minds than his own. Among his intimates, at different periods, were some of the very first among modern critics; and while Lamb was too quaint, and Coleridge too cloudy, and both too indolent, to lay before the public mind, in a familiar shape, the results of their own powerful conceptions, Hazlitt possessed talents which eminently fitted him for the task of acting as interpreter between those more exquisite wits and the great body of the public."

Then, as to the case of Keats, which, if we mistake not, has been usually charged against the *Quarterly*, what is the fact? Let any man read the poems left by this young author, and answer. His style was teeming with affectations, unredeemed by any great or original qualities. And as to his dying of a criticism, we say, with Byron,

"'Tis strange the mind, that very fiery
 particle,
 Should let itself be snuffed out by an
 article."

As his lordship remarks, in a letter to Murray, "he who would die of an article in a review would probably have died of something else equally trivial." However, Keats died in a decline, and, it is said, of the article in question. The verdict of an inquest, under the direction of Mr. Landor, would be "Wilful murder against some writer or writers unknown." Admitting all this, does Mr. Landor suppose that his friend (whoever he may be), who is preparing a Life of Keats, including "as many of the vulgarities of the critics as may suit his undertaking"—does Mr. Landor, we ask, suppose that this unenviable compiler can ever induce the public to take the smallest interest in the ephemeral trifling, which in all probability, on its first appearance, just flashed, and was forgotten—

"A moment bright, then gone for ever?"

especially in those graces of delicate wit so attractive to his subscribers. Nevertheless, Lord Byron, who was not quite susceptible of it, declared that "a gentleman could not write in *Blackwood*." Has this assertion been ever disproved by experiment? If a gentleman could not write in it, why should a gentleman be accused of reading it? Could any thing be more unjust or affronting?"

Should the writer in question succeed in an endeavour of the kind, he will do something which Mr. Landor has certainly failed to do; for nothing can be more flat, stale, and unprofitable, than the attempt made in this satire to bolster up an attack on Wilson, and on *Blackwood's Magazine*, by an appeal to popular sympathy in behalf of the Cockney martyrology. The author of the *Imaginary Conversations* would appear to be himself conscious of the venial nature of the offence with which he charges the critics alluded to; for, speaking of Coleridge, he tells us, "The worst that can be said against Coleridge, in his literary character, *with which alone we have any thing to do*, is that he spoke, as the poet says the lover loved,

"Not wisely, but too well"—

spouting forth whatever was shining, fit or unfit." Now we, by no means admitting this to be a correct definition of the literary character of Coleridge, are still entitled to claim from the writer something like consistency. If it be as Mr. Landor declares, and, as we believe, a sound principle, that, when judging of literary men, it is only with their literary character we have any thing to do, the Edinburgh critics were not transgressing their province when they quizzed the style of Keats and others. But Mr. Landor says that these critics employed personalities—that many years ago they spoke of "pimples* upon Hazlitt's nose." This was improper, no doubt; but does it justify the author of the present satire in adopting a similar strain, talking of "cheesy teeth," and other unsavoury matters? Mr. Landor does not stand in the situation of a fiery youth, whose attachments and antipathies are all passion, uninformed and uncontrolled by reason or experience. Few men have had greater opportunities than this author of looking into the heart of things, or have used those opportunities better, when personal considerations have not interposed to warp the judgment.† And he has now arrived at a maturity which

renders his wrangling disposition to us a matter of absolute wonder. Why, Byron, who died young, had latterly little or nothing of such acerbity. In one of the later cantos of *Don Juan*, he makes his peace with Jeffrey, "once his most redoubted foe;" and addresses the following stanza to the man under whose editorship the *Hours of Idleness* were so mercilessly criticised in the *Edinburgh Review*:—

"All our little feuds, at least all *mine*,
Dear Jeffrey, once my most redoubted
foe

(As far as rhyme and criticism combine
To make such puppets of us things
below),

Are over. Here's a health to 'auld lang
syne!

I do not know you, and may never
know

Your face; but you have acted on the
whole

Most nobly, and I own it from my soul!"†

It is not to be supposed that Byron herein expressed any acquiescence in the reception given to the firstlings of his muse; but he had arrived at a stage of experience, when the folly of waging war on such grounds must force itself on the mind of any reflecting man. One would imagine it might have done so on the mind of Mr. Landor by this time, his age and all things else considered. As to temper, we must say that, though not so vehement and instantly impetuous as Byron, he seems to have much the same morbid notion that "every man's hand is against him," as that which embittered the thoughts of the noble bard. Now, to us, nothing appears more certain than that a man labouring under this delusion, is in much the same frame of mind as a schoolboy shouting, to scare away hobgoblins, as he crosses a heath at midnight. The hobgoblins have no existence, save in the brain of the boy; and if they could have existence, it is out of the question that his quivering airs would frighten them from their freaks of mischief or folly. So the excessively nervous gentlemen, who are in such a fidget to prove themselves *right*, when few persons ever dream of charging

* We have heard, but do not know, that the original-impeachment of "pimples" arose from a misprint of "principles."—O. Y.

† To this passage the following note is appended, by the poet Campbell:—

"This tribute to a former antagonist displays so much frankness, generosity, and manly feeling, that it must eradicate all latent remains of animosity from the bosom of any but the most rancorous and vindictive."

them with being *wrong* (nay, in all probability, care but little whether their verse, prose, opinions, habits, &c., are either right or wrong), may be assured that they think more about themselves than any one else has leisure to do; and, further, that if the fearful odds they deprecate—namely, all the world against an individual—existed, their growling or howling would be of very little avail. It is singular how closely Lord Byron and Mr. Landor resemble each other in this particular. The point is mentioned in the last Number of the *Quarterly* with perfect fairness, in a passage which we shall here quote. It is taken from a most able, discriminating, and temperate article on the "Works of Mr. W. S. Landor."

"The poetry of Byron does not exhibit more wayward and untameable passion than the prose of Landor. Both of these fugitives to Italy are fond of parading their love of seclusion, and their indifference to the opinion of their countrymen; sentiments which are sometimes sincere, but never when uttered in a loud or angry voice: they are then the efforts only of a proud spirit, to transmute some vexation or disappointment which it cannot overcome. They who really love seclusion do not find it necessary to raise a quarrel with the world in order to reanimate their content; nor is the man who can live without the praise of others very solicitous to convince them of the fact."

Nothing can be more strictly true than this. In the writings of both Byron and Landor, the indications of a judgment warped and perverted are of constant recurrence. This frame of mind is not less observable in their estimate of contemporaneous politicians, than in their criticisms of rival authors. They are both haughtily aristocratic, disdaining and sneering at men of humble origin who have raised themselves to eminence in public life. Both, also, are vehement reformers, and ferocious assailants of hereditary rank and advantages, when it suits their purpose or whim to rail. Neither good taste nor humanity of feeling can restrain the poet or the prose writer from a savage exultation over the grave of the late Lord Londonderry, far more worthy of the "death's-head and cross-bones" school of declamation than of men like Lord Byron and Mr. Landor. The well-known line by the former (in *Don Juan*),

"Carotid-artery-cutting Castlereagh,"

is not more revolting than the passage, in the *Imaginary Conversations*, put by the latter into the mouth of Aristotle: "And our negotiator, whose opinion (a very common one) was, that exposure alone is ignominy, at last severed his weapon with an ivory-handled knife." It is not surprising that two such implacable snarlers against their contemporaries should have detested each other. This they appear to have done very cordially, though, in all probability, with no more reason than they had for snapping at all who fell in their way. It would really seem that these two great writers had determined on stifling all the more generous impulses, for the purpose of establishing themselves, each on his solitary eminence, where, undisturbed by human sympathies, he could despise, and hate, and vilify to his heart's content, as caprice might dictate. Here, for instance, is an ungenial expression, and the comment thereon, both taken from the review of Mr. Landor's works in the *Quarterly*:

" 'I,' says Mr. Landor, in one of his prefaces, 'I, who never ask any thing of any man.' A heartless boast, if true. He who is unable to receive, as well as to give, has learnt but the half of friendship."

How true is this comment! We are aware that many very smart people will oppose to the reviewer's doctrine the jesting remark, that the ability to receive is a very far-spread talent. For such people, the sentence just quoted was not written; nor would a volume of explanation suffice to make it clear to them. But we digress. We have been insensibly led from the matter immediately in question,—Mr. Landor's *Satire*. To return, then. Much as we object to the passages having reference to Professor Wilson, we feel bound to reprobate still more strongly the lines on the poet Wordsworth. We do not remember to have read any thing so lamentable. The charges brought against Wordsworth are, firstly, a disposition to undervalue his brother poets, particularly Southey; secondly, that he has copied a passage from *Gebir*, a poem by Mr. Landor. As to the first charge, it is scarcely worth notice. Mr. Landor has, we believe, enjoyed the honour of personal intercourse with the great poet; a privilege which we cannot envy him, if he have

only profited by it to pick up unguarded words, for the purpose of weaving them into his malignant verse. But let that pass. To come to the charge itself. We, in common with thousands upon thousands of our countrymen, know nothing of Wordsworth, excepting through the poetry with which he has enriched his "land's language;" and, when a charge of the kind now brought against him is made, we naturally turn to his long literary life in search of something to corroborate, or at least to render probable, such a charge. We find nothing of the kind. On the contrary, we find him on various occasions expressing, in verse of surpassing beauty, his sympathy with the sufferings and final exit of the famous poets of his time. Who has not read, and who, having once read, can ever forget, the touching allusions to Sir Walter Scott in *Yarrow Revisited*, in the sonnet on his embarkation for Naples, and in that later poem on the death of the Ettrick Shepherd, second, in our judgment, to no elegy that ever was written. Were it not so fresh in the public mind, we should copy it here, as the best refutation of the paltry charge on which the poet stands accused. How, in that noble lament, does Wordsworth speak of others? Scott is called "the mighty minstrel;" Coleridge, "the rapt one of the godlike forehead, the heaven-eyed creature;" Lamb, "the frolic and the gentle;" Hogg, "the Shepherd Poet;" and so forth. These are assuredly not the terms which would have suggested themselves to an envious spirit. They are manly, sincere, and affectionate, and perfectly characteristic of the poets to whom they are applied. And with such evidence before us, are we to give credit to the splenetic railing of a discontented writer? Justice forbid! Equally unsupported is the particular accusation that Wordsworth had spoken disparagingly of Southey. It savours strongly of the mendacious and demoralised clique of coxcombs and *littérateurs* among whom Mr. Landor at times condescends to lionise. One part, and no small part, of the employment of that miserable set consists in backbiting each other; and no doubt it was a great triumph to them to find such a man as Mr. Landor disposed

to assail such a man as Wordsworth. We don't believe a syllable of the trumpery gossip on which the charge against Wordsworth rests. Here again let us revert to the recorded evidence in the poet's works. In the dedication of *Peter Bell* to Southey, the following passage occurs:

"The poem of *Peter Bell*, as the prologue will show, was composed under a belief that the imagination not only does not require for its exercise the intervention of supernatural agency, but that, though such agency be excluded, the faculty may be called forth as imperiously, and for kindred results of pleasure, by incidents, within the compass of poetic probability, in the humblest departments of daily life. Since that prologue was written, you have exhibited most splendid effects of judicious daring, in the opposite and usual course. Let this acknowledgment make my peace with the lovers of the supernatural; and I am persuaded it will be admitted that to you, as a master in that province of the art, the following tale, whether from contrast or congruity, is not an inappropriate offering. Accept it, then, as a public testimony of affectionate admiration from one with whose name yours has been often coupled (to use your own words) for evil and for good; and believe me to be, with earnest wishes that life and health may be granted you to complete the many important works in which you are engaged, and with high respect," &c. &c.

It may be said, that the language of dedication is always the language of compliment. So it is. Indeed, the very fact of the dedication, is in itself a compliment. But, it is very easy to perceive, whether the terms of the dedication are appropriate, natural, and sincere. We contend, that the terms just quoted are so. The names of the two poets stand here in honourable union, and thus we are convinced the public will delight to contemplate them, though all the eavesdroppers and conversation-mongers in Christendom conspire in the dirty work of mischief-making.

A word now on the direct charge of plagiarism, brought by Mr. Landor against Wordsworth.* The author of *Gebir*, thus states his grievance:—

"It would have been honest and more decorous, if the writer of the fol-

* On this point, we have been in some degree anticipated by the *Quarterly*. But as we had written down our humble opinion of the matter before the *Quarterly* appeared, we shall go to press "as if nothing had happened." We only mention this.

lowing verses, had mentioned from what bar he drew his wire. Here they are both.

"I have seen

A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell;
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
Listened intensely; and his countenance
soon

Brightened with joy; for murmurings
from within

Were heard, *sonorous cadences!* whereby,
To his belief, the monitor expressed
Mysterious union with its native sea.
Even such a shell the universe itself
Is to the ear of Faith; and there are times.
I doubt not, when to you it doth impart, &c."

"Excursion, p. 191.

"But I have sinuous shells of pearly hue
Within, and they that lustre have imbibed
In the Sun's palace-porch, where, when
unyoked,

His chariot-wheel stands midway in the
wave.

Shake one, and it awakens; then apply
Its polished lip to your attentive ear,
And it remembers its august abodes,
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there."

"Gebir.

"The words in the *Excursion* marked by Italics, are certainly not imitated from *Gebir*; and it is but justice to add, that this passage has been the most admired of any in Mr. Wordsworth's great poem."

To the beauty of this passage in *Gebir*, we bore testimony as far back as 1831, printing it, if we remember rightly, in Italics. We are thus particular, because the author is a gentleman very likely to believe that any one justifying Wordsworth in this matter, is an enemy,—one in the plot—and, as he himself expresses it, "on tip-toe to take down" his poetry from the eminence on which others have placed it. We long since spoke of the passage as being exquisite, and we do so still. As to the plagiarism, if there be any, we cannot do better than quote the *Quarterly*. It says all that need be said on the subject, in a single sentence of three lines:—

"Wordsworth makes a moral application of the image, but in the mere description of the fact or incident, we prefer, in this instance, the inferior poet."

circumstance, lest it might seem that we had ourselves been plagiarising a criticism on Mr. Landor. We certainly are gratified to find our view confirmed by so high an authority as the *Quarterly*, but, as we have already said, that view was taken and expressed before the appearance of the last Number of our contemporary.

But for ourselves, we are by no means inclined to admit that there is any plagiarism whatsoever in this "singular coincidence," as the *Quarterly* calls it,—if we are to understand by plagiarism, the deliberate appropriation on the part of Wordsworth of the passage in *Gebir*. It is very possible, that the author of the *Excursion* may have read the passage, and have been struck by it, and that the idea, thus impressed on his mind, may have been subsequently reproduced in an altered form, and with the "moral application" pointed out by the critic from whom we have quoted. Yet to us, this does not seem to deserve the name of plagiarism; and as to Mr. Landor's vexation, it is quite laughable. That a pretty authoress, or a "nice poet," or a fashionable novelist, should be in a pucker about such an affair, we can understand; but, how a man like Mr. Landor, who has the making of a whole legion of such people in the "two fingers," of which he boasts, can condescend to a complaint of this kind, is to us absolutely inconceivable. Even Campbell—a very irritable bard in such matters—had set an example which Mr. Landor might have followed with advantage. We remember that, some years ago, the "Bard of Hope" published, among other poems, one called "The Last Man," and some wiseacre accused him of stealing the idea from Byron's "Darkness." Campbell went to the trouble of proving, that if there had been stealing on either side, it was to be laid at Byron's door. In a conversation between the two poets, Campbell mentioned the subject to the peer as a notion capable of being powerfully treated, and Byron did as he always did,—as we contend he had a right to do—he no sooner caught a glimpse of poetic beauty, than he pursued it and made it his own. The happy consequence is, that we have two good poems instead of one. But our reason for quoting this case is, that Campbell, though taunted with stealing an idea (which was originally his), had the good taste, when explaining the matter, to pay a graceful compliment to the genius of Byron, to the effect, we believe (we speak from memory), that,

amidst his teeming intellectual wealth, his lordship might have taken it for granted that the original idea of the poem was his own. Very different is the course adopted by Mr. Landor. For a much smaller matter he works himself into a towering passion, and attacks Wordsworth with a fury and impotence, singularly illustrative of four lines in this very satire, viz.

"Alas! to strike with little chance to hit,
Proves how much longer-winded wrath than wit.
The frequent stroke, the plunge, the puffing, shew
A hapless swimmer going fast below."

And what, after all, does this hubbub about originality and plagiarism amount to? Without going quite so far as the quiz in the *Critic*, we really think this question magnified, at all times, far beyond its just dimensions. We are not vain enough to think any remark of ours will have weight with Mr. Landor. But we find that an author, for whom he himself expresses great regard, has spoken very decisively on this point. We allude to Goethe. In a conversation concerning originality, &c. reported by Eckermann, Goethe goes to the marrow of the question, and we offer the passage to the notice of Mr. Landor, if he have not yet met with it. It is the following:—

"This is monstrously ridiculous," said Goethe; "one might as well ask a plump, well-fed man about the oxen, sheep, and swine, of which he had eaten, and which had given him his vigorous frame of body. It is, no doubt, quite true, that we come into the world endowed with certain capabilities, but we are indebted for their developement to a thousand influences pressing in upon us from a mighty world, of which we assimilate to ourselves so much as we are able, and what corresponds to the measure of our capacity. I owe the Greeks and French much; I am under infinite obligations to Shakespeare, Sterne, and Goldsmith: but this is no adequate indication of the materials out of which my mind has been formed; that is an inquiry which would extend into the infinite, besides that it would be utterly fruitless and uncalled-for. The main point is, that a man have a soul which loves the truth, and lays hold on it, even wherever it find it.

"People are constantly talking about originality, but what does it all mean? We are no sooner born, than the world begins to have an influence on us, and so

it continues to do till the very last. And, after all, what can we really call our own but the energy, the power, the will! If I had the means of telling how far I am indebted to my great predecessors and contemporaries, there would not be much left.

"Wherever we see a great master, we always find that he turned the excellence of his predecessors to account, and that it was this and nothing else which made him great. Men like Raphael do not grow out of the ground. They establish their footing upon the antique, and the best of what had been produced before their time. Had they not availed themselves of the advantages of their time, there would have been very little to say about them."

In the "characteristics" he expresses himself, if possible, still more strongly:

"The greatest genius will never be worth much if he pretends to draw exclusively from his own resources. *What is genius but the faculty of seizing and turning to account every thing that strikes us; of co-ordinating and breathing life into all the materials that present themselves; of taking here marble, there brass, and building a lasting monument with them.*"

This is the true, healthful spirit in which to consider a matter simple in itself, yet overlaid with every conceivable affectation. But we suspect there is something more than literary pique at work in Mr. Landor's mind. If so, if he feel aggrieved by any act or expression on the part of Wordsworth, he should have either said much more, or held his peace altogether. He has proved nothing by his attack on the poet, save and except the ungovernable spleen out of which that attack arose. Under any circumstances, the dragging Southey's name into dispute is most unjustifiable.

In conclusion, we quote some lines from this strange production, which shew that Mr. Landor is not likely to incur blame by hiding his light under a bushel. It is, however, an eloquent piece of egotism:

"Twice is almighty Homer far above
Troy and her towers, Olympus and his
Jove.

First, when the God-led Priam bends
before

Him sprung from Thetis, dark with Hec-
tor's gore:

A second time, when both alike have
bled,

And Agamemnon speaks among the dead.

Call'd up by Genius in an after age,
That awful spectre shook the Athenian
stage.

From eve to morn, from morn to parting
night,
Father and daughter stood before my
sight.

I felt the looks they gave, the words they
said,

And reconducted each serenest shade.
Ever shall these to me be well-spent
days,
Sweet fell the tears upon them, sweet the
praise.

Far from the footstool of the tragic throne,
I am tragedian in this scene alone.

Station the Greek and Briton side by
side,*

And, if derision is deserved, deride."

On looking through the article on Mr. Landor's poems in our Number for July 1831, we find that some of the pieces now favourably mentioned by the *Quarterly*, were by us then done justice to, as those to "Ianthé," and the following which will bear re-quoting:—

"And 'tis and ever was my wish and way
To let all flowers live freely, and all die,
Whene'er their Genius bids their souls
depart,

Among their kindred in their native place.
I never pluck the rose; the violet's head
Hath shaken with my breath upon its
bank

And not reproached me; the ever-sacred
cup

Of the pure lily hath between my hands
Felt safe, unsoil'd, nor lost one grain of
gold."

The poet who wrote this surely mistakes his vocation when spinning point-less satires. Let us hope we shall have no further occasion to deplore such misapplication of Mr. Landor's powers. When even the Fraserians have begun to hail the "years that bring the philosophic mind," and to wear the aspect of comparatively sage grave men (and they, in their wildest breaking out of bounds, were only borne away by the irrepressible spirit of juvenile fun), then, surely, it is time that those whose "coming years are few," should cherish the generous thoughts that

"heighten joy,
And cheer the mind in sorrow."

"THE STUDENT OF PADUA."

We have now to notice a work which was sent to us some time back in a manner so irregular, so contemptibly impertinent, that we tossed the affair aside, as beneath notice. Since then, we have seen a letter in the *Times* newspaper, signed "The Author of the Student of Padua," and have read the work. Whether the letter in the *Times* be a genuine absurdity, or a miserable hoax, might be subject of doubt, from the signature; for the letters, by which the farcical tragedy in question was introduced to periodicals, literary and political, and also to gentlemen of the highest respectability in their public and private characters, purported to be, for the greater part, from "The author of the *Student of Padua*." But we find in the preface to the tragedy abundant evidence of the internal kind to prove that the modesty which dictated it, is one and the same with that to which we and others are indebted for a most disreputable annoyance. This preface we shall quote at length, in the conviction so often expressed by us, that therein the taste and true dignity of an author, considered as to his manhood, is almost invariably to be decided on. If he has a genuine spirit, or otherwise, will pretty certainly be shewn in these addresses to the reader. On this point, we cannot refrain from a passing word of remark on the preface to the play of the *Duchess de la Vallière*. This play was published, and in the hands of readers generally, many days before its production on the boards of Covent Garden. And we should imagine few considerations connected with the failure of the piece can be more mortifying to the author than those suggested by the contrast of his own recorded estimate of his work and the indisputable verdict of the public. It was nothing discredit-able to Mr. Bulwer, who has succeeded abundantly in one difficult path of literary effort, that he should fail in another, requiring talents of a particular order. But it was, to say the least of

* "Station the Greek and Briton side by side."—Surely there can be no fairer method of overturning an offensive reputation, from which the scaffold is not yet taken down, than by placing against it the best passages, and most nearly parallel on the subject, from *Æschylus* and *Sophocles*. To this labour the whole body of Scotch critics and poets are hereby invited, and, moreover, to add the ornaments of translation."

it, a singular mistake on the side of self-esteem, that he should have written a preface and a prologue to his own honour and glory, before the tribunal by which he must be judged had an opportunity of deciding the fate of his drama. The preface thus concludes, and we quote the passage as a very remarkable instance of thinly veiled and morbid vanity.

"I now dismiss this experiment to its fate, prefaced by these (I fear tedious) observations, which may prove, at least, that it is not without something of preliminary study that I have ventured to diverge into a new path of that great realm of fiction, which grants indeed to indolence the shade and the fountain, but guards the fruit and the treasure, as the just monopoly of labour. E. L. B.

"Paris, December 21, 1835."

Surely, this, translated into plain English, means nothing more or less than the following: "I am now ready to take my chance of success. I have written this preface to prove that, if I don't succeed, the fault is in the public, not in me. I have adequately laboured for the fruits of a new path of effort, and of such labourers the said fruits—i.e., success—are the decreed and just monopoly." We don't think the author himself will deny the fidelity of this translation. Then, how very ill-judged was it in him not to "bide his time,"—a delay of a fortnight, or so, at furthest, till the "gentle public" had either justified his self-opinion, or warned him against the expression of any such sentiment. Again, take the following "advertisement." Is it not filled to overflowing with notions wonderfully unsuited to the position of an unsuccessful dramatist? Mr. Bulwer says:—

"This play (with the above preface) was written in the autumn and winter of 1835. It was submitted to no other opinion than that of Mr. Macready, with whom the author had the honour of a personal acquaintance; and who, on perusal, was obligingly anxious for its performance at Drury Lane. The manager of that theatre wished, naturally, perhaps, to see the manuscript before he hazarded the play; the author (perhaps no less naturally) declined a condition from a manager which was precisely of that nature which no author, of moderate reputation, concedes to a publisher. A writer can have but little self-respect who does not imagine, in any new experiment in literature, that no risk can be greater than

his own. Subsequently, Mr. Morris, of the Haymarket theatre, was desirous of the right of performing the play, and complied at once with the terms proposed. A difficulty with respect to the requisite actors obliged the author, however, to break off the negotiation, and to decide upon confining the publication of his drama to the press. The earnest and generous zeal of Mr. Macready, with the very prompt and liberal acquiescence, on the part of Mr. Osbaldiston, the present manager of Covent Garden, to the conditions of the author, have induced him, however, to alter his intention, and to rank himself with the neophytes of that great class of writers whose rights, some years ago, when he little thought he should ever be a humble member of so illustrious a fraternity, it was his fortune to protect and to extend.

"Albany, October 1836."

Now, we submit—and we say it without the slightest personal feeling adverse to Mr. Bulwer, but in the independent exercise of our critical function—that the two passages we have marked in Italics are in the very worst taste. In the first place, the dramatist entirely mistook his position when insisting, on the ground here alleged, that any manager should, in common parlance, buy a "pig in a poke." Because Mr. Bulwer was a highly successful writer of novels, it by no means followed—and, indeed, the result proved the direct contrary—that he should be even a moderately successful writer of plays. It is a strange blindness in Mr. Bulwer to confound two cases so entirely distinct as those of publishers and managers. A moment's reflection must convince any man, that a novelist of established repute may write an inferior work, and yet its sale be secure on the strength of his previous popularity among the reading circles. Not so in the case of the play-going world. They will not flock to see an unattractive piece, merely because the author has formerly afforded them high entertainment. And in all instances, but palpably so in that of a novice in dramatic authorship, the manager, if he understands his interest, or his trade, as a public caterer, will examine how far a new and expensive piece is likely to please the town, and thus secure the only object for which he keeps a theatre open,—a fair return for his outlay of capital. It does not appear to us that a compliance with a practice so obviously natural and just involves any want of self-respect in a

writer. On the contrary, we conceive that a noncompliance therewith argues an overweening self-esteem, which rarely encumbers a man of genuine powers. As to the last passage in the "Advertisement," it is abundantly ridiculous. The member for Lincoln "protected and extended" the rights of dramatic authors, by bringing in a bill on their behalf; a service which we have no wish to undervalue, but which, to all who know how fond holiday members are of this sort of light legislation, will not appear to deserve a public monument. But what can Mr. Bulwer mean by styling himself "a neophyte of that *great class of writers*"—"a humble member of so *illustrious a fraternity*" as the modern dramatists? In the first place, considered as a class of writers, these gentlemen are in no sense of the term a *great class*; and though they are as querulously sensitive as any of the "irritable tribe," we should imagine they themselves would disclaim the hollow exaggeration of being designated an *illustrious fraternity*. Probably, Mr. Bulwer thought that, after such a flourish, he was sure of the applause of the score or two of authors of the *great class*. So bent does he seem to have been on this small object, or so convinced of the jealousy of the gentlemen alluded to, that he again urges the point in his prologue. He says—

"When a wide waste, to law itself unknown,
Lay that fair world the Drama calls its own;
When all might riot on the mines of Thought,
And Genius starved amidst the wealth it wrought;
He who now ventures on the haunted soil,
For nobler labourers won the rights of toil;
And his the boast, that Fame now rests in ease
Beneath the shade of her own laurel trees.
Yes—if, with all the critic on their brow,
His clients once, have grown his judges now,
And watch, like spirits on the Elysian side,
Their brother ferried o'er the Stygian tide,
To where, on souls untried, austere sit
(The triple Minos)—Gallery—Boxes—Pit—
"I will soothe to think, howe'er the verdict end,
In every rival he hath served a friend."

Here is "reproach for benefits received" with a vengeance! "Gentlemen dramatists," says Mr. Bulwer, "I introduced the bill, now passed into a law. You were starving; now you are full fed and stretched beneath your laurels. You are in a situation to *damn* this play of mine; but if you do, all I can say is you're the most ungrateful scribes that ever wielded pen."

Notwithstanding all these hints, remembrances, adjurations, and the self-eulogy of all kinds, Mr. Bulwer's play was reluctantly *damned*. We say *reluctantly*. We were present on the first night of its representation, and we can affirm with perfect truth that it was listened to with unparalleled patience; and that nothing but its utter destitution of any dramatic interest whatever, and the corresponding emptiness of a dialogue dull and affected beyond endurance, led to the condemnation of the play. Were we not, then, right in remarking that the preface and prologue of the author, written with an arrogant anticipation of success, form a most ridiculous contrast to the irrevocable sentence past upon the play?

This digression, though long, is not, we think, improperly so, considering the position of the author spoken of. The person to whom we are now about to allude is, indeed, as to his intellects, beneath contempt. But we shall copy his preface, to shew how much the most barren minds are addicted to prefatory vapouring,—a fact which should of itself suffice to warn men of superior talents and acquirements from so injudicious a course.

PREFACE TO THE "STUDENT OF PADUA."

"As all readers most unreasonably expect from all writers the reasons why any thing is written, the author of the following drama considers himself bound to explain, that the work was composed during an autumnal residence here, to beguile the *tedium of convalescence*; and that a few copies of it are now printed and circulated among his friends, to gratify his pleasure—which he is heterodox enough to believe every man has a right, in a lawful extent, to do.

"As, therefore, he confesses the book to be a creation of his own humour, and in his own 'vein'—as it violates the acknowledged proprieties of the drama, in not always displaying virtue rewarded and iniquity hanged—as, scorning to pamper to the delicate sensibilities of

hypocrites and slaves, it ventures to expose the truth, and develope such scenes as are but too faithful to the highly civilised and, consequently, highly vitiated conditions of the human race; and, as its author holds in perfect contempt and absolute ridicule all critical axioms and regulations for the drama, which was designed to portray the most irregular, and not the most ordinary passions and actions of men, of course, he neither anticipates the support of the periodical literature of England, nor fears its abuse. However, in saying this, he begs not to be mistaken for

• 'Some fellow

Who, having been praised for bluntness,
doth affect

A saucy roughness; and constrains the
garb

(Quite from his nature. He cannot flatter,
he!

An honest mind and plain, he must speak
truth—

An' they will take it, so; if not, he's
plain.'

To be plain, he professes to be neither more honest nor straightforward than his neighbours—neither less of an egotist, nor more of a fool—neither less desirous of the admiration of the good, nor more covetous of the adulation of the bad, than are all the rest of his race. He is neither so young as to be deceived by the chimeras of a heated and sufficiently luxuriant imagination into fancying his pen the open sesame to the gates of immortality; nor so old as to despair of being rewarded according to his deserts. *He is neither so wise as to underrate the preciousness of worldly honour, nor so insane as to build the castle of his happiness on the 'baseless fabric' of such a dream.* He is neither so rich as to wish to print his own effusions for the sake of seeing them adorn his library shelves in the dignity of morocco and gold; nor so poor as to be unable to defray the expense of publishing what a bookseller would, very probably, indignantly shelve. *He is neither anxious for the romantic notoriety of a 'great unknown,' nor desirous to remain in anonymous obscurity.* He is neither greatly given to hunger after fame, nor is he wholly divested of an honourable appetite for such a *bon bouche*.

"He is neither so coxcombical as to believe that his few readers will be very inquisitive after his identity, nor so *infra dig.* as not to assure himself that some would like to know his 'local habitation and his name.' He is neither so bilious and melancholy as to be entirely adapted to the inditing of sonnets 'to his mistress' eyebrow,' nor so light-haired and sanguine as to love beefsteaks and port-wine before all things on earth.

He is neither so much on the west of the Alps as to bother himself vastly about the fussy observations of the press, nor so located among savages as not to feast his gratified senses on the many valuable papers that exalt the journals of Great Britain above all others in the world. He does not wish to be regarded as a foreigner; and yet cares little if not called English. In fact, he is just a proper man of the world, with, perhaps, more of the insolence of the Britain than the politeness of the Gaul. *He is femininely capricious, inasmuch as he is not resolved whether this work shall end his Apollonic aspirations, or herald in a series of consecutive dramas; and he is masculinely animal, inasmuch as he may not feel himself so self-satisfied and comfortable on the ottoman of the East, as altogether to neglect the nobler energies becoming a native of the 'Isles of the West.'*

"That he will have his share of praise, and his modicum of detraction, whether merited or not, he is as perfectly assured, as he is that there are Whig and Tory newspapers, clever and silly gentlemen, good-natured patrons and yellow-visaged critics; and that, according to the kneading of the gold, silver, brass, and clay, in the Baal-god of English adoration, the Press, so will be the proportions of excellent material, or horrible trash, dragged out from the obscurity of this drama, and held forth for the gaze of admiration or the finger of scorn. Being no cynic, the author would like to please all; but being no idiot, he knows he cannot do it. Being a lover of the drama, and an admirer of its moral excellence, he naturally endeavours to induce the world to worship at his shrine; but knowing the world to consist of antagonist elements, curiously admixed, he is perfectly aware that he can never achieve his end. He himself, *pretending to be a poet*, advances poetry to the very summit of the intellectual pyramid reared up through many ages by the mind of man; but being persuaded that the comprehension and judgment of mankind differ as materially as their physical senses of sight, smell, and taste, vary in remote portions of the globe, he is not surprised to perceive that a multitude of revilers will consider him madly worshipping an insignificant devil, instead of a mighty god. The *Magnus Apollo* of one person's veneration being the golden beetle of another's praise, he does not 'fool himself to the bent' of presuming that the reader will fall down at the author's shrine; whilst, at the same time, he consoles himself with the reflection, that, as every faith has its followers, so converts may be made even to his creed. He does not flatter himself that this play will ever be performed;

yét he cannot deny that he considers it worthy of a trial. He conscientiously believes that the present managerial system is *very bad*, yet he honestly confesses that he does not know a better. He had no actors in view when he drew his characters from nature; yet he is mightily mistaken if Mr. Macready could not impersonate the impassioned hero, and much deceived if many of our performers could not nobly support the play. He does not say this out of flattery to any person, yet he does not withhold that many deserve the compliment.

"Thus, then, gentle reader, being, like yourself, an *anomaly* of contradictions, and having made as honest, if not as polite an obeisance, as other authors, he begs to present the following pages to your admiration, or abjuration—not questioning your judgment, any more than he does your right to judge."

It is perfectly clear from this preface that the sorry writer, whoever he may be, has begun at the wrong end of his labours. He has commenced writing tragedy, before acquiring the art of writing English.* We are not so exacting as to blame him for his evidently *natural* inability to construct a sentence, or understand the import of a phrase; but a person who boasts that he holds "in perfect contempt and absolute ridicule all critical axioms and regulations for the drama," might not unreasonably be supposed to have strengthened himself for so stern a defiance by making the spelling-book in some sort an ally. But no—he is, by his own account, an "anomaly of contradictions," and of a "sufficiently luxuriant imagination," &c. &c. Then, as to his phraseology, it is quite worthy of his orthography. He is "femininely capricious," and "masculinely animal." He has an "honourable appetite for a *bon* (1) *bouche*;" and is "not so *infra dig*. (1)† as not to assure himself that some would like to know his local habitation and his name." He "pretends to be a dramatic poet;" and "*naturally* endeavours to induce the world to worship at his shrine." And, finally, he is "mightily mistaken if Mr. Macready could not impersonate the impassioned hero" of this tragedy, *The Student of Padua*! We shall en-

deavour to shew Mr. Macready what sort of office is here suggested to his professional skill. But, first, we will attempt a sketch of the very farcical story on which the tragedy is founded.

A money-getting Venetian merchant, named Lorenzo, is perplexed by a lazy, lubberly son, called Julian, the young gentleman called by the author an "impassioned hero," and proposed to Macready for impersonation. In short, this Julian is "the Student of Padua." His father, mindful of the arts "by which himself he rose," wishes this youngster to embrace a profession; but Julian, a poet of the order to which his dramatist belongs, is all for love and poesy. In this fructifying frame of mind, he is much encouraged by one Frederick St. Cyr, a great genius, very poor, foaming with rage against the world in general, and parents in particular, and, to crown all, constantly drunk with bad wine and worse philosophy. Bianca, daughter of Lodoro (another merchant), is beloved by Julian, and returns his passion, chiefly to plague her parents, who wish her to marry a Venetian nobleman, named Barbarigo, a sort of compound of fool, swindler, and murderer. There is, also, one Augustus, brother to Bianca, who "acts go-between for the accommodation of his sister and the Student of Padua." The upshot of the "domestic tragedy" is, that Julian is poisoned by Barbarigo's influence, Bianca falls dead on his (Julian's) body, the mother of the said Julian dies of grief, his father goes distracted, Barbarigo is taken up for murder; and thus, the principal parties to the eventful history are disposed of, to the great relief of all who have made their acquaintance. The way in which this bright conception is worked out, the effective nature of the situations, and the eloquent dialogue delivered by the "impassioned hero," the genius, St. Cyr, and the gentle Bianca, will, we doubt not, afford infinite amusement to our readers. To use a common expression, "it is not every day" that so very gooselike a swan emerges from the sedgy banks of Thames.

After an introductory squabble be-

* The *Athenæum* calls the author "some inglorious Milton." That weekly journal is a higher authority on the individualities of "small deer" than we pretend to be, and we take its word.

† "Leave every foreign tongue alone,
Till you can read and spell your own."

tween Lorenzo and Julian—father and son—as to the comparative advantages of inditing sonnets and writing prescriptions—the lad being devoted to the muses, and his father resolved on making him M.D.—young hopeful has a dialogue with Frederick St. Cyr, the “dissipated poet,” as the author designates him. The scene between these two men of genius is preceded by a brief colloquy between the Student of Padua and his father’s servant, Giacomo.

“Enter GIACOMO.

Giacomo. Sir, sir, sir! Signor Julian!

Julian. What mystery?

Gia. O sir, here’s Signor St. Cyr here i’t’ the garden. He has been waiting these two hours, and, God knows, they were two hours too long for him; but all, as he says, out of pure affection for you. But he’s talked such nonsense to the parrots, that one would suppose he hadn’t a care.

Jul. Out, garrulous old fool! what know you of his cares?

Gia. Oh, know sir—of course I know nothing—only—

Jul. Speak to the point, and stand not mouthing there

Your borrowed wit.

Gia. You stop my mouth—

Jul. Peace, peace!

We must attend on our own exigencies,
Or leave our urgent wants untended—
Hence! Exit.”

Julian joins his friend Frederick in the garden; and many profound and elegant touches embellish their dialogue. But we have no room for them.

The merchant Lodoro next claims our attention. He is about to give a masquerade, for the purpose of promoting the noble Barbarigo’s courtship with Bianca. A conversation between this young lady and her mamma is equal to any of the author’s efforts. The mother reproaches her daughter with falling in love clandestinely; the daughter contends that she has a right to do so; after which they part each “of the same opinion still;” and prepare for the fête.

Julian, between whom and Barbarigo there is a sort of university feud, attends this masquerade, and becomes suddenly indisposed at seeing Bianca dancing with his rival. However, he secures the good offices of Augustus, Bianca’s brother, who, though till that night a perfect stranger to him, undertakes the office “opposite St. Peter’s.” Thinking he has good news for his impromptu

friend, he hastens after him, and a scene ensues worthy of the best days of the *bathos*. We regret our inability to make room for it entire; but though it would be

“Difficult to say where
It would not spoil some separate charm
to pare,”

we must give a few fragments.

“Augustus. Your patience! I have dared

To snap the pack-threads of good manners
thus,

For weightier arguments must bind us
here

A moment. To be very plain, you love
Mysister—so some hours ago you pledged
Your honour—you solicited from me
A brother’s influence—then, may I ask
What meant your most unceremonious
parting?

Julian. Love came to me, sir, most
uncourteously—

And, when the mind is anxious, we forget
Our proper carriage to society.

Reflecting men forgive such errors.

Aug. Julian,
I understand your love, but not your fears.

Jul. D’you know your father?

Aug. Why this idle question?

Jul. You have mistaken me. D’you
know this man,

Your father, as you saw him in a glass?
He loves you—but he loves his interest
more—

More, than that lily of his garden flowers,
Which he would madly pluck to plant
upon

A noble’s bonnet, where the gorgeous
thing

Would droop and die—it is a tender
flower!

Aug. I comprehend you—Barbarigo?

Jul. Who

Will elevate the sister to his bed—

The father to his treasury—the son

To be the upper servant to his palace.

Aug. You madden me! I see it all!—
fool! fool!

Fools that we are, to talk of honour while
Such villany surrounds us! Julian, now
I know my father, he shall deeply feel
The folly of adventuring his gains
Upon the prospect of his children’s
slavery.

Ha, ha! it will be excellent to laugh

Over the wreck of such a miser’s dreams!

Come on! nay, stand not musing there,
when all

My soul burns, like a war-horse for the fight.

Jul. Stop! you’re enthusiastic—you
are young!

My father casts me on a world, that
yawns

To eat our reputation up—and, properly,
That charitable world hath flung me back
Upon the poverty of my own self.
And now, with all my aspirations scorn'd,
My honour doubted, and my worth de-
spised—

You smile, sir, do you, that I cannot
dance

For joy at every trifle of good luck?

Aug. O curse the tyrants!

Jul. Ponder, sir, for all
The immortality of Cæsar would not
Hallow the damning crime of parricide!

Aug. But recollect the glories of their
names,

Who, like the everlasting spheres, are doom'd
To shine eternally.

Aug. What are your purposes?

Jul. I know not! Ask the gods my
destiny!

I think upon Bianca, and I cannot
Wed her fair blossoms to my wither'd
fortunes!

I love her, but 'tis with a love so holy,
That I would not profane her happiness.

Aug. Then Barbarigo weds Bianca,
and—

Jul. O agony! why visit misery
With your reflections on its wretchedness?

Aug. Enough, sir, I have done! I court
you not

To wed my sister. Nobles seek her hand,
And you—

Jul. I know it all! and I, a beggar—
A beggar living on the world's opinion!—
Should not be over dainty. Sir, you wrong
The scruples of an honourable man.

Aug. I only taunted you. Your par-
don, Julian.

Jul. The guiltless need no pardon.

Aug. Will you see
My sister?

Jul. I believe I must," &c. &c.

Meanwhile the romantic Frederick
St. Cyr is getting "royal" at a tavern.
Among many other queer things, this
gentleman is made to deal a blow at
the London managers, for declining to
employ such a "poet's horse" as the
author of the *Student of Padua*. An-
gelo, a painter, is thus admonished by
Frederick, the poet:

"Angelo. You make the aim of living,
then, to revel?"

Frederick. I do: and 'till I find a sober
man,
Why not?

Antonio. I'm sober.

Fred. Nay, now, you are drunk!
Drunk with your vanity, drunk with your
griefs—

Drunk with a passion for your mistress—
drunk—

Ant. Enough, enough! Angelo, art
thou drunk?

Fred. Ay, with his paints, his hopes
of fame or gain.

The latter, if he take a friend's advice.

Ant. Nay, with the fame, an' he would
be a man.

Fred. Back feather'd fame to heavy
gold? You're drunk!

Angelo, heed not what the fellow says.
He's drunk, mad drunk! Paint, sir, for
gold, gold, gold!

Paint portraits—flattering, false, fair faces
paint!

Make ugliness angelic—tip the lie
Tonature—you will starve upon the truth.

Ant. Then what will Julian do with
poetry?

Fred. Write his own epitaph, and die
a beggar!

Aug. He speaks of writing plays.

Fred. He'll play the fool, then.

'Sdeath! worse and worse! Who listens to
the play

In Venice now? Our senses, drunk with
folly,

Reel through the streets to gape at mon-
strous things,

Spurned by our fathers' sober faculties.

Enter Waiter.

Ho! some wine!—Get drunk, say I!
Get merrily drunk, my boys! The head-
ach o'er,

The conscience settled with a few pota-
tions,

You're a freemason in philosophy,
And know the panacea for all ills."

All this is a most washy dilution of
Byron's stanza, beginning,

"Man, being reasonable, must get drunk;
The best of life is but intoxication," &c.

Frederick having followed out this
principle to the full extent, betinks
him that his friend Julian may be in
need of assistance; and, hastening to
the street opposite Lodoro's palace, he
finds Barbarigo vainly endeavouring to
open Bianca's windows, by serenading.
The drunkard and the lover inter-
change civilities and sword-thrusts, to
the following purpose:

"Enter FREDERICK, followed by ANGELO,
ANTONIO, and others.

Barbarigo. Ha! whose here?

Frederick. Stand fast! Who art thou?
friend or foe?

Bar. A friend to Bacchus, and a foe
to all

Who say their prayers, and sober creep
to bed.

Fred. Friend, thou art sober, for I know
thee well,

And thy intentions, Barbarigo, here.
I'm drunk—but I am honourably drunk,

And thou art most dishonourably sober.

Bar. What mean you, braggart?

Fred. Braggart to thyself?

"I will make a sword-knot for your useless steel.

You seek to thwart, in love, a nobler man Than ever trod in Barbarigo's shoes.

Bar. You're quarrelsome.

Fred. You're villainous.

Bar. Draw!

Fred. Draw!

Bar. Prepare to die!

Fred. I'll send thee first to hell,

Thou licensed bully of society!

Now make thy boasted greatness proof: come, shew

The world thou art a better man than I.

[*They fight. FREDERICK falls mortally wounded. BARBARIGO and Serenaders escape.*

The devil seize his cool sobriety!

This comes of fighting drunk.

Ang. Art hurt, St. Cyr?

Fred. My valour is not fummy: but, methinks,

I could not, on cold water, slay my man."

This promising gentleman dies with some heathen philosophy and high-flown blasphemy on his lips; and Julian comes to a comfortless conclusion "on things in general."

"*Officer.* I strive to think more favourably of men

Than those I see induce me. There are beings

Deserve our praise, if we will seek them out.

Julian. So people say — experience contradicts it.

Truth, justice, virtue, honour, are the words,

That, implike, play upon our tongues; but black

Hypocrisy reigns in the hearts of all.

The world is but a strumpet; and, I tell you,

There is not in her arms one honest man."

If my lady, "the World," be really the naughty person here stated, we can readily understand the reason why, from the days of Diogenes to our own, it has been so difficult to discover an honest man in her arms. That Julian, after such a speech, should run stark mad is but natural. He, at first, is only mad methodically, as Polonius would say; in which stage of his complaint he becomes hungry by as strange a process as that mentioned by the grave-digger as the secret of Hamlet going mad. Julian has nothing to eat, and, having quarrelled with his pudding at home, the poor student of Padua is re-

duced to the dilemma of either begging or starving among the "Euganean Hills," whither he has repaired to chew the cud of his bitter fancies. This sort of food does nothing to quiet the craving of his stomach, and the "impassioned hero" begins to abuse the Divine philosophy which had treated his friend, Frederick, so scurvily.

"Lo! I am grown right lean and hungry on

Philosophy. All things in nature feed One on another, or they die and perish, Even as these sinless leaves and flowers.

Ay, hunger

Still links us to the most detested shifts. Hunger! the body hungers—and the soul Is hungry too—all things in nature hunger One for another. Autumn hungers after The dying glories of the spectral boughs; Beast prowls for beast—man laps the blood of man;

While death, triumphantly, with hideous jaws,

Hungers to swallow all into the tomb.

Accursed life! and thrice accursed death!"

This "gobble, gobble, gobble" reflection, however, does not stay his stomach; and, meeting with a senator, he asks for relief, much after the fashion of the lamented Dando, when lionising in an oyster-shop. He talks in an unknown tongue to the senator; who, like a sensible man, inquires if he wants money to buy bread. Julian replies, that he wants physic for his bleeding heart—balm for his wounded honour. Now, unless the student of Padua supposed this senator of Venice to be carrying sandwiches, hot cross-buns, or penny loaves in his pocket, how, in the name of hunger and thirst, could he have been such a suicide as to refuse the price of food? What was his complaint? Hunger. Where was he? According to the play (p. 81), in a street of Venice! Yet, after craving of the senator "the food denied in Venice," he abuses him, because he (the senator) proffers only the price of food, and not "physic for wounded hearts, and balm for bleeding honour! something to heal a lacerated spirit, stabbed by unkind daggers"! &c. The opening of the fifth, and, by favour of fortune, the last, act of this foolery finds Julian in a peasant's hut, on the "Isle of Lido." But we should notice that, at the close of the fourth act, Barbarigo negotiates the murder of Julian, by poison, in a colloquy, rather

reminding us of—though, to do the author justice, certainly not resembling—the opening sentences of the scene between Romeo and the Apothecary.

“SCENE VII.—*A Room in BARBARIGO'S Palace.*

BARBARIGO, GALENO.

Bar. Thou art acquainted, being a physician,
With many subtle remedies. Is there
No poison that can rid us of our foes?
The haunting phantom of detection scares you?

Gal. *I know a chemical so deadly strong,
That, ministered unto the doge, he'd fall,
Amidst th' assembled senate, dead to earth.*

Bar. *(Aside. We never want our tools,
however bad,
But we may hunt them out among man-
kind.)*
You're poor?

Gal. Our poverty bespeaks itself,
And, not like merit, needs be pointed out.

Bar. *(offering a purse).* You understand
this argument? 'tis heavy.

Gal. So is a murderer's conscience.

Bar. Conscience! Pooh!”

And so they go on, till the bargain is driven. Nothing can be more subtle in the way of distinction than the marvellous efficacy of Galeno's poison, which would not only kill the Doge of Venice, “all as one as another man,” but, so killed, the said Doge would fall, even “amidst the assembled senate, dead to earth.” And, truly, if the Doge did not respect himself too much to fall prostrate before the drug, there is no good reason why he should be so reverent to the senate as to scruple in sprawling before them. But we must follow Julian to the “Isle of Ledo.” Here we find the “impassioned hero” in the midst of a swarm of “*be-es*.”

“SCENE I.—*Interior of a Peasant's Hut on the Isle of Ledo.*

JULIAN.

Jul. Thank God, I have fulfill'd man's
destiny!

That is, to be beloved, believed, bepraised;
And then to be betrayed, belied, bescorned.”

He “runs on at this rate,” till, having swallowed Galeno's potion, he finds himself not quite so well as he expected; and he dies after a very approved plan in cases of poisoning, Angelo, the painter, being present.

“Ang. Look upon me.

Jul. I cannot see — my sight grows
very dim.

Is that old man my father?

Ang. Where?

Jul. Look, there!

He's weeping o'er a new-made grave—
alas,

How very old and sad my father's grown!
Look, look! — they're strewing flowers
upon a corpse!

It is my mother's! Mother.—Barbarigo,
Unhand me! Take your grasp from off
my throat!

Let me but breathe! — you choke me! —
let me breathe!

I feel I've yet a giant's strength to tear
Your murderous heart out by the gory
fibres!

Villain, you strangle me! — Ha, murder!
Ha!

You choke — choke me! Ah! help! oh!
[Dies.]”

The last line is the perfection of imitative harmony. Lorenzo, the father, arrives just in time to be too late. This venerable merchant is most anxious to forgive every thing; and, finding from Angelo that Julian is food for worms, he summons the stones of the streets to shew their tongues of fire to light him downwards.

“Angelo. I would——

Lorenzo. I know it! Curse and blast
my heart

Ten thousand times more black than it is
cursed!

I do deserve it all! That all mankind,
All human nature, yeu, the stones o'the
street,

Rise up in judgment, and, with tongues of
fire,

Pursue me down to hell for ever!”

How the stones conducted themselves under this invocation does not appear. But “worse remains behind.” Bianca rushes in remarkably out of sorts.

“Enter suddenly, from one side, BIANCA,
and, from the opposite, her MOTHER,
LODORO, BARBARIGO, MARTA, and
Attendants.

Bianca. Where is he? Julian! Julian!
dead and cold!

[Throws herself on the body.]”

This beats the honourable Roman in brevity. However, the lady soon recovers the use of her tongue; and, to do her justice, she supports the honour of the sex in the exercise of that little instrument. At length, the barbarous gentleman, Barbarigo, interferes, and relieves us from our difficulties, by frightening the lady to death. Here is the end of the doleful tragedy.

"Officer. Lord Barbarigo!—

Bianca. Barbarigo! ha!

Up, Julian! Julian! Barbarigo's here!

Protect me, love! O waken, waken,
Julian!

Fly! fly! up, Julian! Julian, let us fly!

O'er plains and mountains, valleys, rivers,
sens—

Through the unfooted desert! let us brave
Cold, hunger, thirst, fatigue—oh, death
itself!

Any thing but to meet that murderer!

Up, Julian! Oh, my love, he will not
hear me!

He cannot! God of heaven, they have
murdered him! [*Falls on the body.*]

Officer. The state commands the evi-
dence of these.

Angelo. Now retribution falls upon you
all.

Vengeance may slumber, but she never
dies.

Time brings our deepest hidden sins to
light,

And justice one day overtakes us all.

Long, long, throughout the startled land,
shall ring

The sad recital of this tragedy—

And may the moral not be cast away!"

But preached, and preached for
ever, for a twelvemonth and a day, say
we.

Of the droll waste-paper just noticed,
the author says, in his preface, that it
"violates the acknowledged proprieties
of the drama, in not always displaying
virtue rewarded and iniquity hanged."
To a certain extent, this is true. For
the display of virtue rewarded, in a
drama where not one of the characters
has the slightest notion or feeling of
virtue, is, of course, out of the question.
As to iniquity not being hanged, the
poet is too hard upon his tragedy.
With the single exception of the said
poet himself (who, by the by, has com-
mitted literary suicide), every man and
woman of any consequence in this
Tom Thumb tragedy is either mur-
dered, or dies in strong convulsions,
save the assassin Barbarigo, who is

left in the certainty, if not of being
hanged, yet of "wheeling about" in
some way which Jim Crow would jump
a mile high to escape. In fact, all the
mortal rubbish is "shot" into one
common dust-cart; and consigned to
oblivion with more of poetical justice
than the note-writer seems to have had
any conception of.

One word more, and we have done.

We may be asked why we have gone
so much at length into the demerits of
a book so unredeemably dull and fri-
volous. To which we answer, that not
only every literary periodical, and every
journal, daily or weekly, but some of
the most eminent poets, scholars, and
writers of whatever class, having been
insulted by the stupid hoax of forged
letters, by which *The Student of Padua*
came recommended to the world, we
have thought it right to shew that none
but the very poorest intellect could have
resorted to so despicable a deception.
In the particular case of this Maga-
zine, the names of two gentlemen were
thus made free with; and in one of
these instances, the impertinence was
aggravated by most gross allusions to a
circumstance which we do not think it
necessary to specify, but which we fear-
lessly assert that no man of the slightest
sense—we will not say of delicacy, but
of ordinary propriety—could have so
referred to. It is probable that in
other cases the course pursued has
been equally offensive. We have, there-
fore, gone to the trouble of shewing
what sort of intellect has been thus
characteristically employed. Having
done so, we leave this "femininely
capricious" and "masculinely animal"
scribe, who, with great superfluity, tells
us that he has "more of the insolence
of the *Britain* (q. *Briton*?) than the
politeness of the *Gaul*," to cultivate
what he conceives to be "the nobler
energies becoming a native of the
'Isles of the West.'"

THE WEAKNESS, AND THE STRENGTH, OF THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL has just announced that he postpones any further proceeding with the Church-rate Bill till the 21st of April! A certain resolution was adopted by the house, in committee, on the 16th of March; and the next step—a merely *pro forma* one—is to report that resolution. After this comes “leave to bring in a bill,” the introduction of the bill, and its various stages. But a pause of five weeks between adopting a resolution and reporting it, looks very much like a virtual abandonment of the measure.

We are fearful of encouraging our friends in a false security. The hesitating and doubtful course of the ministry has been mainly induced by the powerful manifestations of popular disapprobation. Were those manifestations to cease, and were the Dissenters to succeed in getting up numerous petitions in favour of the measure, the dying courage of the ministry would quickly revive, and the danger to the church would reappear. To all, therefore, who have yet delayed to express, in the ordinary way, their detestation of the ministerial proposition, we say, Delay no longer! Your petitions, even though the bill should never be laid on the table of the house, will not be thrown away. They will reckon, in the aggregate of the session, as efficiently as if presented at a more seasonable moment; and they will contribute to deter any ministry which may be in existence in future years, from any repetition of this atrocious attempt. Delay, therefore, no longer, but at once *petition!*

Present appearances, however, seem to indicate, with tolerable clearness, that this favourite scheme of our “popularity-hunting administration” has proved a complete failure; and is, in fact, already abandoned. Instead of having strengthened the position of the ministry—instead of having given them the power of *threatening* the Lords with a dissolution,—it has very seriously weakened them, and has made a dissolution tantamount to a political suicide! A more complete miscalculation was probably never made, or one more fraught with calamitous results to the parties making it.

But what is the last resource of this miserable administration? Disappointed and foiled in this, the pet clap-trap of the session, and their old pretext, the “Appropriation Clause,” having been worn threadbare, they have yet one shift left. They fly to the “Irish Municipal Corporation-bill,” and remember, with some sort of miserable glee, that there is still *one* question on which they can command a working majority.

But this brings us to a point which is of the very deepest importance; which gives us, in fact, if properly investigated, the key to the only really safe policy for that party which aims to be *conservative* of the monarchy, the constitution, and the church. The ministry can gain a majority of only *twenty-three* on the English church-rate question,—a majority which is obviously insufficient even to carry the bill through the House of Commons. But the same ministry, with the same House of Commons, can obtain a majority of *eighty* for their Irish Corporation-bill, and can thus force that measure through the lower house, and place the Lords and Commons in a state of open opposition to each other. The question is, How comes it that they are in so much more advantageous a position with one of these measures than with the other?

It will not do to account for this discrepancy in the Conservative strength, by alleging the English church-rate scheme to be an intrinsically worse measure than that for surrendering the Irish corporations to O’Connell. *Such an allegation would not be true.* Neither may it be asserted that, from some cause or other, there was more talent and more zeal put forth in the last contest than in that of February. *The contrary is the fact.* We must look, therefore, for some other reason to account for this remarkable difference, between the comparative strength of parties in the one contest and in the other.

And the true reason, we believe, will be easily discovered by any one who takes the trouble to peruse with attention both these great discussions, and to observe a remarkable feature which pervades each of them.

The feature to which we allude may be thus indicated: Oppose two individuals, or two parties, both of whom are possessed of good argumentative and rhetorical powers, against each other, on some given point; but stipulate that while the one party shall have entire freedom of argument, and the full range of all the reasons, and motives, and inducements, which his or their mind or imagination can invent or conceive, the other shall be debarred from all allusion to that *one* topic which forms the chief strength of their side of the question, and shall be compelled to confine itself to secondary and minor considerations, and to such flaws and opportunities as the adversary's indiscretions may afford them. Is it not obvious that the party which goes into the combat with its right arm tied up, must inevitably be worsted in the long run, however gallant a fight it may make at intervals?

Now this is just the position of the opposing parties in parliament, on these two great questions. But the disadvantage has been alternately undertaken by each party. On the first—the Irish question—it belonged to the Conservatives to fight the battle without ball-cartridge. On the second, the church-rate controversy, the ministry chose to place themselves in the same absurd position. And in each case the party so venturing the unequal combat was decidedly worsted,—if not in the skill displayed, certainly in the result obtained.

Let us observe this, first, in the later instance, that of the ministerial movement, with reference to the question of church-rates.

On this subject the government had its choice of two distinct and opposite lines of action,—the maintenance of a National Establishment, or a preference for the Voluntary Principle.

In the very idea of a *national* establishment, that of a general contribution, a contribution levied upon *all*, is obviously included. The inconvenience of taxing those for its support, who do not belong to its communion, is overruled by the general good; just as an army is maintained in spite of the dislike of the Quakers; and a regal court kept up, although there are many republicans among us. If the first principle be conceded, that “the state is bound to establish the worship of God, and to provide for the

religious instruction of its people,” then a *national*—that is, a *general*—contribution follows of course. Its mode, whether by land-tax, church-rates, or a grant from the consolidated fund, is, of course, quite a minor consideration.

The Voluntary Principle, however, *as held by Dissenters*, is altogether incompatible with the very existence of an establishment. It refuses, according to the dicta of the modern agitating Dissenters, to tolerate the least idea of any man's being taxed for a religion or a church to which he does not belong. It will hear, therefore, not a word of either church-rates, or any substitute for them, out of the national revenues.

Now, between these two principles the ministry had to choose. It was clearly impossible that both should be held together. If the dissenting agitators were to be satisfied, the establishment must be given up; if the establishment was to be maintained, the Dissenters must remain dissatisfied. Such was the choice which the administration had to make.

Up to the very end of the last session, ministers seemed to be unshaken in their allegiance to the church. Nothing could be clearer or more satisfactory than Lord John's declaration of the 20th of June last,—

“I think that it is the duty of the state, either by means of church-rates, or of some other public fund, to maintain the buildings set apart by the state for divine worship in good and efficient repair. I have never said any thing to lead Dissenters to suppose that ministers meant to abolish church-rates without an equivalent, or that that equivalent was to be found in the revenues of the church.”

But this is only a single one out of numberless declarations of Lord John's, of his unequivocal adherence to the principle of a national establishment. And these declarations were made in his official character, as the representative and mouthpiece of the government in the lower house of parliament.

So stood matters, then, up to the close of last session. With the opening of the present, however, a total change is discernible. In the few short weeks of the vacation, some strange conjuration has been at work; and those who quitted the floor of St. Stephen's, in August, fast friends to an Established Church, return to it in

February, prepared to avow their preference for the Voluntary Principle!

Do we exaggerate or mistake the extent and character of this strange transformation? Not a whit. The evidence of the total conversion of the ministry appears both in their language and in their acts.

Lord Melbourne receives the company of dissenting delegates, with Mr. Burnet at their head. He is told by this *reverend* spokesman, that the Dissenters oppose church-rates not merely or chiefly on the score of their burdensome amount, or vexatious character, "*but by reason of their insinuating the principle of religious liberty, by taxing one religious community for the support of another.*" And Lord Melbourne replies, without hesitation, "that he individually *agreed with the principles expressed by Mr. Burnet!*"

Nor was this a casual or hasty expression. In his place in the House of Lords, on the 9th of March, the premier deliberately described the Church-rate Abolition-bill as "a measure for the relief, from *an unjust tax*, of a large portion of his majesty's subjects."

Here, then, we find the principle of a *national* establishment, which must be, from its very nature, an establishment supported by a general contribution for a general benefit,—distinctly given up,—nay, repudiated, as inconsistent with the laws of equity and justice.

The real motive, the governing principle, of the ministerial scheme, stands revealed in these avowals. The declared intention of the government, *last session*, was to abolish church-rates by finding an equivalent out of the *national revenues*.

The Dissenters protested against this; and, accordingly, we now find that it is proposed to abolish them by finding an equivalent *out of the estates of the church herself!*

That a total change, then, has been effected in the intentions of government,—a change by which those intentions, which were in the highest degree *unsatisfactory* to the Dissenters, become in the highest degree *satisfactory*,—is undeniable. Various causes or pretences may be found for this sudden conversion; but it is impossible to help suspecting that the policy, or even necessity, of propitiating the Dissenters, before the expected dissolution

was resorted to, must have been one of the most powerful motives. In fact, it is not easy to conceive of *any other* motive of sufficient weight to account for a change so sudden and so total.

But now we come to the discussion of this question in parliament. And here we see at once the paralyzing effect of that masking policy, which we just now described as always bringing discomfiture on those who resorted to it.

Although the premier himself had been sufficiently explicit as to his own views—and although those views, and only those views, can account for the discrepancy between the *present* and the *former* plans for the abolition of church-rates,—it still seemed expedient to the ministerial leaders in the Commons to assume another character, and to adhere to their *old* arguments, even when advocating a policy entirely *new!* They thus voluntarily went into the battle, in the plight which we just now described, as that of combatants with their right arms tied up.

Lord Melbourne has openly avowed his adherence to the voluntary principle. Lord Melbourne's ministry has constructed and brought forward a measure which, in refusing to provide for any part of the wants of the church out of the national revenues, is unquestionably based on the voluntary principle. And yet Lord Melbourne's subalterns in the House of Commons, instead of candidly and manfully avowing their change of policy (if not of sentiment), attempt to make people believe that they are wholly opposed to the Voluntary Principle, and are just as much attached to a National Establishment as when Lord Althorp brought forward his bill of 1834!

Now this is sheer hypocrisy; and it is seen and felt by all men to be so. Nor is the House of Commons any exception. There are not many born idiots in that assembly, and none but one of this class could have heard Mr. Rice's statement of the scheme,—a scheme concocted for the one single purpose of propitiating the Dissenters, and yet propounded to the house in a speech in which all allusion to the Dissenters was studiously avoided,—none, we repeat, could have heard that speech without a feeling of the deepest contempt, for the deliberate attempt at concealment of what could not be concealed,—for the laboured effort to prove that which all knew to be false, which pervaded the whole composition

We heard that speech, and never shall we forget the feelings of nausea into which our disgust grew, at one particular passage, of more than ordinary hypocrisy. The speaker had been getting rid, one after the other, of a variety of different schemes for modifying or changing the law of Church Rates, and had successfully disposed of several, *without the least allusion to the Dissenters*,—till he came at last to shew why the government had not again brought forward Lord Althorp's plan of 1834. And now, thought we, he will surely be obliged to speak the truth.

That truth was, as every man in England knows, who knows any thing about the matter,—that truth was, that Lord Althorp's bill was postponed, and at last withdrawn in 1834, and never again brought forward, simply because it was opposed by the Dissenters. This was the sole cause of its not passing then; this the only reason why it has never been re-produced. The fact is as notorious as any one thing of a public kind that could possibly be named. Now, was there any sufficient reason why this truth should be concealed by Mr. Rice? Would there have been any thing degrading or awkward in the confession,—that being really desirous to satisfy all parties, and finding that this scheme was unsatisfactory to some, it had been abandoned? Surely not, if honesty and plain dealing had been really intended by the speaker.

We looked for this sort of explanation, an explanation which would have been both natural and satisfactory. But the speaker seemed to have been sworn to speak no word of truth that evening! Instead of uttering a syllable which should shew the slightest consciousness of the real state of the case, the Dissenters were again left wholly out of view; and we were told that "it would be clearly unjust to take an equivalent for the church-rates out of the land-tax or the consolidated fund, inasmuch as that would be to tax *Scotland and Ireland* to pay the church-rates of England!"

Miserable pretext! How was it that no one rose on the instant to call to the speaker's recollection the fact, that at that very moment a commission, sent forth by Lord Melbourne's administration, was actually traversing Scotland, to inquire into the expediency and necessity of making a grant out of the re-

venues of England and Ireland, to supply the wants of the Church of Scotland? How was it that none called to memory the various grants which are made, in every successive year, for the national system of education in Ireland, for Maynooth, and for various other exclusively *Irish* purposes, out of the revenues of England and Scotland? But hypocrisy and false pretence seemed the order of the day, and assuredly Mr. Rice took the fullest latitude in the exercise of these virtues. But though all this may be made to sound well for the instant, there is inherent weakness in it. It proved so in this instance. Although the whole debate seemed infected with the false and frivolous character of the opening speeches,—although Sir Robert Peel himself, with all his talent, sank below his usual level, amidst the depressing influences of an atmosphere of hypocrisy,—although scarcely a single speaker on the Conservative side rose to the just elevation of the subject; still the result of the division shewed, that, until the English character has been still more lowered, than even seven years' companionship with Popish perjurers has already lowered it,—falsehood and hypocrisy will prove a broken reed to those who trust in them. The ministerial whipper-in betted in the morning on a majority of *fifty-six*. He found that majority, in the evening, amount to only *twenty-three*! Various excuses for this falling off have been adduced, or invented, but the real cause of the disappointment was, the hollowness which pervaded the whole scheme. It was known and felt to be a *cheat*—a false pretence; and Englishmen cannot, to any extent, be relied on in such a service.

The only policy which would have brought the ministry through the affair with any honour, was an open, straightforward policy. Lord Melbourne had denounced the church-rate, in the House of Lords, as "*an unjust tax*." On this assumption the ministerial bill was founded, and on this assumption it ought to have been rested and maintained. It is true, that to do this, it would have been necessary for Lord John Russell to have made a very full meal of his former professions and pledges; but still, as far as the present moment was concerned, there would have been some honesty and consistency in their conduct. They preferred, however, an opposite course, and while

their leader, in the upper house, was denying, in words, and they themselves were repudiating by their acts, the principle of a national establishment, Mr. Rice is set up to talk after this fashion :

" Various propositions had been made ; the first of which was, that church-rates should be totally and for ever established, leaving the fabric of the Church to be provided for by the voluntary contributions of those who were members of the Church of England. That was, in fact, making the Church to depend on what was called the Voluntary Principle. Now he, for one, must say, that to that principle, under all circumstances, and with whatever modifications, he must express his decided opposition ; and to that opposition he pledged himself, whether the principle were sought to be applied to the maintenance of the fabric of the Church, or to the support of the Church Establishment generally."

Now, was this sort of language fair,—was it decent, towards the House of Commons ? Was it not assuming, most unwarrantably, that the greater proportion of that body were irrational creatures, totally unable to comprehend the simplest proposition in logic, and upon whom the grossest imposition might be passed, without hazard of detection ?

Mr. Spring Rice was about to propose to the House to adopt the Voluntary Principle ; and he begins by " assuring it, that, *to that same principle*, " under all circumstances, and with *whatever modification*, he must express his *decided opposition* !" Having thus, he hoped, lulled their fears to sleep, he begins to open his plan, which turns out to be nothing else than this very principle, even in its full dimensions.

For what do Dissenters in general mean, when they assert the general excellence of this their favourite theory ? What is it, in fact, among themselves ?

A chapel is built, either by some pious individual, or by a congregational collection. It is then, in many cases, endowed with some small income, which serves to keep it in repair, and to help to pay the minister's salary. The rest is raised chiefly by *pew-rents*, paid by those who frequent its services. And this is the system which, among Dissenters themselves, goes by the name of the Voluntary Principle.

Now to this very condition, as far as both the fabric of the Church is concerned, and also the incidental expenses of its services,—to this *very same con-*

dition does Mr. Rice gravely propose to reduce the Church of England. He tells her, " I find that you have some estates, from an improved system of letting which, I can obtain for you a sum equal to about 25*l.* a year for each parish church in England. This you must make shift with for the support of the fabric ; and for the other expenses of the service, you must do as the Dissenters do ;—raise them by the *pew-rents*." Mr. Rice deliberately offers this plan to the Church, and then he turns round to his hearers in the House of Commons, and gravely tells them, that " to the Voluntary Principle, under *all circumstances*, and with *whatever modifications*, he must ever express his decided opposition ; and to that opposition he *pledged* himself, *whether* the principle were sought to be applied to the *maintenance of the fabric* of the Church, *or to the support* of the Church Establishment *generally* " !!!

Lord John Russell was content to contradict himself at a distance of five months. Mr. Rice is anxious to prove that he can " jump Jim Crow " more adroitly than his colleague, and he accordingly contrives to *oppose himself*, in the most complete manner, within the lapse of a single half-hour.

Here, then, we have, in the plainest point of view, the real cause of the ministerial weakness in the late division. It was their choice,—they thought it the wisest policy,—to conceal their real ground of action, and to endeavour to cheat the House into a belief that they were proceeding on one principle, while, in *fact*, they were acting upon another. They had deserted the principle of an establishment, and had gone over to the dissenting fancy ; and yet they absurdly tried to make the House believe that they fully adhered to the Church, and detested all idea of the Voluntary Principle. The House detected and resented the cheat, and left them in all but a minority.

But now we come to look at the other side of the picture. Duplicity, false pretence, a shirking of the real grounds of action, have not succeeded with the ministerialists. Have they succeeded better with the Conservatives ?

Turn to Ireland, and the questions which arise out of the present state of that unhappy country. This session the quarrel is about the " Municipal Reform Bill." A year or two back it was for " the Appropriation Clause."

A little earlier, "Emancipation" was the topic of the day. But in one and all the real question is the same,—are the Papists to succeed in repossessing themselves of Ireland?

Now, what has been the course of conduct, and what the success, of the Conservative party during the last ten years, on this great question? As to the latter, the only answer we can give is—Defection,—a gradual, but not less certain and constant loss of ground, of character, and of strength.

To look back only a dozen years;—about 1826 we had to witness the secession of Charles Brownlow from the Protestant ranks. A year or two after, George Dawson followed his example. Then came the grand and overwhelming calamity, the giving way of the whole administration of the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel.

Now, this event was differently viewed by different parties. We are bound to suppose that those who granted what was called "Emancipation," in 1829, really believed what they said, when they represented that measure as the last and closing event in the whole struggle, and as terminating for ever all strife between Romanists and Protestants in the three kingdoms. But there were others whose conviction was, that, instead of closing the quarrel, you were but more widely opening it; and that "the *healing measure*," as it was called, would only prove the forerunner of more deadly strife than had ever preceded it.

Accordingly, although the Reform Bill interposed, for a brief space, a truce between the parties, not an hour was in reality lost, in bringing the augmented political power given to the Papists of Ireland by "the Emancipation Bill," to bear on the Established Church of that island. At the earliest possible period a direct attack was made, and then that same evil policy, and that same current of defection, which other questions had for a time interrupted, was again resumed.

In 1835, we had to bear the secession of Mr. Pusey. In 1837, Sir George Crewe follows his example. These instances, however immaterial in themselves, are all-important, as shewing that the very same stream which has been flowing for ten or fifteen years past, still holds its course, and is as certain of producing ~~some~~ great and fearful change, if left to run on without disturbance, as the miserable "open-question" policy adopted in 1813, was to produce,

sooner or later, that "breaking-in upon our Protestant constitution," which was perpetrated in 1829.

It is a remarkable feature of the case, and one worthy of the serious consideration of our parliamentary leaders,—that at present, and for some time past, the current of men's minds without, and of their representatives within, the doors of Parliament, have been tending in exactly opposite directions.

As for the people, it is a matter of no doubt; that the prevailing tone and tenor of men's minds has been becoming more and more Protestant. Look at Scotland, for a striking example of this, which, in the first reformed parliament, sent three-fourths of its representatives to support the Whig administration; and which now promises, if another occasion should be given, to return nearly the same proportion of Conservatives. The reason of the change is confessed, in the Whig journalist's lamentation over the election of Sir Robert Peel to the rectorship of Glasgow,—*"The Church question has done it all!"* It was equally visible, in Sir Robert's own response to the feeling of that splendid assembly, which greeted him to his inaugural feast, *"We mean to maintain those ties which connect PROTESTANTISM with the State in the three kingdoms;"*—a response which was instantly seen to be more in unison with the heart and mind of that vast assembly, than any other sentiment in the whole of his two-hours' oration.

Yet, while the stream runs powerfully in this direction among the people, it does not run in the same direction,—nay, it gradually, and almost imperceptibly, steals along in a contrary course, within the walls of parliament.

We have remarked the series of individual defections which have taken place, within the last ten years, on the various questions branching out of the one grand quarrel, which have come before parliament. This is one way of ascertaining the fact,—that the stream runs *against* Protestantism, and *in favour* of Popery. But there is another mode in which the same fact may be made out; and that is, by a larger view; comparing gross numbers, at one period, with gross numbers at another.

In March 1835, Lord John Russell defeated Sir Robert Peel, on the Appropriation-clause, by a majority of *thirty-three*.

But, before the session of 1836, by new elections, and by the decisions of

election committees, this majority was reduced by *nineteen* votes,—so that the same question, in 1836, ought to have given the ministry no larger majority than *fourteen*. Yet the division, in this year, 1836, when the votes came to be taken, gave the ministry a majority of *twenty-seven*;—shewing, that while the people out of doors were struggling to reduce and annihilate the Popish majority, their own trusted friends, in the house, were silently counteracting all their efforts.

However, the ministry, finding that by a direct attack on the Church of Ireland they were not likely to gain their point, changed their policy, and commenced a covert attack, under the guise of a reform in the Irish corporations. The real drift and intent of the whole affair was openly declared by O'Connell himself, who, in justifying himself to his friends in Dublin for not openly attacking the church, and proposing the total abolition of tithe, said, "Give me corporation reform, and I shall get all the rest!"

Yet, although thus plainly confessed by its author to be nothing else than a scheme for undermining the establishment, this proposition met with more favour, even from the Conservatives in the House of Commons, than any previous device of the kind. It passed by a majority of *sixty-four*. And to mark the continued character of this downward course, the same measure, brought forward in the present session, gained a second reading by a majority of *eighty*!

Why should we deceive ourselves, then? Why should we delight in blinding ourselves to the real state of the case, and in being led onwards, or rather driven onwards, step by step, suffering at each all the pangs of disappointment, defeat, and disgrace;—and all merely because we will not, or, at least, *do not*, seriously look our situation in the face, and ascertain upon what principle we are acting, or whether we are acting on any principle at all?

The simple truth is, that now,—last year,—and for ten years back, we have been in a false position. Our leaders have been induced, by some kind of infatuation, to us inconceivable, to make choice, always, and in each succeeding year, of *untenable positions*. Sir Robert Peel has the reputation of being a very prudent man, an exceedingly cautious leader. Is it any proof

of caution, or of judgment, to be constantly found occupying ground which he cannot maintain? and to have signalized every succeeding year of his public life, since he first assumed the lead of the House of Commons, in 1828, by some portentous concession of a position, which he had previously professed at least to be desirous to maintain?

But at what are we aiming? In whose interest is *Fraser's Magazine*, or what section of the Conservative party are we aiming to exalt, at the expense of Sir Robert Peel?

These are questions which we leave others to solve. He who can convict, even by probable surmise, this publication, of advocating the interests of any particular set of individuals, will have made a discovery at least equal to the solution of that famous problem which has so long puzzled all the Radical jontos, to wit, What the Carlton Club gave for the purchase of the *Times*? But, we beg pardon for the digression, and hasten back to our subject.

Is there any sense, then, we ask, is there any rationality, or any honour, in perpetually rallying and arraying the Conservatives of England, at great cost and trouble, merely to place them in a position in which defeat is inevitable? Yet, what other game than this has been playing ever since 1829? And is it not time that we began to grow tired of this sort of amusement?

But, what is the matter? Where lies the error of which we seem so ready to complain? Just in that same thing which we have already pointed out as especially absurd in the conduct of the ministerialists with reference to the Church-rate Bill. We have gone into battle, for a dozen years past, on all questions relating to Ireland, *with our right arms tied up!* Of course, we have been beaten in every engagement.

The ministerialists had been bullied by their very good friends, the Dissenters, into adopting the Voluntary Principle. But they were ashamed or afraid to confess it. They therefore came down to the House of Commons; vowed and swore that they were for an Established Church; protested that they hated the very name of the Voluntary Principle; and then brought in a measure, leaving the Church to that same Voluntary Principle for support, and refusing her the least aid from the state; which, if she were to remain a national establishment, she would have had a right to demand.

The consequence of all this miserable hypocrisy was, that their own friends despised and deserted them; and that *defection*, which had been the bane of the Conservative party for many years past,—at last began to weaken the ranks of the ministerialists.

Now, this folly, which has only possessed the Whigs for a very few weeks, and which has already all but destroyed their ministry, has been naturalised and made the ruling principle among the Conservatives for many years. Consider well, examine carefully, the ground taken by that party with reference to the Popish question, and see if this is not the truth.

The blunder of the Whigs, with reference to the English Church, was this:—They should have determined upon adopting and maintaining *either* the principle of an establishment or the voluntary system. Either theory, when once taken up, should have been boldly avowed and abided by. If they adhered to an establishment, they should have brought in Lord Althorp's Church-rate Bill, and have passed it, as they might have done with ease, in spite of the Dissenters. Or, if they had resolved to prefer the Voluntary Principle, they should have plainly avowed that intention, and have gone to the house and to the country on that principle. In either case, they would have stood or fallen with comparative honour. But they chose to *profess* adherence to an establishment, while in *action* they conceded all to the Voluntary Principle; and the result is, that they are universally despised, and their scheme drops still-born from their hands.

But what have Conservatives (in parliament, at least) been doing for these ten or fifteen years? They have been opposing Popery, without venturing to aver their conviction that Popery was an evil. They have tied up their right arms; they have stifled convictions which they could not but have felt; and have actually gone into warfare with a system, without venturing to say that that system ought to be warred against!

This fatal course of blundering—nay, of dishonesty—began with Lord Liverpool. That well-meaning, but weak-minded nobleman, was infected with the too-common error that *talent* was of more value than *principle*. He thought that his ministry could not go on without such men as Castlereagh and

Canning; and that if Castlereagh and Canning would not give up their predilection for Popery, why he must e'en take them, Popery and all! Here was the moment when the thinnest edge of the wedge was introduced, which was eventually to make the British monarchy totter to its foundations.

"A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump." With half-Papists sitting in the cabinet, the fashion of *liberality* soon became infectious. A very few years before, a man who felt an innate abhorrence of Popery, as the greatest visible enemy of God and man, naturally, and without the least consciousness of misdoing, expressed his sincere and honest conviction by the simple phrase and watchword of "*No Popery*." He did not say, "*No Papists*;"—he carefully distinguished between the anti-social and demoralising *system*, and the *individuals*, frequently sincere and amiable, who might be under its influence; but of the system itself he never hesitated to express his unqualified abhorrence. But this must now be discountenanced. This plain speaking was very inconvenient. Even as early as 1821 and 1822 we can trace a visible alteration in the style and tone of argument. Protestantism was now defended as something *established*; something which it was a sort of *official* duty in government to defend; but Popery was by no means to be despised—it was a very respectable sort of religion; and "God forbid," said one of the *champions* of Protestantism at that day, "that he should attempt to revive the *No Popery* cry!"

We shall not trace this sickening story through all its later stages. We all know to what we have been brought; and we know, too—except we are resolved *not to see*—that if we are to continue the contest on the terms on which it has been carried on for the last fifteen years, many more defeats and disgraces await us.

But for whom, or for what, are we, the Conservatives of England, to be dragged through all this dishonour? Why can we not cry a halt, and demand to know for what we are fighting?

There is no use in concealing the truth—THE GROUND WE ARE UPON IS UNTENABLE. We must either advance, and take up a position from which nothing can dislodge us, or else retreat without loss of time, and without suffering the defeat to which any longer stay will assuredly expose us.

Popery is an anti-social system, a monstrous evil, on the one hand:—that is the position which the Lockes and Miltons, the Cecils and Somerses, and other times, maintained, and on which they reared up a system which gave peace and prosperity to the country for more than an hundred years. Or, Popery is a very respectable faith; a good old creed; one of the various forms of Christianity; far better than several of them, and on no account to be despised or evil spoken of. These are the two opposing systems, and with one of these must we take up our lot.

The latter of these has certainly been the fashionable theory with the Conservative leaders for several years past. But their folly, and, indeed, worse than folly, has been, that they have not carried these principles to their fair and legitimate conclusions. If Popery be that respectable and unobjectionable thing which men are now fond of representing it,—if it be merely one of the various forms of Christianity, all of nearly equal value;—and if all attacks upon it are to be discountenanced, as “unworthy of men of liberal minds,”—*then has the whole course of the Conservative policy, for the last few years, been a tissue of the grossest injustice!*

Why should a fraction of the inhabitants of Ireland, not exceeding an eighth of the whole, monopolize all the national provision for public worship and religious instruction? Still less, what rationality or decency is there, in refusing to Ireland those very municipal institutions which you have just given to England, merely because the divisions of religious opinion are not of the same, or of nearly equal proportion? These are questions to which, if the liberals are allowed to assume all their data, no reply can be given.

And these, doubtless, were the questions which occurred to Mr. Pusey, in 1835, and to Sir George Crewe in 1837, and which will again and again produce defection and defeat to the Conservative party, so long as they choose to go into action with their right arms tied up; so long as they persist, like the ministers on the Church-rate Bill, in acting upon principles and convictions which they are afraid to avow.

But what is this “right arm,” which we assume to be “tied up?”

And what is that position in advance, from whence we assume that the Conservatives could not be driven? Let the enemy himself answer that question.

How often are the hopes of our opponents plainly expressed, that the “liberal and enlarged views” sometimes exhibited by Sir Robert Peel will shortly carry him still further? How frequently do compliments pass, on his statesmanlike views, and his unquestionable talent, and complacent anticipations of his speedy conversion? All this looks well for the enemy, but not for us. But when is the foe really alarmed;—when is he in good earnest filled with fear and with animosity? When the real nature of the Papal tyranny is developed; when Dens and Maynooth are brought into the light of day; and when Lord Lyndhurst, condensing the truth into one of his powerful phrases, boldly designates the slaves of Rome as “alien in blood, in language, and in religion.” Great has been the professed *delight*, repeated the felicitations, of O’Connell and his tail on this brief sentence, fraught, they would fain persuade us, with all kinds of happy consequences *for them*. It may be so; but we must say, that if they really believe that Lord Lyndhurst rendered them a service by that Ithuriel touch,—if they really feel that he aided their cause,—they certainly have the strangest way of exhibiting their *pleasure and gratification* that ever we beheld!

No,—these people know quite as well as we do, and, probably, far better, where Protestant strength and Protestant weakness lies; and their agony of rage at Lord Lyndhurst’s brief description arose simply from this, that they feared that *the right arm was about to be unbound!* So long as *liberality* was the order of the day; so long as statesmen put far from them “all idea of raising the *No Popery* cry,”—so long were they assured of certain, though gradual, success. *But if ever the truth comes to be spoken;* if ever Popery is deprived of the impunity which seems to be now accorded to every thing she says and does,—that moment its onward career is stayed, and a fatal reaction assuredly begins.

The subject is too important to be concluded in a few hasty observations. We shall endeavour to return to it on an early occasion.

REVIEW OF THE "MEMOIRS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT."

On the day that succeeded the *fête* of the saint
Whom the Irish a beauty declare, without paint,*
Appeared *The Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter
Scott, Bart.* [the contraction we scruple to alter];
Only "volume the first"—other five will appear,
We are told, betwixt this and the fall of the year:
The next is announced to come forward upon th'
Opening day of next May—most poetical month.
Its date in plain Roman thus set forth we spy,
"M—D—C—C—C—X—X—X—V—I—I."
'Tis published by Cadell, in Reekie's auld town;
By John Murray and Whittaker here in our own.
The shape is octavo—its pages in number
(Beside what all works with their surplusage cumber,
As title-page, preface, fly-leaf, dedication,
An engraving from Raeburn as front decoration,
And facsimile serving for hand-illustration)
We find, if the imposer of sheets has not blundered,
To be just seventeen, with a fringe of four hundred.

These matters thus settled—the title-page done—
The pp.—the size—and the publishers shewn—
Things which your reviewers ought always to quote
At the head of an article, else in a note.†
Dedication next enters, and, bowing, engages
Mr. Morritt, of Rokeby, to smile on the pages
(Mr. Morritt, observe, has three Christian names got—
John, Bacon, and Saurey,—the printer must not
For Saurey print Sawney,—he's Yorkshire, not Scot).
And then comes the preface, which tells how a cabinet
Long forgotten, displayed there was something to grab in it,—
An autobiographical lump of a fragment,
By which is in general a literary rag meant,
Which mostly is worthless, though sometimes 'tis curious,
But, dropped from Scott's mantle, a *purnus purpureus*.

Then follows a beadrill of names, for whose aid
In gathering materials the author has prayed:
Some five or six dozen of people are ranked,
In due order of drill, to stand up and be thanked.
As old Homer the chiefs of the Grecians has reckoned—
(The list you will find in the *Iliad*, book second;)
As Virgil, and Milton, and Tasso, and others,
Who justly are deemed of the pen the best brothers,
Have followed the Greek,—we, without any more bluster,
Set down the contributors all in a muster.

* Viz., the 18th of March. The 17th, all the world knows, is the day of St. Patrick, "the dacent saint-o,"—which rhymes to "a beauty without paint-o."

† We have translated into verse what prosing folks would thus rehearse:—

"Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott, Bart. Volume the First. M.DCCC.XXXVH. Robert Cadell, Edinburgh; John Murray, and Whittaker and Co., London."

"8vo." then would slip their pen, and "pp. four—one—seven;" which here, this time, in flowing rhyme, we flatter ourselves we've given. In fixed reviews they always choose these notices to jot 'em above the head; but we, instead, will put them at the bottom.

CANTATA.

I.

I HAVE promised to thank you, good people ; now for it,—
 Here's to Will Clerk, of Eldiu ; John Irving ; Jem Skene ;
 Adam Ferguson, Knt. ; simpering Murray ; Jock Morritt
 (J. B. Morritt, of Rokeby, 's the man that I mean) ;
 To Sam Rogers, the joker ;
 And John Wilson Croker ;
 Will Wordsworth ; Bob Southey, the bard to the crown ;
 And Sir William Rae ;
 Sir Frank Chantrey, R. A. ;
 And Commissioner Adam, of Jury renown.

II.

Here's to Sir Aleck Wood, and to Will Stewart Rose ;
 To Jeffrey, Lord Jeffrey, that critic so wee ;
 To Sir Pandarus Knighton, now sunk in repose ;
 To Wilkie (Sir David), and Pringle, M.P.
 If I thought they'd at all come,
 I'd send thanks to Malcolm,
 Bahadur of Bombay, now shopped in the lobby ;
 To Sir Henry, of Leicester,
 First knight of the blister ;
 To his friend, Dr. Ferguson (Christian name, Bobby).

III.

To Raeburn and Gala, two Scotts of the race ;
 Rab Bruce, who is sheriff just now of Argyle ;
 To Swinton (J.), Esquire, of Inverleith Place ;
 And to dead Jemmy Ballantyne, printer, umquhile ;
 To Sharpe (C. Kirkpatrick),
 Will Laidlaw, of Eltrick ;
 To Tommy, the Thomson, Esquire, P.C.S. ;
 Allan Cunningham, stalwarth ;
 The Scotts, all of Polworth ;
 And Cadell, that liberal squire of the press.

IV.

John Richardson, now in dark Fludyer Street dwelling ;
 Jack Shortreed (odd name)—Jemmy Clarkson, Joc Train ;
 'Dolphus Ross (he's a doctor) ; Charles Dumergue, excelling
 In lugging your tooth from your jaw without pain ;
 Will Allan, whose pencil
 Is a famous utensil ;
 And Barber, whose name makes us think of a brush ;
 Jem Slade—Darnley James,
 And a lot of fair dames,
 Whose kindness to me puts us quite to the blush.

V.

There's Mrs. Joan Baillie (unmarried, I wot,
 But breveted from Miss) ; and there's Mrs. George Ellis,
 Mesdames Carpenter, Nicholson, Russell, and Scott ;
 Mrs. Duncan, whose house where the Mertown men dwell is ;
 Lady Polwarth (Right Hon.) ;
 And there remains one,

I have kept him for last, not to part in a hurry ;

So, hip—hip—hurra—

Fill high bumpers, I say ;

Fill, and empty them too, for the health of John Murray.

[*Flourish of trumpets. All drink.*]

Then follow some others, but not of such use,
Whose names we shall therefore decline to produce.

Subscribed to the preface its author we see,—

Mr. John Gibson Lockhart, a learned LL.D.

Then draw up the curtain—and whom find we now ?

Why, Sir Walter in person is making his bow.

* * * * *

'Tis the tale of his life, or at least its beginning,

He tells in his style all so easy and winning ;

Though chatty, not tedious—minute, but not dull ;

Every page full of thought—of good-nature as full ;

Full of kind recollections of friends of days gone,

Of whom, save by death, he had never lost one.

How candid the manner in which he displays

The whimsical course of his school-going days :

His weakness, his lameness, his every defect—

Of the tasks of his teachers his idle neglect ;

While still his own system of study pursued,

On the sick-bed of pain, or in drear solitude :

Or, 'mid reading which puzzled or wearied his brain,

Whence no pleasure he drew, or no praise could he gain,

Was shaping his mind for its own destined toil—

For stories of battle, and onslaught, and spoil ;

For chivalrous tale, for heartstirring romance ;

For verses bright bristling with arrow and lance ;

For soulfelt devotion in peasant and peer,

In stern Cameronian, in gay cavalier.

Nor less for the pictures of quaintness and wit,

For which he so often made Scotland to sit ;

Or the scenes of deep pathos, and eloquence high,

Which have throbb'd through each bosom, and moisten'd each eye.

What visions of poetry, grandeur, and grace

Embodied long after in life's busy race,

What thrillings of sorrow, what boundings of joy,

Must have passed through the heart of the idle lame boy !

What no study could give to the minstrel was given—

The flashing of genius, lit only from Heaven ;

And yet, when he writes in the midst of his fame—

When England, when Europe, rung loud with his name—

In how modest a tone does he speak his regret

Of early instruction so carelessly met ;

And press upon youth such example to shun,

In spite of his laurels in after days won.

Good advice ! which those only may dare to decline

Who are sure of such genius, Sir Walter, as thine,

Soon breaks off his story. All bright was its dawn,

All darksome its close, ere the curtain was drawn,

Here its glowing meridian bursts not on our sight,

Nor yet have come to the gloom of its night.

Strange chapter of life ; but, no matter,—'tis past ;

He sleeps, as he hoped, in old Dryburgh, at last.

But what he has left, or in story or song,
 Shall remain, while survives of Old England the tongue,
 To inspire noble feeling, true kindness of heart,
 Scorn of meanness and falsehood, contempt of base art,
 Love and honour to woman, firm holding to word,
 Valour ready to draw or to put up the sword.
 Death sought not nor shunned so the quarrel is good,
 Devotion mistaken, and faith unsubdued;
 By pride not uplifted, by power all unawed,
 To be gentle to man, to be humble to God.

Loud will plead the bequest, when the trumpet's command
 Calls uprisen mankind in last judgment to stand;
 When mortal fame passed, earthly honour forgot,
 The eye of his Maker will open on Scott.

* * * * *

Will John Lockhart excuse us? We cannot go back.
 We thought at the first only joking to crack;
 But we cannot proceed in buffoonery now,—
 To the poet the soul most prosaic must bow:
 So, for fear we should soon get to piping our eye,
 We conclude for the present by signing

O. Y.

N. B.—Because business must always be done,
 No matter if dumps be ascendant or fun,
 The price of the volume is just half-a-guinea,—
 The man who won't stump it must be but a ninny:
 And, if we were Irish, we'd say, "Why, my honey,
 Post the thrilling thirteens—it is cheap at the money."
 O. Y.

SHORT WORK MADE WITH CONTRIBUTORS OF LONG STANDING—OUR OWN GOOD QUALITIES VARIOUSLY SHEWN—FRANCESCA—CARMEN TRIUMPHALE—DUCKS AND GREEN PEASE—ANACREON, BION, AND CALLIMACHUS—GRANT THORBURN—ODI TO 1836-7—HERAUD'S WORSHIP—MR. SPENCER'S BRIDE—RICHARD HOWITT, AND THREE SONNETS—NOT AT ALL—THE WHIGS IN GENERAL, AND PALMERSTON IN PARTICULAR—UHLAND, MAIBRAN AND BERKELEY AND PERKINS—BILLS OF MORTALITY—MR. MONCK MASON ON BALLOONS—THE DISAPPOINTED MAN AND MILES STAPLETON, ESQ.—SONGS TO WELLINGTON AND PEEL.—SONGS OF A STORY AND A BELLAMY—THE ATLAS AND OUR NOBLE SELVES—FATHER PROUT—MR. FORREST'S FOSTER-BROTHER—CRICHTON—AINSWORTH—REINA GOBERNADORA—THE LITERARY FUND INSTITUTION, AND THE LITERARY FUND CLUB—THE LITERARY GAZETTE AND ATHENÆUM—MR. JERDAN AND MR. DILKE—ROBERT BURNS, HIS PUNCH-BOWL, BRASS CANDLESTICKS, ETC.—ABUSE OF MARCH, AND A HINT TO APRIL.

"A clear stage and no favour" is all our correspondents claim—at least, so they say. We take them at their word; or, rather, we will divide the phrase with them. By treating them all alike, and shewing "no favour," we shall make a "clear stage" for ourselves. Oh! or, Ah! who shall

"Tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where"—

unanswered letters frown, in dusty sulkiness, at editorial disregard? But in this as in most cases, matters in the long run adjust themselves. The neglected epistles, like the blunders of the Whig-Radical government, at length obtain the name of "Legion," and it becomes absolutely necessary to make short work with them. Let not our correspondents suspect us of any wish to carry out the comparison to the frightful consummation, that their documents are doomed to the unmentionable gulf now yawning for the bills of Russell, the "superficial" calculations of Rice, the protocols of Palmerston, the despatches of Glenelg, the poetic prose of Morpeth, or Mulgrave's vice-regal "Yes or No." On the contrary, we shall, in making "short work" with our correspondents, do them "lasting honour"—the very honour for which they themselves are solicitous beyond all things else—we shall print their contributions on the immortal scroll of REGINA'S literary royalty. Some years back, a gentleman, upon whom a wiser spirit has since descended, assured the House of Commons that, as Napoleon had foretold that he should go down to posterity with his code in his hand, so the Whig ministry would go down to posterity with the Reform-bill in their hands. The past being irrevocable, so they must—but, even in our time, we have found that on that bill there is "the devil to pay." Now we, with a clearer foresight, and far more cheerful faith, predict that, should the Lovat title be again forfeited, the name of FRASER will go down to posterity, at the head of a nobler clanship, eternally inscribed on the banner of REGINA, as the foremost name of all the world of periodical literature. In any one else this might sound like boasting. In our case it is simply the truth; and, blush as we may, we are bound to speak it.

Gladly would we have placed first on the list of our correspondents the fascinating name of Francesca, whose contribution is rather oddly entitled "The Return of Spring, from the Italian of Metastasio (*original*)."

But, as a great general should have a soul above buttons, we must cherish a spirit above bribery. The following letter is fatal to the interests of Francesca at REGINA'S court: it is "most tolerable, and not to be endured."

"Francesca would be greatly obliged by the insertion of the inclosed lines in *Fraser's Magazine*. Should they be inserted, Francesca will purchase two copies of the work."

We are sensible, deeply sensible of the sacrifice—but principle must be maintained. The lines cannot be inserted—the two copies cannot be sold—and we have "lost all except our honour." As some consolation under this affliction, we shall regale ourselves on "ducks and green pease"—first chanting a triumphant strain as an appetiser. For this solace we are indebted to an Edinburgh comforter, who thus approaches the sovereign throne:

REVEREND SIR,

To OLIVER YORKE, Esq.

College of Edinbro'.

It is a daring and decided measure in an embryo scribbler, who fancies himself a genius, to raise his voice at the foot of your august tribunal, without asking the decision of any minor court; and nothing but the consciousness of the infallibility of your judgment could prompt such a measure. But as his case is a dangerous one, and should the *cacoethes scribendi* which bothers him, prove a morbid affection, and not a healthy symptom, the consequences might be serious, he has ventured, in all humility and submission, to apply to you for a diagnosis. Accordingly, he has sent some specimens for your consideration; trusting that, should you pronounce the affection a disease, you will decree its extirpation. Already shrunk, by the mere contemplation of your dignity, to the insignificance of a couple of initials, he subscribes himself, in humble submission to your judgment,

E. F.

CARMEN TRIUMPHALL !

In Anticipation of a Great Event.

The Whigs are out ! the Whigs are out !
Fortune's wheel has turned about :
Up goes Peol, and down goes Lamb —
Out go Russell, Rice, and Cam !

Anarchy hath lost her sway ;
Whiggish bonds have passed away ;
Right and reason now shall reign ;
Wellington hath come again !

Dare our country's enemies —
Daniel's rebel crew — arise ;

Let us, then, as Britons true,
Buckle on our swords anew.

Come, then, free from Whiggish fears,
All as gallant cavaliers,
In their teeth defiance fling,
Crying, Country, Church, and King !

Fill the bumper to the brim —
Let us drink the health of him,
Britain's truest, noblest son, —
Drain the bowl to Wellington !

DUCKS AND GREEN PEASE.

IN TWO SONNETS.

I.

Philosopher ! who, pondering o'er the lore
Of ages long gone by, doth oft forget
How short is life, how long is learning, yet
Ceasest not on thy musty books to pore,
Nor recollectest what good things in store
Has Providence before us kindly set —
Tell me, could all thy wisdom ever get
A dinner for thee, like that now before
The wight who calleth to thee, Come and see !
Ducks brown and juicy, sending forth a steam
Richer than all the gales of Araby,
And garnished with what I humbly deem
The queen of seeds, the fruit of bloss'my pea —
Couldst thou such dinner raise by reverie ?

II.

Alas, I fear thy lore of small avail
Would prove in such a doubtful case as this —
Then, tell me, Of what use thy learning is ?
Canst live on words ? — I ween, if thou thy tute
Might full outapeak, thou'd tell how words do fail
To fill an empty stomach — for, I wiss,
Thou too canst well appreciate the bliss
Of a good dinner and a glass of ale ;
Nor, though thy philosophic fellows rail
Full oft and loudly too at luxury,
Yet, place my duck their longing eyes before,
Full silent soon their lying tongues would be,
And, occupied with other sport, no more
Would banter either my roast ducks or me.

After this savoury dish, we may be allowed a cheerful glass :

THE TWENTY-SIXTH ODE OF ANACREON.

Whene'er great Bacchus fires my breast,
Life's rankling cares are lull'd to rest ;
While joyous visions of delight
Transport my soul and glad my sight—
And, oh ! in that delightful hour,
Endow'd with more than kingly power,
I envy not the rich and great,
Nor Cræsus of his wealthy state ;

But, stretch'd at ease, I gaily spread
The ivy garland round my head,
And breathing love's impassion'd lay,
In fancy spurn the world away !
Then come, my boy, and fill the bowl,
That I may fire my longing soul
To joys like these !—come, fill it high !
'Tis better drunk than dead to lie !

R. S. F.

Our friend, R. S. F., knows how to close the evening's entertainments :

HYMN TO THE EVENING STAR.

(From the Greek of Bion.)

Εσπερι, τας ἱερὰς χερσὶν φαις Ἀφροδίτης, κ. τ. λ.

Hail, Hesper ! golden star serene,
Mild favourite of the Paphian Queen—
Thou sacred gem of azure night !
Whose beam of clear effulgent light
All other stars does far outshine,
As much as silver Cynthia thine.
Sweet star of eve ! with cheering ray,
Direct my footsteps on their way,
To where the shepherd youths resort,
And wing the hours with harmless sport ;

For scarce the moon had risen, when
It veiled itself in clouds again.
No robber seeks thy guardian aid,
Nor base assassin, to invade
The lonely traveller of the night,
That wanders 'neath thy hallowed light :
But love's my crime—and thou dost
prove
Propitious to the friends of love !

R. S. F.

Thus guided, the enraptured translator, having in his eye a lady with whom we are very well acquainted, describes her :

THE TWENTY-EIGHTH ODE OF ANACREON.

TO A PORTRAIT PAINTER.

Αγι, ζωγραφὸν κρισι, κ. τ. λ.

Come, best of painters ! let thy skill
With living tints the canvass fill—
Paint, master of the Rhodian art,
The absent mistress of my heart :
Though far away, her portrait trace,
As I recount each matchless grace.

Her shining hair of blackest dye
In softest ringlets first descrie,
And round them streaming, if the powers
Of art can reach it, fragrant showers ;
In profile from their sable shade,
Be now her ivory brow portrayed ;
Her eyebrows next in arches bend,
And gently each to each extend,
So that the space of white between
Be only indistinctly seen ;
The borders of her eyelids fringe
With curtains of a deeper tinge.

But, oh ! her eye exhibit bright,
And ever flashing radiant light !
And like Minerva's be its hue !
Like that of Venus, moist with dew !
Paint next her beauteous cheek and nose,
Mingling with milk the blushing rose ;
And make her lip, seductive bliss !
Provoking passion's burning kiss ;
Let all the rival graces play
Upon her chin, in fond delay ;
And all about her snowy neck,
And bosom fair, with laughter deck.
And now, the picture to complete,
Invest the whole in purple neat,
That Fancy's eye alone may steal
A glance beneath the modest veil.

Enough ! my girl herself I see—
Anon the paint shall speak to me !

R. S. F.

One more touch of this gentleman's quality :

LUNA'S OFFERING TO VENUS ZEPHYRITIS.

(An Epigram of Callimachus.)

Κογχας ἔγω Ζεφυριτὶ παλαιτιγεί, ἀλλὰ σὺ νῦν με, κ. τ. λ.

Oh, Zephyritis ! take to thee this ancient shell of mine,
Which Luna, as her virgin gift, now offers at thy shrine.
Time was when I, a Nautilus, sped gaily on the seas,
Expanding with my native chords my sails before the breeze ;

Or when the smiling calm prevail'd, 'twas mine along the main,
 Oaring myself with busy feet, to skim the glassy plain;
 Till, cast upon the Julian strand, 'tis now my pride to be
 A plaything to amuse thy hours, beloved Arsinoë!
 No more in plaintive strain, as erst, for now I am at rest;
 The moisture-loving Halcyon needs mourn its rifled nest.
 Oh, for this boon to Clinias' child all goodly favour give;
 For she is virtuous, and doth in Æolian Smyrna live.

Ex Athen. Deipnos, Lib. vii. cap. 19.—R. S. F.

Who does not remember *Lawrie Todd*? Who has forgotten the appearance in London of Lawrie Todd's great original, Grant Thorburn? Galt had given him being. We immortalised him in our "Gallery." We had also the advantage of having his personal acquaintance. We, therefore, rejoice exceedingly in being able to lay before the public a most characteristic letter from Grant Thorburn, which gives information of his good fortune. It has only recently fallen into our hands; and, although it bears date some little time back, we feel assured that it will prove acceptable to all who know the writer—nay, even to those who do not; for who is there who cannot feel pleasure in hearing of the success of untiring industry, influenced by a deep reliance upon the superintending care of Providence?

Mr. and Mrs. H——.

Newyork 15 April 1835.

My Dear friends, your Letter of the 7th Febr'y came to hand the 7th april, by some private conveyance I presume; I was glad to hear of your wellfare, what Mrs. H—— says about my book—I think is Correct, it was wrote Chiefly for the american Climate——

Mrs. H. also remarks, she would Liked me to said more about the town of Liverpool, Lord Stanleys, &c—but as Liverpool is about as well known in America as Newyork, I thought it would be Like Carrying Coals to Newcastle.—I easely Could have made a handsome Chapter on that Pleasant visit we made to Lord Stanleys, but I thought it would be too much Like showing myself off.

Now my dear friends, I must tell you, that a *kind Providence* Continues to Load me with his *benefites*, we have just sold the old friends meeting house and ground, on which you saw our Store and Green-house, for *one hundred thousand Dollars*, in 1827 I bought it for 26 Thousand Dollars, you will now observe this is another of the blessings of Providence which he has conferrd on me, without my foresight or planing. I bot it merely for my busness, not with any view of Speculation or selling again, so you see its not my wisdom or might that has done this,—I can now Live Comfortably on my intrest of my half, the other half belongs to George, he has a Large and growing family,—is to Continue the busness in another place, he has a flourishing busness, but this money will make him rich, but what is all this world my dear friends, if we have no portion in the next,—there is but a step between us and Death,—now my friend Peter I was Quit pleased with your Letter on the outside, your *knife and Fork* is always ready for me, if you or any of your Mistrisases family Come to Newyork, my knives, Forks, Bed and house will be their house,—as I have no other news I must Conclude with best wishes for you and yours, with remembrance to any of my friends you may meet, as Fraers the bookseller, and all my Quaker friends &c. &c.

I remain yours

GRANT THORBURN.

I am extremely sorrow to hear of your Misfortunes, however its not too Late to make up your Lee-way, Clap your Shoulder to the wheel, pray God for his blessing, and never spend 6^d in the ROYAL,—if you had all the sixpences NOW which you spent there, it would set you on your feet.

The following we find somewhat injured, both as to salt and season, owing to its having been dropped from the mail-bags, either in the late storm, or during the heavy-wet fogs, that muddled and mystified every magazine but our own incomparable. We have deciphered it as carefully as if it had been another Rosetta stone or Chaldee manuscript, and out we send it:

ODE TO THE TWO YEARS, 1836-7.

(*Lost in a London fog, in Dec. last.*)

"Time, like a fashionable host,
 Will slightly shake his parting guest by the hand,
 And with his outstretch'd arm welcome the comer in."—SHAKESPEARE.

Go! with thy eighteen centuries, Old Year!
 Plus thirty-six, to guard their Christian rear—

Though last, still wert thou not the least
 Inebriate with Christmas feast,
 That toddled through the wintry gloom,
 Mid timbrel sounds, to meet thy tomb;
 For merry was thy fun'ral night,
 With strong October, brown and bright.

I never liked thee, thirty-six —

Whig year abhorr'd,
 Not "of our Lord,"

But rather of old Nick's.

Go — bear on record to thy bourne of fate,

Mid jibes and jigs
 (Thanks to the Whigs),

The poor man's curses and the good man's hate.

As thou art gone, so may it be,

Shall end the Christian's enmity.

Thy son and heir, with dance and rout,

Most civilly hath bow'd thee out.

With cap in hand to take thy leave,

Did'st see a poor-law placeman grieve?

We rather would have seen thee, Old Year, now,

Have doff'd thy *W(h)ig* ere thou hadst made thy bow.

'Twere not good luck, I rather fear,

To start with Whigs another year;

And better had it been, mayhap,

They'd broken down with thee, old chap.

Hail! jolly youngster, Seven-and-thirty!

Mid prospects dull, and drear, and dirty —

Charge boldly for a *true* reform,

Th' advanced guard of thy troops of storm,

Through hot debate, Whig fire, and wintry flood:

Thy missiles for the battle meet,

The *melée* reason, rain, and sleet,

In smoke-dun uniform, turn'd up with mud.

Though bivouack'd mid mire and bog,

Thy watch-word falls auricular,

From tent of cloud, festoon'd with fog

Of London's prime particular:

So may our staunch-reforming Tories take

The password, "Church and King," and "no mistake!"

Come, junior! 'tis thy fate to know

Strange secrets, ere thou'rt doom'd to go —

Confess, young seer, who's false, who's true,

And let us know a thing or two —

Whose star is in the ascendant, minion —

And what may be thy own opinion

On Ballot and "short Commons," tell us —

And whether Dan will slay or sell us.

Wilt thou throw to the whales more tubs,

Or to them do the civil?

Or wilt thou go, with temp'rance clubs,

The whole tee-total drivell?

Thou'rt no tee-totaller, I think —

If Whigs must govern, we must drink.

Will haughty Mel. or shifty John

Wheel into line with Rads anon?

Or will they join in vulgar strife,

To swing some peers in births for life?

Or try the scheme, *per contra* resolution,

And, saved the letter of the law,

From over-heated oven draw

A batch of faggot peers, *per* constitution?

As thou'rt a dummy, and not free

To speak thy fancies, — *list to me.*

"I guess," as Jonathan would say,

The dirty dogs have had their day;

'Tis up with all the Pats, the pimps, the prigs —
 The "widow's mite" of little Johnny Russell,
 Who join'd the rump of the broad-bottom'd Whigs,
 Mounting his *swell*, the "scarlet Cyprian's" *busle*.

The storm is up, mid roar and rout,
 And all the Whigs are looking — *out*,
 To slip their cables in the squally mist,
 And run for anch'rage on the pension-list —
 Where, snug whatever seas may roll,
 Ride Whig and Tory, cheek by jowl.
Kick'd out — they'll give up place, you'll find;
 Resigning all, but *not resign'd* :
 With marching orders sore perplex'd,
 About the *first of April* next.
 Thus shall the men, by Jove's high rules,
 Who came in rogues, go out as fools. — SAXONIS.

"A consummation most devoutly to be wished."

Here follow a few versicles, cast forth at one throe from the "*perfidium ingenium*" of a highly respectable joint of Apollo's tail. The praises of Heraud are in reviews — north, south, east, and west. We are not sure that the following will add breadth or brilliancy to his already gathered laurels, — always excepting the magic polish any thing acquires from appearing in our pages. Heraud is not afraid of injuring his fame by a subsequent effort, inferior to his first — nor are we.

PLACES OF WORSHIP.

Go, if thou wilt, to the fields to pray,
 Where Echo from the hill-side calls,
 And where beside the forest play
 The foaming waterfalls.

Thy heart within thee shall expand,
 As still thine eye takes in
 The vision of the fair and grand,
 And Heaven by glimpses win.

But not from aught that Nature tells
 Arise those dreams of bliss;
 She hath for thee no Oracles
 Of other worlds than this.

Within the Soul there is a shrine,
 Whence cometh evermore
 An utterance, like herself, divine:
 But listen — and adore!

Then seek not God in groves and glades,
 But in the heart of man;
 For Nature with no voice persuades,
 And only Conscience can.

Nor only in thy proper heart,
 But in thy Brother's too;
 That sympathy may strength impart,
 And sweet example woo.

Thus in the temple of thy soul
 The Father thou shalt see;
 And, as a Son, to his control
 Obedient ever be.

And in the congregation then,
 In every human face,
 Behold the face of Christ agen —
 The full of Truth, of Grace!

Thy Brother's looks shall echo thine,
 And thine respond to his;
 And each to either seem divine —
 Resembling him who is.

The Gothic pile shall teach thy mood,
 Of lively stones whil-ere,
 That built, cement by martyr's blood,
 The Church of Ages here!

Its legend let each column bring —
 The ceiling, like a Cloud
 Of Witnesses o'er hovering,
 Speak to thee — speak aloud:

Speak clear and loud — a thunder-peal,
 Though heard not by the ear;
 But to thy soul pronounced with zeal —
 A voice both loud and clear.

Associations manifold
 Thrice holy make the spot;
 And with thy spirit witness hold
 That God forsakes us not —

But is with man, and guards and guides,
 Howe'er forlorn he be;
 And with his worshippers abides,
 Though only two or three.

I'll seek thee, O my God! in groves,
 Cathedral-like and dim;
 And, in the silence Nature loves,
 Invoke thee with a hymn.

But at thine Altars I will find,
 And in thy Temples praise,
 Thee, righteous Father of Mankind!
 Thee, Ancient of the Days!

What comes next? The Bride!—a beautiful subject, placed between the prospective joys of the young and the retrospective pleasures of the more advanced in earth's pilgrimage. A parish minister, notorious for dull sermons, was one day hailed by one of his aged female parishioners, and refreshed by the observation, "You have been very grand to-day, sir." "Eh, Janet, what part of my discourse pleased you so?" "Oh, sir," replied the tormentor, drily, "it was the text." We have some idea that Janet's encomium would fall heaviest on the text in the following lines. Hear, then, Mr. Spencer:

E BRIDE.

From the parental stem and native flower,
Sweet robbery of love! the beauteous
flower

Is borne away with doting violence,
In other scenes its odour to dispense—
And gladden with its hues the stranger
eyes,
That dwell upon it with a fond surprise.

And fear not thou Love's severing hand
shall crush

The gentle blossom, in its virgin blush:
O no! in vain disrupting time or place
Would dash its perfume, or destroy its
grace.

Absolute in its worth, it can impart
Pleasures still green—the Eden of the
heart!

Like the soft flower* beyond that glorious
stream

On Indian plains, whose holy waters
gleam—

That oft, an exile from its native
soil,

In silken bondage blooms—without the
toil

Of nurturing earth—but in itself doth
hide

Renewing beauty,—so the gentle bride,
Dissever'd from her much-loved home,
can still,

All self-sustain'd, her lovely task fulfil;
And from her heart's unfailing treasury
Draw joys yet fresh, delights that never
die." *Edw.*

We don't clearly see how the "gentle bride" is to ~~lift~~ such high feather when "dissevered from her much-loved home." What, in that case, is her "lovely task?" what her "fresh joys?" what her "undying delights?" This poetry is, in the words of a kindred genius, "too lovely for us, then, farewell! oh, farewell!"

One of the few inconveniences of living in London is, that we fancy Cockaigne to be all the world, and are often exposed to the misfortune of perfect equanimity (owing to ignorance), under the persecution of provincial envy, hatred, and uncharitableness. The following instance of this is an amusing one. It is, as will be seen, a year old. Why we cast it aside at first we know not. Probably from haste. To the present hour, we have not the smallest notion of the place where, or the manner how we were attacked. We assure the amiable writer that, however angry he may have been when he drew his bow, the shaft fell short; and we accept his offered "right hand of good fellowship" for this reason, among others, that we never look for good fellowship from a left-handed invitation.

DEAR SIR,

Nottingham, Feb. 3, 1836.

After casing myself in complete armour, like a true knight, and blowing defiance to you through the trumpet of the *Metropolitan*, fancying myself *Harold the Dauntless*, or some other great hero, I find myself in the condition of Don Quixote, when he took a windmill to be a giant, only that I have been less fortunate than the woful knight, in not having honest Sancho at hand, to whisper in my ear some grave saw or proverb; such as—"Look before you leap."

Had I looked at your January Number, I should have been spared the mortification of thinking myself held up to ridicule in the first place, and the added pain of having attacked you in an unprovoked, and, therefore, unwarranted manner.

If, after this explanation, I deserve the knout, lay it on; in making it, I do no more than I feel to be my duty. Moreover, in the contribution on the other page, I offer you cordially the right hand of fellowship, which you may accept or not at your pleasure.

Yours very respectfully, &c.

Richard Howitt.

* The air-plant, found beyond the Ganges, and in Java.

NATIONAL SONNETS.

(From a Series in MS.)

THE REFORMATION.

To fields remote, through many a vale it wound,
 To grange and hamlet the glad tidings went;
 The shout of cities, raised with one consent
 To heaven: and smitten by that ecstatic sound,
 Rome's sceptre broken, fell unto the ground;
 And cowl and sackcloth were asunder rent.
 Widely through British hearts was breathed content,
 And cheerful faith, and thankfulness profound.
 No more religion, hopeless as a nun,
 Vested in cerements of the sullen tomb,
 Taught the pure air and face of heaven to shun,
 Was wedded to the cell's sepulchral gloom:
 Joy flushed her veins, joy touched her cheeks with bloom,
 All penances and monkish mummeries done.

ANDREW MARVELL.

In what fair temple of this famous land,
 Sacred to Freedom and primæval Truth,
 Whose honoured priesthood is perpetual youth;
 Where, Andrew Marvell, does thy statue stand?
 Genius, and Love, and Virtue, with firm hand,
 There wreath a flowery glory for thy head;
 And at thy feet flowers of all seasons shed,
 And circle thee with their immortal band.
 Statue none hast thou: and unto what end
 Should local monument thy ashes grace,
 Who better knew'st true honour to extend,
 Wider than statue, cenotaph, or vase;
 Who wert thy country's, and wast Milton's friend,
 And hast a place in hearts where these have place.

MILTON'S PARADISE LOST.

In hall, and bower, and at the peasant's door,
 The song divine, from age to age is read:
 It was the charm of generations dead:
 Still, like a river, flows it evermore,
 Flows strongly on to Time's unbounded shore:
 And still we quaff it at the fountain's head;
 And, caught up by the Poet, firmly tread
 The air, hell's pavement, and heaven's starry floor.
 What for such wealth of mind can we repay,
 Which makes us happy seasons in all years?
 Most bitter payment found he in his day,
 In his ungrateful country's taunts and jeers:
 And ours is, are we framed of nobler clay?
 Love, and deep reverence, ecstasies, and tears.

RICHARD HOWITT.

In return for this, we would say—

“ Long live Richard Howitt!

and

Long live we to know it!”

Some “ Constant Reader” may pettishly inquire whether the usual friskiness of the FRASER Papers is to give way to sober poetry? To this we reply—

NOT AT ALL!

Is it strange, that amidst the bright isles of the sea,
 The lovely, the fertile, the brave, and the free,
 The palm should, dear Britain, be yielded to thee? —

Not at all!

Is it strange, if each rood of thy long-hallowed ground,
 With plenty, and blessings unnumbered, abound,
 That thy halls with high mirth and loud wassail resound?—
 Not at all!

Is it strange, where no feelings of loyalty bind,
 That the heaven of discord an entrance should find,
 And work its destruction on matter and mind?—
 Not at all!

Is it strange, that the schoolmaster, sorry and jaded,
 With slipper and doublet bespattered and faded,
 Should weep by the wayside o'er prospects degraded?—
 Not at all!

Is it strange, when the prize is the throne of the ocean,
 That the heroes of discord, of brawl and commotion,
 Should strike their harsh numbers to Freedom's devotion?—
 Not at all!

Is it strange, that Whig patriots, who ride in the gale,
 Determined on grasping whate'er may avail,
 Should, like monkeys far southward, hold on by their Tail?—
 Not at all!

Speaking of the Whigs, we cannot refuse them

A MODERN SPANISH BALLAD.

Measure.—"My ear-rings! my ear-rings! they've dropt into the well."

Lord Palmerston! Lord Palmerston! I trust you won't object
 To my putting a few questions to your vigorous intellect.
 Then answer, with your simper sweet, and manner bland and airy,
 What, think you, are the requisites for a Foreign Secretary?

To do what most our enemies desire 's the way of fools
 (Your lordship has read some such saw 'mongst Aristotle's rules):
 Yet, judging by the policy from which you seldom vary,
 'Twould seem *this* were *one* requisite for a Foreign Secretary.

To lose old friends, yet gain no new to fill their place, is reckoned
 No master-piece—as well was shewn in days of Charles the Second;
 Yet must we, when we reprobate such conduct, be most wary;
 For is it not a requisite for a Foreign Secretary?

To sleep whilst others watch—to keep a fleet on neighbouring coast,
 Yet leave your country's interest *there* least cared where needed most;
 Where most intrigues the wily foe, to have no emissary;
 Pray, is not this, too, requisite for a Foreign Secretary?

'T' embroil yourself where others' rights at sixes are and sevens
 (Bear witness, O thou Isle Canine! and thou, Sebastian Evans!)
 To waste the blood of Britain's sons in service mercenary,
 Forms (does it not?) a requisite for a Foreign Secretary?

To place us where we're not exactly certain *what* we are,
 Battling, and yet no enemy—at peace, and yet at war;
 Acting most like to principal, yet called auxiliary—
 Is, doubtless, also requisite for a Foreign Secretary.

To threaten little people in support of little queens,
 And, threatening fail—with *British* force! ("Tell that to the *Marines*!")
 And, failing, ruin treaties old—all by one wild vagary;
 Is this *another* requisite for a Foreign Secretary?

Then, when the subject 's brought before the senate of the nation,
 To prove yourself as capable of giving information
 About your own department, as about the realms of Fairy,
 Is (or I err) *most* requisite for a Foreign Secretary.

There are other little matters, which at other time I'll mention;
 Such as—the proper meaning of the word "non-intervention!"
 With sundry other words and acts, which *seem* extraordinary;
 But, I conclude, are requisites for a Foreign Secretary.

Lord Palmerston ! Lord Palmerston ! if rightly I suppose,
Such requisites make statesmen loved by friends and feared by foes ;
Then of all men alive, or scored in Time's obituary,
Why, certainly you are the man for a Foreign Secretary !

" Honour to woman ! " says the Shade of Schiller, with reproachful remembrance. From our inmost hearts we respond to the cry. And, lest the German hard, of whose spirit we say, as Wordsworth says of the sea,—

" We could have fancied that this mighty deep
Was even the gentlest of all gentle things."

Lest this great substance of a shade should suppose us indifferent to that " inborn grace of life," the loveliness of woman, we shall quote a poem by a countryman of his, admirably translated by a countryman of ours.

COUNT EBERSTEIN.

(From the German of Umland.)

At Spire there was ~~the~~ sight
In the imperial hall
There torch and taper shed their light,
While, with the emperor's daughter
bright,
Count Eberstein, the gallant knight,
Led out the merry ball.

And as his arms her waist entwined
In dance so brisk and free,
She whispers him in accents fine ;
Her meaning he can just divine —
" Your fortress, good Count Eberstein,
To-night will perilled be."

" So," thinks the count, " for this I lead
The dance in Spire's fair halls.
My liege ! my liege ! your schemes I read.
Ha ! now, where hides my trusty steed ?"
'Tis here : he mounts, and rides at speed
To his beleagured walls.

There, 'neath the dark, those walls to
storm,
Comes stealing on the foe :
Their ladders fix'd, yet no alarm ;
When lo ! the count, with welcome warm
Receives them ; and, with vigorous arm,
Hurls in the trench below.

Naught doubting of the castle's fall,
Th' emperor comes next morn :
Scarce can he trust his eyes withal ;
For see ! where dance upon the wall,
The count, and his bold comrades all,
To sound of life and horn.

" My liege ! when next you'd forts en-
snare,
Take this advice from me,—
Of dancing look you've better care !
Your daughter's dancing pleased me fair ;
For her, and her alone, I swear,
My gates shall-opened be."

Oh ! then there was a festive sight
In the count's castle-hall ;
There torch and taper shed their light,
While, with the emperor's daughter
bright,
Count Eberstein, that gallant knight,
Led out the merry ball.

And, as his arms her waist entwined
In bridal dance so free,
He whispers her in accents fine ;
The blushing maid can well divine —
" I know a fortress, lady mine,
To-night will perilled be."

Malibran's death has given occasion to a little work called, *The Story of La Scala ; or, Recollections of Madame Malibran. By an Amateur.* The object of the work is, manifestly, not so much to mourn for the loss of Malibran as to put forth the merits of some living *artistes*, now performing at La Scala. Still the writer has a keen sense of the irreparable nature of the loss from which the musical world has not yet recovered. He attributes the death of Malibran to irregular exertions at oratorios, concerts, &c. ; and contends that, had she confined herself to the opera, her efforts, though great, would not have been more than she was equal to. The writer speaks of the " perpetual excitement " in which Madame Malibran was kept by her professional labours in this country ; but he does not, as others have done, insinuate, that to the use of stimulants her early death was in some degree attributable.* The poor lady died from exer-

* It is well known that Malibran, like many other foreign *artistes*, of both sexes, preferred porter (bottled stout) to any other beverage. The favourite repast of the late *cantatrice*, at the conclusion of an evening's arduous labour, consisted of oysters and stout—not a very pernicious indulgence. Her fondness for porter as a refresher gave rise to a ludicrous mistake on her part. One of the brothers Berkeley requested to be introduced to her. This was accordingly done by a mutual friend ; and Malibran, as soon as she heard the name of Berkeley, exclaimed with great animation, " Ah, dear Mr. Berkeley and Perkins, I owe you so much ! " The members of this family pronounce their name *Barclay*, which accounts for Malibran's mistake.

tions that were superhuman; and we wonder that, amidst all the discussion to which De Beriot's conduct gave rise, there was not a word of comment on the grasping avarice which alone could have induced him to permit a course in some degree, at least, subject to his control. No new light is thrown on the Manchester tragedy by this work of "an Amateur." He merely laments that the "Star of La Scala" is lost for ever; and, as we said before, points to other lights, not, indeed, to supply her place, but in some degree to dispel the existing gloom.

"The brilliancy of Madame Malibran's extraordinary genius may still be said to shine with reflected light in the persons of Adelina Spech and Carolina Ungher. The Norma of the former, unquestionably superior to that of Mademoiselle Crisi, and the Parasina of the latter, are both of them splendidly conceived. Mademoiselle Ungher is now drawing crowded audiences at La Scala, where a feeling, however, of regret must now infuse itself amidst the pleasure and excitement of the scene. After admiring the impassioned eloquence, the soul and energy displayed in the exciting finale of a tragic opera, the mind cannot resist the impression that one only could have been superior, one only could have been more impassioned, more exquisitely beautiful,—and she is lost for ever,—for she was MALIBRAN."

But

"We grow sad, and let a tale grow cold
That must not be pathetically told."

THE BILLS OF MORTALITY.

How strange, among those annual bills
Mortality prepares,
The catalogue of human ills
That end terrestrial cares!

First come the ABORTIVE and STILL-BORN,
And what, forsooth, are these?
Furces and melodramas forlorn,
And doleful comedies.

Then APOPLXY paves the way
For sudden death to sinners;
This rules the roast on Lord Mayo's Day,
And reigns at Christmas dinners.

Next BROKEN LIMBS—that's of the law;
BEDRIDDEN,—by their spouses;
CONVULSIONS,—in the cabinet,
BLEEDING,—in gaming-houses.

CONSUMPTION,—ah! the natural end
Of every vestry-meeting;
And CQTS,—direct or indirect,
The dandy's mode of greeting.

EVIL—in habits, tempers, thoughts;
The DROOPY,—that's the gallows;
But, stay, we have forgotten one—
Receptions at the Palace.

GOUT,—that's, indeed, a dreadful foe
To all our corporations;
And settling days at Tattersall's
Bring sad MORTIFICATIONs.

HEAD-ACHE! this malady prevails
Enough to kill a dervise,
From Saturday's last opera
Till after 'unday's service.

POISONED—by Meade and Morison!
RASH—promises, adventures;
RUPTURES—alas! in married life,
Bonds, Bank-stock, and indentures.

Then SCARLET FEVER! with the hon. n.
This plagues the cit and novice,
And SURVY! what the deuce is that!
Treatment by Whigs in office!

After this queer collection of puns, we take occasion to assure all whom it may concern, that, from henceforth, we shall never dream of returning short articles, of what kind soever, in prose, or in verse, on politics, law, literature, or arts. The writers must regard their MSS. as lost to them for ever; yet they are not necessarily to conclude that, because not immediately inserted, the said MSS. are immediately destroyed: by no means. All we wish to say is, that we cannot hold ourselves responsible for our treatment of such documents to any tribunal save that of our own good will and pleasure. And with this solemn decision, we shall decline all notice of letters, or messages, or supplications, of what kind soever.

"There's something in a flying horse,
There's something in a huge balloon,"

says Wordsworth; and so thinks Mr. Monck Mason. This cloud-sailor has a notion that

"All thoughts, all passions, all delights—
Whatever stirs this mortal frame"—

are, for the future, bound up with ballooning. He has, therefore, written a pamphlet on the subject of his trip through the air to Weilberg,—a few passages

from which will serve to shew that the author is as yet in the clouds, and that we mere pedestrians stand but a very poor chance of getting over his *style*. Here are a few specimens.

Mr. Monck Mason announceth his reasons for writing :—

"The interest with which the public at all times appear to have regarded the progress of Aërostation, and especially the very flattering concern which they have deigned so unequivocally to express for the successful issue of our late undertaking, have concurred in inducing me to abandon the usual path of communication hitherto adopted upon such occasions, and confirm me in the opinion that some account, more accurate and detailed than is generally to be found in the columns of the public press might not prove unacceptable to those for whose sympathy and consideration we can never acknowledge ourselves sufficiently grateful."

We shall soon see that "the usual path of communication is abandoned" with a vengeance.

Mr. M. Mason eulogiseth Mr. Green, and riseth with the subject of balloons.

"To remove these obstacles, and reduce the aërial vehicle to a more certain issue, a vast extent of actual experience, united to an intellect capable of turning it to a proper account, was absolutely required; and it would be an act of much injustice were I not to declare, that it is to the combination of both these in the person of Mr. Charles Green, that we are indebted for the entire results of all that is beneficial in the practice or novel in the theory of this, THE MOST DELIGHTFUL AND SUBLIME OF ALL SUBLUNARY ENJOYMENTS!!

"It was to him, and to his discovery of the applicability of coal gas to the purposes of inflation, that we owe the removal of the first of those impediments in practice, which, till then, had continued to weigh down with a leaden hand the efforts of the most indefatigable and expert; and had, in fact, bid fair to quench the incipient science in its very onset. * * * *

"It was only by the timely intervention of Mr. Green's ingenious application that the art itself was saved from a premature extinction: Aërostation had gone to sleep, when, roused by this discovery, she awoke to redoubled efforts, and rendered that, in the hands of the *skilful*, a profession and a profit, which before had ever been a matter of doubt, difficulty, and distress."

Mr. M. Mason describeth the lading of the balloon, and enumerateth nature comforts.

"The appearance which the balloon exhibited previous to the ascent was no less interesting than strange. Provisions, which had been calculated for a fortnight's consumption in case of emergency; ballast to the amount of upwards of a ton in weight, disposed in bags of different sizes, duly registered and marked, together with an unusual supply of cordage, implements, and other accessories to an aërial excursion, occupied the bottom of the car; while all around the hoop, and elsewhere appended, hung cloaks, carpet-bags, barrels of wood and copper, coffee-warmer, barometers, telescopes, lamps, WINE-JARS AND SPIRIT-FLASKS, WITH MANY OTHER ARTICLES, DESIGNED TO SERVE THE PURPOSES OF A VOYAGE TO REGIONS WHERE, ONCE FORGOTTEN, NOTHING COULD BE AGAIN SUPPLIED."

"Undoubtedly, sir," as "honest Lord Althorp" used to say, there would have been but small chance of finding wine in jars and spirits in flasks up aloft; though Tom Moore has the temerity to tell us of a fire-worshipper, fire-stealer, and fire-eater, who,

"when up
To glory's fount aspiring,
Took nor urn nor cup
To hide the pilfer'd fire in;
But oh his joy, when round
The halls of heaven spying,
Among the stars he found
A bowl of Bacchus lying!
Some drops were in that bowl,
Remains of last night's treasure," &c.

Our author has too much self-respect to drain stale punch even from the bowls of the immortals. Like a sensible man, he looks after the stowage with a care that does him great honour.

Mr. M. Musson traverseth the sea, and waxeth eloquent, as one in the clouds may be expected to do.

"It was forty-eight minutes past four when the first line of waves breaking on the beach appeared beneath us, and we might be said to have fairly quitted the shores of our native soil, and entered upon the hitherto dreaded regions of the sea.

"It would be impossible not to have been struck with the grandeur of the prospect at this particular moment of our voyage; the more especially as the approaching shades of night rendered it a matter of certainty that it would be the last, in which earth would form a prominent feature, that we might expect to enjoy for a considerable lapse of time. Behind us, the whole line of English coast, its white cliffs melting into obscurity, appeared sparkling with the scattered lights, which every moment augmented, among which the light-house at Dover formed a conspicuous feature, and for a long time served as a beacon whereby to calculate the direction of our course. On either side below us the interminable ocean spread its complicated tissue of waves without interruption or curtailment, except what arose from the impending darkness, and the limited extent of our own perceptions; on the opposite side a dense barrier of clouds rising from the ocean like a solid wall fantastically surmounted, throughout its whole length, with a gigantic representation of parapets and turrets, batteries and bastions, and other features of mural fortifications, appeared as if designed to bar our further progress, and completely obstructed all view of the shores, towards which we were now rapidly drawing nigh. In a few minutes after, we had entered within its dusky limits, and for a while became involved in the double obscurity of the surrounding vapours, and of the gradual approach of night. Not a sound now reached our ears; the beating of the waves upon the British shores had already died away in silence, and from the ordinary effects of terrestrial agitation our present position had effectually excluded us."

We think this last a touch of the superfluous order. That Dan O'Connell's death's-head, cross-bones banner of botheration and bloodshed should reach to the far-up region is out of the question. Had the enterprise of our voyagers led them "down, down, down," as Belvidera says, they might have heard something of Daniel's agitation. However, some sound of earth reaches the ballooners.

Mr. M. Mason experienceth satisfaction from the sound of a drum, yet feebleth perplexed as to the cause of its being beaten.

"As it was now perfectly dark, we lowered a Bengal light, at the end of a long cord, in order to signify our presence to the inhabitants below. Shortly after, we had the satisfaction to hear the beating of drums; but whether on our account, or merely in performance of the usual routine of military duty, we were not at the time exactly able to determine."

Mr. M. Mason findeth doubt more perplexing than ignorance, darkness more bewildering than light. He complaineth of the unkindness of the moon, for having

*"hid her light
From the heavens that night,"*

and upbraideth her for not having afforded companionship and assistance. He feebleth imbedded in black marble, and, cleaving through it; he is altogether quite unearthly in his eloquence,—telling us that "darkness reigned paramount over the whole adjacent surface of the globe."

"It was now past midnight, and the world and its inhabitants had finally committed themselves to repose. Every light was extinguished, and every sound hushed into silence; even the cheerful tones of the vigilant watch-dog, which had frequently contributed to enliven our course during the previous portion of the night, had now ceased; and darkness and tranquillity reigned paramount over the whole adjacent surface of the globe.

"From this period of our voyage until the dawning of the following day, the record of our adventures becomes tinged with the obscurity of night. The face of nature completely excluded from our view, except when circumstances occasionally brought us into nearer contact with the earth, all our observations during the above

period are necessarily confined to a register of incidents and sensations mingled with vague conjectures, and clouded with the mystery *wherewith darkness and uncertainty were destined to involve so large a portion of the remainder of our expedition.* The moon, to which we might have looked up for companionship and assistance, had she been present, was no where to be seen. The sky, at all times darker when viewed from an elevation than it appears to those inhabiting the lower regions of the earth, seemed almost black with the intensity of night; while, by contrast no doubt, and the remotion of intervening vapours, the stars, redoubled in their lustre, shone like sparks of the whitest silver scattered upon the jetty dome around us. *Occasionally faint flashes of lightning, proceeding chiefly from the northern hemisphere, would for an instant illuminate the horizon, and, after disclosing a transient prospect of the adjacent country, suddenly subside, leaving us involved in more than our original obscurity.* Nothing, in fact, could exceed the density of night which prevailed during this particular period of the voyage. Not a single object of terrestrial nature could any where be distinguished; an unfathomable abyss of 'darkness visible' seemed to encompass us on every side; and as we looked forward into its black obscurity, in the direction in which we were proceeding, we could scarcely avoid the impression that we were cleaving our way through an interminable mass of black marble in which we were imbedded, and which, solid a few inches before us, seemed to soften as we approached, in order to admit us still further within the precincts of its cold and dusky inclosure. Even the lights which at times we lowered from the car, instead of dispelling, only tended to augment the intensity of the surrounding darkness; and, as they descended deeper into its frozen bosom, appeared absolutely to melt their way onward by means of the heat which they generated in their course."

Mr. M. Mason complaineth of one drawback, lamenting that his daylight should have been curtailed. He boasteth of past success, and prophesieth future triumph; but leaveth alone the difficulties of ballooning.

"To all this there was but one drawback, in the time of year in which the experiment was conducted, and which, by curtailing our daylight, devoted to the obscurity of night so large and interesting a portion of the expedition. * * *

"Ere concluding this hasty narrative, a word or two is required concerning the success of that experiment which formed the main feature, as well as the chief object, of the expedition. This success, I feel no hesitation in now declaring to be complete; and the discovery itself one, the entire result of which, on the future progress of the art, it would be impossible at present to anticipate. With such an instrument as this there now seems to be no limit to the powers of aërostation,—no bounds to its sphere of action. All the theoretical objects which hasty consideration of the means might otherwise have suggested, experiment has now proved to be erroneous; and, perhaps, the best answer that can be given to those who might be inclined to question the practicability of its employment, or cavil at its effects, is, that by such means alone have we been enabled, without lot or hindrance, danger, or difficulty, to traverse so large a portion of the European continent; descending at a distance of above five hundred miles from the place of our departure, with power enough to have enabled us, had we been so intensioned, to have continued our course throughout the whole circumference of the globe."

If no other result should be obtained by the European wonder, of Holland going up in a balloon from England, and landing near Weilberg, we think it but due to Mr. Monck Mason to say, that to this circumstance we stand indebted for one of the most characteristic compositions adorning our contemporaneous literature. We are given to understand that this eloquent little work would have been dedicated to the "Man in the Moon," had not that exalted personage, as we have seen, put a shade on his lamp, out of pure spite,—refusing the companionship and assistance of Mrs. Moon to the intruding trio; who had, without saying "with your leave, or by your leave," appeared to disturb

"His ancient solitary reign."

It may not be uninteresting to quote a passage from the account given of an ascension from Oxford, in the year 1785. It is taken from a lying Whig volume of that day; and, therefore, only so far entitled to be mentioned in the same breath with Mr. Mason's narrative, that it establishes something like a want of candour on the part of the latter gentleman, in omitting all acknowledging notice of the source from which he drew his inspiration as to the victualling his aërial vessel.

"My provisions principally consisted of a small pot of stewed prunes, and half of a plain diet-bread cake, both prepared, and kindly presented to me, by the same ingenious hand which had fabricated the balloon. I had, also, a small subsidiary stock, viz., a loaf of sandwiches, three bottles of old ale, a pint of brandy, a salad ready mixed, a roll of collared eel, a cold goose, six damson tartlets, a few China oranges, and a roasted pig of the Chinese breed; together with a small light barometer, and a proper store of writing utensils; but no note, memorandum, nor loose hint of any kind."

With this single exception, we are "free to confess" (confound that foolish phrase!), that, putting out of view the one passage just quoted from the *Rolliad*, Mr. Mason's is a perfectly original work; and if the style seem a little *far-fetched*, let us remember that the writer went up to a marvellous height, and will probably require the use of stilts for some time to come, before he can hobble on in the old hum-drum way. 'Tis a pity he did not throw his thoughts into verse. Of hints, as of stitches, it may be proverbially said, that

"One in time
Saves nine;"

and, without recommending the *rhyme* of the adage as a perfect model, we are content to back the *reason* of it with every sixpence we have over 10,000*l.* a-year. We therefore trust so valuable a hint will not be lost on Mr. Monck Mason, to whom we wish all prosperity in his next voyage.

Who is the *Disappointed Man*,* in so fine and sorrowless a world as ours? Whoever he be, as he has offered himself to our notice, he shall not be disappointed here. Is this Miles Stapleton—the Miles Stapleton of the duel with the late General Moore on Wimbledon Common, or some other foreign country? The gentleman who complained, in harmonious verse, that the lady of his love flirted with others while he was "*Miles away*?" It is the same. His novel, of course, is of love and war. Mars and Venus fill both volumes. On such topics we may say, with Titus Livius, "*Hic Miles magis placuit*;" or, correctly translated, "Those are the strong points of Miles." Ovid also will supply us with a quotation:

"Miles erat, Phœbes, nec Mœnalon attigit ulla—"

and so forth, which we may overset in English, thus:—

Miles was a minion of the moon, and none
In gallantry or warfare brighter shone.

But, abandoning all puns, Latin or English, on his Christian name, we have lying before us his novel, called *Paynell; or, the Disappointed Man*, published by John Richardson of South Audley Street, whose name comes for the first time to our ears as one of the host of publishers.

Now, in spite of the ill repute which the evil-disposed have given us, in consequence of our open-mouthed manner of conversation, we are in reality, and at bottom, and in heart, kind of disposition, and gentle of tongue. Be not afraid, Miles Stapleton! This prefatory introduction is not like the proclamations of the king of Lilliput, who, according to Doctor or Surgeon Gulliver (we really forget whether Lemuel had taken the diploma of M.D.), prefixed always to his most sanguinary decrees the most placable and beneficent of introductions; so that all persons, when they read the soft exordium, trembled in soul for the slaughterous conclusion, which long experience had taught them to anticipate. We are really going to say that there is a great deal of good writing in the novel. Theodore Hook, we know, when he heard the title announced, said that the name was merely a slight misprint: for, that it was certain that *Pay-nell* would *Pay-nil*. The observation was ungenerous on the part of our old friend: and we are sure that Mr. Richardson is of a very different opinion. We do not think he is "a disappointed man."

Mr. Stapleton does not bother himself or his readers with the making of a story. Paynell is the eldest son of a peer's younger brother, and is born to great

* Paynell; or, the Disappointed Man. By Miles Stapleton, Esq. 2 vols. London, 1837. John Richardson.

expectations, and nothing in hand. He idles away, accordingly, without doing any thing in the first thirty-three years of his life worthy of record,—therein resembling ninety-nine out of every hundred persons in the world, though Mr. Stapleton seems to think it rather extraordinary. At last he gets his fortune, by those happy strokes of combined deaths which occur occasionally in novels, and he appears in the House of Lords bent on being a debater. Here he breaks down, as dead as Ned Bulwer in the Commons, and finding the case hopeless, and not having any necessity for looking in vain for a re-election for Lincoln before his eyes, he gives up the game. Immediately after, he falls in love with an unmarried lady, to whom, we think, he behaves rather badly, and, almost simultaneously, with a married, to whom he behaves a great deal worse. He jilts Harriet Morville, who takes the matter with due philosophy, and runs away with Lady Harland. There is a divorce—a jealousy—a duel—a heart-breaking—an *intrigante*, and all the other *supplectilia* of a romance, but nothing more than usual. The writing is clever, and the thoughts nicely developed. We do not much admire Lord Paynell, because, we think, if a gentleman has succeeded in inducing a lady to sacrifice society, we say nothing of higher considerations, on his account, he should behave to her with deeper deference, and certainly his lordship is not the most kind-hearted of husbands: nor, indeed, do we think that any character is drawn with remarkable skill. The charm is in the writing; and that is no small charm. The concluding scene of Lady Harland is a sufficient specimen:—

“The poor remains of what once was Maria, occupied a narrow space in the centre of the bed, and scarcely raised the coverings. Paynell fixed a steadfast gaze upon the pale countenance, and fain would have thrown himself upon the bed: fain would he have broken from Coleville’s grasp, and clasped the cold corpse in his arms. He reflected on his pettish moods—his sallies of passion—his assumed coldness, and his spirit of contradiction: he reviewed his past conduct, and, summoning up its littleness, said—‘How poor a thing I am! Where is my boasted protection, and disinterested love? I have been like a child; I have thrown away an inestimable jewel, and now I cry for it back again. How little all my actions appear!’

“Cold-blooded as he was, Coleville could not witness unmoved a scene like this, but, with tears in his eyes, urged Paynell to leave the chamber. The latter made no resistance, but allowed the attendants to bear him to another room. At their request he laid down, and at his they left him to his sorrow.

“A table stood by his side, and on the table lay several papers. He inadvertently turned them, till his attention was arrested by a sight of the following note:—‘This miserable scrawl shall not meet your eyes till the heart which dictates it has ceased to beat. It is unnecessary cruelly to wound your mind, when its repentance can be of no avail; but, overwhelmed with misery as I am, I cannot bear the thought of being all-in-all forgotten. No, Paynell, I cannot let you rest. It is not revenge, but love, which makes me force this dreadful recollection on you. Remember all our fondness. Think on the days, the months, which we have passed together. Alas, I need not call down vengeance on your head: it will fall without my bidding. Whether in the stillness of solitude, or amid the noise of the world, my ideal form shall ever be before your eyes.’”

The story, such as it is, we know to be true; and, under the feigned names of Harland, Paynell, and so forth, some will recognise old acquaintances. What does Stapleton mean by the following?

“A blush crimsoned for a moment in Maria’s cheek, and her eye sparkled with a bright but parting ray.

“‘I remember me,’ she said, ‘to-day is Harriet’s wedding-day.’

“Too true; that very day Harriet Morville gave her heart and hand to Gerard de Lisle. The very night which darkened over Maria’s death-bed, screened the pleasures of her cousin’s bridal-couch.”

Why should this bring a blush into Maria’s cheek? We leave it to—to whom? Ay, to whom? Why, see the dedication.

“To ————

“If the following pages had possessed any claims to distinction, I would fain have inscribed your name in the dedication; but the sorrows and imperfections they contain contrast so forcibly with your cheerful disposition and refined mind, that I fear an avowed dedication to you would be considered a solecism in taste. I cannot,

however, refrain from addressing you in this occult manner, nor could I allow a work of mine to go forth without soliciting your perusal of it; for, to the recollection of your society, I owe the few descriptions of beauty and happiness it contains, while the faults of the characters, and the general imperfections of the work, rest alone on its author. I may deceive myself, when I express the fond hope that these volumes may occasionally recall me to your memory; but I cannot flatter you, when I acknowledge, that your approbation of a single passage in them would amply repay me for the labour they have cost.

THE AUTHOR."

Is not that tender? Somebody, if we do not mistake, thinks so. *Paynell* is not the worse from being written under impulse of ladye love. There is, as we have said, stirring writing in the book, and Mr. Stapleton deserves to be congratulated on his *debut*.

We are most anxious to carry Conservatism to the pianofortes and harps of our fair countrywomen; and, though we could be eloquent on the subject, we shall content ourselves with the shorter process of printing two songs*—one in honour of Wellington, the other of Sir R. Peel. We trust that our fair patronesses will be so kind as to

"give to song
What gold could never buy"—

i. e., the gracious guerdon of an approving smile for this polite attention on our part.

THE HERO OF A HUNDRED FIGHTS!

COMPOSED BY S. NELSON.

Allegretto con spirito.

Fill high the cup to him whose sword For
years maintain'd his country's rights,— The Champion of old
England's fame, The He-ro of a hundred fights! How
oft a - long the swelling waves, When ma-ny a well-fought
field was won, Hath Triumph borne the self-same song Of

* Let us not be suspected of arrogating to ourselves the merit of these two productions. They are both published with accompaniments, by the highly respectable firm of D'Almaine and Co.



Vic - to - ry and - - Wel - ling - ton!

CHORUS.



Fill high the cup to him whose sword For



years maintain'd his country's rights— The Champion of old



England's fame, The He-ro of a hundred fights,

II.

From east to west—from north to south,
 Loud pæans in his praise have rung ;
 And whilst there beats an English heart
 His glorious deeds will still be sung.
 The swarthy sons of Ind beheld
 The tide of Vict'ry rushing on—
 And Fame, well pleased, new laurels wreath'd
 To bind the brows of Wellington !

III.

When Conquest bore Iberia down,
 He rais'd again the martial strain—
 And bursting on the foemen gave
 New life and liberty to Spain !
 But brighter trophies still will spread
 To ev'ry age his "vast renown ;"
 For DEATHLESS is the field and fame
 Of Waterloo ! and Wellington !

We are only expressing the feeling of the hero of Waterloo, the Duke of Wellington himself, when saying that the subject of the next song is truly England's Hope. His grace, who never acted, through the whole of his glorious career, from any other motive than the love of country, decided that the presence of Sir R. Peel was essential to the national interests.

ENGLAND'S HOPE; OR, WITH PEEL FOR OUR PILOT.

COMPOSED BY H. R. BISHOP.

In the strength of your might, from each moun-tain and
val-ley, A - rise, fel - low Bri-tons, the foe is at
hand; A - round the old stan - dard of Bri - tain we'll
ral - ly, And tri-umph or die with our dear Fa - ther-
land! "Let the Li-on of England no long-er crouch
under— Let him break from the slum-bers of Faction's foul
chain, - - If he rise in his strength, if his voice speak in
thunder"— The Sun of Old England will shine out a - gain.

II.

For our altars, our laws, be we firm and united,
 And the words of our Prophet we'll never forget;
 The Patriot has said, "If our *Faith* be once blighted,
 The Sun of Great Britain for ever is set."
 Shall Anarchy, rough-shod and rampant, ride o'er us?
 * No! We'll tear from *Destruction* the mask of *Reform*!
 We will stand for our rights, like our fathers before us,
 And, with *PEEL* for our Pilot, we shall weather the storm.

We have already had occasion to direct attention to a Conservative song-writer whose patriotic lays, especially in the north of England, have done great, indeed extraordinary, service to the cause. We allude to Mr. Story, whose name by this time needs no praise from us. But we feel called on, in justice to that gentleman, to explain a somewhat ambiguous expression employed by us when last we spoke of his songs. In enforcing the importance of vigorous writing in compositions of this class, we appeared to insinuate a want of vigour in the compositions of Mr. Story. Now we distinctly say that, a writer whose songs have produced the effect which those of Mr. Story are known to have done in the country cannot be deficient in that verve which goes to the heart of a nation. We take this opportunity of mentioning the name of another song-writer on the right side—Mr. Bellamy. He dedicates his "*True Blue*"* (a tribute to Sir R. Peel) to the Conservatives of Great Britain. And we have much pleasure in cordially encouraging so deserving a labourer in the good old cause.

Now comes an attack upon our never-sinning selves. It occurs in a journal called the *Atlas*, not inappropriately, if we look to the weight it has to bear in the way of heavy writing. The critic is here speaking of Ainsworth's *Crichton*, and takes occasion to mention us in terms which, if merited, we might submit to with a stubborn grace, but which, being wholly unmerited, we shall, after frankly quoting them, deal with in a tone of subdued earnestness.

"We received two volumes of this work some months ago; the third has only just been published. It must have appeared, therefore, a very marvellous circumstance to the uninitiated in these matters, that the romance should have been reviewed in some of the periodicals, especially in *FRASER'S MAGAZINE* and the *Examiner* newspaper, before the whole of it had been printed, and, if report speak truly, before the author had actually completed his MS. But the enigma is capable of a very satisfactory solution. In the preface to the work, Mr. Ainsworth praises the reviewers—the reviewers could not do less than praise Mr. Ainsworth in turn, even without waiting to ascertain whether he deserved it; although it must be admitted that one of them, in that reckless spirit of mischief for which his writings are remarkable, affected the utmost surprise at Mr. Ainsworth's panegyrics, and professed the most profound ignorance upon the subject. Practices of this kind are degrading to men of letters, and are well calculated to draw into contempt those petty literary cliques that subsist upon a system of mutual puffs, by which the grossest and most manifest cheats are played off upon the credulity of the public. If we censure the publisher, who risks large sums of money upon the caprice of purchasers, for trying to force his commodities into sale by a surreptitious employment of the influence of the press, how much more ought we to condemn the corruption of writers who, with a less defensible motive, lend themselves to a similar deception!" •

The writer of this paragraph has fallen into a mistake, common enough with people who, being born dull, go on achieving dulness, till at length they find castigation brought upon them, not so much, indeed, owing to their dulness, properly so called, as to the impertinence, superinduced by the long forbearance with which the said dulness has been favoured. This writer thinks himself a critical conjurer. The poor creature supposes that his mentioning the *Examiner*

* Cramer and Co. Music-sellers, London.

together with this Magazine, may divert attention from the fact, that *against us alone* his false and foolish attack is directed. Nearly every line in the paragraph is aimed at us, and every such line is, whether from ignorance or design, probably from a mixture of both, ridiculously untrue. Persons, to whom a reel within a bottle is a mystery, the "uninitiated" must, we are told, have thought it marvellous that this Magazine reviewed *Crichton* when it did; "but," adds our dapper dull-man, "the enigma is capable of a very *satisfactory* solution." Indeed! Satisfactory, no doubt, to the inventor, but scarcely, we apprehend, to any one else. The romance was not reviewed by us before it was *printed*: nor would it have been so reviewed before it was *published*, but for one of those incidents which it is impossible to guard against, and which, having nothing to do with the literary merits of the work, was not deemed of sufficient importance to cause a disturbance of our own arrangements, by delaying the review, which, in the usual manner, we had prepared. But we are told by the *Atlas* (reasoning, as is its wont, on assumption), that practices of *this kind* (of what kind?) bring contempt upon literary cliques, &c.! Now, unless the writer has been dwelling in a desert, or a dust-hole, or some such delightful retreat for contemplative minds, he must know, that this Magazine, from its first appearance, to the present hour, has waged implacable war against cliques of all kinds. And even he, the "satisfactory solver of enigmas," as he dubs himself, how does *he* support the charge which, in his blind ignorance, or wilful impetuness, he has dared to bring against us? He states, that Mr. Ainsworth having, in the preface to *Crichton*, praised the reviewers, these latter could do no less than praise him, "though one of them," says the writer, "*in that reckless spirit of mischief for which his writings are remarkable, affects the utmost surprise at the panegyrics.*" Now, what is the fact? In the preface to *Crichton* there happens to be one single line of compliment to a gentleman connected with the literary department of FRASER'S MAGAZINE; and an allusion is certainly made, in flattering terms, to an artist, whose works form the most favourable testimony to his talents; but, even in his case, we said that the eulogy might be thought open to objection. Very true is it that we expressed profound ignorance, and the utmost surprise, as to another of Mr. Ainsworth's panegyrics. We have not the book by us now, and forget the name of the person so panegyricised.* But we expressed no more than we felt,—a natural wonder that a literary lion, of the mane and tail spoken of by *Rookwood*, should have so aggravated his roar, that we had never heard of him. What remarkably "reckless spirit of mischief" this shews in us, is not so perceptible as the remarkably doltish spirit of dulness in the *Atlas*. As to such a person presuming to charge us with "practices gross and manifest" in literary matters, we shall content ourselves with the remark, that when the *Atlas* ceases to be stupid, we shall begin to be unjust; which is tantamount to a right in perpetuity on our part to bear "the balance and the sword." It is long, very long since a conspiracy of literary vermin was entered into against this vigilant and pouncing periodical. Many an attempt has been made to "Burr the Cat," but without success; and this last is the most abortive of all.

Having duly demolished the cracked bell of the *Atlas*, we now stoop to remonstrate with a simpleton in the *Athenæum*, who has "hinted" that certain lyrics in that remarkable romance were written by Father Prout, and "stolen from the Watergrasshill coffer." Now church robbery, in every shape, has been ever denounced in this Magazine, and plagiarism constantly held up as an unpardonable offence. An author guilty of both these abominations could scarcely have been praised by us. But to set the matter right, we here distinctly and authoritatively declare the charge or insinuation to be utterly unfounded. Dick Turpin was deeply impressed, even in the midst of his plundering career, with the Homeric maxim, *αἰδέσθαι ἰσθνα*.

In our former notice of *Crichton*, we gave some of the gorgeous pageantries and voluptuous scenes of the court of Henri III. We wish we could copy Ainsworth's description of a very different affair,—a bull-fight, in which Blount, the Englishman, and his dog, are brought out as strikingly as Turpin and Black Bess in *Rookwood*; and higher praise than this it were impossible to bestow.

* On reflection, we believe the gentleman's name is Forrest, a near relative, or else foster-brother, of the celebrated American tragedian.

Blount and his dog do full credit to their breeding. Henri III., who has one redeeming quality, which might have entitled him to take rank now-a-days as a red-riband among pedestrian dog-fanciers, *i. e.* fondness for what Mrs. Malaprop would call the "cannon specious," conceives a great liking to Druid, and determines on trying his mettle against a bull. After a scene, too long for extracting entire, and too good for mutilation, Ainsworth brings off his three heroes, Crichton, Blount, and Druid, triumphantly; for the sturdy endurance of Blount, and Druid's indomitable "pluck," are no less admirable than the cool valour and gigantic force of Crichton.

While speaking of Blount and his bull-dog, we are reminded of a most life-like sketch of both one and the other, in the style of Retsch's outlines. This sketch occurs in one of twelve illustrations of *Crichton*, executed by Mr. Franklin. Blount is represented seated at a carousal among the scholars, and listening to a *chanson* from Henri of Navarre, who, it will be remembered, has joined the roysterers of the cabaret in disguise. Druid lies crouched between the legs of his master—reposing, it is true; but it is clear that the slightest jerk from the Englishman's heel would bring him into "action terrible." The descent of Crichton, and the scene in the oratory, are also executed with unusual force and elegance. In short, Franklin's illustrations will, no doubt, be as generally admired as Ainsworth's *Crichton*. We recommend the publisher to keep Franklin from that indolence which is but too often fatal to the finest talents, and to set him at work on a series of sketches of the critics in the bilious circles. It is the glory of genius to conquer difficulties; and if Franklin can furnish pleasing representations of intolerable originals, he will prove himself equal to all obstacles. We could, but that we have no leisure for doing what is not worth while, enumerate some half dozen subjects of this kind, which, if faithfully rendered, would convince the world that sour comments and surly countenances are but varied manifestations of the same miserable spirit. But here is matter more attractive. It is a present from the "Reina Gobernadora," to whom, albeit we disapprove of many of her singularities, we pay all courtesy. Her majesty writes in a fine flowing style, "soft as her climate, sunny as her skies," and marked by Spanish simplicity.

To the ROYAL YORKS.

Illustrious Sir,—Feeling in the inmost core of my august heart that the magnanimous REGINA, of whose dignity you are the sole visible representative, will not disregard the homage of a royal spirit, I beg to transmit a token of my affectionate consideration in the accompanying Spanish work, *The Andalusian Sketch-Book*. It is written in the English language, by a British subject, but one thoroughly imbued with the Spanish spirit—which, justly appreciated, is a spirit of tender love and noble chivalry; in short, the spirit which pervades the enchanting literature over which REGINA extends her salutary sway. The work is, therefore, not unworthy of the gracious acceptance to which it is cordially offered.

May Cupid (not Palmerston) preserve your excellency many years.

I, THE QUEEN-REGENT.

This Andalusian sketch-book is, singularly enough, published by Macrone of St. James's Square, which is really a very delicate compliment to the typography of our tight little island. Mendizabel was most anxious to publish the work in Madrid; but her majesty asked him to pay for the printing, which, on examining the exchequer, the unhappy stockjobber found it impossible to do. "Then," exclaimed Christine,

'England, with all thy faults, I love thee still.'

By which her majesty slyly intimated a wish that Palmerston would keep quiet (for Evans was doing more harm than good). This is the secret of our having this elegant work offered, in the words of the editor (*q. author*!) presented in an English form "to the elevated class of society for whom such productions are prepared." We fear we are rather late in the day, as our contemporaries have, by some such piracy as that by which Ranelagh's letter was filched and falsified, enriched themselves with garbled extracts from this work. We shall, therefore, simply refer our readers for solace and delight to the songs, narratives, and female faces, gladdening the pages of this present from Queen Christine.

A conflict somewhat less terrible has taken place between two of his majesty's British subjects, the editor of the *Literary Gazette* and the editor of the *Athenæum*. As we on this occasion agree with the *Gazette*, we shall quote at length the statement of the case given in the *Athenæum*. This is proceeding in that spirit of rigid justice which has always characterised our gentle hearts and dauntless minds. The *Athenæum* speaketh angrily thus :

“ THE LITERARY FUND.

“ The annual meeting of this society, for the election of officers, took place on Wednesday last. As few persons attend these meetings, the proceedings are necessarily mere matters of form ; on this occasion, however, they had somewhat more variety than usual.

“ We lately alluded to certain paragraphs which had gone the round of the papers, relating to the Literary Fund Club ; and as these paragraphs had a tendency to create a belief that the society and the club were very intimately connected, if not identical, and as nothing could, in our opinion, be more prejudicial to the interest of any benevolent institution, we thought it our duty to disabuse the public mind on the subject. Now, it appeared that Mr. Dilke had expressed like opinions in the committee : and further, that should it be proposed to fill up the vacancies in the committee, by selecting members from the club, he should feel bound to oppose such candidates, as their election must tend to draw closer the bonds connecting the club with the institution, and thereby prejudice the latter in public opinion ; and he thus openly stated his intentions, feeling that it would be unjust and ungenerous to give a silent vote, and thereby create a suspicion as to the moral qualifications of the candidate.

“ We cannot but believe that our readers will be of opinion, that this course of proceeding was, in every respect, fair and honourable. When, however, the meeting was about to proceed, *pro forma*, to the re-election of the committee, Mr. Crofton Croker rose, and, after referring briefly to the opinion which Mr. Dilke had expressed, said he should, in consequence, oppose his re-election. Mr. Croker was then called on by several members to assign his reasons, but remained silent. Mr. Jordan, however, stated in substance, that he considered that the club had been most beneficial to the institution ; he could not, therefore, consider that any person who was opposed to the one could be a friend to the other, and he should support Mr. Croker. The question was then put to the vote, and Mr. Dilke was re-elected ; only four persons voting against him — Mr. Jordan, Mr. Croker, Mr. Britton, and Mr. Moyes.

“ It does appear to us scarcely credible that men of common sense could mistake either the motives or feelings of Mr. Dilke. He professed to have no ill-will against the club,—his objection was to a too intimate connexion between the committee of a benevolent institution and any eating and drinking club whatever. It is, however, impossible to calculate the exact powers of nonsense ; and, as three persons held Mr. Jordan's reasons to be conclusive, we may state a fact, to help those who are curious in psychological inquiries, to determine the brain sympathies of the parties : according, then, to popular belief, Mr. Jordan is the editor of the *Literary Gazette* — Mr. Britton and Mr. Crofton Croker have been for years writers in the *Literary Gazette*—and Mr. Moyes is the printer of the *Literary Gazette*.

“ We have hitherto refrained from any reference to the proceedings of and known differences in the committee of the Literary Fund ; and even when the town rang with comments on Mr. Jordan's destruction of the Soane picture, and every journal in the kingdom was discussing the subject, we never once adverted to it. But after this outrageous proceeding it would be carrying courtesy a little beyond common sense to observe the same delicacy. We avow, therefore, that we concur in opinion with the minority on this occasion, that some change must take place in the committee — whether they have selected the person who ought to retire remains for proof. We shall say no more until after the next meeting of the committee, which will take place about the middle of April.”

On the subject of the Literary Fund, and all matters therewith connected, we could, “ an if we would,” say a great deal. At present, it is not our pleasure to say any thing beyond what immediately relates to the statement just quoted from the *Athenæum*. Cordially agreeing with that peculiar periodical, that it is “ impossible to calculate the exact powers of nonsense,” we shall, in all humility and diffidence, attempt an estimate of the article just quoted ; and should it fall short of the merits, we must plead the “ impossibility ” spoken of by the *Athenæum*.

The case between these two prodigious periodicals, or rather between their editors, is simply this, whether the Literary Fund Institution is benefited, or otherwise, by the Literary Fund Club. The institution, as all the world knows, is for the timely, judicious, delicate, and strictly secret assistance of persons who have the misfortune of being "literary," in the unredeemed acceptation of the term. The members and friends of this most praiseworthy institution dine together once a-year, in furtherance of its objects, on which occasions very bad speeches and very good subscriptions are furnished with a "continual giving" liberality. So much for the Literary Fund Institution. Now for the Literary Fund Club. This is composed of a certain number of gentlemen, all of whom are members, and many of them most active promoters, of the Institution. And with all the virtuous horror entertained by the *Athenæum* for eating and drinking, we think that respectable rival of the *Gazette* must be duller than usual not to perceive that the club-dinners must come very influentially in aid of the interests of the institution. This is as plain as a pike-staff, or any other self-evident proposition. What, we would ask, keeps together every benevolent institution in this metropolis? Dinners, dinners, dinners. Wisely has John Bull determined in this matter, well knowing that the direct road to a man's heart is through his stomach. This, then, being the principle on which institutions of all kinds are kept together, what preposterous nonsense is it in the *Athenæum* to call the Literary Fund Club a mere eating and drinking affair, with which the Literary Fund Institution is in no way mixed up. The club is a powerful auxiliary of the institution. We have no personal feeling in saying this, having nothing whatever to do with the club; but we know the fact to be so, and we state it. It is a pity that the generous rivalry between the two tea-table authorities should be sullied by merely personal jealousies. Belonging though we do to a temperance society, we must be guilty of the inconsistency of recommending the two learned and—now for a word in favour with both these literary authorities!—*talented* editors to hob-nob together beyond all bounds, and ever afterwards to lead a sober, quiet, and loving life—assuming a rivalry, but not feeling it—animated, in short, by one heart and soul in the noble endeavour of humbugging his majesty's subjects in all parts of his majesty's extensive dominions. Mine host of the Garter thus allayed the furious feelings of Dr. Caius and Sir Hugh Evans. In the words of that jovial peacemaker, we say to the belligerent editors, "Your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burnt sack be the issue."

In the last Number of the *Edinburgh Review* there is an article on Chateaubriand's twaddling *Essai sur la Littérature Anglaise*. One passage in this article is mightily to our taste; and we here extract it, as a "bit of good truth," which from an Edinburgh reviewer is, in literary matters, welcome from its rarity. Speaking of Robert Burns, the reviewer says:

"We are yet, indeed, living under the moral influence of Burns: we are yet unaware of all the fruit it may ripen. In these pages, for a reason we have elsewhere stated, we have not entered into the fertile field of Scottish poetry. But we cannot be quite silent upon Burns; for we see his breathing and vivifying spirit every where abroad. Not only is it manifest in the philosophy of Wordsworth, in the glorious lyrics of Campbell, in the patriotic melodies of Moore; but wherever, in the vast and crowded haunts of labour and trade, the humble artisan feels the sense of his own dignity, burns with the desire of the beautiful, is haunted with the dream of knowledge, gathers up the daisy from the ploughshare, and estimates at their true distinctions of value the 'guinea stamp' and the 'gowd'—there yet glows, elevates, and inspires, the royal and gentle spirit, with its lion courage and dove-like tenderness, of Robert Burns!"

This is written in a true and hearty spirit. The "picking up a daisy from the ploughshare" is, we presume, to be taken rather in a "parliamentary" (i. e. a wordy) than a literal sense, when speaking of "humble artisans in the crowded haunts of labour." All the rest of the passage is unexceptionable; and we can bear personal testimony to the effect produced on men of every rank and condition, English and Irish, not less than Scotch, by the particular song alluded to, "A man's a man for a' that." But our immediate reason for making this reference to Burns, is to say a word on the affection with which his

memory is cherished by many of his countrymen. We do not speak of the cawing people who, on the 29th of January, the birth-day of Burns, some years ago, assembled to quiz the Ettrick Shepherd. That exhibition, taken altogether, led many an Englishman to doubt whether there was really any feeling of regard for the poet's memory among his countrymen. However, let "bygones be bygones." We have much more gratification in pointing to instances of an opposite character. Two of these have fallen within our own knowledge. We allude to the possessors of some precious relics of the departed bard, consisting not of rings, seals, locks of hair, books, autograph letters, or other such matters, but of a plain punch-bowl, a plainer pair of candlesticks, and one or two snuff-boxes. The punch-bowl is the property of Archibald Hastie, Esq. M.P. for Paisley; of whom we may fearlessly say that (though he votes on the wrong side of the house) no man living is more worthy of such a treasure. Of this we are quite sure, that the Governor and Company of the Bank of England could not drive a bargain with the hon. member for Burns's bowl. It is of black marble, mounted in silver, but not defaced by ornaments of any kind. The most appropriate motto possible is engraved on the silver rim. It is, we believe, a verse from the epistle to J. Lapraik, and runs thus:

"Ye whom social pleasure charms,
Whose hearts the tide of kindness warms,
Who hold your being on the terms,
Each aid the others,
Come to my bowl, come to my arms,
My friends and brothers!"

Nobly is the bowl made to "execute its function" under its present hospitable possessor, who will, we trust, when called to another and a better world, leave the precious relic to gladden our Fraserian festivals. We beg to offer a like suggestion to the possessor of the pair of brass candlesticks, the snuff-box made out of the bedstead on which Burns breathed his last, and of a goodly clump cut from the "bush aboon Traquair." This enthusiast is Mr. Forrest of Old Burlington Street, whose devotion is quite as strong as that of Mr. Hastie. We think one of these monopolists should be sacrificed to the other; and the bowl, candlesticks, and snuff-box, should adorn one and the same table; or, rather, both the monopolists should be sacrificed to OLIVER YORKE. Then on our convivial board should that bowl mantle, those candlesticks mount guard, and that snuff-box "go its rounds," at one and the same time—Campbell the poet reciting his ode to the memory of Burns, and Campbell the sculptor descending on that bust of the departed bard which he ought to execute, in spite of all the "lords, and dukes, and noble princes," living and dead, whose visages keep his chisel immortalising away from "morn till noon, from noon to dewy (q. *mountain dewy*?) eve." This appears to us so good a proposal, that we can scarcely doubt that it will be acceded to.

ABUSE OF MARCH, AND A HINT TO APRIL.

MARCH, march away, unmourned in speech, or complimenting song,
Thou bully base and blusterer, who against the weak art strong,—
Shouting, "All hail!" when Beauty's cheek confronts thy cutting broozes,
And boring Poets, like myself, with most prosaic sneezes,
MARCH, march away!

Hadst thou been brave as boisterous, my Fanny's sylph-like form
Would have been spared the other day; and thy confounded storm
Up and down old Downing Street would ruthlessly have driven,
And whirled the Whiggish ministers beyond the hope of heaven.

Then Melbourne and Glenelg would have rubbed their drowsy eyes,
And Rice and Russell reached the spot where Peter's waistcoat lies;
While Palmerston and Howick, with their war-official tricks,
Would have joined the Isle-of-Doggians on the other side of Styx.

A joyful clearance hadst thou made, thus blowing up, O March,
The denizens of Downing Street, instead of fir or larch ;
But, having missed so good a chance, we bid thee to be gone,
Convinced that, like an Irish row, thy blundering course is done.

Come APRIL, of the dewy eye, and chase the pensive tear
That used in days of happiness to make thy smile more dear :
In stubborn times like these you must flare up, and do your duty,
Like a thorough-going Amazon, my sentimental beauty !

Thy first appearance long has been a festival of fools,
So *one* day we're content you give to Melbourne's moon-struck tools ;
But after that we claim the undivided twenty-nine ;
So we'll trouble you most radiantly on Tory hopes to shine.

Thus shalt thou, April, well prepare the glad approach of May,
Whose joyous aspect must not meet the gloomy Whiggish sway :
The blooming month of hope and love with other joys must bring
Freedom from Rads and Whigs, and all the foes of church and king.

Prepare thou this,—by trailing off all shades of Whiggery,
And, lovely May, will follow thee with footstep light and free ;
That done, O gentle April, thy yearly coming smile
Shall for ever be a harbinger of joy to Britain's isle.

SONNETS FOR THE MONTH.

BY SIR MORGAN O'DOHERTY, BART.

I.

So much has erst been said in prose and song
 About the first of April, as the day
 Of asses, that what novel thing to say
 Occurs not either to my pen or tongue.
 Full many a bard who doth himself belong
 To that wide-spreading tribe, to whom the *fête*
 Is and has been for long years consecrate,
 Hath jested heavily upon the throng
 In which he all unconscious is enrolled.
 Perhaps my readers may apply such blame
 Even to myself. So be it. Still I hold
 My sonnetteering course through various fame,
 Sure, if my verse be trash, that what is sold
 In many a loftier tome is just the same.

II.

Loud blusters now the equinoctial gale,
 Following the day of equal dark and light,
 Indifferent, like Joe Hume, to black or white.
 But soon will April suns o'er wind prevail,
 And blustering be at discount, to a wail
 Low whining sunk. And so ordain the fates.
 "How my heart trembles while my tongue relates"
 (See Pope) will sink the broguery of the Tail.
 O, glorious Twenty-three, what thanks we owe
 To your unblushing vote. Proceed! Proceed!
 All Tory taunt despise. As little heed
 Pious Æneas. Perjury thrive, I say;
 But will it prosper till the first of May?

M. O'D.

The Russell, opposite Drury Lane, once the Albion.

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HARDIMAN'S IRISH MINSTRELSY; OR, BARDIC REMAINS OF IRELAND.*

ACCIDENT threw these volumes in our way, and we are not sorry that it should have done so, at a time when so much is said of the identity of feeling between England and that party in Ireland which, with a more than Irish impudence, claims for itself the exclusive right of being considered its people. True it is, that every thing which pretends to refinement or education, and ninety-nine of every hundred parts of the property of the country, repudiate any connexion with the degraded nation; but the answer is ready: "We are seven millions;—we are, therefore, the people." It was the only argument which Mr. O'Connell condescended to use when pressing measures which are to deliver the Irish Protestants, bound hand and foot, into the power of their implacable enemies; and we think Mr. O'Connell right. Justice, common sense, common honesty, and common policy, repudiate these measures; no argument in their favour derived from honourable sources can have any weight or application: but the threat, for such it is, of the millions is intelligible. Mr. O'Connell does well to use the great argument of his brother beggar in *Gil Blas*. Mr. Shiel may practise the Hibernian gestures which Le Sage laughs at; but they effect

nothing, except to get up a howl of no other importance than to remind us that the Irish, whom he represents, have not yet lost that peculiar sort of vocal talent for which they have been so long famous. The superior genius wastes not his time on such nonsense. He knows it is better to sit by the wayside imploring compassionate attention, with a blunderbuss loaded with seven millions, resting appropriately on a cross, and ready to discharge at a moment's notice.

It is now of no consequence that these millions exist only on paper or in imagination. The child in Wordsworth, who used the similar cry of "We are seven!" holds pertinaciously to its accuracy, even though two of the seven are in the churchyard. An accurate research into the population of Ireland would strike off at least two of these millions; and it is admitted that nearly two and a half more are starving, and without the slightest interest in any question beyond that of how to supply the pinching demands of cold and hunger. Further examination would reduce the millions who are arrayed against us to a much lower amount, by the subduction of those Roman Catholics who have the courage to oppose the priestly tyranny—

* Irish Minstrelsy; or, Bardic Remains of Ireland. With English Poetical Translations. Collected and edited, with Notes and Illustrations, by James Hardiman. M.R.I.A. 2 vols. London, 1831. Robins.

they are not many, we regret; and of those who, like the tenants of Mr. Bunbury at Carlow, driven up with reluctant hearts to oppose "their good, kind landlord," submit tremblingly to the Reign of Terror. These form, at least, half of the contributors to the rent. Paltry in every sense is the minority in Ireland, which, by dint of brawling, has been set up as the irresistible majority; but still the cry of "We are seven!" is continued as vigorously as ever, with infinite success. All the natives of Ireland, not contained in the O'Connellite list, have lost all title to be considered Irishmen. Born they may be in the stable, but they are not allowed the dignity of being horses.

It may, therefore, be worth inquiring, what are really the feelings and sentiments of those who are Irish *par excellence*; and we can find no better work than that which lies before us. Mr. Hardiman, in spite of his name, which must be good plain Saxou, is thoroughly imbued with Hibernianism of this school. He has no doubt of the Milesian history, and is somewhat inclined to be angry with Keating for giving up so authentic a personage as Fintan. He devoutly believes in all the splendours of the dynasties of Heber and Heremon, and of their wondrous progress in arts and arms. Mr. Moore is a far less ardent worshipper of those glorious days. It is true that the Melodist sings, with much enthusiasm, of

"The glories of Erin of old,
Ere her faithless sons betrayed her,
When Malachi wore the collar of gold
Which he won from the proud invader;"

and that he tells us how

"Rich and rare were the gems she wore:"

but we find him, when he comes to cold prose in Lardner's *Cyclopaedia*, rather sceptical as to the existence of the splendours which grace his song. In fact, he throws the Milesians, and King Pharaoh and his daughter, Scota, overboard altogether, and shakes his head at Fin Mac C'owl — or, to spell him more Celtically, Fionn Mac Cumhaile. Nay, even in rhyme he has

sneered at "the ragged royal race of Tara;" and, on the whole, is as well deserving of the reprehension of Mr. Hardiman as any other of the unbelievers exposed to that gentleman's animadversions.

As to Mr. Hardiman condescending to satisfy literary or historical incredulity, with respect to the long lines of kings, heroes, bards, and philosophers, which occur in the annals of Ireland, that is out of the question. In a note on

"Con and Cormac of regal birth,"*

we are told, "The first is *well known in history*, by the appellation of 'the hundred battles.' The last assumed the government [assumed the government!] A.D. 254. He combined the study of *philosophy* with the cares of government. Some of the writings of this heathen prince are still extant. See *Annals IV. Masters*, p. 86." It is a pity that these works are not published, with a slight essay on the proofs of their antiquity and authenticity.

Con figures more than once. The land of Con, Mr. Hardiman informs us, may either be "the whole of Ireland, from the monarch Con, who ruled early in the second century; or to the northern half, called Leath Cúinn, from the division of the island between that monarch and Eugenius, king of Munster, which will be found amply detailed in our histories." No doubt. There it is, with the treaty exemplified at full length, and all the protocols. We recommend these papers to the attention of the editors of the *Portfolio*, as being quite as interesting as any relating to the partition of Poland.

He looks with deserved contempt upon less hardy believers. In his note on the remains of the Pagan bards of Ireland, he stands up boldly for the antiquity of Irish poetry.

"Although I have commenced this part of the present work with a poem of one of the *last* of our pagan bards, it was not for want of others of a much earlier date, some of which I shall now proceed to lay before the reader. These consist of a few short odes, *attributed* to Amergin, the son, and Lugad, the nephew, of Milesius, who lived about one thousand

* We must complain that Mr. Hardiman's references, owing to his omitting to page them, give unnecessary trouble. We are left to guess where to find the text to which the notes are appended: for it is hardly to be expected that we should have all the divine compositions by heart.

Keating himself, we have said, is considered rather sceptical by Mr. Hardiman.

"While wafted by the breeze's wing,
I see fair Fintan's shore recede,"

sings Dr. Drummond, after Gerald Nugent, or, Hibernically, Gearroid Nuinsionn ; a mode of spelling which we respectfully recommend to the attention of Lord Nugent. On which Mr. Hardiman remarks :—"Fintan, one of the companions of *Casar*, the earliest reputed colonist of Ireland. Keating makes a present of Fintan to the adversaries of Irish history." Mr. Hardiman, of course, would scorn such a concession to the enemy. For our own parts, we stand up for Fintan. *Casar* was certainly a very early colonist ; because she, being the granddaughter of no less a person than Noah, arrived in Ireland fifty-three years before the flood. She, and all her companions, were drowned in the deluge, with the exception of Fintan, who escaped, and afterwards played a remarkable part in Irish history. Indeed, much of the authentic portion of the earlier Irish annals depends upon his testimony ; for, having been changed into a salmon, he swam in the Shannon until the coming of St. Patrick, who restored him to his original figure and baptised him ; his former immersion not being considered canonical. He communicated to the saint the history of Ireland before his arrival ; and it is, questionless, well worthy of such an authority. But it appears to us, that Mr. Hardiman is unjust to "our Irish Herodotus," old Geoffry, who by no means surrenders Fintan. Being a churchman, he could not hint any doubt of the Mosaic account of the

deluge ; and therefore he reluctantly remarks, that Fintan's name is not to be found among those recorded in *Genesis* as being saved. We think it unreasonable to expect that he should have taken any other course ; but he suggests, that the difficulty may be solved by the rational supposition that he was actually drowned with the rest, but restored to life by a miracle, for the purpose of becoming the first historian of Ireland, and a guide and pattern to all other labourers in that department ; who, indeed, have very generally imitated him in accuracy and judgment. Agreeing with the probability of Keating's supposition, we may humbly venture upon an attempt of our own. Might not Fintan have been one of the sons of Noah ? If we admit this hypothesis, the matter is clear ; and it may be made to explain other parts of the history. Fintan, by a little of the ordinary etymological legerdemain, may be proved to be the Irish name for Ham ; who, for any thing we know to the contrary, might have accompanied his niece, *Casar*, on her colonising visit. Now, as Ham was the father of Canaan, who was the father of Sidon, from whom descended the Sidonians, there is nothing wonderful in the tendency of these people to migrate, as the truth of Milesian history testifies, to the land where their ancestor (supposing him to be identical with Fintan) cut so remarkable a figure : and the woes of Ireland may be traced to the curse of Noah. Canaan was to be the servant of servants, and Mr. O'Connell calls his suffering compatriots, "hereditary bondsmen." We do not press our hypothesis with any dogmatism, but submit it to the acknowledged acumen of Milesian anti-

If I caught the joker
At the dipping, at the dipping,
By the holy poker !
I'd spoil his peeping, spoil his peeping.

There is nothing more poetical in the more modern bard who wrote the *Iliad*. The words applied by the Anglo-Hibernian poets of Dublin to the air we have selected, are—

"Where were you the whole day,
Watty Peters, Watty Peters ?
Down upon the blind quay,
Drinking bitters, drinking bitters.
Can't you do as we do,
Pippin squeezers, pippin squeezers ?"

We unfortunately cannot recollect any more of this interesting poem : we recommend it to the searching zeal of Mr. Hardiman.

quarries; being extremely unwilling to lose so eminent a literary luminary as the prime fountain and parent of Irish history.

We must blame Mr. Hardiman for one piece of sceptical dubitation. He does not agree with Vallancey on the subject of Molly Astore.

"*Molly Astore*.—The air of 'Molly Astore' is one of the most popular in these islands. Burns called it 'a heavenly air.' Although it has been more fortunate than most of our native strains, in meeting with English words, yet it is confidently hoped that its original Irish stanzas will be found no way inferior to any of those with which it has been hitherto associated in English.

"General Vallancey, one of the few Englishmen whose memory ought to be dear to the Irish, was so delighted with the music of 'Molly Astore,' that, in his enthusiasm, he very gravely undertook the derivation of the name, and traced it to the most remote antiquity. He tells us, from Diodorus Siculus, that *Bel*, or *Baal*, was the Jupiter of the East, whose wife, the Juno of the latter, was *Astarte*; and that these were 'the Irish *Beal* and *Astoreth*, the latter pronounced *Astore*.' Mr. Trotter tells us, that the song was composed 'at the period of Cormac Mac Cu, a century before Christianity.' Again, he says, 'It is, with some probability, supposed to have been addressed to *Astoreth*, called in Irish *Astore*, the Venus of the Phœnicians.' Vallancey was perfectly serious, but Trotter could hardly have been so; particularly as he

soon after adds, 'It is evidently, however, the production of the purest era of Irish song, as it has the general character of its sweet and touching melody.'

"English verses have been frequently written to this air. The late George Ogle, member of parliament for Wexford, was author of a pleasing song, beginning, 'As down by Banna's banks I strayed,' whose principal charm lies in the Irish termination of each stanza—

'*Ah Gramachree na Colleen oge
Ma Molly Astore*——'"*

General Vallancey was a man of more than ordinary gullibility, possessed of much multifarious knowledge, ill-arranged and ill-digested, but of no judgment. Yet here we must defend the Spike Island general from Mr. Hardiman. If he be one of the few Englishmen whose memory should be dear to the Irish, it must be on account of such splendid exertions as deriving *Molly Astore* from *Astoreth*; for he never did any thing else to entitle him to the peculiar gratitude of Ireland. His labours as an antiquary or a philologist are perfectly valueless, generally exceeding the limits of absurdity tolerated even among such people. Nothing could be more nonsensical, for instance, than his endeavours to connect Ireland with the fables or history of the Brahmins; and his derivation of *Molly Astore* is fully as good, and quite as probable, as the rest of his speculations. His principal claim on

* In "justice to Ireland" we must observe, that some of the words which occur in this refrain are to be found in Shakespeare; though it was not suspected, until lately, that there were any Irish words in his plays. In *Henry V.*, act iv. scene 4, where Pistol takes the French soldier prisoner, the first folio has—

"*Pistol*. Yield, cur!

Fr. Sold. Je pense que vous estes le gentilhomme de bonne qualité.

Pist. Qualitée! *calnie custure me!* Art thou a gentleman?"

We spare our readers the heap of commentary upon the mysterious words marked in Italics. After much tinkering, it was generally agreed to read the passage, "Quality, call you me? Construe me! art thou a gentleman?" (Shakespeare, by the way, would have written, Construe to me.) But Malone discovered, in a song-book of Elizabeth's time, that an Irish air, with English words, had a burthen of *Caleno custure me*; and this he justly conjectured to be the true reading. Pistol does not understand a word of what the Frenchman says, but the sound of *qualité* suggests that of *caleno*, and he replies in what he deems to be gibberish equally unintelligible, taken from a familiar song, which he might have often chanted at the Bour's Head. Malone did not know the meaning of the words, but they were soon discovered to be Irish. *Colleen og astore me*: My pretty, darling, little girl. The passage is properly restored in Boswell. See his note, where the song and music will be found. *Henry V.* is the only play in which Shakespeare introduces an Irishman. As Schlegel remarks, he was anxious to shew that men from all parts of the islands were present at Agincourt. The Scotchman, Jamy; the Irishman, Mac-morris; the Welshman, Fluellen; and the Englishman, Gower; are introduced in the one scene, discussing the general affairs of the war before Harfleur. The recovery of this scrap of Irish is really a literary curiosity.

literary attention is taken away from him by Mr. Hardiman, who accuses him, vol. i. p. 26, of having stolen, or conveyed without acknowledgment, his celebrated interpretation of the speech of Hanno the Carthaginian, in the *Pœnulus* of Plautus, from the unpublished papers of an Irish poet named *Teige O'Neachtan*, which fell into his possession. Hardiman says, that the autograph copy of *O'Neachtan*, dated Aug. 12, 1741, is preserved in the library of Mr. Monck Mason. This robs the general of the brightest flower of his literary chaplet. We shall not enter into a discussion as to whether the speech is Irish or not, only remarking, that Bochart and others discovered it to be Hebrew or Chaldee; and we have no doubt, that if Mr. Ker exerted his industry, he would discover it to be Low Dutch. As for Trotter's opinions, on any subject, they are of no value. Those who wish to know the merits of his principal work, the *Life of Charles Fox*, may be gratified by a reference to the *Quarterly Review* of the time. As for his *Walks in Ireland*, it is a work, the sole object of which is to promote the objects of the Romish party, and to contribute to the hostility against the Irish Church. As fit retribution, he died in a typhus hospital in Cork, in deplorable poverty, with no friendly hand or tongue to assist or solace him but those of Dr. Magee, then Dean of Cork, afterwards Archbishop of Dublin, a distinguished pillar of the vilified church, and an object of especial hatred and insult to the party to whose cause Trotter had devoted all his energies, such as they were. The dean supported and attended him during his illness, and buried him under the lime-trees of St. Finbar's, where he now is lying. For such charities the great theologian obtained no thanks; he was an "enemy to Ireland."

But enough. The extracts we have made will shew what is the feeling of Mr. Hardiman in Irish affairs. His notes, he says, though not published until 1831, were compiled before the Emancipation-bill of 1829, and he intreats for indulgence. We do not see that he need ask any. Like every body else, he has a right to state his opinions. Freedom of speech is an honour to any cause; ignorance is to be pitied or condemned according to circumstances; falsehood or malevolence alone are de-

serving of unmitigated censure. There exists no reason why Mr. Hardiman may not let loose his wrath upon all and sundry, from Pope Adrian the Second to the No-Popery Orangemen of our own days. Neither does there exist any reason why we should not offer our opinions on the facts or feelings which are displayed in his pages.

One thing is most remarkable in writers for the Romish party in Ireland; no set of people display themselves so decisively thin-skinned if a word of censure be applied to them or their proceedings, but no people are so liberal of the most profligate and unsparing abuse. Here, for example, Bishop Percy, who, one would have thought, might have found favour in the eyes of a ballad-collector, is blamed because, in noticing "*Lillabullero*," in his *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, "that Christian divine found room for the hacknied terms of furious Papist, bigoted master, violence of his administration," &c. It is not pretended that James and his satellites were not furious, bigoted, and violent, but it is here insinuated that it is not Christian to use such words when the fury, bigotry, and violence, are exerted in the cause of Popery. Of Archbishop King we are told

"With respect to this period of Irish history, whoever would be misled may consult Archbishop King's *State of the Protestants in Ireland*, an appalling monument of a Christian bishop's breach of the commandment, 'Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.' If truth, however, be sought after, it will be found in the answer to that book, by Leslie, a Protestant gentleman, which proves, that when a divine descends to misrepresentation, he generally deals by wholesale. Yet King's production has been quoted by Harris, Leland, *et hoc genus omne*, as authority, in their 'histories' of Irish affairs."

Here, again, we have a Christian bishop upbraided because he dared to expose the tyrannical conduct of James and his Irish parliament. In a similar spirit it is made matter of the most direful national offence if we do not acquiesce in every legend, and swallow, without scruple, all the nonsensical claims to antiquity put forward by fabling bards, and believed in by silly antiquaries. We have no respect for Macpherson's *Ossian*, which we think a clumsy forgery, destitute of merit

of any kind ; but we look on it as ridiculous to make a splutter, as if it were an affair of life-and-death importance whether Fingal and his barbarians were Irish or Scotch, or, indeed, whether they existed at all. Nor can we see any premeditated marks of "injustice to Ireland" in the claims made by Burns and other Scotchmen upon "Molly Astore," or other airs, which are, in all probability, Irish. In no other country would discussions on such topics be conducted with as much bitterness as on the most envenomed political or theological polemics of the moment. In any other country the absurdity would be scouted as thoroughly disgraceful. In Ireland it is something worse than absurd, for it is part of a system deliberately planned to keep up irritation and ill-feeling by all means. "Tradition, legend, tale, and song," are pressed into the service of agitation ; and the cry of "injustice to Ireland" is swelled by lamentations over such insults as the denationalising of *Maggie Lauder*. We candidly admit that the injustice more clamorously denounced is not of more real or oppressive existence, but it is disgusting to find that even ballad antiquities cannot be treated without a view towards promoting the cause of faction.

With the nonsensical dreams of the early splendour of Ireland we do not quarrel, nor with such stuff as the ancient Irish being governed according to some "of the best and safest principles of civil liberty." Their own annals describe them as perpetually engaged in savage civil wars, and few were the traces of civilisation or decency found by the invaders of the island. The Danes, who were every where else destroyers, were in Ireland the founders of cities. But, supposing all these magnificent pictures as correct as they are absurd, what has the state of affairs a thousand years ago to do with what is going on in the nineteenth century? Does the Norman lament over the departed splendours of the house of Rollo, and consider himself clanking in chains because he sends deputies to Paris? Yet the glories of the Norman princes and warriors were far more extended than any thing

which can be claimed for the descendants of the fabled Milesius. Is Navarre desolate because her own native Bourbon kings have left her Pyrenean dominions to rule upon the Seine? Who mourns over the scattered houses of Charlemagne or Plantagenet? Does the discontented Roman imagine that what he disapproves of, in his present political condition, is in any way attributable to the misfortune of his not being able to comply with the command of Anchises—

"Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento;"

or to the fall of the house of

"Julius, a magno demissum nomen Olympo?"

No; such stupid and mischievous follies are left for Ireland, or that portion of her inhabitants, who, with the very consummation of impertinence, arrogate to themselves an exclusive claim to be considered friends of their country. If we were not aware of the motive, we should set this down to an inborn folly, which would indeed consecrate Ireland as the land of blunder ; and think that the man who said that an O'Rourke scorned to have sense, was the fitting representative of his nation.*

What brings into an antiquarian or poetical work such passages as these?—Dr. Samuel Madden has, we are told, concluded his essays on Ireland,

"by presenting a hideous picture of the 'poverty, idleness, misfortune, and misery, which too many of our people languish under,' the consequences, he might have added, of English domination, and of penal laws. Not satisfied with depriving the old proprietors of their ancient estates, nor content with driving forth myriads of Ireland's noblest sons as branded wanderers over the face of the earth, the malignancy of English laws, and English taskmasters, reduced to the situation here described the wretched sojourners, who were declared to exist in the country only by legal connivance. Great is the retribution which England owes this ill-treated land."

Dr. Samuel Madden was not one of

* "A person lately remonstrating with a descendant of this gentleman on his extravagance, amongst other things, told him that he 'ought to have sense.' 'Sense!' replied the indignant Milesian, — 'know that an O'Rourke scorns to have sense.'"—*Hardiman*.

the wisest of mankind, but he was a well-intentioned man, who certainly never imagined that penal laws had any thing to do with the starvation which he witnessed. Again,

"As for poor Paddy, his 'good-nature' for the 'nativo' always overpowers him. Like Boniface in the play, he eats, drinks, and sleeps on his whisky. It is often his only breakfast, dinner, supper, and, in the words of our song, his 'outside coat.' Saving he never thinks of, and accumulation is out of the question. He generally sings

Coróinn ariamh na ríclinn
 Mí dheanúal m'á dhe chruinnear,
 Zheic léigean de rilleabh,
 M'ar dhrucho arí an bhéat.

Or, with Anacreon :—

"Οὐδ' γὰρ πῶς τὸν αἶνον
 Τόδε μοι μόνον τὸ κέδος.

Hence the immediate cause of his poverty and wretchedness; but our wise legislators seem determined that he shall be indulged in his career at the cheapest rate—not, of course, with any sordid view to paltry revenue, but to increase Pat's comforts; and, while potatoes continue to be the necessities, and whisky the luxury of his life, surely it would be cruel to tax them; besides, the trifle he pays for leave to lose his reason by whisky is applied to save his soul by Bibles. Kind and compassionate legislators continue to supply him with both; thus you will at once consult his temporal and eternal welfare, leave to the world a monument of your superior wisdom, and, by thus promoting the prosperity of Ireland, and placing her above temptation, deter America from audaciously, perhaps successfully, making love to her on some future occasion."

This is more than mere impertinence. It is cold-blooded, cold-hearted impertinence. The question as to whether high taxation or low taxation tends to the increase or diminution of consumption, is one of which Mr. Hardiman never appears to have heard, and we leave him to dispute with that eminent financier, Spring Rice, to whom his volumes are dedicated, or with the philosophers of the *Edinburgh Review*. But how is this question connected in any manner with the distribution of Bibles? Those who distribute the Bibles have nothing to do with the arrangement of the Ways and Means; the Chancellors of the Exchequer have nothing to do with Bible societies. The only connexion is this, that they, to

whom the utter degradation of the Irish peasant is matter of daily bread, desire at once that he should be encouraged to smuggling and illicit distillation, in order to foster in him fresh causes for hating or defying the law, which, in plain truth, is no friend to him, as it leaves him at their mercy or disposal; and that he should be taught to consider any effort to lay before him the means of judging what is or what is not the Christian religion, as an act of hostility. As for America, the threat is as wretched as it is seditious. The United States have had quite enough to do with their importations from Ireland, to desire to have any further connexion with those who are so kind as to look on the Union as the cesspool of Irish grievances, and they are too sensible of their own position to think of such trash as is here suggested. Again,

"To the fascinating influence of these songs have been attributed many of the early marriages, and much of the 'superabundant' population of our country. This, no doubt, will be deemed a new discovery in the science of political economy, and, as such, is respectfully offered to the grave consideration of the Malthuses and Hortons of our day; although I may incur the censure of these wise depopulators for contributing to increase this national evil, by circulating such alarming marriage-making ballads as *Eileen a Roon*, *Cean dubh dileas*, *Molly astore*, *Coolin*, *Mary of Meelick*, and many other soul-breathing ditties, to be found in this collection."

Sir R. W. Horton was one of those who, acting under the delusion that truth or gratitude was to be expected from the tyrannical set who grind the poor Irish papists to the dust, exerted himself to obtain what was called emancipation, through his whole political life; and, of course, he is here sneered at as an "enemy to Ireland." The crime he committed was a project,—a blundering one, in our opinion, but certainly a well-meant one,—of alleviating the gigantic evil of Ireland, pauperism, by promoting emigration on a most extensive scale. As his project did not tend to augment the power of the priests, his services in any other quarter were disregarded. It is only just to Sir Robert to say, that, in advocating emancipation, he proposed that the popish members should not be allowed to vote on matters concerning the Established Church. The conduct of the

Tail, ever since its intrusion into parliament, has shewn that his anticipation of the utter fruitlessness of attempting to bind them by any oath, pledge, or obligation, was correct. As for Malthus, all we shall say is, that he was refuted by Michael Thomas Sadler, who was hated by O'Connell. The parson and the agitator had equal bowels for the Irish poor; but Malthus was, at least, disinterested in the promulgation of his heartless sophistries.

Are not these fine things to find in a book of songs! A few more extracts may be equally edifying:—

“With every respect for the Protestant Church of Ireland and its ministers, it has been doubted whether the latter, as a body, really believed the doctrine which they professed. The best proof of conviction in religious opinions, is an earnest endeavour to disseminate those opinions, in order to bring people over to the truth. This has never been attempted by the Protestant divines in Ireland. On the contrary, every measure which could render their doctrine odious seems to have been studiously resorted to.”

Distributing Bibles, we have seen,

is considered by the author as one of most remarkable means for rendering their doctrine odious.

“The treatment of the brave Irish general, Mac Donnell, better known by the name of *Mac Allistrum* (whose march is yet remembered in Munster), of our poet's name and family, who was basely murdered in 1647, at Knockrinoss, near Mallow, by the troops of the brutal renegade, Inchiquin, helped to embitter the poet's mind against the English. His muse never seemed so delighted as when holding them up to the scorn and derision of his countrymen.”

With deference, we do not think that Lord Inchiquin was ever treated with any thing like scorn and derision, by any bard or blackguard who came within his hearing. How was Inchiquin a renegade? He was of more noble Milesian blood than any of those whom he was defeating, and in a most critical period, he stood up with matchless courage, constancy, and skill, for the principles that for generations had actuated his family. In every point of view he was a remarkable man, and we know no Irishman of his time fitter for a centre-piece of an Irish historical novel.* The statement of the affair of

* In a pretty little book published by T. and W. Boone, New Bond Street, this year, called *The Tour of M. De La Boullayne Le Gouz, in Ireland, A.D. 1644*, edited by T. Crofton Croker, with notes and illustrative extracts, contributed by James Roche, Esq. of Cork, The Rev. Francis Mahony, Thomas Wright, Esq. B.A. Trin. Col., Cambridge, and the Editor, after a short sketch of the brilliant career of Lord Inchiquin, Crofton says:—

“Lord Inchiquin died on the 9th of September, 1674, and was buried in the Cathedral Church of Limerick. It is to be regretted that a complete account of the life of a nobleman so intimately connected with the historical and political events of a most important period of English history has not been written.

“‘On whatever side Inchiquin commanded,’ says O'Driscoll, in his ‘History of Ireland,’ ‘he was the scourge of his country. Of one of the noblest and most ancient Irish families, he seemed actuated by a thirst for the blood of his countrymen, hardly to be satiated; wherever he marched, the burnt crops, the ruined cottages of the peasants, the dead and mangled bodies of age and infancy strewn upon the way, pointed out the route of the Lord Inchiquin.’

“‘On taking Cashel, he massacred the priests at their altars, and put to death several hundreds of the inhabitants; he committed similar deeds of barbarity in other towns. The memory of his murders is still engraved upon the heart of the country, and his name will remain for ever united with that of Grey, and Coote, and Cromwell, a curse and an anathema in Ireland. The peasants of Clare and Limerick still scare their children with the name of the bloody Morrough O'Brien, and tell of the judgment that has descended upon his posterity, that no male child should ever be born to the name of Inchiquin.’

“Now, my poor friend, John O'Driscoll, ought not to have repeated this absurd story (although current among the peasantry of Ireland) in a political sketch, which professes to be a history of Ireland, as it is a matter of notoriety, that the Earl of Inchiquin was succeeded in the title by his eldest son, William, who died in 1691, governor of Jamaica; that he was again succeeded by his eldest son, William, who died in 1719; and was succeeded by his eldest son, William, on whose death, in 1777, the title of Inchiquin devolved upon his nephew, Morrough.”

The *Tour of Boullayne Le Gouz* is, on many accounts, curious; and Croker's edition is really a very interesting work.

Mac Allistrum is absurdly unfair. Crofty Croker has taken the trouble of confuting a ridiculous story about the family of Lord Inchiquin.

" ' This, indeed, is a country worth fighting for,' exclaimed William III., when the beauties of the Golden Vale, in Kilkenny, burst on his astonished view ; ' And worth defending,' replied one of his veteran opposers, who happened to be present. Yet, with a pusillanimity wholly incompatible with the character of the brave, William poured down his weightiest vengeance on the heroic defenders of that very country, for no other crime than acting on the principle, that it was worth fighting for. This was the grand political error, which entailed incalculable evils on these islands for more than half a century after. It strengthened Catholic France, and enervated Protestant England ; the latter expending millions to uphold a tribe of reformed ascendancy men in Ireland, to oppress the defenceless Catholics. With reference to William, I will not stain my page by noticing the *secret* services for the prefligate grants of this land, ' worth fighting for,' made by him to his Dutch favourites : although, on that *dark* subject, some documents might be adduced, as curious as any that Burnet had recourse to when he wrote the suppressed passages of his history. — See *Routh's Genuine Edition, Oxford, 1825.*"

The last sentence is beastly trash, utterly unworthy of notice. It is merely a disgrace to the man who writes it. But who, with a common smattering of English history, could imagine that the consequences of William's conquest "strengthened Catholic France, and enervated Protestant England." Twenty years before the battle of the Boyne, saw Louis XIV. almost master of Europe : Holland ruined, Spain asleep, Italy his own, England pensioned, — he himself master of France, murdering the Protestants, revoking the edict of Nantes, crying out, "*L'état c'est moi,*" and so forth. Twenty years after, he was broken down, terrified, driven almost to his last wall, and saved only by the intrigues of the Papist or Demi-Papist party in England from utter ruin. His fleets were swept off the sea, and his armies crushed, by the victorious hand of Marlborough — the same hand which, under William, had in a few days taken Cork and Kinsale, rescuing from murder the hapless Protestants of those towns. This is what Mr. Hardiman calls strengthening Catholic

France. So may our enemies ever be strengthened. It enervated Protestant England? Did it? In the seventy years that followed the battle of the Boyne, we drove the French out of North America, we consolidated our dominion of the sea, we laid the foundation of our Indian empire, we suppressed rebellions at home, and we dictated wars and peaces abroad. Came the relaxation of the penal code — was England strengthened? Grattan, we know, sacked 50,000*l.*, but England lost the United States : the first occasion of discontent there being, as Patrick Henry, the most eloquent of the forest-born orators, said, the establishment of Popery under the British dominion, in the neighbouring province of Canada, an establishment for which we are at present reaping the usual fruits of kindness and gratitude. Really we did not think that such an ass as this sentence proves Hardiman to be, was ever let loose upon a common.

" In the poem of Hudibras, we are told that

— ' Tails by nature sure were meant,
As well as beards, for ornament.'

" To this passage there occurs, in Nash's edition of that poem, the following note. ' At Cashel, in the County of Tipperary, in Carrick Patrick church (the cathedral on the rock of Cashel), stormed by Lord Inchiquin in the civil wars, there were near 700 put to the sword, and none saved but the mayor's wife and his son. Among the slain of the Irish were found, when stripped, divers that had tails near a quarter of a yard long. Forty soldiers, who were eye-witnesses, testified the same upon their oaths.' It is to be regretted that the names of these forty eye-witnesses were not given, as it is not unlikely but some of them might be traced among the famous ghost depositions of 1641, now carefully preserved in Trinity College, Dublin. Their evidence, however, with respect to the tails, had all the effect that was proposed. It was as firmly believed by the vulgar English of that day, as Joanna Southcott's Shiloh is expected by many of the same class at the present."

If it were of any consequence, we could shew Mr. Hardiman grave evidences, to prove that *the English* were considered, by some sage continental authorities, as the tail-wearing nation, *par excellence* ; and a perusal of Lord Monboddo will assist him still

further. But it will not do to represent these stories as in any way a set-off for the details of the most direful massacre ever on record, the Popish massacre of 1641. The "famous ghost depositions" may be utter perjuries—which we do not believe them to be—or hallucinations, arising in the minds of people living in the midst of inconceivable horrors, enough to upset the calmest and most courageous spirit; but, consider them in any light you will, what remains will suffice to determine to which side the terms of brutal and barbarous justly belong. Some explanation of the story told by the forty soldiers at Cashel might be given, but it is not worth while here.

"The reformation, and its offspring, the gunpowder plot, were sources of innumerable evils to Ireland. The latter, particularly, arrayed the people against each other, and originated those violent feelings of hatred and animosity in the Protestant mind, against the Catholics, which, even yet, are not entirely allayed. But that this was a Protestant and not a Popish plot, few well-informed persons of the present day entertain the slightest doubt. From a careful inspection of *all the original documents* connected with this dark transaction, preserved in the State Paper Office, London, and without reference to any other source or circumstance whatever, I do declare it to be my solemn conviction that the entire was planned and conducted, from beginning to end, by Cecil, secretary of state to James the First. I do not intend here to enter into the particulars which led me to this conclusion; nor, indeed, is this the place for so doing. One only document, therefore, I shall notice; and that is the official report drawn up by Levinus Moucke, and throughout corrected by his master, the secretary, in his own hand-writing. When perusing this elaborate statement, it appeared to me, that certain passages could not have been expunged, or particular interlined

amendments made by Cecil, if he had not been well acquainted with the plot before the delivery of the letter to Lord Montegle. If Doctor Lingard, perhaps the ablest of England's historians, had personally inspected these papers, he probably would have been more decided in his account of this horrid Anti-Catholic conspiracy."

The ability of Dr. Lingard we pass by. We acknowledge that he is a man who knows his business, and goes through it without scruple. But what trash is this? Mr. Hardiman declares it to be *his*—his solemn conviction, that the gunpowder plot was Protestant, and, *therefore*, we are to believe so! Pho! Will he favour us with a proof? In one sense, indeed, it was the offspring of the Reformation, just as the massacre of St. Bartholomew, or the fires of Smithfield, or the *aulas-du-fé*, were its offspring.

This will suffice. Eternal spite against Henry VIII., Elizabeth, Cromwell, William III., &c. breaks forth in every page. The gallantry of Raleigh, the poetry of Spenser, the beauty and unjust end of Anne Boleyn, are no shield against slanders and insults. How paltry is all this, as well as being utterly out of place! How miserably it contrasts with the Scotch minstrelsy! Historical recollections render Elizabeth no favourite in Scotland; and yet, the bard of Caledonia, stern and wild, the mighty minstrel, thinks it not inconsistent with his nationality to exhibit her in her noblest qualities as the heroine of *Kenilworth*. It would be a disgrace to Scottish literature, if we found any of its ballad-writers insisting upon it that she was the offspring of incest,—representing Anne Boleyn as the daughter of Henry VIII.—as we find a beast does in a poem here printed, vol. ii. p. 314. This was too much for the stomach even of the translator,* who slurs the

* The lines we refer to, occur in the Roman Vision.

"Ní annghíshim hannghibh an chéad fhean
Do chuinn uabsh go truaillighche a chéir,
Ann Anna Boleyn, a nshin chéadna,
Zi'r d'mchigh ó'n n-Caighlir ann cheaḡarḡ lúcénuir.

Which Mr. Curran translates:—

"Why need I mention? thou, dread power, hast seen
The apostate Henry spurn his spotless queen
For Anna's fresher beauties."

This is no translation. The next verse, in Irish, about Elizabeth, is almost as brutal.

passage accordingly. Mr. Hardiman tells us, that Anne Boleyn "was an object of peculiar abhorrence to the Irish." Abhorrence! Alas, poor lady! what had she ever done to inspire abhorrence any where? and how could she excite any feeling in Ireland, with which, during her brief and unhappy life, she was never in any way connected? We know the reason well, and shall have something to say about it before we conclude our article. The hand of Cromwell was as heavy on Scotland as it was on Ireland. The English royalists found him as stern and as confiscating as his Irish enemies. Is he still remembered by the Scotch or the cavaliers as nothing but a raw-head and bloody-bones, fit only for railing execration or the poor spite of affected contempt. We should be ashamed to think so. William the Third drove out the Stuarts, and suppressed Episcopacy as the established religion of Scotland. The keenest partisan of the ousted family, or the humiliated church, does not forget that that great prince was the man who stood almost alone against the efforts of Louis XIV. to destroy liberty throughout Europe. In the ballads and notes of Mr. Hardiman, he is made the object of ruffianly insult; and we are perpetually reminded of Glenco, as if that business had not been minutely examined over and over again, so as to acquit William,—who could have had no interest in the feuds of the highland tribes, in those days not much better than savages—from material blame. And again, what has Glenco to do with Irish affairs! Just as much as the marriage of Anne Boleyn. That lady's husband exercised, at least, as much tyranny in England as he did in Ireland; his pillage and confiscations were greater here, and, of course, he was more personally oppressive. And yet we can calmly look over his career without getting into a passion; we have, in fact, made him the proverbial standard of things gone by—"as dead as Harry the Eighth."

Now, we are not so unreasonable as to expect that, in times of excitement, hard words should not be bandied about between hostile parties, and are by no means so squeamish as to desire that song-writers or pamphleteers should confine themselves to holiday and lady terms, in talking of their antagonists. But it is a miserable

symptom of party feeling when we find that no lapse of years or centuries softens the asperity, and that the spirit of the temporary libeller exerts its pitiful influence over the page of the historian or the antiquary. It is nonsense to say that this absurd bitterness, which is peculiar to that party which claims for itself the fame of being exclusively Irish, arises from the spoliations of the Anglo-Norman knights of Henry II., or of the Lords of the Pale, or of the settlers in the days of Elizabeth and James, or of the Cromwellian soldiers, or the followers of William. There is not a nation in Europe where civil war has not made property change hands over and over again, in the long period from the end of the twelfth to the end of the seventeenth century. The Norman nobles who followed the fortunes of the Conqueror, and of the Plantagenets, were driven by their French antagonists out of the lands they owned in Normandy, with as little ceremony as their ancestors had themselves driven out the Neustrian holders of estates. Do the descendants of these men wail over the loss, and vent bitter imprecations on the Philips and Charleses by which their expulsion was effected? The great revolution in France ruined thousands of families, and broke down a nobility which, surely, had as many historical recollections to gild it as could be claimed by the brightest names of the ragged royal race of Tara; and yet, except from some superannuated chevalier, we never hear eternal curses denounced against the confiscators, and eternal hatred vowed against those who have succeeded to the estates of the *noblesse*. Or, to take the time nearly corresponding with that of the defeat of James II., and the expulsion of his party, was not the revocation of the edict of Nantes, with its dismal accompaniments of the dragonnades, an act to be as bitterly complained of as any thing that could be charged against William III.? Were not the French Protestants as noble of blood, and as gallant of bearing, as the best men who swelled the ranks of the much-boasted Irish brigade; and had they not every reason to dwell with rancour on the character and memory of Louis XIV.? We do not know that the persecuted men of the Cevennes have left behind any songs or ballads; if they have, it is to be expected that they breathe a feeling of as deep hostility against that

prince, as the compositions of their graver and more eloquent brethren. But where is that feeling now? French Protestants would write the life and reign of the *grand monarque* with as much impartiality and freedom from bias against him as French Roman Catholics. They would admit the many great and brilliant qualities of Louis—would withhold no panegyric from the glories and graces of his opening reign—would do justice to the loftiness of his views, and behold, with generous sympathy, the courage and resignation with which he met the calamities that overwhelmed his age. Vain, indeed, would it be to expect from a mere Irish writer a life of Queen Elizabeth—a greater person than Louis himself,—conducted in such a spirit. All the stores of spleen and spite would be ransacked for calumny; every idle tale, invented and circulated by malice, set down as of irrefragable authority; every thing dubious in her history zealously interpreted against her; the noble points of her character passed over or sneered down; evil motives alleged for good or illustrious actions; and the eloquence of Billingsgate let loose to prove that, in any thing where blame could be imputed, her conduct was not to be paralleled out of hell.

Oh! but some trading patriot will exclaim, she was an enemy to Ireland. Indeed she was not. She did her utmost to promote peace, civilisation, religion, and learning, in that hapless island. To the enemies of these blessings she was an enemy, and not to Ireland. She put down with a vigorous hand, but not with more vigour than was necessary, the barbarian toparchs, who oppressed and trampled upon their miserable tenants and dependants in a manner scarcely conceived elsewhere. The history of the great houses, the Geraldines, the Desmondes, &c. over whom we hear so many lamentations, is nothing but a tissue of brutal horrors. She founded a university, and, to the best of her power, diffused schools, and the elements of knowledge, throughout the land. She purged the country of idle and treacherous friars, “white, black, and grey, with all their trumpery,”—men who, in all periods of Irish history, have industriously wrought mischief for mercenary purposes of their own. She desired to have introduced a system of poor laws, and it was no fault of hers that her wishes were not carried into

effect. She endeavoured to conciliate the Irish princes and nobles, and with the most illustrious of them was successful. But in all her attempts she was met by the malignant genius of Popery; and, with a studied confusion, common among the Popish party, the enemy of Popery, which has ever been of ruin and degradation to Ireland, is described as the enemy of Ireland herself.

This will account for the perpetual keeping up of hostile feelings from generation to generation. As we have said, in other countries no one can be found so ridiculous as still to lament over events three or four hundred years old, or to deplore such grievances as police regulations about the cut of mustachios in the sixteenth century; but it is the interest of those who thrive and fatten upon Irish misery and disgrace, to represent all who oppose the attempts of the Romish hierarchy to rivet the iron yoke of rigid despotism, and *plus-quar* inquisitorial persecution, on Ireland, as, from generation to generation, hostile to their country. To effect this, every thing is pressed into the service: the old ballad, the new song, the bigot sermon, the treasonable speech, prelude the fagot and the pike. Here, in Hardiman's collection, we find that the chief subject of mourning is not the confiscation of lands, not the expulsion of old proprietors, not the fall of long-descended houses, not the scattering of brave and gallant armies after bold resistance—we may look in vain for any of the fine touches of the picturesque which charm us in the ballads of England and Scotland. The theme of these Irish bards is purely polemical: for sorrow of knight or noble we have scarcely a word; the tears of one and all are kept for the priests. Not England, but the religion of England, is the object of their especial hatred. For example:—

“ ‘ Martin's followers rave.’

Stiocht Mhartin mhallughe.

“ The devil and Dr. Martin are generally associated in our native proverbs. Henry VIII. is sometimes added to make a trio. Indeed, it would be difficult to say which of the three is most generally detested in Ireland; but some are of opinion that, Henry and his immediate descendants having inflicted more evils on the country than both the others, he seems entitled, by way of pre-eminence,

to the distinguished association which has been rather gratuitously conferred on the great reformer."

How was Luther personally mixed up in the feuds and factions of Ireland? In no other manner than that he opposed the tyranny of the Church of Rome, and succeeded in releasing a part of the European nations from the thralldom. Of Ireland itself, we suppose, he knew as little as he did of Kamschatka; but the people who pretend that they are exclusively Irish know that he was the enemy of papal usurpation, and, therefore, he is a prime enemy of Ireland. In these ballads, we have constant reference to his name. When the pretender is expected, we are told that

"The dark brood of Luther shall quail
at their landing."

It is not any hope of the defeat of the English that animates the hearts of the poets, but the extolling of "God's holy priests, and the overthrow of"

"The fables of Luther that darken the
Holy Word"—

Beidh, an biobla sin Lúiter, in the more expressive language of the original. Constant references are made to the interference of Spain and Naples, to procure the re-establishment of the Romish hierarchy—

"And Louis, and Charles, and the
heaven-guided pope,
And the King of the Spaniards, shall
strengthen our hope."

Papa Dé is the original of the "heaven-guided pope." These are the gods of the idolatry of these ballads. There is absolutely nothing *national* in them. In the history of all other countries, gallant antagonists in civil strife obtain some share of respect or applause. The bards of the Percy and the Douglas do not hold up the opponents of their respective chiefs as demons. They are not called ruffians, villains, robbers, and so forth. All is the contrary in the wretched balladry of Ireland. Here, in the notes of Hardiman, honourable or valiant bearing on the part of any man who was opposed to the priesthood is of no avail. What a fine subject for a historical ballad is the story of brave old Cosby, boldly fighting at the head of his retainers in the 70th year of his age, and rushing forward to acknowledged danger, to be

slain by the arrow of a concealed enemy! Yet, here he is put down as a mere brute, unworthy of any other notice than that consequent upon his "atrocities." It is every where the same. No merit is to be found for any body who is not a supporter of Popery.

Goldsmith, we are told, was an "ingenious man" (vol. i. p. 64.); but, as he was descended from "one of our clerical families," he is spoken of with slight; and the mean scribe who does this has the impudence to complain that Irish genius is not patronised and protected. This one sentence would answer all his absurd bawling over the neglect of the obscure Irish bards, who wrote in their own difficult and limited dialect, and of the still more worthless persons, such as Furlong, or Grattan Curran, or the other dabblers in English rhyming, who are here commended. Hardiman complains that there is no monument erected by the Irish for Carolan, or Goldsmith, (Grattan, or Curran; Grattan, we believe, lies in Westminster Abbey—he should have lain elsewhere—and so does Goldsmith. Carolan has received his appropriate honours; Curran is deposited in his native clay, with as much respect as he would have required. But it is plain, that the mere fact of his being of a "clerical family," would exclude Goldsmith, the greatest of the four, from the favour of those for whom Mr. Hardiman writes. Is it not almost as absurd as it is malignant, that people should pretend to be anxious for the literary fame of Ireland, on the strength of their factiously editing a handful of ballads, none of them of any remarkable excellence—while, by the sweeping clause of "clerical families," he excludes from the list of Irish worthies, Archbishop Usher, Bishop Berkeley, Dean Swift, Archdeacon Parnell, Sterne, a clergyman, Goldsmith, the son of a clergyman, Sheridan, the grandson of a clergyman? This is being Irish with a vengeance!

We are growing weary of the book! and have only to remark on one point more. We all recollect what a howl was set up when Lord Lyndhurst applied the title "aliens" to the race which was clamouring for the destruction of every thing that identifies Ireland with Great Britain. It was an insult not to be endured, and his lordship was pointed out as a fit mark for assassina-

tion in the House of Commons, amid the bellowings of the Tail. How generous and hospitable is the *real* Irish heart! Had he been where the law of death's head and cross-bones prevail, the howl would have been preparatory to his immediate murder. Let us see out of this book, how these sensitive gentlemen style themselves, and the manner in which they speak of the English. In the dialogue between Ireland and King James, the English are called "festering boars," on which we have the following note :

"The contempt and hatred which the Irish entertained for the English in former times, are expressed without reserve throughout these poems and songs. In the present, they are scornfully called "festering boars," *hícéan-coine*, and in others they are designated, fetid goats, wolves, churls, &c. : similar feelings having given birth to similar expressions amongst the modern Greeks towards their Turkish oppressors. Accordingly, in their popular songs, we find the Turks called wild rams, wolves, and other opprobrious names. From among many bitter and sarcastic stanzas, current in Ireland, the following epigram is selected, as a striking proof of the national hatred here alluded to. One of our bards, seeing an Englishman hanging on a tree, exclaimed, extempore —

*Ir mairc do thoiriabh a chianu.
Kach do thoiriabh air zach aen 'craoibh,
Mo leun gan coille iure Fair
Lan be'd thoiriabh zach aen la.*

"Pass on : 'tis cheering from yon stately tree,

A foe's vile form suspended thus to see ;
Oh ! may each tree that shades our soil appear

Thick with such fruit throughout the lengthened year."

Elsewhere they are styled "gorged goats," on which Mr. Hardiman remarks :—

"*Shall the gorged goat.*"

"This is one of the contemptuous epithets before alluded to. The following epigrammatic stanza is expressive of the feelings conveyed in the text.

*Dibine asur dianrighior air asur an.
Dianrighior air ice air Fheich a'r a air
chuanh.
Zin an to id le'n mhairne lucht beanna
bheich rian,
Do dhfhuir rloche in asur Cineamhain.*

"May banishment and desolation light on him ; may the plague, and pains without remedy, seize his veins and bones,

Who would wish well to the English race,
They who exiled the offspring of Ir and Heremon ?"

But it is not worth while going over these civilities at any length. We may, however, help Lord Lyndhurst to a justification of his phrase from the poetry of Mr. Henry Grattan Curran.

"The word went forth—from Boyne to Lein

Echoed the impious sounds away ;
But Fians yet in Fail disdain
To bend or brook an alien sway.

"An alien race o'erruns her breast,
Endenized by strange controul ;
The stranger is no more her guest,
While exile wrings her children's soul."

As for abuse of Saxons, strangers, intruders, and so forth, that abounds in every poem.

Such, then, is the feeling of the "aliens" towards all who wish for the connexion of the islands, or the civilisation of the country of their birth. The book is dedicated to Mr. Spring Rice, at present (we are writing in the last days of April) Chancellor of the Exchequer, and member for Cambridge, to the eternal disgrace of that town. He was, at the date of Hardiman's dedication, representative of the city of Limerick, and "a steady friend to the best interests of Ireland." May we ask, why is he kicked out of Limerick ? He was the great liberator and emancipator of that city from the tyranny of the Verekers ; he was worthy of everlasting gratitude ; and yet for Limerick he sits no longer, and he dares not even set up his son as candidate, knowing that he would be as decidedly rejected there as he was blackballed the other day at the Athenæum. Why is this, good Mr. Hardiman ? Why are your great patrons and friends, the Dalys, powerless in Galway, and the butts of abuse at the Dublin Corn Exchange ? Did not they fight for "justice for Ireland ;" and are they not now spurned with the contempt which they deserve, by those for whom they pleaded ? Oh, the justice, the honour, the gratitude of the *real* Irish heart !

Of the literary merits of this book we have little to say. The translations are, in general, miserable, and the poems themselves of no very great merit. Grattan Curran beats all the translators

we ever met for amplification. The dialogue between James II. and Ireland commences

(*Er*)—Cia sin amuich?

(*Shemas*.)—Ta Seumas faoi rhioc.

Which is magnificently amplified into—

"*Ireland*.—What stranger turns for refuge to my hall,

Cozan nuabh ari zhuairibh Saébhál fl eair,
Zn e-Og-uafal uahach, aóbhéarach,
bhuarach, buabhach, buanach, béimneach,
Cneachach, cuarach, cuanach, cneachtach.

Dneachach, bualach, buanach, beirceach,
Fearach, fuabnach, fuabach, fearach,
Zairzeabhach, zluarba, zruazach, zleatba,
Laanach, luathmhach, luaimneach, leimneach.

Zlanach mórba, nuabh-zhlan, maérbha,
Neairmhach, nuallach, n-uairbhneach, n óirach,
Rachtmhach, ruachtach-chneach, ruairzeach, réimneach,
Fareach, ruairceach, rubhairceach, reummhach.

This hurdy-gurdy growl appears in English as follows:—

"Hail to the conqueror, by the Gael upborne !

(Bound these high hearts from shackles lately worn")

Mark the proud flame his martial deeds avow,

Burns in his breast, irradiates his brow ;
Nor only battle's sterner lights illumine —
There mercy smiles away impending doom
From vanquished valour, and the warrior's eye,

As fixed dominion calm, hath ne'er been dry

O'er others' wo : and wise, albeit, not yet

On his young brow hath thought her impress set ;

He weighs mankind, and, learning to appraise,

Hath learned to feel for frailty while it strays.

Strong as its iron mail, that kindling breast
To meek-eyed ruth affords a shrine of rest ;
Nor swifter speeds his blade at freedom's call,

To the false Saxon's heart, when round him fall

Their gathering numbers, by his might o'eithrown,

Whose gate still opens wide to misery's call ?

"*James*.—Thy James, alas ! in want and wo I come
To seek the shelter of thy friendly home."

A barbarous grunting of alphabetic verse occurs, in what, we are told, is a fine poem.

Than misery's cluin finds access to his own :

In council sage ; in battle's fiery glow,
Like the launched thunder 'mid the astonished foe.

And, oh ! when peace her gentle plume hath spread,

Mild as the melting tear that mourns the dead."

Why, the snuffling snail of the original is far superior to this washy stuff, which is no more a translation of the Roman vision than it is of the *Eneid*.

We must stop now. Many other opportunities will occur of discussing Irish antiquities. It is only fair to say, that the verses of Dr. Drummond are harmonious, and that one or two of the Bacchanalian songs are pleasantly rendered ; but another minstrelsy for Ireland is wanted. Mr. Hardiman has done some little towards supplying materials ; but he has no critical judgment, and is as divested of general knowledge on literature as he is bursting with the smallest and pettiest passions of miserable local politics and polemics.

BLUE FRIAR PLEASANTRIES.

III.—A FEW HINTS FOR THE PROMULGATION OF A NEW SCIENCE.

IV.—CHRISTMAS.

V.—MY FIRST PARTY.

III.—A FEW HINTS FOR THE PROMULGATION OF A NEW SCIENCE.

"Science is not science till revealed,"—DRYDEN.

So much has been said, and so little proved; so much imagined, and so little realised, by the profound researches of scientific men, as to leave us not more excited by curiosity than perplexed by darkness. It has, indeed, been attempted to strengthen our faith in the doctrine of physiology, by the evidence of a man in the moon; but the difficulty of consulting such high authority is extreme, and cannot be overcome without encountering the inconvenience of many intermediate and fatiguing stages. Let us, therefore, for the present, content ourselves with considering those obvious improvements in scientific knowledge that illuminate our craniums, and might scorch up our intellects, if due vent were not given to their refulgence by the exercise of the pen, aided by the splendid encouragement held out by certain societies for the diffusion of useful knowledge. It might appear a work of supererogation to publish the nine quarto volumes which I have written, to account for the new-fangledness of scientific men; certain it is, that the sciences have their seasons like the playthings of childhood, and are taken up and laid down, discarded or retained, in proportion to the popular fancy of the day. Astrology was a favourite science of the sixteenth century; philology was cultivated by Johnson, and fructified under the auspices of the literary club; physiology enlightened the times through Luther; demonology was raised upon scientific stilts by King James the First; cacology amused the frequenters of the Haymarket Theatre, during the dramatic career of the facetious Colman; and craniology, or phrenology, has lately become a popular science, from a cunning expedient of a German schoolmaster, who induced the parents of his pupils to examine the heads of their progeny for bumps indicative of the mode in which they were to get their living, in hopes that their scrutiny might develop some thing worth their killing.

The general attention, however, now
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paid to the morals of the people, the introduction of temperance societies, the suppression of the public fairs, reform of parliament, infrequency of prize-fights, and other moderations of men and manners, have greatly lessened the interest of craniology, by depriving that science of its principal features. It is, therefore, highly important that the present year should produce fresh food for the craving appetites of the scientific; and, as these are times of great indulgence and reward, and we live, as it were, upon the very high change of merit and distinction, none but the idle or the untalented (unbumped) would neglect an opportunity of securing his fame and fortune, particularly as the royal individual at the head of a very popular society has lately conferred the dignity of a medalion, cast in the precious metal, upon a brother of our order, whose natural philosophy not being quite equal to his experimental, leaves me this opportunity of recommending to his consideration an occult science, which it will be my endeavour, upon this occasion, fully to develop and establish to the satisfaction of matured genius, as well as to the conviction of all sucking philosophers.

This newly projected science I have designed to distinguish by the appellation of Digitology; being an easy means of ascertaining the character and peculiarities of individuals, as exhibited in the usual mode of salutation.

It may, at the first blush, appear to *this erudite body* a subject not easily to be handled by so mere a novice in our fraternity; but something will be expected of me in aid of practical science: and I offer this discussion probationary of my pretensions to a seat among the ever-to-be-revered and never-enough-to-be-celebrated Blue Friars.

Thus stimulated, I grasp the subject of Digitology with as much confidence as ever I handled any of the ologies.

It will assist my argument if my dear brothers blue to collect every
P R

casual interview with their acquaintances for the last ten years. When, well pleased with yourself, you strut along the pavement of this agreeable town, every tenth face you meet appears familiar to you; about every twentieth is personally known to you; every fortieth is your acquaintance; and, surely, it is not a "very extravagant arithmetic" to say every eightieth is your friend. The morning salutations now grow thick upon you. The doctor takes *your* hand rather than gives his. He says he is very happy to see you look so well. He *thinks* your long continuance in health somewhat prejudicial to his interests, but he is so mild and benevolent in his manner and expression, that you quit his palm with a confidential squeeze, acknowledging the "friend in the physician," and, turning into the next street, pounce upon your man of law just hurrying to the courts.

He must be brief, and takes your hand *en passant*, holding it as he walks on, till it becomes the tether that pulls him up. He has then just time to give a full account of his gaining the cause *Quitam versus* *Quitewrong*, shakes the hand he continues holding, until he has summed up and given a verdict in favour of his client, then, dropping the tether as I do the metaphor, he is off; and so would you be too, but for Capt. Cut-in-half, who, putting three cold fingers into your right hand, steadies himself with his left, by securing the fourth button of your surtout, while he complains of the mismanagement at the admiralty, in superseding him in the command of H. M. ship *Safeguard*, just as he had acquired a knowledge of the ship's company. Sir Shiverin Screwnerve now steps up in relief, and, complaining of the east wind, gives your hand what he calls a friendly squeeze, that leaves your fingers all pressed together like a pound of Epping sausages, and then, falling into conversation with the half-pay captain, permits you to stroll down the street and unfold your close-knit digits.

Pages might grow out of the observations of a man of leisure on the different modes of salutation. Some people dangle their hands into yours like the unwilling paw of a peaceable poodle; others stiffen the hand, and thrust four fingers into your palm, all smooth and wooden like a glove's last. Mr. Doddle appears to have but one

finger produceable; hard and bony it feels, like the handle of your tooth-brush on a frosty morning.

Mr. Trumpeter always holds out two fingers; I do the same; and it perplexes him not a little when the tips meet, and he fingers out the *du capo* of his own two to two too.

Armstrong dexterously evades the hand, and welcomes his friend or acquaintance by a slight pressure above the elbow, as he sniggles out, "how d'ye do."

Mr. Love, who takes pleasure in a tight fit, can never comply with the usual mode of withdrawing the kid, so is hand in glove with every one he meets.

A schoolmaster has a habit of offering the left hand; and who but remembers the reluctance with which it was accepted in those days of early delinquency, when *cancology* was practised to such an extent in all well-disciplined schools.

Mr. Chatterly, a loquacious loungeur, secures you, as it were, by interception; and, seizing both your hands, proceeds to suck your brains: and, as he approaches the crisis of that particular piece of information he is in search of, you may perceive by the motion of his digits, that he is busy at some performance on the organ of inquisitiveness.

I find I shall not be able, in the brief space now left me, thoroughly to illustrate the superiority of digitology over the sister science of craniology; not that an elaborate treatise is essential to establishing a complete theory among men who have wisdom at their fingers' ends, but that, in the dawning of occult science, prejudices are to be overcome, objections disposed of, and multiform incongruities rendered feebly familiar. Then must follow the conviction of a new light to science; and every man who puts out his feelers must be convinced of the integrity of my design, by the simplicity of its execution. As so many organs have been built by the craniologists, out of the lumps and bumps of the last age (a sort of festering science, that is never easy till it gets to a head), may not the digitologists arise and give a new tone to the organs of sense and discrimination, by the aid of fingering?

What organ distinguished Mr. Hopmaltry in early life? Why, the barrel organ. He was for corking up every thing. He always put a cork in his gun,

for fear of accidents, before he placed it loaded in the nursery. I have seen him sit taking his wine, with his finger in the neck of the bottle to prevent evaporation. He would eat a barrel of oysters for his supper, and shoot with a double-barrelled gun for his dinner. His father nibbled at digtology (I don't allude to his propensity for biting his nails), and made a brewer of him, because he discovered the barrel organ in the ball of his thumb.

Peter Penguin, the parish clerk of Phillilu, became a psalm-singer under the influence of a church organ.

Barrington was urged on through his extraordinary career, under the dominion of a finger organ.

Captain Barclay walked a thousand

miles in a thousand hours, for a bet of a thousand guineas; he won it, and, when he came to be weighed, a street organ was found in his right hand.

Braham and Malibran exhibit the bird organ as strongly as if they had been hatched under a nightingale: and,

Urged on by a powerful hand organ,
Gully doubled his fist and his fortune;
But here I must stop, lest you say with
a grin,
"Well, I think the mouth organ's de-
velop'd in him."

Yet, say what you please, have your
laugh, my good fellows;
We all have our organs, but few have
the bellows.

Æmno, B. ff.

IV.—CHRISTMAS.

How much, in the course of our lives, we take upon trust! In how many instances we consent, without examination, that things are good or bad, right or wrong, because our forefathers (rest their bones!) have thought so before us; though our feelings not only refuse to second our actions, but even stimulate us to revolt. That we should possess this pliability in early youth is, perhaps, natural,—it is not the season for scrutiny into the *whys* and *wherefores*; moreover, when "life itself is new," the wheels of existence run too smoothly and too rapidly to permit any nice discernment of passing objects: but, after fairly escaping from mamma's apron-string, that we should unhesitatingly acquiesce in prescribed feelings upon stated occasions (when dissent involves no infraction of superior obligations) is little to the credit of the thinking animal, and still less to his happiness.

It would be matter of some interest, and, perhaps, not without its usefulness, were it possible to define what portion of the lives of our acquaintances had been passed precisely according to their own will; or in how many instances, from circumstances and situations wholly independent of their own seeking, they have been playing a part diametrically contrary to the natural bias of their minds. Without any rigid examination of the claims society has upon us, it is certain, man prescribes not only for the moral conduct of his fellow, but even ventures to lay down rules for his sensations,—unreasonably requiring of him at one time a gaiety utterly foreign to his heart,

and at another a lugubrious demeanour equally remote from his nature: resist the action, and you are pointed at as a monster.

Some reflections of this nature passed through my brain towards the close of last December, when a ragged little urchin, who had followed and dunned me into a trifling donation, rang in my ears the well-known phrase of "*A merry Christmas to your honour.*" I could have strangled him on the spot, for he brought back to my sacred view a series of the blackest seasons poor mortal ever passed. "A merry Christmas!" grumbled I, as I turned from him in disgust, echoing the expression of the modern beau, when asked for a halfpenny,—"*I have heard of such things, but never saw one.*" A merry Christmas! The only instance which I remember was in the receipt of a cake and a shilling which, in very early days, my good old aunt gave me; but even that pleasure was transient, and its bright gleam, it should seem, was shot across my path only to deepen the effect of the surrounding gloom: for, the cake having been devoured and the shilling spent within five minutes of their acquisition, I was soundly whipped, as a gormandiser and a spendthrift. This sin of commission, I have been told, gave occasion for sundry interjectional exclamations indicative of future mishaps. Alas! never was prophecy more truly verified! But, for the weariness that would infallibly attend the recital, I could exhibit a frightful series of calamities, each blacker than its predecessor, which have followed in

grim succession from my boyish days to the present period. When about sixteen, I was caught by the limed twigs of a damsel, with

"Bugle eye-balls and cheeks of cream,"

who had scarcely concluded expressions of the most devoted attachment to me, when she made a prompt transfer of her affections to an acquaintance of a single day,—wishing me, in the same breath, "a merry Christmas." Just as I arrived at years of discretion, I was induced to prove the correctness of the phrase, by becoming surety for a fellow who enlisted me as his friend on the occasion, and finally left me to discharge the whole of the debt. The bailiff, to whom I paid my last guinea to effect my liberation, thanked me, and wished me "a merry Christmas." Towards the end of the following December, I had the misfortune to break my leg; and the fellow, when rewarded for his trouble in bearing me to my house, acknowledged my generosity, and wished me "a merry Christmas." But I sicken at the recollection of the troubles I have endured; and, but for the reason assigned, could shew how detrimental to my comfort, how baneful to my happiness, has been the recurrence of this season, the asserted joyousness of which attests the especial gullibility of man. Despite of the counterfeited glee on all sides, I can plainly see in the faces of my friends and acquaintances a secret sympathy with my own feelings at the mockery of Christmas congratulations so unmercifully shuttlecocked from one to the other. They remind me of the hot coal which, in boyish sport, substituted for a ball, is passed from hand to hand with a celerity enjoined by the pain of retaining it.

One prominent theme of misery yet untouched must be briefly noticed,—I mean the unvarying round of vapid family parties, which are not to be escaped from without deep offence,—the necessity of swallowing whole broods of turkeys, and awful quantities of plum-pudding, from which the very obligation causes me to revolt. Add to this the oft-repeated threadbare tales to be listened to, without manifesting the slightest weariness; although the demon of *ennui* has for a time taken up his abode in your bosom. Think, too, of the obligation, you are under at these times (these *festive* times) to

make an unqualified surrender of every inclination and occupation congenial to your nature, and to drive your thoughts into the channel suited to the capacities and whims of your companions.

I may draw upon myself the reproach of apostate by all who, yielding themselves to the control and influence of established customs, continue to be guided in their opinions by the example of others, and the habits in which they have been educated, without reflecting upon what grounds those customs have been formed; but I must acknowledge a sort of pride in thinking and acting for myself; and, perhaps (to speak upon the square), there is a perverseness in my character that rather inclines me to avoid the beaten road, and to wander amidst the wild and tangled windings of my own imaginations. My inclination to deviate from the established course of things may, in a degree, be attributable to the circumstance of my being a member of a family of most orthodox tenacity in *keeping* (as they term it) certain seasons. Not a month passes but I am required to be *joyous* on some particular occasion; for instance, aunt Deborah's birth-day,—sister Jenking's wedding-day,—brother Tom's escape from French prison,—or my little niece's tea-party, where I must provide fun and frolic for "the sweet child," and a myriad of uproarious bairns of the same description. The approach of these ill-starred seasons hangs a hatchment before the windows of my mind, enjoining gloom instead of gaiety; so that I uncloset my eyes in the morning with such a sense of lost liberty as clouds every object, and converts every employment into a task, at the very moment when I am required to be decked with "becks, and nods, and wreathed smiles." Append to this the additional agony of the half-kind and half-reproachful expostulations of, "Dear! where are your spirits?" "How sad you are!" "Something calamitous must have happened." "You used to be all life and gaiety," &c. &c. &c., to say nothing of the obligation of forging answers to all this!

I can imagine the stickler for ancient customs hugging the fetters of habit, and vehemently inveighing against the impiety of him who thus attempts to deny the universally acknowledged delights of *Christmas*. Is it not (I fancy

I hear him exclaim) a season when the socialities of life are awakened? Do we not then tacitly pledge ourselves afresh to the obligations of good fellowship? If compelled to congregate around the hearth from the uninviting appearance *without* doors, are we not abundantly recompensed by the affection and cordiality which prevail within? And are not the larger and lesser links, connecting all classes throughout the kingdom into one vast family, preserved from rust, and polished by an intercourse which emphatically evidences our mutual dependence on each other, prescribed for the best and wisest purposes? This (I reply) is the credit side of the account. I will state the debits, and we shall see, when the reader strikes the balance, in whose favour; errors excepted (as the merchants have it), that balance stands. I shall imitate my opponents, by pursuing my argument in the strain of interrogatory.

Is not Christmas (I would ask) a season of colds and kibed heels? Aren't your potatoes sweet, your milk sour, your butter self-willed? Is not your wine iced at the wrong season? From the miserable mode of heating our apartments, is not one-half of your person scorching, as it were, under the equator, and the other half (for aught *you* know) encountering the icy regions

of the north with Captain Ross? Do not the everlasting knocks and rings at your front and back-door, by applicants of all descriptions, for "something for Christmas," exhaust your patience, and give your *mind* a touch of the cholera morbus? Are you not driven to the very verge of despair by the never-ending, still-beginning delivery of "little bills," the total of which (unless you happen to be Plutus or Cæsus) bears something of the same proportion to your actual means as the real resources of the nation to the bulk of its debt? Is not "the season of all nature, sleep," invaded by those double murderers of verse and music who yell Christmas carols, and then knock you out of a comfortable nap (if you chance to snatch it), to be recompensed for their atrocities? Is not your lean exchequer taxed by the female part of your establishment for muffs, furs, comforters, bosom friends, socks, angola shawls, gloves, &c., &c.; and are you not, by the middle of January, completely robbed, plundered, and plucked, and left to repair, as best you can, the ravages in your temper and your pocket, and fit them to endure the exactions of the next "merry Christmas?" O, 'tis a festive season!

Tuck, W. f.

V.—MY FIRST PARTY.

READER! before thou turnest over this page, I would beseech thee to consider the title of this paper, and try if thou canst muster any distinct and tenable remembrance of thy *first* party. Understand me—I mean not hereby, thy primitive essay on the serenity of a good-tempered host and his guest, while in thy yet state of unfledged hobbledohoyhood, parentally denominated "being brought out," when, haply, thou hadst but recently eschewed the domination of birch and ferule for the rather expensive privilege of *engrossing* all your time in a lawyer's office, or translating dog Latin compounds into English pounds, in the laboratory of some ubiquitous disciple of Esculapius, whose vehicular horse-killer is to be seen in ten streets, and at as many houses, at one and the same time. No, courteous reader! perplex not thy brains in reviving the perpetration of any such social outrage—which, by the way, if *prandially* inflicted, is about as justifiable a proceeding as bestow-

ing "Friars' balsam" (*i. e.* old port) on a member of the Temperance Society, or proposing the king, "God bless him!" on a heel-tap. Away with all "wise saws and modern instances;" back with thee, and stay not thy retrospect, until before thy "mind's eye" thou hast shadowed forth an altigonaunt assemblage of nascent *Anti-la-Trap-pists*, with blind-man's buff culminating to a riot, and not a *teen* amongst them to curb the obstreperous ardour of romping boy and girlhood. Search the very confines of "memory's waste" for some record, however trivial, of thy primal initiation into the mysteries of "cross questions and crooked answers," and thy first lesson in that amatory primer, Cupid's horn-book—"I love my love with an A, because he is amiable—with a B, because he is beautiful," and so on, through the hymeneal alphabet. Recall, if thou canst, some item of that miscellaneous collection, the various "forfeits" deposited for offences against the rules of the game,

in payment of thy quota, whereof thy pockets, peradventure, could only furnish forth the key of thy school-box, and an invincible *taw* or *alley*, with its captive marbles, on one side, balanced on the other by a well-honed knife, a piece of India rubber, and the cord and button appertaining to that omnipotent top, whose fatal spill had clipped the equilibrium from three theretofore *standards*, and dealt splitting destruction among some dozen pegs of rising note. Have all traces clean passed from thee of that evening, when, through the precocious wiles of the presiding deity (a damsel under twelve), thou wert ever and anon condemned to redeem thy forfeits, by committing sweet violence on the blushing cheeks of a certain coy maiden, betrothed to thee as thy "little wife" since the days of paphod, the demolition of whose white kids, moreover, in exacting the penal kisses, did put thy gallantry to a somewhat severe test, seeing that the purchase of a new pair went to well nigh bankrupt thy exchequer, thy whole capital being embarked therein save tenpence-halfpenny? But it may be, that I am thus catechising some senile reader, the winter of whose life had so far *frosted* his mental retina, as to render it impervious to a ray so distant. If he would remove this film and live o'er again his boyish days, let him go to a children's party ("juvenile rout" is now the term), and see once more the uncompromising fervour of enjoyment to which the young rogues abandon themselves from the "tea" to the "turn out." What awful absorption of tea and coffee—how miraculous the disappearance of vast pyramids of toast and butter—what endless crunching of cakes and biscuits, and how unintermitting the sheer energy of their merriment for the rest of the evening!

The circumstances of my own "first appearance," with its catastrophe, have left impressions with me not speedily effaced. While at home for the Christmas holidays, I was, one Tuesday morning, presented with a triangle of pink satin paper, addressed to "*Mr.*—Jun.," sealed with golden wax, and containing a request for "the *favour* of my company" on the following "*Monday* evening (Twelfth-night)," at the house of an intimate acquaintance of our family. How keenly apprehensive is human vanity, even in the days of our childhood; how sensitive

to every trifle affecting our consequence! Boy as I was, the visions of fun and Twelfth-cake, prompted by the note, fled before the all-potent spell of titular promotion. With what rapture did I gloat over the superscription! the very letters of my surname seeming to swell under the consciousness of the prefixed "*Mr.*!" And how oft, with lover's insatiety, did I pore over the bland humility of requesting the *favour* of my company!

That note, with its glittering seal (a marvellous production in my eyes), bearing some French motto now forgotten, but which I remember translating at the time with no small degree of self-complacency, was for years preserved among the sacred treasures of my school-box. And what an important affair was the answer thereto, involving the careful scrutiny of a whole quire of "best gilt-edged" for the selection of a spotless sheet, the practising on backs of letters and odd scraps of paper to discover the most seemly phraseology, working the abstruse problem, as to the supremacy of "has much pleasure in accepting," over "accepts with much pleasure," no protocol or manifesto receiving more mature deliberation! And, then, the manufacture of the pen, from a new quill, the flower of a quarter of a hundred of "real Hambro," the shape from nib to shoulder being perfect symmetry, and the preparatory *dry* experiments therewith on the note-paper, to ascertain the necessary distance between the lines, and prevent a divorce in a polysyllabic word! And what precautionary dipping and shaking did it thereafter undergo, lest the first word should break down through an exuberance of ink! so that, by the time this immaculate document was written, folded, and sealed, it was a sharp morning's work.

The missive was scarcely despatched, ere a difficulty suggested itself of a somewhat formidable character. On inspecting my wardrobe, the blue monkey jacket which had theretofore figured as my "*Sunday's best*," exhibited symptoms of having both "*waxed* and *waned*" at elbows and back. A new garment was, therefore, voted necessary; and, after much pouting expostulation as to the preposterous idea of dressing a "*Mr.*" like a monkey, the title being enforced by the resistless testimony of my note of invitation, the important change from the

jacket to the *coatce*,—that brevet step towards manhood—was carried *nem. con.* The tailor was summoned; and praised be the memory of that artisan (he has long since been Job's bosom friend), for the exemplary patience with which he received a code of instructions respecting this fabric, as complicated and almost as diffuse as a table of logarithms. On the succeeding *Friday* evening, according to promise, did this sainted miracle of punctuality and endurance produce to my enchanted gaze a matchless structure of dark blue cloth, gemmed with golden mirrors. Oh! the gorgeous splendour of those buttons! I have seen nothing like them since. No ensign of militia ever donned his virgin uniform with more bewildered delight, than did I try on my beloved *coatce*. The fit was perfect; albeit, the pockets *behind* did sorely bother me, and, like Othello, I was "perplex'd in the *extreme*." And now the spirit of impatience got hold upon me; I longed to exhibit myself in my panoply of conquest, and actually pined for the arrival of the all-important *Monday*. Oh! how ardently I wished that days, like dogs, would run in *couples*, or that lawyers could make fact of fiction, and merge the Sunday into "*dies non*!" But, no—" *tempus fugit*" was a glaring humbug—the old gentleman stood confessed in his true character, as "*edax rerum*"—he had evidently gorged himself to a standstill, and gone to sleep, with his prime minister, our eight-day clock, for his bedfellow—the latter functionary having, for the nonce, exchanged his accursed *tic-doloureux* for the MUMPS, and, instead of striking the hours, "struck work." But Monday came at last, and with it a burning anxiety for the very hour of my *début*. In the course of the morning I got up a sort of "dress rehearsal," very much to my own satisfaction, and, "coffee

at seven" being appended to *the* note, at six precisely, I entered on the *real* duties of the toilet. Never since its first discovery, did the oft eulogised virtues of Macassar oil receive a more palpable corroboration than in the radiant halo with which it invested my head. I was a kind of practical illustration of *capillary* attraction—a drawing-room advertisement for Messrs. Rowland and Son. A dance being hinted as part of the evening's amusements, I hurled defiance at the frost, and arrayed my nether limbs in nankeen, silks, and pumps, a white waistcoat, and the matchless *coatce*, the buttons glowing like furnaces, completing my adonising armour. The looking-glass became to me a *personometer*, which rose in proportion to the severity of my scrutiny. My *entrée* to the parlour was to be *the* event of the evening. "Look and die!" was my motto; and I revelled in anticipated conquests over the hearts of all its fairer victims. At seven o'clock my school-fellow, W., called for me, by appointment, and we sallied forth together for the scene of action. The street-door vibrated with my triumphant rap, our hats were taken by the servant, and we ascended the stair, I, being the elder, taking the lead. At the drawing-room door *my* name was announced, and, almost at its threshold, I commenced the performance of my best dancing-school bow, which had just reached its climax when my friend, W., seeing so fair a back, was seized with an irrepressible spirit of leap-frog: I became conscious of a momentary indorsement; and, while *he* was demurely making his *congée* inside the door, I lay sprawling on the mat, with my nose bleeding in streams.

"Sic transit gloria *Monday*!"

And *Erit Roger, W. J.*

A GREEK FRAGMENT, LATELY DISCOVERED AT DERRYNANE.

[THIS fragment, discovered in 1829, at a spot where "small Latin and less Greek" have been hitherto discoverable, has been revised with great care and diligence: many errors had crept into it, "*librariorum imperitiâ*," but the Editor trusts that he has removed the most glaring. There is no doubt that it is part of some great prophecy, concerning some great man of the Hibernici, a people under the dominion of Athens; though it is strange that Thucydides does not mention that people. The prophecy itself is strange, especially as it is delivered, not in the usual oracular hexameter, but in trimeter iambics. But the strangest thing of all is, that Porson, Bentley, and others, should have written notes for it before it was discovered; thus making every thing connected with it prophetic. Truly there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of by your philosophy.]

ᾧ τοὺς ἐν οἴκῳ Κομμόνων¹ ναίων θρόνους,
 Ἄπαντα γυίοις ἐνθιῶν Ἰβερνικοῖς,
 Κινῆτι² αἶας, παντόστιμι, παγκρατῆς·
 Δίξαι τάπεινον ὕμνον, οὐδὲ λοιδορεῖ
 Τὰ σμικρὰ Μούσας ποτνίας δαρήματα.³

Φεῦ! φεῦ! παλαίον τῶν Ἰβερνικῶν κλῆος
 Εὐδῆι, μῦθοςκον ὑψικίου⁴ συγχοῖς πότοις·
 Εὐδῆι Παπίστων μαρτυροκτόνων⁵ χάρις;⁶
 Ἄλλ' οὐκ ἐς αἶν ὕπνος ἔσχ' Ἰβερνίαν.
 Ὅτι γὰρ ἅπαντες Ἱερῆς ἐκκλησίας,⁷
 Στρατοὶ τε δάμιδαν ἐρετῖκῶν⁸ ἀπάλῃσαν,
 Πάλιν Παπίστης⁹ τῶν τατιετραγῶν ἀναξ
 Ἔσται, τότε αὖτις ὑψικιος¹⁰ δι' εὐθαλῆς
 Ἀγρους καταρρίψῃ¹¹ σὺν γάλακτι βυττίρου.

Ἵμῃς μὲν εὐσκοπιῖσθε¹² πάντες Ἀγγλικοί,
 Πρὶν ἂν διαφθαρεῖτε τῶν Πάττων ὕπο.
 Βογτροττίρων¹³ γὰρ βακτροφόρων παηγύρις
 Καβουρηγίοις ἐν κηπίοις ἀγμίζεται,
 Οἱ μὲν τι θινὸν ἔργμα δρᾶσουσιν (ποτῖ).¹⁴

Τίν'¹⁵ οὖν Παπίστων αἶν ὕμνοῦσιν χοροί,
 Τῷ θύματ' ἀνθρώπεια πάντες εὐσέβῃς
 Σφάζουσιν αἶν, ἠδὲ καὶ μισαιφόνοι
 Ἀκοτῆς οὐκ ἄκοτι δαροῦνται φόρον;¹⁶
 Πᾶς Ἀγγλικὸς¹⁷ δι' τοῦδ' ἔπος ἀκουσάτω.
 "Ἀναξ Ὁ Κοινὸν¹⁸ τις μίγας γινήσεται,
 Τὸν Ἰορδῖανον¹⁹ δισμὸν εἴποτ' ἐκλύει."

¹ This house, called οἶκος Κομμόνων, was a legislative assembly amongst the Athenians, which underwent many changes during the democratic despotism of Athens. For its political history, see Potter's *Archæol. Græc.*, lib. 10005. There is one thing relating to it which is worth mentioning, viz. that about 1830 B.C. it was opened to all the "tagrag and bobtail" of Athens and Hibernia.

The person addressed in this apostrophe must have had great influence ("influentiam magnam," as Dawes calls it) in the assembly, as he is said to "govern every thing by the Hibernian members (γυῖον properly signifies a joint of a tail).

"Dirigit artus."—VINO.

The Greek has a curious idiom, and some words are not to be found in the lately-published-costing-nearly-a-pound-more-Done-again-Lexicon.

² This epithet was applied to Neptune: Homer, *passim*, calls him "agitator of the earth." Here some very powerful noise-maker is addressed.

³ "Valde dubito, an iste quem suspiceris in hoc carmine addicetur, quippe qui semper fœminas Athenienses opprobriis cumulavit. Improbabile igitur est, Musam sui sexus oblitam istum detrectatorem laudibus honorasse."—ELMS, *ad loc.*

⁴ Potus ille "*ὄϊσιος*," quem Latini "viscium" vocant, apud Hibernicos abundabat.—Potter. Some suppose that this drink, which is now called whisky, and may be obtained at a penny a "dhram" (though formerly, in Athens, it was ten drachms of money for one of the "*spurit*"), was the nectar which Homer sings of: *Εὐδὴ—χάρις*. It is a metaphor, "*Valde fortis et Pindarica*," as Porson observes, to talk of "glory sleeping;" but we think the idea of "glory getting dhunk with whiskey is more stronger still."—P. P.

⁵ *Μαρτυροκτόνων*. Commentators doubt whether the accent be put on the penultimate or ante-penultimate: we should say the former; because it then signifies "martyr-slaying." Now, if we refer to that facetious work, Joe Miller's *History of Greece*, we are told, in his ninth volume, b. vi. § 5, that "the Hibernian Papistæ were very fond of converting all others to their own opinions; and the way in which they did it was by a gentle admonition, a mild, meek-minded blunderbuss, or a well-meaning gentle tap on the head, or even a calm, deliberate roasting at the fire; which fire, for convenience, was composed of your own house; and, if you chose, you were allowed the additional comfort of your wife and children's presence." But, in spite of all this forcible conviction produced on the minds of men, Thucydides was heard to say, "that, if ever they caught him in Tipperary, they might canonise or gun-ise him for a martyr;" thereby intimating that he disliked those proceedings.

⁶ The same metaphor Pindar often uses: *c. g.*—

Ἐκ λείχους ἀνάγει φά-
μαν παλαιὴν.
Ἡ γὰρ ὕπνῳ πείσιν.

Hermann, "*de metris Græcis*," touching on the different kind of measures used in Greece, assures us, that "if we take one cyathus (which is equal to about a quartern English measure) of the spirit called whisky," it will not affect our heads; but if we take it in too great a quantity—say two or three cyathi—we shall be "*scmidtci*" the next day.

⁷ These *ἱε. ἐκκληστ.*, "priests of the church," are marked out as principal objects of destruction. Now, this again tallies with history. Joe Miller, quoted *supra*, tells us: "Now the Hibernici were the Cantabri of Athenian history; and, when the state allowed the priests of the Hibernici, established by government, a moderate salary, the populace grumbled so exceedingly that, backed by the mob, some members of the assembly proposed and carried a law, by which they (the priests) were allowed only sixpence a-week; and with this proviso, that they were to find their own tea and sugar, and support three millions of poor annually amongst them."

⁸ Potter, in his *Arch. Græc.*, tells us, that the term *δέμνδοι ἱερεῖς* was a term of endearment, applied by the Papistæ to the Antimartirii, or Protestants, who formed the lesser and more respectable part of the Hibernic population.

⁹ We have frequently met with the word *Παπίστης*; now it is time we should give some explanatory account of it. Potter tells us, that "this sect rose in Hibernia at a latter period of their history, but that it was soon extended throughout the country, on account of the grateful and inviting tenets which it professed, and which were especially captivating to the ignorant. The name is derived from *Παππα*, by which name the Papistæ called their Pontifex. They professed that their religion was founded on a Rock, which Rock was Petrus Apostolus; but others say it was maintained by another Rock, not Apostolus, but a Captain. Now, with respect to *παππα*, it was a very apt and applicable epithet to the papistic priests; for it is believed that the greater part of them were truly the *fathers* of half their parishes."

¹⁰ " *Trascor tarditati virorum doctorum qui 'viscium' non accuratè æstimant; certe operæ pretium fuerit, exempla omnia contulisse, quæ 'viscii' usus eximios exhibent. Quisquis enim hujusce spiritûs quod satis est, imbibat statim ad quamcunque rem agendam aptus erit sive scribere, sive declamare, sive frangere caput, et cum ipso diabolo in μονομαχία certare.*" — Porson, *ad loc.* The learned critic exemplified this in his own practice.

¹¹ Καταγγέι. Pres. for future.

¹² Εὐσπονῶσθι. Angl. "Mind your eye."

¹³ Βογροστρίων, κ. τ. λ. In this verse, the sound is an echo to the sense — rough and turgid, descriptive of the tumultuous assemblage in the "Coburg Gardens;" a place of resort well known amongst the Hibernici. The verb ἀγμις is put in the present tense, as is frequent in prophetic writing. In this verse, there is an anapæst admitted in the fourth verse:—for the sound, we suppose. The epithet applied to the "bogtrotters" is "stick-bearing;" the stick which they carried was called "shillela" by the Romans. Sestus, *ad voc.*: "Baculum magnum a Hibernicis usitatum." Dr. Jortin, in his *Rem. Eccl. Hist.*, mentions this great meeting in the "Coburg Gardens," and calls it "tumultuous in the extreme." Now, surely, we may allow *any-pea-stick* liberties in the verse, when (equally against rule) so much greater sticks were admitted in the regular quiet meeting just mentioned.

¹⁴ Ποτα. Adjeci hanc vocem, quæ in MS. deest, sensum enim explicat et ad metrum complendum necessaria est.

¹⁵ Τίς, κ. τ. λ. Here the poet breaks out into an apostrophe concerning the same unknown person whom he addresses in the opening lines. *Vide* Homer, Milton, Virgil, *passim*. It is a usual figure with those poets to exclaim, "Who the deuce?" &c. &c., and then tell you it was John Thomas, M.A. F.R.S.; but this poet will not tell you a word about it, and leaves you still poetically ignorant.

¹⁶ Φόρον tribute-rent. We do not perceive that there is any equivalent mentioned for this "rent;" and, surely, it is not possible that a man could persuade a whole people to pay him rent for nothing. It is an obscure passage.

¹⁷ Ἀγγλικός: another name for an Athenian.

¹⁸ Ὁ Κοινὸς λ. "Titulæ quædam hinc clapsæ, vix e conjecturâ reponendæ sunt." — Bentl. We have heard one great Athenian character mentioned as the subject of this prophecy, but he was generally called the α — great α.

¹⁹ Some suppose, that the Gordian knot here means the constitution of Athens, which was to be dissolved by the great man (the subject of this prophecy); and he was thence to become a king. Others say it is the resecration of Hibernia from Athens, with which it was united, that is here portended. We leave it all to *lectorum acumeni*; and, as Porson says, we desist "*ne parvula charta in libellum crescat.*"

AN ESSAY ON ORIGINALITY OF MIND, ILLUSTRATED BY A FEW
NOTICES OF THOSE EMINENT MEN WHO HAVE BEEN DISTINGUISHED BY IT, ESPECIALLY POETS.

BY SIR EGERTON BRYDGES.

It is probable that no man can altogether estimate himself rightly; yet there are many important points in which he must know himself better than any one else can know him. All knowledge of the human mind is drawn from internal self-observation. An individual is entitled to set his own character in what he honestly believes to be a true light; nor ought he to allow himself to be depreciated by prejudice, interest, malignity, or ignorance. The varying fashion of every age runs into some particular extreme, which elevates for a little while an inferior quality—sometimes of one sort, sometimes of another—above its level.

But there are faculties of the mind of which the marks cannot be doubted, and of which, when they exist, the superiority can still less be questioned. Among these is the imagination, which can invent great moral and intellectual characters with probability and justice. All improbable invention is good for little; all invention of common characters may amuse ordinary minds, but is wearisome to great minds. To be conversant with the individual history of the great men of all ages,—to have studied the secret movements of their minds, and the confessions of their hearts,—to have felt a sincere sympathy with them, and to invent in the spirit and under the guidance of this sort of experience, is that sort of invention which proves the true gift and true application of the imaginative powers. Dante and Petrarch are two of the great models. We require human characters and human affections; but we require them select, and worthy of admiration or love. We are moved by the contemplation of a great man in solitude, when he is sick of the turmoils and disappointments of ambition.

I am extremely anxious to ascertain the *certainly* of superior talent. If it really exists, accidental circumstances and positions cannot mainly alter it. There are certain authors in whose writings we look for the genuine ore of thought; but these are very few. In most authors, the best we can expect is the application of admitted positions to

the subject proposed to be discussed. Why it is that it is so difficult for writers to go alone is a question of extreme nicety: perhaps, there may be wanting the imagination, which can combine; perhaps, that due union of all the primary qualities of the mind, which should be duly proportioned, and should all act together. If opinion be mere matter of uncertainty and caprice, and there be no common test or standard to which to bring the conflicting atoms, then the human intellect and the issues of intellect are in a miserable state. But I do not think that it is so. I observe a marvellous conformity of opinion on almost all topics in which moral feeling is intermixed in the recorded lives of almost all men great in intellect. This could not be, unless there was some common principle of truth. The search, then, after rectitude of opinion, if there be such a thing to be found as rectitude of opinion, need not be a vain and useless search. It does not always lie upon the surface; it requires labour and skill to withdraw the veil from it. But, by searching with labour and skill, it may be found; and that man to whom nature has given the talent cannot be ill occupied in making the search. I do not myself believe the possibility of arriving at high truths without the aid of active and generous feeling; nor can feeling operate in the closet without the aid of fancy, if not imagination. The power of thinking and judging rightly upon *things present* is a very common endowment; but the judgments thus made are necessarily far narrower, and less matured, than those which the higher ranks of literature and the labours of the closet undertake to perform. The number of standard books is very few. Standard books consist of original matter, not to be found elsewhere but at second-hand; whereas, what is second-hand, or derivative, can never supply the place of the original fountain. Bayle is an original writer in biography: many and various opinions and criticisms originated with him; and, however copied since into other books, ought only to be sought

in him. I know not that there is any thing original in the modern *Biographie Universelle*. Very few *historics* are written with any originality, and almost as few *criticisms*.

It is said that I am in the habit of voluntarily placing myself in an unfavourable position, like pictures which are hung in an ill light. At present, I purposely avoid all order, and choose to introduce things without connexion or unity, giving them no advantage of place; but throwing together the *disjecta membra*—I wish I could add *poeta*! An author can better explain the objects he has proposed to himself by his occupations than any other can do for him. Of the rectitude of those objects, and of the attainment of his ends, others will judge more impartially, and, perhaps, more accurately, than himself. If the love of fame were not implanted in us by Providence, we should not sacrifice so much for it; because the apparent returns, in the scale of cool reason or actual experience, are but very light. We cannot always draw the line between duties and amusements. Providence allows of an intermixture of innocent recreations; which often tend to strengthen the mind, and enable us to perform our duties with more vigour. The effects of some amusements do not end with ourselves; but are productive, through *our* means, of the same effects upon others. There is implanted in our natures a strong desire of communication with others: we are not content to keep the truth with which we are impressed locked up in our own bosoms. This drives those who have ardent minds and glowing sentiments to the love and practice of poetry, as the proper vehicle of their ideas and feelings. Ordinary poetry, however, which is generally the most popular, is but a parade of false feelings, promulgated through vanity. We must not expect any consistency of opinions in the busy multitude, who are conflicting in the world for their own selfish interests. They have no shame in taking the benefit of *all* opposite principles and arguments, and in giving the benefit of *none*! These people must persuade themselves that a system of delusion is fair; and that professions of morality or conscience are pardonable baits, by which the cunning and prudent may catch and entrap the weak and incautious. If a man's exertions in litera-

ture draw civility and kindness to him, they have an ample reward; but, unfortunately, they seldom acquire to him this good. There is a jealousy and hatred of the implied superiority of his pretensions; and he, especially, who teaches severe truths is more dreaded and avoided than courted. He, indeed, who is a mere man of dexterous talent, and applies it to flatter the prevailing fashions, follies, and vices of the day, may obtain distinction, be covered with praise, and received with adulation and gladness. But great minds cannot bend; sincerity is the essence of their strength. It is idle to suppose that a feeble understanding can, by the mere power of *fancy*, write good poetry. The power of throwing the light of an original, vigorous, and just mind on whatever subject it touches is an endowment highly to be esteemed, and even venerated. To live in the world without thought, or in a twilight of thought, is misery. He who clears away the mist is a great benefactor. The necessity of going in trammels, and working mechanically, attaches to inferior minds. We ought not to desert the path where we can have few competitors, for one where there are many, and those better qualified than ourselves. Men are not always what they seem to be; but self-confidence makes us sometimes what we wish to be. The noblest mind is yet so weak, that it seems doubtful whether it is worth while to sacrifice much for this superiority among the weak. Except in moments of enthusiasm, we cannot have a confident feeling that posthumous fame is of any value. Vanity lies in a constant state of mortification; the subject whom it rules thus incessantly puts himself at the mercy of others. If it be the passion to seem, and not to be, then we are dependent on another's judgment, or pretended judgment. There, probably, was never a stronger-minded man than Milton,—a man of profound reason as well as of gigantic imagination. But the public have no means of judging of merit, except by the popular cry. Johnson was one of those grand men whose occasional ebullitions of vast intellectual power never tire. Gray always thought, not only with force and rectitude, but with extreme feeling. Mere sensitiveness, without a strong internal consciousness of moral feeling, ends in nothing. We have the powers of so

conducting our habits, and so disciplining our minds, as almost to turn this material world into a spiritual creation. Gray said to West, that if circumstances prevented a man from applying his talents to the use of the public, it was sufficient to cultivate and improve his own mind. But we ought not to live merely "*fruges consumere*."

The possessor of talents knows not their force till he tries to develop them. None are so odious and mischievous as those who write or say things merely because they think them plausible, without regard to their truth. The enthusiast may, however, sincerely believe what the cold calculator will not allow to be possible; and what he believes his ardour may bring into life. Constant intercourse with society destroys all enthusiasm; and men hardened by this intercourse always call enthusiasm bombast. The same men call what is *real* bombast grand and eloquent. Is it asked why some should be always wrong, and others always right? It is a reward to the latter for virtue and culture. They who believe morals and sentiment to be mere verbiage, must necessarily think the stronger the words the more the morality and sentiment. So it is with poetical ornament; they who think all ornament mere empty flowers, must necessarily think the mere flowers the better ornament. Sometimes the talent of men lies merely in writing; neither in action nor even in conversation does it shew itself at all; and yet the talent cannot be doubted. Some men frequently suffer a talent which they possess in a strong degree to be at times suspended,—such as the judgment under a temporary predominance of passion, or fancy. They who have only the one faculty of judgment, and that in a much weaker degree, may thus appear for a time much superior to them. Men of imagination often endure patiently real evils, and sink under ideal ones. This is not always desirable; but there are those to whom, in the varied conditions of life, it may sometimes be beneficial. In this iron age there is an attempt to decry and extinguish all real genius, and substitute in its place a bastard kind of gaudy assumption, more useful to the purpose which they who lead the public mind have in view. But nothing will do without energy and life; flat

thoughts and descriptions, however clear and just, produce *ennui*. Thus, Blackmore's *Creation* is tiresome, and unpoetical, 'in defiance of Johnson's praise; and so is Knight's *Landscape*, for the same reason. And thus cold rules will never succeed in making a poet, for which animation and fire are indispensable. Many, however, are judges of the technicalities of art who cannot sympathise with the nicer touches of real genius. But, then, these technical beauties only attract while they are new, and are soon superseded by others of their own stamp. Powerful thought monopolises attention, and will spare no pains to the minute study of expression. Where splendid words are supplied by memory they always overlay the thought. It is always vicious, where the thought is not transparent through the language. Judgment rises from an acute power of nice distinction, and nice comparison. It is unfortunate when a high degree of this faculty is wasted on temporary subjects, as was *Bcza's* case; yet we are always pleased with eminent skill, even when the subject has ceased to interest. Nice distinctions flash with pleasure upon the mind, and give the faculties an emotion of energy. The spiritual shadows of the intellectual world haunt us, and provoke us to a perpetual attempt to embrace them; every fitting idea which we *embody* seems to be a treasure added to the *material* world. There is a sort of freshness and force of opinion which comes from genius, or powerful talent, totally unlike what is borrowed. All but *mens sana in corpore sano*, combined with independence, is valueless. The caprice of human opinion is too great to place any reliance upon securing it, whatever be the force of argument, and truth, and merit of the cause.

I am inclined to believe that a man would do well, for his own happiness, never to quit the beaten path; but, if I admit this, I must admit that happiness consists in the absence of genius and talents,—for genius and talents never did, and never will, confine themselves to beaten paths. To examine, explore, and make new efforts, is of the essence of these qualities. In the meantime, they incur hazards and disappointments to which the beaten path would never have exposed them; yet it cannot be conceded, that specu-

lation and reasoning, and a resort to principles, ought to be considered as matter of mere curiosity and amusement, and not be attempted to be applied practically. It is true that the most ingenious, plausible, and apparently conclusive reasoning overlooks some ingredient or circumstance which operates practically, and which, therefore, justifies the opinions which have been taught by experience. But, if we were to make no attempts at advancement in knowledge on this account, we should first be stationary, and then retrograde. It is only by repeated deductions from principles, and repeated trials of them by the test of experience, that we can arrive at the numerous profound and deeply laid truths which amend and exalt our nature. Particular failures are the price we must pay for knowledge and extended wisdom. Genius, especially in youth, is apt to carry this adventurous spirit much too far for its quiet or safety.

Cunning and self-interest are always on the watch to urge it into snares,—to make it pay the cost, and then to defraud it of the advantages. There is no contending with cold-blooded, hypocritical, Proteus-like artifice; they who have no sincerity, whose weapons are simulation and dissimulation, are often sure fabricators of their own selfish fortunes; but they are a curse to society. I know that it is the favourite doctrine of the multitude, that if common minds are most fitted to succeed in the world, *it is as it ought to be*. On the contrary, I contend that this is the triumph of Satan, which Providence can permit only as a punishment. I take it, that hard-heartedness, falsehood, deceit, and cunning, will always triumph over delicate and sensitive virtue. Lord Byron was a great genius; but he had a good deal of the devil in him; and it must be admitted that it was *this* which carried him forward triumphant through the world. In the notes to *Childe Harold*, canto 4, there are these words, cited from the Academical Questions: “He who will not reason is a bigot, he who cannot is a fool, and he who dare not is a slave.”

But it may be added, that he who will not, dares not, because he knows that his conduct and intentions are dishonest and wicked, and cannot stand the test of reason. It is quite impossible that any thing can be just or

justifiable that can be shewn to be contrary to reason and equity; or that there can be any difficulty in shewing a thing to be right which *is* right; or that the monstrous doctrine can be admitted, that what is speculatively true may be practically false.

It is, perhaps, natural for mankind to make use of all sorts of weapons to carry their points. If, in the heat of contention, they may be forgiven for the attempt, they cannot be forgiven for perseverance, after they have been shewn to be wrong. There is nothing against which I set myself more vehemently (because there is nothing of which the admission would give me a more despondent view of life) than that the abstract principles and rules of reason, equity, and justice, are mere matters of ornament and flourish for the affluent and easy; and cannot be brought into action in the conflict of busy life, where (it is pretended) *expedience* must govern.

In the present disorganised state of society, questions are raised, and things called into doubt, which would never have been attempted at any former period of national habits. This arises from lifting the low, and debasing the high; from the overthrow of what had hitherto been taken as *data* not to be contested; by setting every fool and rascal free, to kick and pull down what is condemned to destruction, under the odious and false stigma of *prejudices*. The effect of all this is frightful in either alternative. If licentiousness and anarchy do not follow from it, then (and things seem now on their return) they will be suppressed at the expense of *national freedom*. I think this the least evil of the two; but this is also dreadful!

Though it may seem arrogant to take so much credit to myself; yet I hesitate not to say, that, when I seriously take up a subject, I am a close and deep reasoner;—not hastily seizing, and, therefore, not prone, easily and lightly, to err. My affections, and the ductility of my temper, may be seduced; my understanding is of sterner stuff, and, when once appealed to, cannot be led astray. It is all waste labour to attempt by plausible substitutes to vary the shapes and forms of immutable truth.

I know that there are a numerous class of mankind who entertain a belief, that there is so much uncertainty

in the conclusions to be come to, and the judgments to be pronounced, in human affairs, that a superior degree of ingenuity and management, with the mixture of a little sophistry, may turn the balance either way, as desires or interests may prompt. But they who think so, entertain a false confidence and a false belief. They *may* succeed, and *do* succeed, too often, when they have *weak* people to deal with. But when once the question is fairly raised, they will have a hazardous and hopeless contest. There are others who will enter into no argument, but rely entirely on bodily exertion, and animal courage,—on the manœuvres of personal solicitation, and secret misrepresentation,—on private assertion, where there is none to controvert,—and private insinuations, where there is none to detect. I make due allowances for the natural tendency of the human mind to delude itself into opinions concordant with its wishes or interests. Certain colourings and exaggerations may be expected, and forgiven; but the outlines and main colours of the things themselves cannot be reversed, nor changed. Black cannot be made white, and what is crooked cannot be made straight. When such attempts are successful, in defiance of the conviction of him on whom they are successful, merely because the conceder is desirous to gain the good-will, or good word, of him to whom he makes the concession, the conceder falls into a most grievous delusion. Such a recompence (were it worth having) was never yet gained in this way. No man feels kindness, or gives praise, to him whom he has deluded. It is admitted, that it is often very long before a generous mind can be brought to be fully impressed with these severe truths. For my part, I had reached my fifty-fifth year, before I could be brought to think that they were even general; and, alas! when my eyes were open, I was not the master of my own judgment. I am myself come to this opinion, that there are many palpable truths which ought not to be admitted to be brought into debate. To suffer the question to be entertained, is to encourage those who are adventurous enough to try any thing which their interest prompts to persevere in those efforts which ought to be crushed in the bud.

When we dwell a long while on an

evil subject, we lose something of the force of the revolting and glaring impressions which strike us whenever we return *fresh* to it. Men may, by degrees, habituate themselves to *endure* to hear the most *palpable* and *self-evident* truths *disputed*. I have often said, that there is a certain point up to which *candour* may be asked and permitted to go, in judging of other men's actions, declarations, and intentions. But to go *beyond* that point is to allow the nature of things to be reversed,—to admit that there is no *real* difference between crime and virtue, justice and injustice, right and wrong,—that *meum* and *tuum* may be absolutely confounded,—and that the boldest and subtlest man may be always made to appear in the right. We judge of crimes in courts by rules which leave no particle of doubt in the mind of a wise and intelligent man. No man feels a difficulty in distinguishing between *murder* and *manslaughter*,—between the premeditated scheme and the accidental ebullition of *momentary passion*,—between the *system* *premeditation* of unlawful gain and the irregularity of means by which the want of fortitude of endurance gets out of a dangerous and unforeseen scrape. I say that these are *marks of distinction*, which, when they occur, cannot admit of a *doubt*, and which no one in his senses would allow to be argued away, or even hear argument about, unless, indeed, he were under frightful *duress*.

If there be no distinction between right and wrong,—if a bold man can do what he will with impunity, and without loss of reputation, by having the courage and dexterity to support an argument that *black* is *white*,—then, in the society where such things prevail, every thing is at the mercy of the most daring and most unconscientious. Propriety, fame, every thing which constitutes the happiness and supplies the wants of man—even bread—is thrown off its base, and tossed into the air to be scrambled for, and grasped by the strongest and most dexterous hand!

It seems to me, that he who has not the moral courage to endure the temporary evils and injuries of a breach or defiance of law or conscience, committed by others towards him in the interval before protection or retribution can come, is at the mercy of whatever the cupidity or malice of scoundrels may choose to inflict. The alternative may

in ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~lesser~~ ^{lesser} evil must be ~~boldly~~ ^{boldly} incurred. We may be inclined, *a priori*, to believe that men who have supported a decent character in the world will, if not from conscience, yet from fear of the world's censure, be under restraint as to their actions, and not break those limits within which the appearance of some degree of coarse and homely honesty is included. But experience proves that it is *not so*. There is, among the crowd of men engaged in getting their livelihoods, and making their fortunes, a very large and appalling portion who have no restraint whatever but what they deem, upon a calculation of all their means, a preponderating chance of exposure to punishment. They are utterly insensible to any censure of generosity, or sting of regret or reluctance, they do not feel a moment's hesitation to take advantage of kind confidence, nor to deceive by the most shameless pretensions of hypocrisy; at the moment they deal the blow of ruin, or administer the poison of death, they shed crocodilian tears, they talk of the vanities of this world, of the worthlessness of self, of the emptiness of earthly advantages, and the only comfort to be had is in purity of conscience. If, at last, you detect them in robbery, they cry, "*like Robin Hood, that they only rob the rich to give to the poor*." Nothing will keep them in the right path but the iron rod of force and power. They will plunder even under the gallows. They laugh at reproaches, words are wind to them, and they regard nothing but blows.

Buonaparte was only upon a larger scale what six-tenths of those who call themselves men of business are (if they have ability) upon a smaller. Yet, with all their cunning and dissimulation, they expose the cloven foot to a shrewd eye at every turn. Men sometimes become so habituated to evil, that they at last lose the perception of right and wrong; they then betray themselves, when they do not suspect the discovery they are making.

If the foundation of all claims to superiority, intellectual or moral, were mere matter of capacious opinion, and not capable of being determined by clear principles and precise tests, then the boldest man, or the greatest intriguer, might justify the confidence that it was in his own power to lift himself into such distinction and pre-

eminence as he should desire. Then, too, the fact of distinction obtained would be the proof that distinction was deserved.

But the gradations of merit, intellectual and moral, are, in truth, positive, and can be ascertained with certainty, distinctness, and nicety. Favourable prejudices cannot confer what does not exist; unfavourable ones cannot take away what does exist.

The force which comes from the complex operations of mind is commonly of slow growth. Simple fancy may be powerful in youth; but, even then, to find adequate language as the representative of it, is a sort of intellectual process, not to be acquired without a good deal of mental discipline.

The power of fancying what we have seen, when we are removed from it by time or place, is, probably, more or less possessed by all intellectual beings. It is by the high degree of its vividness that genius is characterised,—and poetical genius by the additional consideration of the quality of the thing fancied.

What is derived at second-hand from impulses borrowed from others, and not from original impression, betrays itself in faintness, in exaggeration, or in servile identity. No one can rationally hope that his fame will live who has been made an author by accident, and without peculiar gifts from nature.

An imagination not forced, but active and lively by nature, is necessary, as well as a clear and strong fancy. But imagination is often dangerous in its application to poetical life, because it often substitutes assumed premises for those which are in actual operation in a particular case. Nicety and closeness, rather than extent of observation, makes a man practically skilful in the common affairs of life.

Public fame is the mere effect of caprice or chances, *viz.* it follows the dictates of two or three individuals, actuated in their own judgments, generally, by whim, or passion, or conceit, and themselves elected by the multitude, as guides, through caprice or chance.

Among the traits most likely to catch the notice of the mob are strength and violence of feature, and glare of colouring. The mob, educated as well as uneducated, want nicety of taste to relish what is chaste and sober. They

can only be moved by exaggerated addresses to the fancy or the feeling. There is a harmony in composition of the highest class, as in painting, which cannot be appreciated by vulgar eyes. The favourites of the mob never last long: one age never likes the favourites of another. Novelty, and wonder resulting from novelty, are the grand attractions.

With Charles II. came in the French school of poetry — *beaucoup d'esprit*; but little fancy, little sentiment, and no imagination: witty observations on life, and witty delineations of character; pointed maxims; epigrammatic satire; court gallantry; gay compliments; the flattery of a lively intellect, employed in saying what was ingenious rather than what was true: still, often coarse, vulgar, and rude, in all but those of the very first abilities. The couplet had not yet arrived at its perfect vigour of construction and harmony of sound, till Dryden, in his latter years, brought it to perfection. But Dryden, when he had the choice of his materials, preferred a subject of rationation to a subject of imagination or fancy: his images and his sentiments were the efforts of a great mind, conceiving vigorously whatever was presented to him; and expressing with power, elegance, and admirable flow of numbers, whatever he conceived. An unimitated terseness of style; a manly disdain of superfluous words; a variety of construction, adapted to the sense to be conveyed; perspicuity; elasticity; nerve — all mark the manner of his latter poems.

But, still, his very manner betrays that he is the *repeater*, and not the *originator*, of his materials; a tone of light railery, or even mockery, often escapes him, as if he were in jest, and wished his very reader to notice that he was but half serious. The love either of imagery or sentiment was not native to him; and it was rather from the art of describing it than from the pure love of what he described that he derived pleasure. The fables he selected led him into times of fiction and romance; but his *own mind* was better calculated to investigate severe truth, and delineate men and manners as they are.

In *Pope* there is more sweetness, but less manly idiomatic force. The sweetness is too monotonous, and often appears too artificial; but the most pro-

minent native faculty of *Pope*, like that of *Dryden*, was the *understanding*. Imagery and sentiment were more acquired, or more occasional.

Towards the latter part of *Pope's* life, *Thomson* brought descriptive poetry into fashion. Then rose the *didactic*, which undertook to clothe abstract philosophical notions with the ornaments of poetical language. And, at the same time, *Collins* and *Gray* adorned *lyrics* with personification and allegory. These productions tended to bring back poetry into its more proper regions. But, in the effort to get back into the domains of fiction, they often receded too far into the contrary extreme, from plain sense and practical observation; the diction became too far removed from actual usage: in pursuing the *visionary*, the writer was caught by the *fantastic*; affected sentiments and turgid images were substituted for real pathos, and real grandeur; and the poetry was no longer a *poetry of thought*, but only of *glittering language*. The thoughts were, for the most part, trite, insipid, and often even erroneous.

It is the nature of fashion to change to extremes. From a laborate and over-ornate style, the next step was to colloquial simplicity and naked rudeness: an affectation rose of imitating the *Old Ballads*; and all the established forms of diction and rules of metre were set at defiance. It is probable that this would not have happened but at a crisis when all Europe was convulsed with new notions; and all established forms and institutions were deemed to be restrictions of prejudice and wrong. Much vigour was undoubtedly crushed by a severe regard to models and authorities; but much absurdity was also suppressed, or kept in check. If there was a fantastic excess of empty ornament and overwrought polish in the former school, there was a fantastic excess of wildness, and rudeness, and vigour in the present; or, where these were wanting, of a sickly and insipid simplicity. The understanding took little, if any, part in these compositions. The authors lived in a wilderness of their own, inhabited by a world of beings of their own dreaming imaginations.

Observation, applied to the thoughts and feelings operating in the daily intercourse of society, is adapted to produce a sober sort of poetry, more in-

structive to common sense than gratifying to the imagination; but *observation* may also be applied to imaginative subjects; it may direct itself to study the visionary part of our nature, and thence derive stores for describing the native movements of the imaginative faculty; and thus, observation may be made the source of the noblest excursions of poetry. But, when the imagination is wanton in its inventions, and pays no regard to truth, as it discovers itself in the unforced visions of the mind, then its fictions may be pronounced to be empty bubbles, un-*instructive*, and un-affecting.

Cowper had fancy; but he has discovered a very small portion of imagination. He hangs no visions on his material images; his sentiments and thoughts are, like his language, simple, natural, and unadorned. Nature gave Burns a much *richer* genius, endued with deeper colours, and inspired by more passionate emotions. Spirits surrounded him, and ideal forms inhabited every spot of his affections. In every age of poetry we may detect the fault of some excess, in applying correction to the errors of a former age. We may doubt if primary genius would have fallen into such faults of excess. Genius, partly, at least artificially, is that which is exposed to them.

Mason was a rhetorician. *Akenside* was a rhetorician. It is possible that very deep feeling may sometimes, by its own force, disqualify for the due literary expression of it. They who feel less are more calm, and more in self-possession, and, therefore, more fitted for literary labour.

Tales are a proper part of poetry, because they may shew sentiment and thought *in action*; but, then, there must be proper choice of incidents and characters: these must not be of an unpoetical nature,—undignified, undefined, or ungenerous. They must not, like Crabbe's *Tales*, produce despondence and disgust. It is not an excuse for *pictures* of squalidness, ugliness, and misery, that these evils really exist. It is the business of poetry to delineate what gives pleasure, and not what gives pain.

The prevailing fashion of poetry is almost always *exclusive*; whereas real poetry is various, and comprehensive. When, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the dull and unanimated historical narrative was discovered to want the spi-

ritual character of poetry, a resort was made (always excepting Spenser) to the mere flowers of poetry, especially in pastoral imagery; and thence, again, to pure metaphysics; and then, with King James, to metaphysics adorned and illustrated by *conceits*; and then, with King Charles, to sentiment and imagery, set off by conceits; then, with Charles II., to reason and common sense, applied to society and manners; then, with Queen Anne, to the same, clad with poetical dress; then, with George II., came the mere poetry of grand language, except where Collins and Gray made allegory and personification the vehicles of moral truth. Then, again, with the present century, language was abandoned, and matter only was regarded. *Abstraction* was exchanged for *action*; tales again came into fashion. But, in the endeavour to avoid trite, commonplace, unpoetical characters, resort was had to *extravagant* and *monstrous* invention. Instead of choosing *select* characters from nature, characters were chosen *out of* nature,—as if there was no *medium* between the *fantastic* and the most *mean* and *coarse* reality.

Fiction or invention is necessary in poetry; but it must be fiction or invention under the guidance of experience or probability, taught by reason or judgment. A narrative of facts as they have occurred is seldom sufficiently interesting to a rich and exursive mind: sentiments and descriptions may be better conveyed in the character of persons placed by the creative pencil of imagination under circumstances which have prepared the reader's mind for them, and which have a double effect, from their congeniality with the tempers and habits of those to whom they are ascribed.

When a poet speaks in his own person, it too often happens that some unbending facts, or some prejudices conceived against his actual conduct in life, destroy the illusion, and are antidotes to that belief, without which the charm cannot work. The essence of poetry is in its visionary and spiritual parts; but their effect is at least augmented and set off by some machinery, by some slight series of incidents to introduce them. The very name of *poetry*, the very meaning, which is involved in it, of fable or creation, seems to call for this,—at least to make it desirable, if not necessary,

Young poets do not venture early upon these long flights; but they generally dream of them. *Dryden* borrowed all his *tales*; he did not even make an attempt to *invent one*! It is probable that scarce any even of those of *Chaucer*, or *Boccaccio*, were *invented* by them. We have no tales worth mentioning from *Chaucer* to *Dryden* (except the borrowed ones of *Prior* and *Parnell*), till those of *Sir Walter Scott* and *Lord Byron*. *Campbell*, in his notice of *Akenside*, speaks of "*the sweetness*" arising from "*the direct representations of life, and its warm realities and affections*." *Akenside* has a splendour of sonorous language, but is too declamatory to *affect*, or even much to *instruct*. He produces an indistinct glare,—an undefined and half-formed pleasure. In *Beattie* there is occasional sweetness and beauty, but seldom strength, and never pathos. He never penetrates the recesses of the bosom. *Mason* is flowery and harmonious, but cold and unaffecting. *Darwin* glitters with the highest degree of artificial but monotonous splendour. The happy and powerful originality of language which springs from force of feeling and vigour of conception is seldom exhibited by any but the primary class of writers. It is from occasional bursts of strong sentiments and vivid imagery, at once new, just, and striking, that *Lord Byron's* mastery appears,—such as stanzas xxiii. and xxiv. of canto 4, of *Childe Harold*.

" But ever and anon of griefs subdued
There comes a token, like a scorpion's
sting,
Scarce seen, but with fresh bitterness
imbued;
And slight withal may be the things
which bring
Back on the heart the weight which it
would fling
Aside for ever: it may be a sound,
A tone of music, summer's eve, or spring;
A flower, the wind, the ocean, which
shall wound,
Striking the electric chain, wherewith
we are darkly bound;
And how and why we know not; nor
can trace
Home to its cloud this lightning of the
mind;
But feel the shock renewed, nor can
efface
The blight and blackening which it leaves
behind;
Which out of things familiar, unde-
signed,

When least we dream of such, calls up to
view

The spectres whom no exorcism can
bind,—

The cold, the changed, perchance the
dead—*anew*

The mourned, the loved, the lost, too
many! yet how few!"

To adduce new thoughts from the buried seeds of the mind, and to find expression for them, a faculty which must not only be implanted bountifully by nature, but cultivated by long labour, discipline, and care. It is not to be attained without continued practice; the memory will not supply its place, but rather deceive by a false idea of strength which may not exist. But, perhaps, *Lord Byron* does not very often furnish passages fit to be selected, and to stand by themselves, as applicable to the occasional moods which the varying events of life impress upon us; and in which all *Shakespeare's* writings abound so inexhaustibly. This seems as if they derived their force principally, if not solely, from the context. There is a warmth of imagination which may touch the senses, yet not reach the heart.

The *Historic Legends*, with the exception of *Sackville's* contribution, contain no imagination, little fancy, and little sentiment; and are mere dull, weeping narratives. Some vigour, with some command of language, began to display itself in the translations from the great classical poets. In the little pastoral songs, nature, simplicity, delicacy, and elegance, were attuned to a degree which has, perhaps, never since been equalled in its kind. The attempts in the same walk by *Herrick*, and others, in the subsequent century, were more exuberant, and sometimes verged on the fantastic.

The drama began now to blaze into full force by the genius of *Shakespeare*. It always seems strange, that the true objects of poetical faculty should be so rarely sought, or so rarely attained. It does not appear correct to attribute it to the deficiencies of an early age of literature; because true genius seems always to have pursued the right path, at whatever age it was born; witness *Dante*, *Petrarch*, *Chaucer*, *Sackville*, and *Spenser*. Natural imagery, worked up and recombined in the intellectual mint, and associated with natural, forcible, and just sentiment, one would suppose to be even more easy than

those distorted, harsh, and monstrous fictions which, in minor and affected genius, is always substituted for them. It is, perhaps, the want of a really vivid fancy, and of a true and deep sensibility, which causes this erroneous direction of effort. It is the presence of the image which draws with it that fulness of emotion, or natural eloquence of expression,—which alone bear the stamp and produce the effects of genius,—which afford the only rational delight or rational instruction.

Whatever is inconsistent with reason, or philosophy, or moral wisdom, or even uncontributory to it, is a trifling waste of perverted ingenuity. We desire to have represented to us, not the sportive imaginings which wanton wit can discover, but the grave and profound sensations of the heart,—the experiences, observations, and convictions of a contemplative, powerful, elevated, and virtuous mind. We want to have those native and rich visions embodied which hover round a highly gifted fancy. This is a simple field, and never to be exhausted; yet a field on which very few have the courage, or the inclination, or the ability, to enter.

After all, perhaps, neither discipline, labour, nor ease and anxiety, nor a state of strong excitement or mental serenity, have much concern with the power or feebleness, the merit or demerit, of the literary productions of genius; which, probably, depend almost exclusively on the faculties conferred by nature, subject, however, to the influence of the accidents which may awaken or suppress the desire and *ambition* of excellence in such pursuits. He who chooses to quit the haunts of the muses for the haunts of public life—the glory of an author for the glory of a politician or a worldling,—must not complain, nor regret that he does not acquire that for which he will neither use the means nor pay the price. The advantages to be purchased by literary pursuits are scarcely worth the cost, if those advantages are placed in the attainments of distinction and fame; for these cannot be secured either by nature or skilful conduct, or both united. What depends on the public will always be bestowed by caprice, or folly, or intrigue. But there are other advantages, of a more gene-

rous and sublimer kind, in literary pursuits,—the advantage of virtuous occupation and intrinsic pleasure, which combine purity, instruction, and delight,—which give us the complacency and self-confidence of a more elevated order of existence, and raise us in many respects above the frowns of fortune.

A life which directs its labours to public affairs and the concerns of active business is more showy and noisy, but, perhaps, not less subject to disappointments; while it has no similar antidote in the virtue and pleasure of the occupation.

He who grasps at too much loses all. I have something of a misgiving that I am myself an example of this. On the other hand, there is a noble self-devotion in the love of honourable fame; it would not be implanted in us, were it not a necessary incitement “*to live laborious days*,” for the sake of others; if it were not a spur to virtue, then to happiness.

It often happens, then, that they who are blamed by others, and who even blame themselves, may yet have taken the right path. But it is vain to demand that youth should have the wisdom which is taught by the experience of age,—a wisdom that almost always comes too late for action. Nor would that wisdom in many instances be desirable; for why should we be assured too early of that sorrow and disappointment which are our lot on earth? The prosperous are not happy: we could name men loaded with worldly power, honours, and wealth, who have not been happy. Why, then, should they who have been crossed at every turn complain? There is a virtue which is independent of success; there are gifts of nature which caprice, injustice, or malice, cannot destroy, or change. There are beautiful glowings of the heart, splendid imaginings, and vigorous textures of thought, of which the possession is too positive, and the richness too admirable, to be at the mercy of envy or corrupt intrigue. But we are to be examined and criticised by mean, grovelling, narrow, technical rules,—as if there was not in our better natures a feeling of delight, a sense of greatness, far above the cold calculations of reason.

HUMOURS OF THE NORTH.

Nos. V. AND VI.

JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE.—SIR BROOKE BOOTHBY.

NO. V.—JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE.

AMONG remarkable humourists at Edinburgh, there, surely, can be no impropriety in reckoning those not indigenous, who frequently sojourned there. Change of scene brings out peculiarities of character, and some originals are displayed with much more effect when removed from their ordinary *beat*. In a new scene there is, of course, mutual action and reaction. Baron Kalchenvogel never could have been developed so well as at Edinburgh; and his residence there assisted us in illustrating the character of "Modern Athenians." Among frequent birds of passage in the north, one of the most distinguished was John Philip Kemble; who, it is true, was the same at all places, though there might be a difference as to the degree in which his admirable *naïveté* was brought out, or as to the opportunities afforded for appreciating his peculiar talents. At Edinburgh, of course, his performances *told* better than elsewhere; for the modern Athens *did* possess enlightened critics, who were enthusiastic in their approbation, and who, in a small theatre, could watch those finer shades of art and genius which might have escaped them in London. Kemble was quite aware of this, and, however absorbed he might be in his part, knew that the plaudits he heard proceeded from discriminating individuals. The *canaille* are nearly the same every where; but in the narrow circle of the Edinburgh theatre, there is no room for the *canaille* to overbalance the *élite* of the land, provided the latter choose to concentrate their forces.

Kemble, of course, thoroughly understood the propensity of his north-country friends for tuft-hunting, and was aware that he himself, in his own way, was looked on as a *grand dignitaire*. Great, therefore, was the amusement sometimes derived from the marked contrast betwixt his own *naïveté* and the affectation of those who merely wished to scrape acquaintance with him as a "Lion," from motives of curiosity and self-aggrandisement. When at "Athens," in his professional ca-

pacify, he used to take the first furnished lodging that offered; sometimes rather a humble one: however, his dignity was, of course, unabated, and his habits unalterable. Early breakfast, a page or two of writing, most laboriously performed, hard professional study, dressing gown and slippers, the large square gold snuff box in constant requisition, the subjection to morning visits, occasionally from people that he despised, and the complete *mystification*, for he must have been sensible how entirely his *private* character was misunderstood by most of those who came about him.

We remember, in the year 1809, his being tormented (when preparing to play Macbeth) into a morning excursion to see John Clerk's (Lord Eldon's) picture-gallery. This was brought about entirely by one who wished to assume importance to himself, by going in company with "King John" to the house of the said John Clerk, who was then reckoned a first-rate character among "Athenians," and whose eccentricities might supply ample materials for a chapter of these our desultory reminiscences. The fine arts of painting and sculpture were his hobby; and he, himself, aimed at being an artist, working at leisure hours for about *forty years*, on one great historical composition, which, most unfortunately, he left unfinished! On a proposition from the tuft-hunter to inspect the pictures, Kemble unthinkingly, and as a matter of course, had bowed assent, and, within a few hours afterwards, was attacked by a note, appointing the following day for the visit. Mrs. Kemble directly wrote an apology, pleading the tragedian's indisposition and fatigue. He then thought himself clear; but it was not so. The determined tuft-hunter had set his heart on having the honour of introducing John Kemble to John Clerk, and, on receiving the apology, he directly sallied forth, during a bitter east wind and driving sleet, to St. Andrew's Square, where the great actor then occupied apartments in a house that for-

merly belonged to David Hume. *Malheureusement*, the *bore* was admitted just as we prepared to take our departure, having received and appreciated a hint from Mrs. Kemble that it was play-night, and that the "Lion's" early dinner-hour approached. The *bore* (who was a W. S.) came prepared with a "strong case;" declared that he never saw Mr. Kemble look in better health; that, surely, going from one house to another in an excellent roomy coach could not hurt even the most delicate invalid; that the appointment having been made, Mr. Clerk, who was a person of no little importance, would feel himself sadly aggrieved and disappointed, &c. &c. In short, he put the question to Kemble as a point of honour, whether he was not bound to go, however painful and inconvenient it might be.

Meanwhile, the expression of the "Lion's" face, indicating his thorough knowledge and appreciation of the visitor's motives, was irresistibly ludicrous; but, notwithstanding the steadfast opposition of Mrs. Kemble, he at length submitted to his fate, only requesting that he might not be obliged to stay long. The *bore*, himself, ran away for a *fiacre*, and, after a long pinch of snuff and some wry faces, "King John" laid aside the dressing gown, and endued his coat, inviting us to be of the party. Arrived at Mr. Clerk's, and introduced into the dining room, the absolute stolidity of the actor's countenance contrasting with the animation which probably had been expected from him, was most amusing. He felt utterly indifferent, the paintings being, for the most part, below mediocrity, and made no effort to conceal his indifference. Stalking about, leaning on his cane, and with an air of excessive weariness and languor, he hardly looked about him, but at last drawled out—"Are *these*, then, the pictures of which we have heard so much?" After some delay, Clerk hobbled into the room, as it happened, in the worst possible humour. He had dined on the preceding day with Lord Newton; consequently, had a desperate headache, and, besides, was under the necessity of finishing a law-paper, on a case of importance to be tried in court next morning. The word *consequently*, which we have here used, seems to render a short digression respecting Lord Newton almost un-

avoidable; indeed, he was another original, fully deserving a chapter to himself. Though universally respected for his talents and benevolence, and rarely exceeding the bounds of perfect sobriety, he yet looked upon five or six bottles of claret as a comfortable daily allowance; without which winding up it was impossible to go smoothly. Of course, before he had finished this quantity, other *bon-vivants* were apt to drop under the table, but occasionally he did meet with people who, like himself, had the properties of a sand-bag, and could drink long and heartily. At such opportunities he rejoiced in a trial of strength, having acquired, among Scottish whigs, the name of the "Mighty Goth;" but, like the "last man" among foxhunters, described by Thomson (*Autumn*, v. 341), he proved always invincible, and corresponded admirably to the poet's description—

"Save where some doctor of tremendous
paunch,
Awful and deep—a black abyss of
drink;"

being above six feet in stature, weighing twenty-eight stone; and, like Thomson's reverend doctor, when all his companions were overcome, surviving, to—

"Lament the weakness of those latter
times."

One evening, at Edinburgh, his lordship was met on the street, evidently returning home from a dinner party. "Only nine o'clock," said a friend, by whom he was accosted; "you have risen early, to-day, from the dinner table." "Very true," replied his lordship; "*but we sat down yesterday.*"

To return — at such times (we mean, under the combined influence of headache and a law-paper) Clerk would not speak at all, or, if he did, his expressions, though he was, in reality, good-natured, were abominably snappish, caustic, and satirical. On the present occasion he did not utter a word, so that his first meeting with Kemble (for they had no previous acquaintance) was, to the last degree, unpromising. Their salutation was mute; their perambulation of the various apartments was conducted in profound silence, and they gazed, or seemed to gaze, on the pictures, without interchanging one syllable of remark. The advocate thought only of his law-papers, and his

own imprudence in attempting to tope with his friend, Lord Newton; the actor's mind was divided betwixt a new reading in *Macbeth*, and Mrs. Kemble's parting words, "dinner will be quite spoiled." The tuft-hunter, meanwhile, tried to be pleasant, and talked away; but his observations on the pictures were so ignorant and silly, that neither of the *grands dignitaires* honoured him with a reply. At last, even his patience wore out, and he most imprudently put the question to Kemble, whether he wished to see any more? "*What—I?*" responded the tragedian, giving to these two insignificant monosyllables, a resistless effect of cutting reproach, withering contumely, and infinite contempt. Seizing the opportunity, he directly commenced his retreat in that theatrical style which had become, to him, second nature; Clerk following him up. Never, surely, was there any first meeting more unpropitious or more *anti-concucial* betwixt two great men! We returned to St. Andrew's Square, and parted in utter silence. The tuft-hunter had carried his point; but it was a failure.

A superficial reader might be apt to stigmatise what we have here set down as a long story about nothing; but it is not so. Among the peculiarities of genius, there is none more marked and inseparable than the absolute horror it entertains of being disturbed and put out of its way. All interruptions of petty business or *unwished-for* amusement are abominable; and, though submitted to with Christian patience, are, nevertheless, felt as grievously injurious. By the by, Lavater's aphorisms are sometimes very good: he says, that he who gets through his work more quickly than his neighbours is a lively man; he who executes it better than others is clever; but the distinguishing attribute of the man of genius is, to do what no one else can accomplish. The *purposes* of genius being thus extraordinary, it certainly is not to be wondered at if its habits should be extraordinary also, and such as will not assimilate with those of mere every day and commonplace characters, who, so far from arriving at any uncommon *results*, are scarcely competent to suggest even an uncommon *plan*. No wonder if, in some instances, there should appear to be a sort of conspiracy against the poor unoffending man of genius, who vainly wishes for out-

ward peace, having more than enough to do with his own inward excitement and self-inflicted tasks. For extraordinary purposes he requires *concentrated force*; consequently, like a violin or other instrument, his whole frame must be in proper tone and tune; otherwise, he will be as unfit to write a good poem, or "discover the longitude," as a harp, with the "screws reversed," to produce harmony.

The reader, as he pleases, may or may not consider this disquisition *apropos des bottes*. Nothing, however, can be more clear than that genius mainly depends on an intense conception of excellence in some department or another, and an inflexible will to attain it; which, of course, is no easy matter. So vivid was this conception in Kemble's mind, that he never came to an end in studying even one of his best-known and most celebrated parts. Until his health began to fail he improved in every one, even in *Coriolanus*. He shewed not merely increased precision, but increased brilliance, effect, and energy. Most of all, in his latter years, this improvement was visible in that most difficult part, *King Lear*; which, at last, he brought as near as possible to perfection. In this part it was supposed that Kean would succeed, as being particularly suited to his powers, instead of which he exhibited an absolute travesty, affording proof, if proof were wanting, that genius without learning, judgment, and the "accomplishment of art," is not to be relied on.

As an author and critic, Kemble was the most laborious of mortals that ever tried such occupations, and, probably, cherished in his mind some criterions of excellence that even, with command of time and attention (which he had not), it would have been impracticable to reach. In his own literary productions, it is true, he was cautious enough not to aim too high, but the labour he bestowed on them, nevertheless, was almost incredible. His meagre octavo on Shakspeare's characters, inscribed to the Duke of Northumberland, cost him immense toil. Probably, he thought that easy reading *must* be difficult writing; which is surely going too far. As he taxed his own strength in this degree, it is no wonder that he did not spare others, but criticised them without mercy. Maturin's works, for example, he could

not endure. He looked on the energy which they exhibited as unnatural, forced, and in bad taste, somewhat analogous to Kean's worst style of acting. Hence there arose an awkward discrepancy of opinion betwixt him and Sir Walter Scott, when the latter received the original MS. of "Bertram," to which, with all its faults, the author of "Waverley" could not refuse his approbation; on the contrary, he sought for Kemble's opinion, with a view of getting it immediately brought on the stage. But "King John" proved obdurate. The principal stumbling-block with Sir Walter, in regard to this play, was the introduction of the devil, *alias* the "Black Knight of the Forest," who had a leading part in the original tragedy, and visibly incited to the string of crimes which Bertram, within a few hours, is made to commit. Scott declared that he doubted whether it would be considered *comme il faut* to bring such a personage on the stage, in a serious drama: Kemble, on the contrary, maintained that the *whole* production should, without hesitation, be thrown into the fire.

We have already observed, more than once, that the great actor's private character was frequently misunderstood; and, among various mistaken ideas, none could be more erroneous than that he was actuated by *hauteur*, and entertained a specially good opinion of himself. The same fastidiousness which led him freely to criticise others, effectually neutralised self-conceit, if he were disposed to cherish any. But never, we believe, was there any one more free from arrogance or vanity. It is true that his taciturnity, dignified demeanour, and sententious style, though all perfectly natural, were liable to be construed, by ordinary observers, into supercilious affectation, or theatrical trickery; and, although incapable of seeking pleasure in being stared at, he yet, perhaps, resolved to "fool them to the top of their bent," and, on observing their perplexity, rather increased than lessened the natural reserve and apparent *hauteur* of his manners; laughing in his sleeve at the result. His discontent with his own powers, and constant wish for improvement, were evinced in numberless ways: as late as in the year 1818, we have known him take regular lessons in French, although that language, from

his having been educated at a foreign Roman Catholic college, was almost as familiar to him as English. His fondness for books and study in general, was most sincere. He delighted in the pursuits of the Roxburgh days, and did not merely collect black-letter volumes, but diligently pored over them, and wrote comments, at such hours as his laborious profession allowed him for literary employment.

The Kemble family, greatly to their honour, rose from poverty by the exertion of their own talents; and all of them, in early life, had their troubles, of which "King John," of course, bore his share. But experience of embarrassments and privation will not always produce frugality and prudence, far less the requisites, however desirable, of energy and exertion. On John Kemble, however, the good effect was complete. He was careful and tenacious without meanness, and without ever losing the disposition to benevolence, and the sincere wish to promote the interests of others. It was requisite, no doubt, that a hold should be gained over his heart, by real and sterling deserts; but, if once his friendship were won, it might firmly be relied on. Some absurd stories are on record about his difficulties in early life; such, for example, as his being dunned for house-rent, which he could not pay, and his stripping up the carpet and whipping a top on the floor, which annoyed all the other lodgers. It is only an "*old Joe*," with a new application. The landlady, of course, objected; but in his most pathetic, yet determined, tone, Kemble pleaded his being in bad health,—a sad "*disorder of the chest*,"—which rendered this peculiar exercise absolutely indispensable for the preservation of his existence, and whipped his top more furiously than ever, till, as might be expected, he was earnestly entreated to leave the lodging, and forgiven his arrear of rent. Another anecdote relates to his being once under the necessity of accepting a part in a musical piece, for which he was quite unfit; for we almost doubt whether he even took pleasure in music. After repeated rehearsals, the leader of the orchestra lost all patience: "Mr. Kemble," roared he, "it is impossible to go on at this rate. You *murder* time!" "Why, you yourself treat him far worse," responded the actor, "for you are *al-*

ways beating him.^u In this sort of dry humour, Kemble was pre-eminent. We have never known any one make more quaint and unexpected rejoinders; but such as dwell on our remembrance are of a class not exactly fitted for repetition here.

Of Kemble's public or professional character we had no wish to speak, and, in that respect, he still survives in the recollection of many of our readers. The period when he most enjoyed himself at Edinburgh was after his retirement from the stage, when he lived as a private and independent gentleman, at a handsome house in Heriot Row, occupied with his books and papers all morning, and assisting, as the French call it, at dinner parties—even at routs and balls in the evening. At that epoch, however, his diverting oddity was a good deal abated, in consequence of his entire change of regimen, from rather a free use of good wine to mere water, or, at best, lemonade and orange juice. "He had entirely ceased," as he observed, "to look on fermented liquors as an article of diet," and entertained no little self-complacency at the victory he had achieved over long habit. His spirits, also, if not so high, were more equable; and he had entirely lost a disposition to drowsiness, which used to annoy him after dinner. From extreme changes, however, it often happens that more harm results than good; and, at his time of life, the complete abnegation of all accustomed stimulants was not a judicious measure. Had it not been for this, he might, in our opinion, still have been alive and merry. On the removal of a *too* strongly propelling power, the machine is apt to stop altogether.

During his dinner and evening parties, at Edinburgh, Kemble's taciturnity among those who understood him not, and his entertaining and instructive conversation among those who did, were equally remarkable; but, it is true, he was, for the most part, too lazy to say much. He rightly thought that society ought to be a relaxation, a relief from study and laborious pur-

suits, where, *sans gêne*, every one might follow the bent of his humour. in his choice of acquaintance and *cro-nies*, the great tragedian often evinced the peculiarity of his own genius, preferring to visit people who were not to be met with in fashionable circles. For example, he never failed paying his respects to and dining with the Rev. Dr. Andrew Brown, the venerable professor of rhetoric and belles lettres in the University of Edinburgh; a clergyman of very retired habits, and, as far as we remember, a lecturer to empty benches. Yet, notwithstanding this, the professor was a man of no inconsiderable literary talents, and, by some peculiar tact in divination, Kemble probably had found him out. By the way, his countenance (the doctor's, we mean) would alone have been a fortune to an actor. His aquiline and handsome features, bushy eyebrows, above all, a strange and somewhat awful method he had of elongating the under jaw, when engaged in deep thought, must have produced astounding effects at the front lights. But, not to dwell on externals merely, he was a most operose student, and had, for about thirty years, worked on a history of America, to supersede that of Robertson. In the tranquillity of his *sanctum*, at a garden-house on the sea-shore, the venerable author sat over this *magnum opus*; a manuscript in double columns, of which one was used for notes and corrections. But the *whole* work had been written and rewritten many times; and, like John Clerk with his grand historical picture, or Kemble in his professional studies, the doctor could never come to an end—never could persuade himself that his work was sufficiently elaborate or ornate. We rather think he never even offered it for publication. No wonder, then, that two such originals should draw together; they might, indeed, be styled "Arcades ambo;" and, no doubt, joined in passing decisive condemnation on almost all modern literature, as being lamentably weak, imperfect, *bizarre*, and ephemeral!

NO. VI.—SIR BROOKE BOOTHBY.

The recollections of Kemble are "of all time," and his name is so connected with that of Shakspeare, that both are immortal together. But, on referring to Sir Brooke Boothby, how completely are we thrown back for

about half-a-century, and placed amid the *beau-monde* of another age and generation! His palmy days were, about the year 1785, when hair powder and complex curls, square collars, and high phaetons, were in vogue. For a

long time he figured as a *beau-garçon* about town; moreover, was considered by the whig party as a promising politician, though he was too idle and careless to ask for a seat in parliament. In those days, his friend, Parson Este, the revolutionary divine, was looked on as a wonderful man; but, by some strange means, the parson contrived, at last, to become utterly forgotten, even in his life time, and, oddly enough, sojourned in a church-yard for several years before his death! There he might be found amid the tombs, with the long rank grass of the cemetery growing up against his window; while, in his apartment, were books and pictures, it is true, but all, *without exception*, belonging to a former age. Not one trace, even the minutest, could be discovered of his having any connexion with the real and existing world. Never was there to be found near him a newspaper, not even a stray magazine or review of the present era. All objects in his library appeared ghostly and faded. One of Sir Joshua's early sketches hung on the wall, but its colours had almost entirely fled. Moreover, there were portraits of once-reigning beauties, in crayon, now so mildewed, that their fine features could scarcely be distinguished from their powdered curls. In 1826, his own costume was that of 1780; in which respect he vehemently contrasted with Sir Brooke, who always followed the mode, however much it varied. We remember an eminent classical scholar, in 1827, presented Mr. Este with a new book, hoping it would afford him some entertainment; but he returned the gift within two days, as if there had been contamination in a modern work, and he felt afraid to give it house-room. It is doubtful whether he knew that London was lighted with gas, or that steam-vessels were in fashion. And all this did not proceed from old age and obtuseness merely (for his faculties were quite entire), but from a systematic aversion to novelty. Apparently, he had determined that his interest in worldly affairs, and his perceptions, should stop short at a certain epoch, beyond which he would know nothing, speak of nothing, read of nothing. But whoever would quietly sit with him in the church-yard, and hear his old stories, without introducing a word about modern affairs, was tolerably sure

of a favourable reception, and good entertainment.

From 1785 to 1794, the springs both of phantoms and politics were constructed on principles that now seem, beyond description, singular; and the "*great world*" was so violently different from what it now is, that, looking into the annalist's mirror, it could not possibly recognise itself for the same being. By the by, we have in our museum one of the domestic implements of that period, which we reckon as curious in its way as any thing ever dug out of the Pyramids or the Pompeian ruins. It is an article (price twenty-five shillings!) most elaborately devised, in order to serve in place of a lucifer match-box, which now costs, at most, two-pence; its only purpose being to light a candle, an operation for which it seems the genius of all existing chemists had not then provided. The apparatus consists of a handsome red morocco case, with screw top, the interior furnished with a bottle containing phosphorus, some nondescript implements, a piece of wax taper, and directions printed on parchment, under which some disappointed *quidnunc* has written—"A catchpenny! Tried it a hundred times, and never once could light the candle. N. N. 1789."

But, to return. In those eccentric days Sir Brooke Boothby had youth, fortune, talents, and friends; and, afterwards, like many other individuals so gifted, gradually wasted, and lost all the advantages with which he set out. In such cases, where the beginning has been all sunshine, and the end is comparatively all gloom, the world is apt enough to pass a sweeping condemnation, on the score of want of principle, or want of sense. Perhaps there has been, in reality, no want of either, and it may rather be what the Germans call the "*nacht der verhältnisse*" (resistless power of circumstances) that leads to ruin. Over our *motives* only, we have free and full power; the result of our *actions* is almost always uncertain. A man may have his eyes open to all the circumstances of his own situation so far as he knows, or possibly *can* know them; yet, by some sudden change, some misfortune never even dreamed of, his plans, however admirably laid, become altogether deranged. Frequently, too, it happens, that after some *one* disappointment—

some blow that strikes to the heart —

"One fatal remembrance, one sorrow,
that throws

Its bleak shade alike on our joys and
our woes" —

(the wound, perhaps, remaining a secret from all the world), an individual before not only prosperous, but tolerably prudent, is inclined (though without touching either cards or dice) to adopt the sentiments and language of the reckless gamester, and exclaim "*Va Banque!*" even with callous indifference to the result. So it may have been with Sir Brooke. His marriage was not a happy one; and his daughter, an only and beloved child, died untimely. It seemed as if the light and bloom of the Baronet's hopes and prospects died with her. But the fine arts were, to him, a solace and sedative. His mournful recollections supplied materials for a volume of sonnets, on the strict Italian model, which are now lost and forgotten, for they never were printed, except in the shape of a most costly folio, with classical embellishments, about the finest example of typography which ever issued from the then celebrated press of Bulmer. We regret not having the book immediately within reach, in order to make some extracts; for of this particular style of poetry, there are not more beautiful specimens in any language. Every line seems inspired by that concentrated and impassioned melancholy which, from all sights and sounds in nature, derives only fresh remembrances of the one lost and lamented object, feeling resistlessly impelled to express and perpetuate its emotions in the most harmonious and powerful language. He who, with patience, elaborates a correct elegy, it has been said, cannot feel deeply, but the truth is sometimes very different. Whoever has poetical power (though the first agonies of grief may paralyse him) will afterwards employ that power on the subject nearest to his heart, and derive solace from arresting, in numbers, those mournful impressions which (instead of wishing to escape from them) he cleaves to and cherishes. As a fair specimen of the author's style, we would instance the sonnet addressed to a locket, but can only recollect the first line —

"Bright waving threads of pure translucent gold;"

and the concluding couplet —

"Come, then, cold crystal, on this bosom lie,
Till love, and grief, and fond remembrance, die."

Short as the production is, we should not incline to put much trust in the man who could read it aloud with proper emphasis, and a voice unfaltering.

After this event, Sir Brooke separated from his wife; also from his paternal estate of Ashbourne, in Derbyshire, and, like other disappointed people, sought consolation in perpetual change of scene on the Continent. One of his favourite residences there, was Weimar. He delighted in the quietness of that little town; in the society of Goëthe (by whom he was always kindly remembered) and other literary men; also in the scenery of the park, with its fine old oaks and elm-trees; and was a frequent guest at the grand-duke's parties. Another favourite spot was Lausanne, where he had lived in early youth, reading his friend, Rousseau's fantastic romance, amid the very scenes which it commemorates. After the French Revolution, being at Liege, he contrived, on the breaking up of some ecclesiastical establishments, to purchase, for about 300*l.*, the valuable and almost unequalled painted glass which now adorns Lichfield Cathedral, and of which the dean and chapter are justly so proud. But, in his advanced age, from 1810 to 1814, Sir Brooke lived almost constantly at Edinburgh, where he still retained a great share of the vivacity and genial feelings of youth, and was constantly engaged in employments which absorbed his attention, without requiring any painful stretch of the mental faculties. His establishment there consisted of a French man-cook, a young Scotch lass, of good figure and sprightly manners, and a fat old pug. At the commencement of our acquaintance, Sir Brooke was writing his "*Fables**," a production of such *intentional* and *systematic* platitude as has rarely been equalled. Unlike Gay or Lafontaine, he merely took all the existing prose apologues, however well known, that fell in his way, and turned them into rhyme. Such,

* *Fables*, by Sir Brooke Boothby. 2 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh, 1811. Constable and Co.

at least, was his first plan; however, he added a few pieces which were original and not uninteresting, as they contained allusions to his own life. Sir Brooke had not only excellent literary taste, but talents, had he chosen to be at the trouble of exerting them, which would have *told* on the public mind; but he seemed to close his eyes on such prospects, and waved all pretensions to energy. To an expostulatory sonnet, addressed to him in 1811, he replied by another, commencing—

“ Alas, good youth, my parts you over-
rate;
Old bosoms glow not with poetic
fire;
Untuned, neglected, hangs my silent
lyre,
Petrarch's sad strains no more to mo-
dulate;”

and at the end was drawn the figure of a lyre turned upside down. In apology, however, he had always the plea of infirm health, which rendered him, in his habits, somewhat of an Epicurean, and he would, by no means, allow those habits to be broken in upon by laborious tasks, idle visitors, business, or disturbance of any kind. Consequently, the tuft-hunters of Edinburgh, who might otherwise have extended their patronage to the once gay and fashionable baronet, were completely kept at a distance. He would not submit to the annoyance of their civilities or flattery; and tuft-hunters, repulsed in this way, are apt to become malignant and censorious. Notwithstanding his retired habits, few people, having lived to advanced age, and encountered difficulties, remain so completely free from any alloy of misanthropy and ill-humour, as Sir Brooke. Irritability and anger were, in his opinion, beneath the dignity both of the cavalier and philosopher; and human nature, though it might deserve coercion and punishment, was generally too pitiable to excite resentment. On his countenance there appeared always a smile of good-humour perfectly unaffected. His disappointments, and knowledge of the “world as it is,” had made him melancholy, but not morose; and he belonged to that class of melancholy men, who can be, and are, most agreeable and even facetious companions. His leading principle, as we have already observed, seemed to be, to avoid painful impressions, and de-

vote himself to constant occupation, such as would absorb attention without being too laborious. So, when the “Fables” were completed, he began a poetical translation of Horace, with copious notes, which afforded him great amusement, and which he finished in 1814. But the baronet's literary pursuits were agreeably diversified by the exercise of another art. He had devised for himself a particular style of water-colour drawings, which cost but little time or trouble in execution, yet produced considerable effect. Drawing from nature was beyond Sir Brooke's power, or he did not attempt it; and he used to make coloured *remaniements* from engravings and all sorts of *matériel* that chance threw in his way.

In 1814, instead of living in lodgings, as before, he took a private house in a retired street; where, probably, he would have staid for the remainder of his days, had it not been for some worldly troubles which, in the beginning of 1815, again drove him to the Continent. At his house, in Union Street, he arranged his favourite pictures, consisting chiefly of portraits of eminent persons, with whom he had been acquainted—such as Frederic the Great, Voltaire, Rousseau, Bonstetten, Goëthe, Gibbon, Lord Nelson, Sir William and Lady Hamilton; and was found invariably surrounded with books, portfolios, and drawing apparatus: enjoying a lonely existence, probably, as much as any man ever did. Retiring to sleep at seven or eight in the evening, he awoke and had coffee, summer and winter, at four or five; after which, he betook himself to his literary compositions, and, when these became wearisome, resumed his drawing. We have observed that he was not accessible to tuft-hunters, and did not mingle much in society; he might say, with Horace, “*Odi profanum vulgus et arceo*,” yet, when his health permitted, he had a most convivial spirit. There was a certain number of privileged persons who had the *entrée* at his house at all times, and he felt discontented if he did not, every day, see some of those favourites. Among them, were the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton, the Earl of Buchan, Sir George Sinclair, and various artists, especially portrait-painters. But, in short, Sir Brooke belonged to that class of *exclusives*, who, having tried the real world, and, like the fantastical Cowley, found that

"they and it would never agree," contrive, at last, to live, mostly, in an ideal one, while they still keep on terms of distant civility with the other. His constant associates were Horace and Cicero, Petrarch and Dante, Racine, Voltaire, and Rousseau; and he was, also, willing to converse with such visitors as could take an unfeigned interest in the same studies, but, from the prevailing excitements and occupations of ordinary minds, kept utterly aloof.

Having so much time at command, and retaining the perfect use of his eye-sight, Sir Brooke never could have too many books, and he freely lent and borrowed. One day, the female domestic, already mentioned, came to our residence with a verbal message—"Sir Brooke's compliments, and he begs that you will immediately send him the soda-water, as he has promised

it to the Marchioness of Douglas." We protested resolutely that we had no soda-water, did not admire such beverage, and that there must be some mistake. Peggy was imperturbable; she was quite sure that she had delivered her message, and, if the soda-water were not forthcoming, it was not her fault. We could only return for answer, that we should have the pleasure of waiting on her master, in the course of the morning, for an explanation. Thereafter, we found Sir Brooke at dinner, and laughing so heartily that he could scarcely carve his roast chicken. "Peggy has just now arrived," said he, "and tells me she asked you for *soda-water*, when she ought to have *heard*, and, I think, you might have *guessed* that I wanted my German illustrated copy of old Goethe's "*Sorrows of Werter*!"

AN APRIL VOYAGE.

"——— Like a ship some April day
In sunshine sailing far away,—
A glittering ship that hath the plain
Of ocean for her wide domain."—WORDSWORTH.

"WHERE have they been roaming now?" will, no doubt, be the exclamation of some sedate gentleman heretofore periodically puzzled by the discursive spirit of what the *Atlas* truly calls the "Fraserian fraternity." We are too clear and strong of purpose to affect mystery of any kind, and shall, therefore, at once tell our "constant reader"—the sedate gentleman in question—what we have been about. It is simply this. We last month set sail on a sea of rhyme, with here and there a bank of prose, just to jog our little skiff with the pensive recollection that its mariners are made of the common compound—clay, albeit, fond of disporting amidst the

"Clouds, that rake the mountain summits,
Or waves, that own no curbing hand."

Before, however, saying more of our trip, let us take a parting gaze at the

"wreaths of smoke
Sent up in silence from among the trees"
in this sequestered valley, where, of

late, we have been endeavouring to lighten the

"heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world."

The poet, from whom we quote with such perpetual fondness, tells us that

"Nuns fret not in their narrow convent
cells;"

by which is meant, that self-imposed restraints are in no degree distasteful. And, unless our memory fail us, Wordsworth goes on to exemplify this truth, by confining his magniloquent speculations within the straight-laced boundaries of the sonnet, for which his admirers have good reason to be grateful. Certain it is, that to a man who seeks refuge in the country from the visionary pleasures and manifold vexations of this vast chimney-forest, called Cockaigne, nothing can be more exquisite than the contrast presented by a little work such as we are now about to leave, and, perhaps, for ever. Yet it is a softening, not a bitter, regret with which a soul

inured to action quits a scene of such serenity. In fact, after the first month, monotony will come over such an one, let the country put forth all its attractions of hill and vale, flood and field, man and beast. We begin to feel the force of that stanza to "Peele Castle," which runs somewhat to the following effect :—

"So pure the sky, so quiet was the air,
So like, so very like, was day to day,
Whene'er I looked thy image still was there,—

It trembled, but it never passed away."

The second line in particular, but the stanza altogether, has a perfect applicability to the state of mind, when

"the landscape with the quiet of the sky"

recalls to one's remembrance, by strength of contrast, the thousandfold varieties of the human face divine in its several expressive moods of joy, love, hope, ambition, glory, pity, pathos, suffering, despondency, or despair. In the country, generally speaking, the passions are lulled,—dormant, though not dead, as Shiel says of the cry for a "repeal of the Union." It is only in cities that the "rapture of the strife" in politics, and in all the higher paths of effort, is felt with the fervent sense of power, and the prophetic thrill of triumph. But we have been told that

"God made the country, and man made the town."

Then it is no very forced inference to say that the proper abode for man is that which he has made for himself. Cowper, in his night-cap, dressing-gown, and slippers—not forgetting that goddess of water-gruel, Mrs. Unwin—would have found it but cold comfort, had he squatted on a misty mountain-top, or in a marshy hollow, or in a verdant valley, or under a straw-thatched shed, in sublime contempt of the conveniences called "houses," which are just as much the handywork of "man" in the country as they are in town. And, with great submission to Cowper's sainted shade, we think that a steam-vessel, a railway, a fine street, or structure, or any glorious evidence of intellectual achievement whatsoever, is as well calculated to inspire the reflecting mind with a reverent and grateful

sense of Providential care, as the more retired and solemn influences of rural life. Yet are we deep (though oftentimes truant) lovers of the country; and, after weighing the matter as carefully as time and inclination will permit, we come to the conclusion, that the following passage from Wordsworth expresses what ought to be the feeling of every man, who, though he "hath had losses," retains possession of a head and heart :—

"Therefore am I still

A lover of the meadows, and the woods,
And mountains; and of all that we behold

From this green earth; of all the mighty world

Of eye and ear,—both what they half create

And what perceive; well pleased to recognise

In nature and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,

The guide, the guardian of my heart,
and soul

Of all my moral being."

Having taken this affectionate farewell of the country in general, and of our winter-nook in particular, we shall narrate our voyage on the rhyme-sea of which we have spoken; and if the authors should raise a breeze (their only way of "raising the wind," poor fellows!)—if

"A storm should come and wake the deep,—

What matter,—we shall ride and sleep,"

in our harbour, "rocking peacefully."

Mr. Henry Sewell Stokes, on the title-page of his volume of poems,* proves that in the poetry of others, as in his own, he regards the meaning as an indifferent matter. How else could he have mutilated the stanza from Robert Southwell, which he has selected as a motto to his work? Here is the stanza, as quoted by Mr. Stokes, and shorn of its moral :—

"Not always fall of leaf, nor ever spring,
Not endless night, yet not eternal day;
The saddest birds a season find to sing,
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay."

If we are not much mistaken, the

* *The Vale of Lanherne, and other Poems.* By Henry Sewell Stokes. London, Longman and Co.; Devonport, Byers. 1836,

second line, as written by Southwell, runs thus:—

“ No changeless night, nor yet eternal day.”

But we are not certain on this point. On another point, however, we are quite certain, viz., that Southwell's stanza has two more lines to it; and that in those two lines the moral meaning of the whole verse is contained. It required no priest, Protestant or Catholic, to tell us of revolving years and changing seasons, &c. &c.; but, replace the two lines lopped off by Henry Sewell Stokes, and Robert Southwell's verse acquires a deep significance.

“ Not always fall of leaf, nor ever spring,
No changeless night, nor yet eternal day;

The saddest birds a season find to sing,
The roughest storm a calm will soon allay.

Thus, with succeeding turns, God tempereth all,

That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.”

A rare notion of poetry must that man have who could be guilty of such an omission! His own verse-spinning is just what might be expected, after this specimen of his taste. Words upon words, and strange ones too—such as the “*furzy* bloom” of a heath, and the “*wavy* roar” of the ocean,—nothing, however, but words. What are we to gather from such mellifluous twaddle as the following, the first line of which is a disfigurement of one in Wordsworth's *Yarrow Unvisited*?

“ The poet hath a vision of his own,
Yet more, methinks, for sorrow than delight;

Wandering adown Life's checker'd vale alone,

He sees all things as with a double sight—

The dark twice dark, to him the bright twice bright;

He dotes upon the rose, yet makes its thorn

Full many a line of poignant truth indite:

Gay Fancy culls the beauty of the morn,

The drooping flowers at eve, pale Pensiveness adorn.”

Of this sort of thing the *Vale of Lanherne* consists. Sometimes, though rarely, the gentle dulness of the author indulges in a joke. For example, here is a Dutch attempt at agility:

“ Excess of labour needs excess of food,

And hence I argue idle folks eat less—
A law of Nature little understood;

The best economy is idleness:

Let's all do nothing, and enjoy our mess

Of herbs and water from the limpid spring;

Another Arcady the world shall bless,
And Sage and Blue upon the mountains sing.*

Persuading flocks and herds that love's an evil thing.”

We arrive, soon after, at the Nunnery of Lanherne, where the author is seized with what a German would call “*oder vyvazzidy*.”

“ And well might the recluse of yonder pile

Envy, pale saint, the buxom Betty's fate,

Kiss'd, in the twilight kiss'd, at every stile,

By Joe, who bears her pail with loiter-
ing gait.

Our hearts tell truly we were born to mate,

And nuns and friars in vain love's law deny;

In vain, in vain would bigotry abate
The bosom's throb, or hush young

passion's sigh —

To live unloved, in sooth, were but alone to die.”

He is in a fidget to get behind the “*curtained screen*” of the fair devotees; but some *harum-scarum* hero has been beforehand with him, and spoiled the sport.

“ Behind the curtain'd screen the Sisters pay

Their orisons unto our Lady pure;

They would not meet the glance of garish day,

And with strong bars their sanctity secure:

How can fair woman such constraint endure,

Made to be look'd at, courted, and admired?

Will hating man the love of Heaven ensure?

And if, sad maids! with saintly visits cheer'd,

Say, why should whisker be like mane of lion fear'd?

Upon a time there came a daring fellow

To see the Sisters,—ruddy was his cheek,

His beard and poll, like Esau's, thick and yellow;

A wight he was much given to wicked
freak ;
And, unabash'd by their demeanour
meek,
He quizz'd the hooded dames, and
glanced on one
With rose so freshly blooming on her
cheek ;
Whiskers and all he darted on the nun :
In vain the affrighted maid the impious
kiss would shun."

Ryron has said, that

"Without the aid of Ceres and of Bac-
chus,
'Tis certain Venus will not long attack
us."

So says Mr. Sewell Stokes.

"Not long on convent fare will passion
thrive,
Fish, bread and water, chestnut, peach
and cherry ;
Yet often when there seems not one
alive,
Sadden the Sisters romp like school-
girls merry ;
And while the ghostly father sips his
sherry
At hunt-the-slipper rumour says they
play,
And oft in blind-man's-buff their sad
thoughts bury :
Some ply the needle ; in the evening
ray
Some bathe the drooping flowers, and
some hymn out the day."

It is probable that the nuns have a
good notion of cooking fish. We
have seen specimens of the art which,
to our simple taste, were far more sa-
voury than the most elaborate prepara-
tions of flesh or fowl ever placed upon
table. A little further on the poet
gains an insight into the female charac-
ter. Discovering that nuns prefer a
youthful confessor to an old one, Mr.
Stokes exclaims, "And such is wo-
man !" Really, Mr. Stokes, you're a
conjurer !

"Whilom here minister'd a youthful
priest—

A man of a refined and liberal mind ;
And ever when the gentry made a
feast

Him 'mong the guests most welcome
you might find.

The sisters were not to these doings
blind ;

And whether from religious watchful-
ness,

Or from their lone condition grown
unkind,

Abroad whenever he was asked to
mess,
Some hooded damsel prim found reason
to confess.

And such is woman ! most inclined to
tease

Where prone to like ; from beauty of
the ball,

With all her wily witching coquetries,
To fretful nymph within the convent
wall.

Go when thou wilt, go to each festival,
Aged abbé ! the nuns will little heed,
Nor at such times thee to confess them
call ;

Nay, should'st thou ask, they'll say
they have no need,

But bid thee mount thy nag, and gaily
cry, God-speed !"

After a vast deal of indescribable de-
scription, and some very natural, but
by no means novel, reflections on
death, the poet, with amiable simpli-
city, concludes, by admitting his
reader's right to go to sleep ; and bids
him good night in the following stanza,
to which we have added a line, to
shew that we part on cheerful terms
with the *Vale of Lanherne* :—

"Now to the world of dreams soft
Sleep invites,

A fairy land no traveller yet dis-
proves ;

Truth claims our days, but Phantasy
our nights,

And blest is he, forgetting life, who
roves

Her magic chambers and enchanted
groves,

Such as in clouds the waking eye may
see ;

Or winds the cavern'd shores of coral
coves

Beyond the track of bold Discovery,
In labyrinthine dreams till lost the slum-
berer be."

Fol-de-rol-de-riddle-rol, and fol-de-rol-
de-rec !

Of the shorter poems we select two,
—one addressed to the author of
*Richelieu, the Gipsy, One in a Thou-
sand*, &c. We are sorry to hear that
so indefatigable a writer as Mr. James
should be compelled to go abroad.

"To James.

Go, beloved voyager, whither thou may'st,
Less fleet than affection thy vessel shall
haste ;

Not all the broad billows that traverse
the sea

Shall hinder my fancy from talking with
thee.

Farewell to thee, brother, the pilgrim of
 need,
 Hope in the western sky heralds thy
 speed;
 On to the happy land far o'er the main,
 Where want never pinches, since man
 wears no chain.
 What! dost thou linger? so bitter to
 part?
 We will go with thee—go with thee in
 heart;
 And if in the Isle of Tears never to meet,
 In the loveland of Memory oft shall we
 greet."

Next extract is entitled "Sleep,"
 who seems to be our author's favourite
 goddess.

"Sleep! for the night is dark,
 Or kindles to decoy;
 Sleep till the sun arise, and all
 The world be living joy.

Betake thee, man of toil,
 Unto thy couch betimes;
 So mayest thou dream a pleasant dream
 Before the midnight chimes.

Sleep, student, sleep! thy cheek
 Pales o'er the classic page;
 The taper lights thee to the tomb,
 Young genius' heritage.

Sleep, beauty! though by love
 Illumed the glow-worm's lamp:
 Consumption comes from dazzling halls
 Into the night-winds damp.

Sleep while ye may, for soon
 Will wakeful age come on;
 Your comforts then by the glowing hearth,
 And with the embers gone.

But would ye sleep serene,
 Young, or may be when old,
 Pure be the conscience—else in ruin
 The arms to slumber fold.

Pure be the breast, and calm
 The long last sleep shall be,
 Reposing on the bosom of
 The Heavenly Clemency."

The last stanza is not only highly
 encouraging in spirit, but the very
 lines trip to a lively measure. They
 remind us forcibly of the following
 snatch of hedge-row psalmody, which
 we once heard in Yorkshire:—

"I a soldier
 Hopes to be,
 Happy in
 Eternity."

To some of the assertions in "Sleep"
 we must demur. We don't, for ex-
 ample, see why the tomb is more the
 heritage of "young Genius" than of
 any other young gentleman. Nor do
 we believe that "Consumption," gene-
 rally speaking, "comes from dazzling
 halls." Still less can we admit that a
 pure conscience will of itself ensure
 serene sleep, any more than it will en-
 sure robust health. In both cases, a
 sound digestion is indispensable to
 corporeal well-being.

We recommend Mr. Stokes to at-
 tend to this in his next edition.

Mr. Wyatt has produced a volume
 of very graceful poems, original and
 translated.* The original portion of the
 volume consists of sonnets and ballads.
 The translations are, for the greater part,
 from the German; and are rendered
 with much spirit and elegance. There
 is one translation—why only *one*?—
 from Béranger, which first appeared in
 the No. of this Magazine for January
 1836. It is the "Banished Angel"
 (*L'Ange Exilé*), and is highly credit-
 able to the author's taste and skill as
 a translator. He has succeeded in
 mastering what has proved a stumbling
 block to so many, who have attempted
 to render the songs of this great lyricist,
 namely, the preservation of the *réfrain*
 through all the stanzas. We would
 encourage him by all means to con-
 tinue his versions from Béranger. That
 he may encounter powerful rivals—
 such as our friend, Father Prout—
 should only stimulate his exertions.
 His style of rendering his author is,
 indeed, less prodigal of versification
 than that which in Prout has secured
 so large a share of admiration. But
 if Mr. Wyatt become thoroughly im-
 bued with the spirit of the original—
 and a most noble spirit it is—we do
 not apprehend that simplicity of style
 will be urged as an objection against
 his translations. At all events, let him
 try. The one specimen he has fur-
 nished is, we repeat, highly favourable
 to his pretensions.

We extract one or two of the son-
 nets from the early part of the volume.
 The author is a great Liberal as regards
 Poland, which in a poet is natural
 enough. We prefer his exhortations
 and lamentations to those of Quaffy-

* Poems, Original and Translated. By Charles Percy Wyatt, B.A. London;
 James Fraser, 215 Regent Street. 1837.
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punchovicz himself, which, as the attorney-general will admit, is saying a great deal.

"On the Rising in Warsaw."

Poland! the voice that on the banks
of Seine

Burst forth, exulting o'er the Bourbon's fall

(Such voice as wont, in days accursed,
to call

To works of desolation), not in vain

By thee was heard. They whom it did
appal —

A bloody future from the bloody past

Of Europe's wars foreboding — shall
agree

In sympathies and acclamations vast,

If from that seed, sown in the blood
of Gaul,

No other fruit should spring than
Poland free!

Happy our generation! if it see

Rased from the page of Time that deadly
blot,

Shame of our fathers' days — who wit-
nessed thee,

Tripartite soil! enslaved, and rescued
not!"

In the last line of the following, we
are reminded of the exquisite close of
Campbell's "Soldier's Dream" —

"The voice in my dreaming ear melted
away."

"Dear hours of night! how many a soul,
confined

In daily bonds, awaits your still return!
Whether it long o'er cherished griefs

to mourn,

From which, with jealous care, it seeks
to blind

Familiar gaze; or, free as rushing wind

Burst from Æolian cavern, wander o'er
Hope's airy realm, or Memory's far-off

shore —

Now soaring, pausing now: for night is
kind

To raptures such as these; and oft,
I ween,

Hath she beheld the solitary tear,

Hid from day's gaudy eye; in secret seen
The heart unveil'd; or to perception clear

Brought back the looks of kindness that
have been,

And distant voices to the dreaming ear."

Another poetic coincidence occurs
in the fourth and fifth lines of Sonnet
XVI., reminding one of a passage in
Wordsworth's sonnet on Westminster
Bridge.

"A Scene in the West Riding of Yorkshire."

Small beauty hath this view for tourist's
eye;

Nor wavy hills, nor high p'ershadowing
wood,

Nor pensive dell, where youthful bard
may brood

O'er fairy dreams. All open to the sky
The champaign fields und scatter'd ham-
lets lie;

And th' indefatigable hand of man
Hath claimed this ground subservient.

Yet can
Imagination many a charm supply

From other days: upon this passive
scene

She sees uprising with the gladsome morn
'Troops of bold foresters in 'gownes of
greene';

Sees through the greenwood bound o'er
brake and thorn

The timorous hart; and aye, the shouts
between,

Hears English Robin wind his merry
horn."

We quote two poems referring to
the Polish cause — though they do not
say much for the bard's powers of
vaticination. In the first, he foretels
great things for the Poles; in the second,
he laments their discomfiture.

*"On the Outbreak of the Polish War of
Independence."*

'Dye your swords in Russian blood!'

Thus it ran your ranks along:

And in war's ensanguin'd flood

Poland realised the song.

Poland, waken'd, arms agin —

Raise anew that warrior-strain!

Send the sounds o'er hill and vale,

O'er the plain and mountain-steep!

Western Europe, hear the tale!

Poland rises from her sleep!

Sleep! — it was no sleep of death:

Hush'd, but not departed breath.

Warsaw, ancient city! well

Hast thou giv'n the signal-cry;

Starting to that spirit-spell,

All Sarmatia shall reply:

Threefold fell its tyrants' part —

One, unsever'd still its heart.

Vainly did they deem thee won:

'Neath submission's sullen mien

Still the flames went burning on,

Deeper, fiercer, as unseen;

Now they burst in light divine —

Freedom's fires at Freedom's shrine.

Europe from the Western sun

Looks with keen and eager gaze;

Glad were she to see undone

Darkest deed of later days:

Then she saw the quell'd, oppress'd —

Blushing History! hide the rest.

By thy Kosciusko's name —

By the blood of all who died —

By thy prince of martial fame,
Sunk in Elster's sable tide —
By thine years of wrong and thrall,
Poland ! echo Warsaw's call !

'Dye your swords in Russian blood !'
'Twas your fathers' battle-lay ;
Youthful Poland, make it good !
Thou hast nobler cause than they :
Freedom's wreath around *thy* brow,
God shall fight thy battles *now* !"

" *On the Fall of Warsaw.*

And the poet sang in vain,
And in vain the warrior rose ;
Poland lies on earth again,
Crush'd beneath her giant foes ;
But than foes and open war
Faithless friends more deadly are.

Warsaw, ancient city ! falls —
She, who gave the signal cry ;
Once again upon her walls
Yon barbaric standards fly :
Gods ! and was there none to save
Freedom from this early grave ?

France ! upon thy boastful name
Shall the curse of freemen rest ?
Thou, who puff'st the blasts of fame,
Rear'st aloft thy vaunting crest,
Play'st secure the braggart's part —
False and perjured in thine heart !

Poland o'er *thy* freedom's birth
Spread her renovating shield ;
Poland on her native earth
Fought the Gallic battle-field :
Now she sinks — her struggle's done !
Sinks — and France looks idly on !

Shame on these inglorious days !
Shame on them — on us — on all
Naught but hollow-hearted praise
Gave we back to Poland's call.
Vainly *now* o'er Freedom's bier
Drops the late repentant tear.

Tears ! the noble land disdains
Tears from those whose sword-blades
slept —
Asks no pity for her chains !
Unregarded and unwept,
Let the Polish hero bow —
Tears are but a mockery now !

One sad comfort there remains —
Heroes ! *this* your trust shall be :
Noble deed in poet's strains
Hath its immortality ;
What in life must pass away,
That in song shall live for aye."

In domestic politics, our author is a Conservative, and by no means favourable to the march of intellect.

" *Lines in 1831.*

England, my country ! who hath scenes
like thine ?

Not the fair champaign and the vines of
France ;
Nor Spain's unbroken chains of moun-
tains wild ;
Nor, fairest land 'neath heaven, Italy ;
Nor where, beneath th' impending ava-
lanche,
The peasant climbs the giant Alp ; nor
where,
'Midst his old forests or by noble streams,
The dreamy German strays. No scenes
like thine !

Thy blooming fields, that tell of industry ;
Thy flocks, of richness ; and thy pleasant
woods,

Thy sweet green lanes, thy neat and
humble cots ;

Youth, stout and vigorous, that in toil
and glee

Works out his honest days, and pious
Age.

Long, oh, long may they flourish ! Wo
the day,

When Innovation, with her hasty stride,
And godless, wonder-working Vanity,
Mar the mild beauty of thine ancient state,

Thy calm content, and rustic happiness !
Yes, happy (as the poet sung) are they

Who know, and know no more, their
Bible true,

Humble in this their knowledge, nor
desire,

So they know right from wrong, the lore
of those

Who, with their vaunted 'science,' would
but teach them

A lesson yet undream'd of — discontent.
False friends ! real enemies ! 'tis they
would turn

The sickle from its work, and from his
plough

The good man's hand, the housewife from
her wheel ;

Lifting, with learning all irrelevant,
The humble mind to visionary goods :

'Til (the narrow lot by Heaven assign'd
Despised, rejected) 'gainst his natural
lord

The poor bewilder'd landsman lifts his
hand,

To battle for the rights the *learned* taught
him.

O wo ! and bitter wo to those, who thus
Would rend and root from its foundations

The social fabric ! Wo to thee, my
country !

When these, thy hardy race of husband-
men,

Shall, in their duped ignorance, put on
Th' illusive garb of knowledge, and in
one,

One hasty day, discard the pious guise
Bequeath'd them by their fathers. Heaven
avert it !"

The ballads are too long for quota-
tion. We must, however, make room

for one. It is from the German of Bürger.

"The Fair I mean.

Oh! in what thousand beauteous wiles
The Fair I mean enchanting smiles!
Speak out, my grateful tongue, and tell,
Who shewed him in the miracle,
By which, in thousand beauteous wiles,
The Fair I mean enchanting smiles?

Who is't that hath, like paradise,
Lit up the Fair One's bright blue eyes?
He, who o'er sea and land hath spread
The clear, bright heaven overhead.
'Tis He that hath, like paradise,
Lit up the Fair One's bright blue eyes.

Who tinged with that vermilion streak
The whiteness of the Fair One's cheek?
He, who the blended colour gives
That in the almond-blossom lives.
He tinged with that vermilion streak
The whiteness of the Fair One's cheek.

Who made the Fair One's soft, red lip,
So round and curved, so sweet to sip?
He, who the blooming cherry fills
With the soft juice its lip distils.
He made the Fair One's soft, red lip,
So round and curved, so sweet to sip.

Who bade the Fair One's silk locks flow
From her white neck all loose below?
He, who, in his soft evening air,
Bids the corn wave its golden hair.
He bade the Fair One's silk locks flow
From her white neck all loose below.

Who gave, for song and speech divine,
The Fair One voice so sweet and fine?
He, who their warblings musical
Gave to the lark and nightingale.
He gave, for song and speech divine,
The Fair One voice so sweet and fine.

Who is't that hath, for highest zest,
Rounded the Fair One's snow-white
breast?
He, who hath clothed in swelling down
The swan's — the image of her own.
'Tis He that hath, for highest zest,
Rounded the Fair One's snow-white
breast.

What Artist's hand was't did create
The Fair One's form so delicate?
His, who of beauty e'er hath been
The Artist, and still is, I ween.
That Highest Artist did create
The Fair One's form so delicate.

Who breathed this life into the Fair —
This soul so angel-pure and rare?
Who else but He, whose word alone
Made th' angels that surround his throne?

He breathed this life into the Fair,
This soul so angel-pure and rare.

Praise to thee, Artist, for thine art!
Thy favour finds a thankful heart,
That thus thine image, stamp'd by Thee,
Charms me with all thy works I see:
Praise to thee, Artist, for thine art!
And fervent thanks from grateful heart!

But ah! for whom of mortals smiles
The Fair One in such beauteous wiles?
O God! I swear by this bright morn
I almost wish I'd ne'er been born,
If still, with all her beauteous wiles,
'Tis ne'er for me the Fair One smiles."

Mr. Wyatt is, we believe, a youthful bard, and, in this small volume, makes his first appearance before the gentle public. We recommend to him hard reading, moderate living, and a buoyant soul for judicious daring and calm endurance. A poet of the highest experience and authority has said —

"A cheerful life is what the Muses love;
A soaring spirit is their prime delight."

We shall be happy to welcome Mr. Wyatt's next descent from the celestial regions. In taking leave of him for the present, we beg him not to mistake the meaning of the word *cheerful*, as employed by Wordsworth in the lines just quoted. Wordsworth is a water-drinker. To a youthful bard, this point is worthy of notice. We have known much mischief done by disregarding it.

*Sir Orfeo, and other Poems,** is, judging from the title-page, a sort of voice from the East. It is sad nonsense. King Orfeo loses his Herodis, a lady

"Very, very fair to see;"

and inquires of her foster-mother what has become of her.

"Answer me, woman — mother dear,
Where is my Herodis — oh, where?"
The aged woman shrieked, and flung
Her arms around his neck, and hung
Weeping most bitterly thereon,
And sobbed, 'Oh, Orfeo, she is gone!'
And hung there weeping, sobbing, sigh-

ing,
With a mad-like dreaminess crying,
'Oh, she is gone, is gone, gone, gone!'
Reiterating that alone.
He stood, while ye might draw a breath,
As nerveless and as wan as death,
(Oh, what a vasty hell of thought

Into one moment may be wrought !)
Then hurled her off ; but, falling, caught
And gently laid her down — for, oh !
He was reminded by his wo
That she had nursed, and watched, and
tended

The one with whose life his was blended.
He laid her down, then burst away,
Mad with impatience and dismay,
Distraught, whate'er it was, to hear
The misery he had to bear.

Away he sped, with headlong rage,
And happened on his lady's page ;
Who, when he saw him, would have fled
As though a fiend had followed ;
But Orfeo in his iron grasp

Clutched the weak boy, and held him
there,
Trembling and pale, and with a gasp
Howled hoarsely out, ' Where is she,
where ?

Reply, reply, thou wretch accurst,
For this is worse than is the worst ! "

He ascertains at last that the case is
one of abduction, and drops

" As drops a bull,
When the wary Spaniard's sword
Strikes the neck-joint, clear and full."

Whereupon his attendants put the poor
gentleman to bed, and we are told that
" Frequent you might see his breast
Heave like a billow, heavily"—

which is not so good as Byron's—

" Black despair
Heaved up and down her bosom like a
billow."

We also stumble from time to time on
strange rhymes, such as—

" Without a friend to aid or tend him,
Without a being to allay
The tedium of his lonely way,
Except his dear harp slung behind him."

In addition to the oddity of the rhyme,
we have here the harp called a being,
and the fourth line of Moore's " Min-
strel Boy" quietly appropriated by the
author. In this way, our poet is what
is commonly called a " cool hand." For
further instance :

" It is the time of stars, and high
The moon sits watching in the sky."

This is nothing but a mere clumsy
attempt at disguising Campbell's line—

" The sentinel stars set their watch in
the sky."

Even Robert Montgomery's muse is
rified of some of her peculiar orna-

ments, such as " gemmy thrones of
gold," &c. &c. Sir Orfeo, disguised
as a harper, seeks the hall of the ra-
visher, and plays a tune to some
purpose. Asked to name a boon, he
claims his wife, his Herodis ; and thus
the matter ends.

" ' A boon I name,
My wife—my Herodis—I claim !'
Suddenly 'tis all in shade—
Suddenly the splendours fade ;
Fade the forms that throng the hall—
Fades the faëry festival ;
And with a dim, uncertain light,
The moonbeams struggle on the sight ;
Faint the proud walls rise on high,
And strains the gazer's wondering eye,
Just mistily their dim forms tracing,
As slow they mingle with the air,
And thaw away to naught. And there
Stand lonely on the bleak plain bare
Orfeo and Herodis embracing."

The smaller poems and songs are
tame enough for any album in the
three kingdoms ; and have the usual
merit of wishing every possible happi-
ness to the poet's friends, male and
female. We copy what to us appears
the best thing in the book :

" I have a comfort as I breast the tide
Of this gay world, whereto I am con-
fined,
That I can sometimes from myself subside
Into a visionary state of mind,
And dream of woods, and elms with
name-carved riind ;
And dingles, where the flashy brooklet
races
Like a glad child ; and lanes 'twixt
hedge-rows twined
With nightshade, and the wild hop ; and
green places,
Sacred to the remembrance of old faces ;
And leafy lecterns, where the sleepy
bird
Hymneth her nightly lauds ; and fields,
where traces
Tell that the druids' wives the grass
have stirred ;
And hilltops, where the firstlings of
the sun
Browse earliest on the dew, night leaves
thereon."

The following is this gentleman's
dedication to Mr. Samuel Rogers :

" Following the usage of the days of
chivalry, when the young candidate for
honour placed himself under the pro-
tection of one who had already won nobly
his spurs, the author respectfully inscribes
these poems to Samuel Rogers, Esq."

We fear that, were Rogers to give

the spurs to this "young candidate for honour," it would do no good, so long as he has no better Pegasus than the sorry animal whose movements we have been considering.

The author of the *Bridal of Naworth** is another candidate for the "laurels due to poetic excellence;" who, by his own account, is "old enough not to be too sanguine in his expectations, and yet too young to despair." According to our custom, we shall let the gentleman speak for himself.

"I frankly confess the gratification it will afford me, if the present volume shall be rewarded with the laurels due to poetic excellence. The class to which I have endeavoured to assimilate this slight performance is not among the walks of the higher sons of inspiration, nor is it calculated to urge me beyond the bounds prescribed by reflective reason while listening to the suggestions of hope. I am old enough not to be too sanguine in my expectations; I am yet too young to despair.

"On committing to the care of the world that which, if condemned by its wisdom, cannot longer be of value to myself, I have nothing either to solicit or to demand. Without my interference, in despite of every effort of my own, the world will do me justice: it is only the vain man that requires more. Perhaps, like Shylock, I may find her upon me before I am prepared to receive her. The Portia that shall stand forth to develop the concealed defects of my plea shall have my gratitude, for such a one is my truest friend; and, to the Gratiano who then mocks me with his jest of triumph, I will only say, with a patient shrug, that the author—

'Stolidam præbet tibi vellere barbam'—holds out his foolish beard for thee to pluck."

We have too much respect for this noble emblem of virility to pluck it, whether on the chin of Turk or Christian. But the poetry of this middle-aged gentleman may be handled without irreverence. We are concerned, then, to say, that the *justice* to which the poet looks must pronounce against him. The *Bridal of Naworth* is rather nonsensical, and decidedly dull. It is a versified narrative of love and murder. The style of the versification may be

judged from the opening of the first canto.

"The morn arose on Naworth's stately tower,
Brave knights were in the hall, bright ladies in the bower;
Deeds of high sort and gallants' feats were done.

Night came, and fiercer revel was begun:
The revel loud, the wassail deep and long,
And border minstrelsy, and martial song;
Wall your'd to wall, from dungeon-keep to tower,

And roofs laugh'd loud, while shook the trampled floor;

Rival with rival pledged, no more abhor'd;

And serf partook carousal with his lord.

But time disdains to stay at mortal call:

Hush'd is the din of tongues, and clear'd the hall;

The mirth has ceased; the rev'lers one by one

Have ta'en them each their several way, and gone.

Night comes in solemn darkness deeper down,

And huddled clouds in heavier masses frown:

Viewless all objects—darkness all conceals;

No moon her beam, no star a ray reveals;

Appalling silence aids th' oblivious gloom:

Nature appears all death, all earth a tomb.

Changed like the scene, from gay to grave, there sate

In the high hall, grown dark and desolate,

The mighty chieftain of a servile horde,

Stern in the field, and frigid at the board.

His was the fortress and its wide domesnes,

The power, at will, to bloody all its scenes:

With murder, rapine, vengeance, he might scourge

His feudal realms, or heavier fetters forge.

The power was his, and not the power alone,

He had the will to do—what he hath done.

Fled is each guest; the dying ember's rays

Wax faint, and flicker with inconstant blaze,

And shed a lurid gleam upon the board,

Where stands no banquet, and where sits no lord."

"Time disdains to stay at mortal call," is a majestic way of saying,

"Time and tide wait for no man;"

and "Nature appears all death, all earth a tomb," recalls the celebrated line—

* The *Bridal of Naworth*: a Poem, in Three Cantos. London; Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., Stationers' Hall Court. 1837.

"Naught is every thing, and every thing
is naught."

In the second canto, we have a lady harping away, as is the custom of an afternoon, and singing the following ditty :

"The lady look'd from her highest tower,
And she look'd on the red sunset ;
And the lady wends to her lonely bower,
And her eye with the tear is wet.

The lady look'd from her tower again :
'They come ! and the victor is safe ;
For I hear the notes of triumph plain,
And he waves my own white scarf.'

And his minstrels play, and his gates are
wide,
And his heart beats glad in his breast,
And he clasps in his arms his own young
bride ;
May she never have sadder rest."

We do not remember to have met the rhymes *safe* and *scarf* before. Something of the kind, we think, may be seen in the *Rhymes to the Eye by a Deaf Gentleman*. Our author is very original in this respect. For instance, *space* and *rays*, *face* and *glass*, &c. are strangers to whom we cannot conscientiously give welcome. As to the personages of the story, they are most of them murdered off hand ; and the heroine —

"Softly !—oh ! not too rudely let us
wake
Remembrance in a heart its shock must
break.

No, no ! the desolating storm is o'er,
And her torn heart, alas ! can break no more.
She does not hear nor heed those accents
bland ;

Heart, eye—yea, all seems fix'd on that
cold hand

Clasp'd in her own. Her head droop'd
on a breast

Intensity of woe has lull'd to rest."

That the lady's "torn heart can break no more," we believe. How a heart of that consistency could have broken at all is the mystery.

Here is a work deserving of all honour.* Generous, learned, wise, and venerable, the Rev. R. Polwhele is well known to the literary world, properly so called, as a zealous antiquary, and an elegant and accom-

plished writer. In these his *Reminiscences*, he presents us with a charming retrospect of his long, useful, and, in every sense, praiseworthy career. Yet he thinks it necessary to guard himself against a charge to which no writer was ever less liable,—that of attaching undue importance to matters relating to himself. 'The reverend gentleman says,—

"In retracing the old ground, Reminiscences, long dormant, have sprung up and fluttered in busy swarms around me. Yet I have endeavoured to brush them by thousands away ; lest I should incur a charge—which might, perhaps, find an apology in the infirmities of seventy-six. Thus much for myself."

So far from there being any occasion for apology on this point, it is remarkable that in every "reminiscence" Mr. Polwhele keeps himself comparatively in the back-ground. And, as we shall have occasion to shew, when he does speak of his own labours, of whatever kind, it is in a tone of which the following verse will furnish a more accurate notion than we could hope to do. Supposing the Rev. gentleman to have been in the autumn of his days engaged in collecting simple garlands for the "honourable brows" of his celebrated contemporaries, he may have thought,—

"And what if I enwreathed my own ?
'Twere no offence to reason ;
The sober hills thus deck their brows
To meet the wintry season."

The three volumes are dedicated to the laureate, as follows :—

"To Robert Southey, Esq.

'Will you suffer me, my dear Sir, to introduce to you my *Reminiscences* by two sonnets for their heralds,—which, though they feebly express my sense of your literary eminence, may yet merit the acceptance due to sincerity ? I fear not, indeed, the imputation of flattery, when I say, that your country is indebted to you for honours—'to set at naught the trophies of war'—as reflected from the first of poets, and the most amiable of men !

"For the *Reminiscences*, I shall only add, that as the effusions (perhaps the hallucinations) of old age, whose 'strength is but labour and sorrow,'

* *Reminiscences, in Prose and Verse ; consisting of the Epistolary Correspondence of many distinguished Characters. With Notes and Illustrations. By the Rev. R. Polwhele. In 3 vols. London ; J. B. Nichols and Son. 1836.*

they may have some little claim to indulgence; and, I am sure, appealing to your candour, will have 'their claim allowed.'

"I remain,
"Most respectfully and cordially yours,
"R. POLWHELE.

"*Polwhele House, near Truro,*
April, 1836."

"Whilst others wander down their dusky
dells,
Pleas'd with the melodies of tinkling
rills,

Or scoop dim grots, or saunter round
green hills,
Or climb the hedges sprent with sweet
harebells,

Or mark, where hamlets crown the
misty vale,
The plodding peasant and the milk-
maid's pail;—

I greet Thee midst thy mountains and
thy fells,
Thy sea-like lakes, thy rocks by thun-
ders riven,
Thy cataracts flashing to the effulgent
Heaven!

Such is thy scene of grandeur!—We,
frail men,
Trill to the lowly grove the inglorious
lay,

In concert with the redbreast and the
wren:

'Tis thine with the majestic eagle's
sway
Soaring on rapid wing, to drink the
golden day!

"Yes! to pursue the empyrean flight
Impetuous as the bird of Jove, be
thine!

Thy own Urania speeds through realms
of light

Thy lordly course! But, loved by all
the Nine,

Clio for thee unfolds heroic views;
For thee Thalia wreathes her pastoral
shrine.

And, hark!—the sorrows of a sister-
muse

Sigh with thy sighs, and tremble in
thy tear!

I, too, my friend!—I, too—have lost a
child,—

More—more than one, to love and
duty dear!

But, doom'd to droop along life's dark-
ling wild,

I have no lute of power my spirit to
cheer!

If there yet linger some faint lullabies—
Ah! not to soothe my heart, each qui-
vering cadence dies!"

Open this unpretending work where
we may, we find metal most attractive.

The quiet easy air with which Mr. Polwhele imparts his literary confidences,—the playful spirit gladdening every page, and evidently springing from the only genuine source of cheerfulness—the "well of feelings undefiled,"—the deep sense of religion in the clergyman, and of hearty conservatism in the patriot,—altogether present to us the character of a "fine old English gentleman," under an aspect truly delightful. With this brief comment we shall at once set about quoting from the *Truro Septuagenarian*. Our first extract is interesting to that large and loyal class of the readers of *REGINA*—the youth of England. They will, perhaps, at first, think the passage much like a sermon. When we have quoted it, we shall press Moore into our service, for the purpose of presenting the same truth in the more fascinating form of a song. One of Polwhele's relatives thus admonishes him, at the outset of his career:—

"I will beg leave to add a word or two, now, sir, upon another subject. Hitherto, I think, cousin, I have not heard that you have thought much about the manner of spending your time after you leave the University; and it may be time enough for you, for aught I know, to think about that a year or two hence. To some profession or other, though, I could wish and would advise you to attach yourself, and never to give up that disposition to apply yourself, that at present I have the pleasure of complimenting you upon possessing. In the earlier parts of life, from matriculation at the university to, perhaps, the age of three or four and twenty, young gentlemen spend their time in dissipation; they seldom want occupation; and, perhaps, till that age they (as the poet says of the labouring man) 'know not the wearisomeness of leisure,' but soon afterwards it breaks upon them; and without a good deal of irksomeness, more than they would be subject to in attaining a mastery in some science, which would produce affluence to themselves, and advantage and assistance to their friends and acquaintance, they are unable to pass away their time.

"Probably you may wonder at hearing me, who follow a different kind of life, so earnestly recommending an active one; it is, perhaps, that I know the inconvenience and uselessness of the former. But another reason is, the loss of that friend I mentioned before; for, being left entirely to myself about your

age, without any friendly hand to set me right, I thought I knew what was right, and the world's opinion of men and things, much better than now I am very certain I did. I therefore acted upon a false principle, and the consequence has been that I have frequently repented the step I took; and the consequence would have been, had not retirement been congenial to my nature, that I should have been unhappy. I would therefore advise all persons, be their fortune what it may, unless they happen to be in the first class of men (from which both you and myself are far removed), to be bred up to, and to practise, some profession or calling; it is the most likely method to obtain both ease and profit, and probably it is what is required of us. This, at least, is my present way of thinking, and therefore I communicate it to you,—being very faithfully yours,

“EDW. COLERIDGE.”

How sadly Coleridge latterly lamented having disregarded these wholesome truths in early life is well known. And what man's youth was more prodigal than his, not in promise merely, but in actually abounding fruits? Yet he lived to make the bitter discovery, that “cloudland gorgeous land” is practically a barren region, and to utter the still more bitter lament, that

“Work without hope draws nectar in a sieve,
And hope without an object cannot live.”

It was not mental indolence, but the want of mental discipline, and of the habit of self-reliance which that discipline generates, that left Coleridge listless, objectless, and, in the midst of a busy and selfish world, lamenting the want of sympathy for which he tells us “alone did his heart crave.” Of this it is difficult to convince an ardent youth, who is as much disposed to “whisk the stars from out the spheres” as Byron's self-willed beauty could be; but his is not the time of life best suited to forming a sound opinion on the subject. To give our promised lines from Moore, we may, with a very slight alteration, transform his muse into a moralist, thus,—

“In the morning of life, when its cares
are unknown,
And its pleasures in all their new lustre begin,
When we live in a bright-beaming world
of our own,
And the light that surrounds us is all
from within,—

O it is not, believe me, in that happy time

We can judge as in hours of less transport we may:—

Of our smiles, of our hopes, 'tis the gay sunny prime;

But the judgment is truest when these fade away.

When we have seen the first glory of youth pass us by,

Like a leaf on the stream that will never return,—

When our cup, which of late with joy sparkled so high,

First tastes of the other the dark-flowing urn,

Then, then is the moment when ——”

But we have not the conscience to “commit flirtation with the muse of Moore” any further. Suffice it to say that, at the last-mentioned period, any reasonable man who has embraced a profession will be grateful to his stars that he has done so; and he who has not, will agree with Coleridge, and with Mr. Polwhele's cousin, Edward Coleridge, that more's the pity.

Walcot, Hannah More, Archdeacon Nares, Cobbett, Lord de Dunstanville, and clergymen without number, maintain a correspondence, lively and learned, with Mr. Polwhele. Hannah More is good humouredly quizzed.

“She was honoured by the poet Mason with some songs for her *Cheap Repository*; but her puritanism rejected the greater part of them. She reminds us of her own Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy. We have here the fanatic Newton's lengthy letters; there the witty Walpole's, light and gay! To each she turns with sweet complacency!”

It is in truth a high joke to find the “dear saint Hannah,” as Horace Walpole called her, rejecting songs as part of profane literature, while she herself was devoted to the perpetration of plays, under the guidance of David Garrick! Mr. Polwhele slyly says,—

“She laments over Lord Orford as a lost soul. *Law's Serious Call*, which she made him promise to read, should have impelled her to burn all her theatrical poetry.”

The following, with reference to Hannah's slave-trade poem, is capital:

“‘My wife,’ said Bishop Horne, ‘having consulted Mr. Onslow (who was a native of one of our West India Islands), came home quite comforted, with a hope that matters might not be

quite so bad ; and in the afternoon put into her tea the usual quantity of sugar."

Our author thinks Hannah not quite so irreproachable a person as she seems to have thought herself. He says, "There is a levity in some lines, speaking of a dead pig, unbecoming Hannah More—

'Death was to him no awful sentence—
No need for sorrow or repentance'—

not long before her own death." But, if but a so-so sort of a saint, the following proves her to have been a true woman :—

"H. More is 'scandalised at the conduct of Mrs. Macaulay,' because H. More could bear no rival near the throne.

"I more than once heard H. More speak of Mrs. Macaulay in a language that betrayed her envy. The vast superiority of Mrs. Macaulay she could not but feel : and in the expression of that feeling her eyes often sparkled with '*resentful fire*.'"

It is clear that Hannah had "no notion of some folks pretending to be as clever as other folks." But we can forgive her a thousand little jealousies, bridlings, and tantrums, for the following bit of good truth, uttered by her, and attested by Mr. Polwhele, himself a husband, and the father of daughters :

"There is, perhaps, no animal so much indebted to subordination for its good behaviour, as unstable, capricious woman." H. More is right."

Mr. Polwhele's own grandmother was a character of another sort from Hannah, and evidently

"A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food."

"A learned lady she could not tolerate. 'One tongue for a woman in conscience is enough!' What would she have said to our *Blues* of the present day!

"Confined for years to her bed-chamber, she there told her tales, and repeated her adages, and drank her sage and ale, to the last, in the sunshine of perpetual cheerfulness."

Here would have been no sparkling of eyes with *vengeful fire*, had the clever Mrs. Macaulay looked in. A laughing welcome, a hearty gossip, and a glass of sage and ale, would have greeted the visitant. It is natural that the grandson of so sensible and cheerful a lady should uplift his voice

against the tea-totallers, and their temperance societies. On this subject, our reverend author has written a letter, in which he advocates the natural connexion between our bodies and *spirits* with remarkable eloquence and power of reasoning.

"Letter from R. P. to J. M.

"My dear Friend, 1833.

"I am sure I need not suggest to you, that the true end of all amusements is to afford the necessary renovation to the body and spirits.

"How far in abridging our amusements we are bound to sacrifice to ignorance, is a point which will never be determined. The most rigid have some pleasure in reserve : those who profess the contrary are hypocrites. Strict as they appear in the eye of the world, they generally indulge in some secret vice.

"We find children presume to censure a parent at cards, or an assembly, or a play. But have they no 'secret faults,' which it behoves them to pray ardently to 'be cleansed from?' to say nothing of that damning sin,—the arrogance which takes to task a father or a mother whom they ought to honour!

"Secrecy, however, is not the order of the day : they who speak against a few harmless diversions have no sort of objection to convivial meetings, protracted far beyond the hour of midnight,—nay, to the sun-rising! The saints live in luxury, and, amidst their 'creature comforts,' rail at all who sanction not their Temperance Societies.

"There may be some who, deeply impressed with the actual evils arising from the abuse of spirits, have been almost deluded by the confident mendacity of the Temperance Society impostors into supposing them absolutely injurious in their own nature, and in all cases. These gin-shop exterminators have, in fact, put forward the distinct proposition that—

"Ardent spirits are absolutely poisonous to the human constitution ; that in no case whatever are they necessary, or even useful, to persons in health ; that they are always in every case, and to the smallest extent, deleterious, pernicious, or destructive, according to the proportions in which they may be taken into the system."

"And for this statement they profess to have 'high medical authority!' No doubt it is more profitable to the medical man to dispense aromatic spirit of ammonia, and expensive compound tincture, than to send a patient away for three-hulspenny worth of gin ; and it is always unfortunate when extreme ignorance or folly, and self-interest, may

lead to the same result. In such cases, it is safer not to attempt any discrimination of the motives from which the opinion or conduct may have sprung, but to meet the question fairly upon its merits. Now I defy any man of ordinary opportunity or talent for observation, in or out of the medical profession, to deny that, among the most ordinary causes of dyspepsia—that Protean malady to which more misery is fairly attributable than to any other cause—are exposure, fatigue, and coarse food.

“Debility of stomach may arise from mental occupation, the excessive use of exciting drugs, or diet, or any other cause of nervous exhaustion; but the causes most frequently operating on the industrious labourer are those we first specified. Such a man, after a day of toil, exposed to every ungenial atmospheric influence, returns to a scanty meal of coarse and ill-dressed food. At its conclusion he is oppressed with the uneasy sensations arising from imperfect assimilation, and is weakened rather than strengthened by food to which his stomach was not in condition to do justice. This is no extraordinary case of rare occurrence, requiring the interposition of medical advice, though it is likely soon to assume a form equally expensive to the parish and wretched to the sufferer, if he should unfortunately come within the reach of a sleek, sherry-drinking president of a Temperance Society. Experience or judicious advice soon teaches him that a glass of gin with his food supplies him at the cheapest rate with an effectual remedy. It restores tone to the stomach, and enables it to extract wholesome nutriment from the food which would otherwise have carried with it the certain seeds of disease.

“*I abhor the base hypocrisy, the unbounded mendacity, the flagitious self-interest, of a large proportion of the gentry who figure most prominently among the apostles of Temperance Societies.*”

“To speak from my own experience, I am acquainted with several who have entered into the ‘Temperance compact,’ if I may so express myself; but who are not better than their unpretending neighbours, and who do in fact those things in secret of which we should be ashamed to speak. I knew one or two, who had imposed upon themselves a task which was so grievous, that after a little while they broke their chains, and danced about, exulting in their liberty, or rather in their beastly licentiousness. I knew one man in particular, who vowed a vow never more to drink strong drink, and ratified it by the usual ceremonies in a Temperance Society. He had been accused, on his way from his farm to a

market-town, to drink a glass of brandy or rum at every turnpike and every ale-house, going and returning. So many drams must have produced a striking effect. From their due operation on his pericranium, he was wont, if he could, to knock down every one he met, and was often indicted for assault and battery. He was now, however, a new man. For about a month, I believe, he kept his vow. But starting aside all at once, he made up effectually for lost time, and drank two glasses instead of one, at every turnpike and every alehouse from his farm to the market town, going and returning, till at length he was found dead in a ditch.”

This last anecdote is the old story of giving resolution a treat. With reference to the question of innocent relaxation, we entirely agree with Mr. Polwhele in his admiration of the letter written by a brother clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Toplady. We have not room to copy it entire; but the twelve paragraphs which we extract ought not to be passed over.

“1. I do not think that honest Martin Luther committed sin, by playing at backgammon for an hour or two after dinner, in order, by unbending his mind, ‘to promote digestion.’

“2. I cannot blame the holy martyr, Bishop Ridley, for frequently playing at tennis before he became a prelate, nor for playing at the more serious game of chess twice a day after he was made a bishop.

“3. As little do I find fault with another of our most exemplary martyrs, the learned and devout Mr. Archdeacon Philpot; who has left it on record, as a brand on the Pelagians of that age, that ‘they looked on honeste pastyme as a synne;’ and had the impudence to call him an Antinomian, and a loose moralist, because he now and then relaxed his bow with ‘huntinge, shootinge, bowlynge, and such lyke.’

“4. Nor can I set down pious Bishop Latimer for an enemy to holiness of life, on account of his saying that hunting is a good exercise for men of rank, and that shooting is as lawful an amusement for persons of inferior class.

“5. I have not a whit the worse opinion of the eminent and profound Mr. Thomas Gataker, for the treatise which he professedly wrote, to prove the lawfulness of card-playing under due restrictions and limitations.

“6. I think good Bishop Beveridge was quite innocent in amusing himself with his violin.

“7. The seraphic Mr. Hervey is, in my idea, entitled to no manner of censure

for allowing the devout father of 'Miss Mitiasa and Miss Serena' to attend his daughter, 'once or twice, to the theatrical entertainments and public diversions:' nor yet for allowing him to let the said Misses 'learn to dance, in order to acquire a genteel air and a graceful demeanour.

"8. I cannot unsaint St. Chrysostom, for admiring the comedies of Aristophanes to such a degree as to read them perpetually, and even to lay them under his pillow when he slept.

"9. I do not think it criminal in that great, and good, and useful man, Mr. Madan, to indulge himself in horse-racing, and in hunting, fishing, and shooting. He himself makes no secret of all this, else I would entirely have omitted to mention it. Now, I am not attached to any of these sports. Not to the first, for I utterly dislike it. Nor to the second, because I am rather a timid rider. Nor to the third, because I have neither time nor patience enough. Nor to the fourth, for I never fired a gun in my life. But shall I, like those in Hudibras, and like too many censorious professors now,

'Compound for things I am inclin'd to,
By blaming what I have no mind to?'

God forbid! Let every man judge for himself, and stand or fall to his own Master above.

"10. Archbishop Williams required but two hours' sleep in the twenty-four. On the other hand, Bishop Ken seems to have required twelve,—for he says,

'Dull sleep of sense me to deprive!
I am but half my time alive!'

Would it not be very absurd, were we, for that reason, to pronounce Williams an holier man than Ken?

"11. Shall I question the piety of good old Mr. Moses Brown, because he finds a pleasure in angling for trouts and eels? He shewed me, when I was last in London, some sheets of the new edition (since published) of his *Eclogues on Fishing*. He is fond of that recreation himself, and as fond of instructing others in it. Is he therefore ungodly? Or, permit me to ask, is there half so much loss of time at a pool of quadrille as an angler's hook and line are attended with? I must add—Which has least cruelty in it? The depriving real fishes of life by the most excruciating torture, or the playing for fishes made of ivory or mother-of-pearl?

"12. I will not sit in judgment on my dear friends Mr. and Mrs. F. for having their amiable daughter, the fair inquisitive, taught to play on the harpsichord, to dance, &c. &c. &c. Nor am I angry

with the fair inquisitive herself, for being one of the most elegant and accomplished females that ever were entitled to that character."

There is a very amusing letter on autographs, addressed by Mr. Polwhele to Davies Gilbert. The reverend gentleman is a believer in the unerring indications of character traceable in what is called the handwriting. We ourselves have something to say on this subject; but at present we shall make way for the superior experience of Mr. Polwhele. He says,—

"The sexual, national, and professional distinctions may be perceived, I think, at a glance.

"1. For the sex, he who 'runs may read.'

"The feminine, as contradistinguished from the masculine hands, have less strength, firmness, or boldness. They have comparatively a delicacy—a gracefulness in the formation of the letters. The words, or rather sentences, have not the spaces between them so regular, and the stops or points so accurate, in ladies as in gentlemen of education.

"It has been said, 'We can discover in the similarity of the handwriting of females, that they have no individual character at all,—most women have no characters at all.

"But, without a question, some are very sprightly, others quite the contrary; and there are many intermediate steps between gaiety and sedateness.

"It was remarked by a sensible writer,—'Lord C. pretended that he could guess at the characters of ladies from their handwriting. I think you may guess from their dancing. At any rate, when you already know them, you may trace some resemblance between their style of dancing and thinking.'

"In my autographs, it is very evident that their hands lean light on the paper in general; but in many there is a flippancy, in some a volatility, as if their pens flew over the paper quick as thought. Now a remarkable grave or serious young lady was hardly ever detected in flippancy or flying.

"Mrs. Macaulay's pen is deliberate, intellectual; Miss Seward's has intelligence—much imaginative power, unsteadiness, perplexity, affectation; Hannah More's, genius—not flashing, but moderated by clear good sense, and sustained by religiousness; Mrs. Bray's, sparkling sense, creative fancy, and sensibility and cordiality of heart. Lady Burrell's is a firm masculine hand, indicative of a masculine understanding.

Mrs. Laroche, of Great Fulford, wrote slowly and correctly, labouring to make out her family pedigree. Miss Porter's (the novelist) is the careless hand of a ready writer. That of Olivia Serres was flighty as herself."

So much for the sexual distinctions. We avoid entering on this branch of the subject; and have simply to observe, that Mr. Polwhele can hardly be correct in stating that Miss Porter's is a "careless hand,"—that lady having most sedulously kept it gloved against the pressure of mankind.

Passing over the "national discriminations" as undisputed (according to Mr. Polwhele), we come to official or professional distinctions,—such as those of booksellers, printers, physicians, lawyers, officers, and parsons.

"To open my volume of esquires, rural or literary. Among the country gentlemen we may often see the fox-hunter distinguished from the mere plodding agriculturist, by strokes unequal and wild—just answering to the tally-hos of the chase; whilst the unpolished occupier of the farm betrays his dull intellect by the sluggishness of his pen: his character is legible enough in the drawing, snail-paced syllables and sentences of many letters before me. But what a vast difference there is between these rusticated folks and the esquires of cultivated minds, to be traced from the classical scholar to the poet or historian, or antiquary! To be sure, the hand of the late Mr. Taylor of Denbury had its ups and downs not the most beautiful. But he had literature and taste enough to avoid the pot-crooks of the rural gentry. In mounting up to men of a determined literary character, the esquires of philology and science step forwards to puzzle and perplex me. Perhaps I may be wrong in my classification, as guided by title or station, accidental or equivocal. But hesitating in this matter, I thought the contrast of the Yahoo with the squire of higher consideration might not be unamusing.

"In philology, I have selected, from a great mass, the letters of Gibbon, Pennant, Stackhouse, Gifford. Gibbon's is the hand of lettered priggishness; Pennant's the hand of undisciplined almost—of one long habituated to look through nature from his independent self, and to set down quickly his original observations.

"Stackhouse's and Gifford's are the hands of men of sound learning and

classical acquirements of very great extent. Stackhouse combining philosophy with science; Gifford, in criticism, keen, yet candid: yet his is a hurried style of writing, raising in us a suspicion that he was not a man of a very tranquil mind.

"The antiquary, Browne Willis (like Archdeacon Hole), had a hand well nigh as obscure or unintelligible as the hieroglyphics of the Pyramids. His continual employment in noting (fast, I suppose, as his pen would go) an infinitude of minutiae will account for it. But this seems to open to us his character. He was ever busy about trifles, unequal to any thing great in literature; which suggests to me at this moment the same incompetency and appetite for trifles in Walker, my Cornish predecessor in parochial history.

"Of Gough, as a topographer, I never entertained an exalted opinion. His hand shews his high conceit of himself: it shews that he looked down with disdain on his antiquarian brethren.

"Of Davies Gilbert, I would have suppressed myself, could I not have said, with an assurance of being credited, that his hand discovers all the perfections that were ever concentrated in the philologist and philosopher.

"I would not insinuate that syllables in long succession, falling invariably into straight lines, so as to lose the feature of almost every letter, are abstractedly the indications of science; I would not insinuate that the Greek character, most elegantly written, is of itself a proof of classic knowledge or of taste; yet from my intimate acquaintance with Mr. Gilbert's hand, at first, I may call it perspicuous, and equable from the first to the last; I deserv in every curve the adept in logarithms; and in the transitions from the plain to a less readable character, the acuteness, the elegance, the quickness, and the correctness of a man of the highest classical attainments. His Greek character is uncommonly distinct and fine; which, by the by, reminds me of Porson, who, after the paralysis had seized his tongue, could scarcely utter a word of English, though almost in his last moments he could articulate Greek *ore rotundo*.

"We find equanimity of disposition in the quiet precision and uniformity of the hand-writing. This is not Sir John de la Pole's—this is not Sir G. Yonge's. Sir William Leman's is fair, flowing, placid; where we may read genuine philanthropy, and cheerfulness without levity. Sir John St. Aubyn is courteous and kind, scrupulously attentive to all his promises of patronage, and beneficent without limitation.

"In Sir Walter Scott's, we had a man of elevated and extensive views, and an apprehension of men and things, like lightning, rapid and brilliant, yet, like the sun, radiant in glory; and we had classical and popular attainments beyond all vulgar acquisition, and judgment and taste to correct an exuberant imagination.

"The late Lord Courtenay's was a very pleasing hand, free, and not inelegant.

"Dunning's (Lord Ashburton's) pretty, neat hand, was formed, I conceive, to hoodwink his profession. Indeed, he should not have peeped out here among our unprofessional men. There is something affected in his hand. Tranquil and composed, at a glance it shews, on further examination, a symptom of disquietude. Lord Colchester's, a fine flowing hand. Lord Eldon's, a beautifully clear hand, indicating a clear head. Lord Mulgrave's, neat, not straight in lines. Lord Melville's, not elegant. Lord Lyndhurst's, rather professional; and so is Lord Sidmouth's. Lord Grenville's, cramped by infirmity. Lord Barrington's, ill-formed, careless. Lord De Dunstanville's, almost illegible, from habitual dispatch, as if to save time—doing good unremittingly, perseveringly; and here we have in every letter—I had almost said in every syllable, every word, every period—talents, and spirit, and benevolence."

Lord Burleigh's shake of the head was nothing to this!

We here copy a letter containing two amusing compositions. The widower is coarse, though vigorous. But the virtuous indignation of Miss Lugg, at the disloyalty to her lovely sex, pleases us greatly. What the lady wants in force, she supplies in fury, as generally happens when the dear creatures are what they call "beside themselves."

"R. P. to Canon BAILEY.

"Tuesday, March 3, 1812.

"This day James Stephens, or Duffin, a famous Methodist preacher (see *Anecdotes of Methodism*), was buried at Castlehill, Truro, as a *felo-de-se*. He had drowned himself to avoid an apprehending warrant issued against him on a very serious charge.

"This man lived to an advanced age. He was once married. His wife was buried in the west of Cornwall: and the following epitaph, written by himself, was engraved on her tombstone, but afterwards removed by the minister:

'Woman! thou worst of all church-plagues, farewell!
Bad at the best, and at the worst a hell!

Thou apple-eating traitress, that began
The wrath of Heaven, the misery dire of
man!

Thou slip of wormwood, bitter leaf of life!
Blest be the hour that rid me of a wife!
If ever woman is again my guest,
All hell shall say Amen, and Satan be
the priest!

Answer by Miss Lugg of Penryn (of Diarian memory):

'Ask of thy prince, thou vilest wretch on
'earth!

What demon claim'd thee on thy day of
birth,

Supplied thy cravings, nursed thee by his
power,

And acts thy guardian to the present
hour;

Taught thee to hate the sex thou should'st
adore,

And blast the fame of her who is no more;
Whose works how good, how virtuous,
all can tell,

Though fortune link'd her to an imp of
hell.'

"Yours, &c. "R. P."

The correspondence between Mr. Polwhele and Cobbett will be read with pleasure. The open-hearted egotism (if we may use the term) of Cobbett is always rather amusing than repulsive. There is nothing else of the kind to be met with, as far as we know. He can scarcely be called vain. In him there is no wish to be *thought* this, that, or the other; but a decided, downright certainty, that he is the most extraordinary man that ever lived. He cares nothing as to whether *you believe* this or not—he *knows* it; or, what is practically the same, is unshakably convinced of it.

"R. P. to W. COBBETT, Esq. M.P.

"Polwhele House, June 26, 1834.

"My dear Sir,—You may be surprised at receiving a letter from a correspondent of former years; a letter as from the dead to the living: and, possibly, you may deem it an unpardonable familiarity in my humble self to you, exalted as a senator so far above me. The fact is, that uniformly admiring your talents and abilities so powerful, and now delighted with your political sentiments and conduct, so disinterested and so nobly patriotic, I cannot suppress my poor little tribute of applause, however contemptible.

"Notwithstanding some apparent deviations from what I think the standard of political truth, I have ever maintained among my friends—all of us of the old school—that Cobbett would one day arise, 'like a giant refreshed with wine'

—a mighty instrument in the hand of God for the salvation of his country.

"Excuse, my dear sir, these hasty lines from a plusquam septuagenary, who, from the days of our lamented friend Gifford to the present moment, has stood fast, amidst all the fluctuations of the times, a resolute Antijacobin.

"Truly yours, "R. P.

"P. S. In the recollection of the past, I cannot but remember with gratitude your presenting me with a little volume of my own poems, which you had reprinted in America. You left me, and went to the great city, where, soon after, you almost died a martyr in the cause of aristocracy; all your windows were smashed about your ears, and you narrowly escaped with your life. Yet, at once, you turned against us—starting aside like a broken bow!"

"W. COBBETT to R. P.

"Normandy Farm, Surrey,
14th July, 1834.

"Dear Sir,—I was very much pleased, and not less surprised, at receiving a letter, with your name at the bottom of it. Good God! what have I seen, and what have I done, since I had the pleasure of seeing you! *I am the completest instance that ever was known of the effects of diligence, sobriety, and fortitude.* Ah, my dear sir, if you had seen what I saw, when I came to England, and had been placed in the circumstances in which I was placed, you would have acted precisely as I acted. * * *

You would have discerned, as I did very quickly, that to uphold Pitt and his followers was to assist in involving the nation in an expenditure, and in debts and taxes, which must, in the end, enable the sons of Mammon to overturn, bit by bit, all the ancient institutions of the country; or, which appears now to be very likely, to produce a state of things, in which no man, however great his talent and his virtue, would be able to suggest measures calculated to save those institutions. This is what you would have discerned; this is what I saw, and what I foretold from the beginning of my operations. This you would have foreseen also; and, foreseeing it, you would have acted as I did.

"I am duly sensible of the great value of your good opinion; I am very proud of it; you are the man you always were; and all the difference between you and me is, that I know these deceivers, and you do not. I hope that your health will long continue; and that all your family are well and happy; and I remain, with many thanks for your kind letter,

"Your most obedient and
most humble servant,
"W. COBBETT."

At the present moment, the following argument in defence of the Church of England cannot be too widely disseminated.

"Mr. Cobbett has not been so inconsistent, as it may appear on a superficial view of his character. From 1815 to the day of his death, he did all he could in support of the farming interest and the interest of the church. 'The great ground of defence,' says he, 'of the Church of England is this, *that it is the poor man's church*; that it provides religious teaching, free of expense, to him who has no real property in the country; that it provides a place of worship and administration of all rites and ceremonies for him as well as for the rich man; that he has as much right to his seat in the church, and the performance of all its services, as the squire, lord, or the king himself has; that the rich, having the lands and houses distributed amongst them, have been obliged to leave reserved to the poor man this *his share* of the country in which he was born, and which he is bound to defend against all enemies; that to take this church from him, and to tell him to go and hire and pay a minister, would be a breach of the social compact with him; that this church is one of the undoubted rights of the poor man; and that therefore the government is bound to uphold it. This is the great argument in defence of the Church of England, and, indeed, the only argument upon which any church establishment can be defended.'"

We had marked several poems in the third volume for extract—but we must break off. Yet not before enriching our pages with a letter addressed to Mr. Polwhele by one of his venerable brethren. Speaking of such epistles, the reverend reminiscence asks, Who can read them without feeling wiser and better! We answer, No one!

"Rev. J. TRIST to R. P.

"Vergay, March 11, 1828.

"My dear Friend,—By the goodness of God, I am travelling just onward in my seventy-third year; and looking backward, can find very few of my quondam associates and contemporaries left. This, with the having received my portion of life, renders me indifferent as to those social habits I formerly indulged in, so that now I confine my rides and movements precisely to the limits of my parish. It is true that I never enjoyed better health or better spirits, and even strength enough, I believe, to ride to Newlyn, and perhaps back again; but nothing but the *visage* of an old friend

could challenge such an exertion. I even continue my church duties—that is as far as the desk goes; my delight being in our sublime liturgy. My pulpit I resign to my son.

“You are progressing towards the most enviable of all states on this side the grave, the allotted standard of man’s age, three score and ten, provided it be tolerably free from ‘labour and sorrow.’ I feel myself quite independent of a world from which I have retired, but which I still enjoy more than ever; and could speak and write for ever in praise of its beauties and of its comforts; having withdrawn all concern about the material, I can the better enjoy the beauties of nature, and the domestic circle supply the comforts. I have sixteen grandchildren, and esteem them ‘a gift and heritage.’ And the license, or rather the courtesy, attributable to three score and ten, relieves from all ceremony and apology. All this makes me say, that it is the most enviable tenure of life to which you are progressing; and God grant that you may, in due time, experience the reality of my position! Philosophers and sceptics have never allowed this; neither could they, for the whole basis is *ἡ χάρις, καὶ ἡ γενναιοῦς ἀνθρώπων*, Rom. xv. 10, of which these wiseacres know nothing.

“Our kind regard and best wishes await you all. I remain, very faithfully yours,
“J. TRIST.”

We now take leave of Mr. Polwhele with-unfeigned regard, and in terms applicable to a “night not melancholy”—

“Thy thoughts and feelings shall not die,
Nor leave thee o’er the past to sigh,*

A melancholy slave;
But an old age serene and bright,
And lovely as a Lapland night,
Shall lead thee to thy grave!”

That Poland is not rescued from the claws of the Russian eagle is no fault of the poets of our generation. To say nothing of the great Bard of Hope himself, who long, long years ago, set the teeth of mankind on edge, by declaring that

“Freedom shriek’d when Kosciusko fell,”

and who, in later years, has apostrophised every Polish refugee whose name stands recorded on the books of that invaluable association in Duke Street, St. James’s—to say still less (if less than nothing can be said) of the lamentations of Quaffypunchovicz in this Magazine—lamentations so touching, that even the northern features and intonation of his majesty’s attorney-general grew tremulous as the learned gentleman attempted to read the sad record in the Court of King’s Bench—to say nothing of all this, the *Anglo-Polish Harp*† has resounded with no more effect than a Jew’s harp might have produced in this loyal and Christian country. Well may the proprietor of the instrument, Jacob Jones, Esq. barrister-at-law, exclaim, in the language of Thomas Moore, when talking blarney to the harp of Erin—

“No light of joy hath o’er thee broken,
But like those harps whose heavenly
thrill
Of sorrows dark as thine have spoken,
Thou hang’st upon the willows still.”

We fancy we see Jacob Jones taking up this plaintive sentiment in familiar terms, thus—

“All round my harp
I wear the green willow,” &c.

And we really sympathise with the sorrower. In the first place,

“We have a passion for the name of
Jacob,
For once it was a magic sound to us”—

why, delicacy to the feelings of the whole tribe prevents us from disclosing. But when we find the name of Jacob associated with that of Jones, our gratification is complete. The bearer of two such names can be no common man; in proof of which we quote the following poem. We have heard of translators of divers degrees of merit, but never till now do we remember to have met with a poet who set to work with the express and avowed intention of being translated into another language.

* We have wrested the verse to our own purposes, substituting the words in Italics for those of the original, which did not suit us. But as the choice was between losing half a line and half a dozen lines of Wordsworth, who can blame us?

† The *Anglo-Polish Harp*, or Songs for Poland. With a Preface. To which are added, Palmyra, and other Poems; as also Scenes from Longinus. With a Postscript. By Jacob Jones, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, Author of “Thoughts on Prison Labour,” and various other Works. London; Pickering, Chancery Lane; Smith and Elder, Cornhill; and all Booksellers. 1836.

"HYMN OF LIBERTY.

(For translation into the Polish language.)

We are brothers
Nobly banded,
Scorning dangers,
Single-handed!
We were captives
Sold to slavery;
We are freemen
Through our bravery.

CHORUS.

Sing, in chorus, through our bravery,
Down for ever—down with slavery!"

Nor is the poem on "The Funeral of the Right Hon. George Canning" less striking. We were not before aware of the fact, that the departed statesman had so numerous a progeny. Here we are told of the pangs of his 22d child!—nay, in the second stanza quoted, we have one boy lamenting the absence of his 23d brother!

"To see the mute gaze of the matron bereaved
Of him of whose being her own was a part;
And the struggle by which the (22) child's pangs are relieved,
To ransom from breaking her fond mother's heart.

To see from his playmates the loved boy rush madly,
For his parent's last blessing aghast at his bier;
And wringing his hands in his helplessness sadly,
And crying, 'He's dead, and my (23) brother not here!'"

The following specimens of accentuation from the same elegy are original:

"Draw a veil o'er the last look the young orphan fixed,
Too piteous to paint, in the grave of his sire!
Oh! recount not the sobs with his sobs that were mixed,
Their anguish would jar the whole soul of the lyre.

But repeat, to the praise of the mighty deceased,
How strangers with strangers, in sympathy stung,
Exchang'd their wild logs of distress, and released—
The tear from the eye, and the sigh from the tongue."

How rarely do we meet with a good

epigram. Byron gave the palm to Rogers in this respect. Our own memory has not the pleasure of recalling any thing like this from Jacob Jones.

"EPIGRAM

On a deformed, but most amiable Female, of whom 'a Lady' spoke unfeelingly, and with derision.

In body—crooked! but, in mind—erect!
Scoffer! reverse the case—you'll see your own defect!"

We shall conclude our extracts with the following sonnet, addressed to our friend Jacob by Mr. Warburton.

"POLAND RESTORED: A SONNET.

Inscribed to Jacob Jones, Esq., Author of 'Poland is not yet Lost!' by a Member of the Commons' House of Parliament.

Not bard sublime, alone!—a prophet true!—

Thou shalt anon, in euphonistic verse,
The joys restored of Poland's sons rehearse;

And wreaths of triumph o'er their path bestrew!

What! though auspicious gleams be dim and few,

Amid the blackness of appalling night;
Though northern wintry storms their regions blight,

And, in a death-like trance, their forms we view:

Freedom and glory shall the silence break,
A patriot-zeal lead on reviving day,

A genial spring their winter chase away,
And to heroic deeds the brave shall wake!
Poland's dire fate invokes a glowing song:
Strike! strike aloud the lyre! the thrilling tale prolong!"

Poems by John Moultrie* is an attractive announcement. If we mistake not, this is one of a very clever set who, in the reign of George IV., or some other of our ancient kings, did good service, in a magazine published by Knight. It was called *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*, and among its contributors numbered Macaulay, Praed, this identical John Moultrie, and other youths of great likelihood, who have all, in a greater or less degree, realised their juvenile promise. The volume before us opens with a sonnet, having reference to the period of which we speak.

"In gravest toils at war with phantasy,
Nine years, nine mortal years, have
swiftly past,

Since my then youthful muse unfolded
last

Her curious treasures to the public eye.
Since then hath Fancy's rivulet been dry,
And on my brow her chaplet fading fast ;
But now my ' crescent boat ' erects her
mast,

And braves once more the doubtful sea
and sky :

Fair be her voyage, though she mounts
no more

The gaudy streamers of her earlier days,
Nor, fraught with folly, scuds along the
shore,

Her trade vain pleasure, and her fare vain
praise ;

But now, with steadier helm, and sail,
and oar,

Her freight of calm and serious thought
conveys."

Then follow poems of various

" length and strength of arm,"

mostly alluding to domestic matters. Next we have a goodly cluster of sonnets, all of a very complimentary character, except the following, which, as a specimen of spluttering animosity, we shall transfer to our columns, hoping that it may warn all literary mankind from the bootless practice of calling names.

" To the anonymous Editor of Coleridge's
Letters and Conversations.

A gibbering ape that leads an elephant ;
A dwarf doform'd, the presence heralding
Of potent wizard, or the Elfín king ;
Caliban, deigning sage advice to grant
To mighty Prosper in some hour of
want ;

Sweet Bully Bottom, while the Fairies
sing,

Braying applause to their rich carolling,
But feebly typify thy flippant cant,
Stupid defamer, who for many a year
With earth's profoundest teacher wast at
school,

And, notwithstanding, dost at last ap-
pear,

A brainless, heartless, faithless, hopeless
fool,

Come, take thy cap and bells, and throne
thee here,

Conspicuous on the Dunc8's loftiest
stool."

Much more to our taste is the
following :

" To BAPTIST NOEL.

Noel, our paths, in academic days,
Lay far apart, though by one Mother bred,
And with her noblest sons together fed

On food which healthiest intellects doth
raise :

But, thou, even then, didst walk in Wis-
dom's ways

With steadfast purpose ; while my heart
and head,

To loftier aims and aspirations dead,
Cared but to win a worthless crown of
bays,

Which then, with childish fickleness, I
cast

Even to the winds ; now middle age is
here,

And haply all my better days are past
With small improvement ; while thou,
year by year,

Art hiving glory, which for aye shall last,
When he, whose cross thou bearest, shall
appear."

And though Macaulay is a Whig,
we shall, during his " temporary ab-
sence," make room for a tribute to his
merit from his old friend and fellow-
student :

" To THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

Well won and glorious trophies have
been thine,

Macaulay, since we two ' together
stray'd'

(As young bards sing) ' in Grant's tran-
quil shade ;'

Now far divided by the ocean brine :

And thou, already a bright star, dost
shine

Among our statesmen ; yet fame hath not
made

Thy young simplicity of heart to fade,
Nor is thy sympathy less warmly mine.

Therefore I trust that, in no distant time,
Thy oriental toils and duties o'er,

Thou shalt revisit this our native clime,
Strengthen'd in soul through that be-
reavement sore,

For which, of late, my gift of plaintive
rhyme

Such welcome solace on thy grief did
pour."

Confined as is our space, we cannot
exclude the sonnets to Dr. Chalmers.

" To the Rev. Dr. CHALMERS.

Well hast thou reason'd, Chalmers, on
the deep

And awful mystery of redeeming love,
With argument profound intent to prove
How the Omniscient Mind doth ever
keep

Protective watch on heaven's empyreal
steep,

O'er suns and systems through all space
that move ;

While yet its sleepless eyes minutely
rove

Through lowliest dwellings in which
mortals sleep.

Metinks, great' Teacher, of that Mind
thine own

Yields a faint emblem, who hast power
to soar

On wing seraphic toward the Eternal
Throne,

And heaven and hell's mysterious depths
explore ;

Yet on the meanest cot where poor men
groan

Deignest thy wisdom's healing light to
pour.

Alas ! for those, whose bigot zeal would
fain

Compress and crush, with Procrustean
force,

All energies, all spirits fine and coarse,
All tempers, feelings, habits, heart and

brain,
Nation, race, climate, white and negro

stain
Into one changeless and unbending

course
Of discipline and form ; without re-
morse

Devoting church and sect to Satan's
chain.

Chalmers, we do not worship at one
shrine,

Albeit, I trust, both children of one Sire ;
Nor would I wish my altar to be thine,

Delighting most thy greatness to admire,
When on our alien church its sunbeams

shine
With warm effulgence of congenial fire.

If aught of pastoral labour, not unblest,
Since youth's maturer prime I may have

wrought ;
If from the pressure of unquiet thought

My weary heart and brain have long had
rest ;

If from my own emancipated breast
To world-worn minds comfort hath e'er

been brought ;

Thanks be to thee, from whom my spirit
sought

And found repose, by youthful doubts
oppress :

Nor thou amidst thy triumphs, and the
praise

Which well, from all the churches, thou
hast won,

Disdain the puny tribute of these lays ;
For thou, they say, art Wisdom's meekest

son,
And ever walkest humbly in her ways,

Giving God thanks for all that thou hast
done."

And now, farewell, thou tuneful Moultrie ;
Strive on for bays, and win a *whole* tree —

Making light dinners off hook and poultry.

That's advice and encouragement
worthy of attention from any hard,

of thirty years and upwards. At all
events, it's better than the Byronian

regimen of tobacco and spirits.

So ends our "April Voyage." We
cast anchor in Regent's Bay on the

30th of April ; and, singularly enough,
on awaking the following morning, we

found it was May. The crow of Chan-
ticleer is but a bagpipe drone to the

silvery sound of laughing delight with
which we welcomed the *springing* em-
brace of Mother Nature, who, to say

truth, owes us all a lavish display of
maternal fondness, after the unusual

howl of March has been permitted to
bluster over the tearful cheek of April.

Our readers will respond, "So be it."
But, with that fancy for the last word

which, as Cassio said of his "rash
humour," our "mother gave us," we

say, "So *May* it!" With which
lamentable pun we enter on the cheer-
ful gravities of the season.

REVOLUTIONARY PARALLELS BETWEEN 1685-9 AND 1833-7.

No. II.

1. PAPAL JURISDICTION IN IRELAND.
2. MINISTERS MISTAKE THE FEELING OF THE COUNTRY.
3. PRETEXT OF IMPOSITION ON CONSCIENCE.
4. GOVERNMENT "FAILS TO GAIN SINCERE CONFIDENCE OF THE DISSENTERS."
5. "PRACTICE OF GARBLING CORPORATIONS."
6. ATTACK ON UNIVERSITIES.
7. SOME BISHOPS OF 1687 AND 1837.
8. CLERGY FORBIDDEN TO PREACH ON CONTROVERTED POINTS.
9. FORBEARANCE OF THE CHURCH PARTY.
10. THE NATION "AT LAST UNDECEIVED."

In a preceding chapter we shewed the similarity which exists between the present times and the reign of James II., in the characters of some of the principal persons engaged in the management of public affairs; we also exhibited a striking resemblance in the policy of the two administrations at those different periods, as affects the Church and the Dissenters, and likewise in the conduct of some of the dissenting bodies during these events. In resuming the comparison, we shall not fail to observe a similar likeness in many other branches of public policy.

1. In 1685, Lord Guilford wrote to the Earl of Clarendon, when about to assume the Irish government, and said, "The Papists say the pope is above the king in ecclesiastical matters (and what they are the pope will determine.)" It was in obedience to such precepts as these, that Mr. O'Connell acted in refusing to present to the house of commons the petition of Mr. Mulholland.

The Rev. Mr. Mulholland, a Roman Catholic priest, having received most harsh and unjust treatment from the Rev. Dr. Croly, the Roman Catholic primate of Ireland, made known his complaint to Mr. O'Connell. That friend to justice, liberty, and independence, not only declared his determination to have nothing to do with the petition, but told the petitioner "that he ought rather to submit to any infliction which the discipline of his church might impose, than appeal to the laws of his country." Lord Guilford, in 1686, thus proceeded:—"Papists deny the king's power of pardoning ecclesiastical offences, which cuts off a main dependence on the crown.—(*Clarendon Correspondence*, i. 185.) Mr. O'Connell, in 1835, admitted, and acted up to this doctrine, when he indignantly refused to listen to Mr. Mulholland.

The Duke of Wellington exposed this fact on the 8th of June last, when, on the presentation of Mr. Mulholland's petition by Lord Lyndhurst, he censured ministers for their indifference on the occasion, and shewed that "those who were so situated as to be obliged to appeal to Rome, to a foreign tribunal," were placed in such a state as to justify the expression of aliens being applied to them. Thus do O'Connell and the ministers endeavour to bring about the same state of things that were tried by King James and the Papists in 1685, while he reviles a noble lord for exposing his attempt, as Lord Keeper Guilford had exposed the measures of the Roman Catholics on a similar occasion.

In 1687, "some passionate men amongst the Dissenters published virulent invectives against the Church."—RAPIN, ii. 758. Since 1834, when the spoliation clause was adopted, ample illustration of such "virulent invectives" have appeared in the publications of the Dissenters.

In October 1834, the *Voluntary Magazine* denounced the established clergy as "state-paupers" and "enemies of civil and religious liberty," paid by the "servants of the devil." In another work, ecclesiastical establishments are described as "the very bane of society," "a method, too, which does more to swell the ranks of infidelity than all other causes put together; which turns the holy religion of Jesus, the religion of peace and love, into an object of execration; which opens the lips of the blasphemers to curse it as a main cause of his miseries;" in another part, as a "den of thieves."—(*Ecclesiastical Establishments further considered*.)

Another publication of the Dissenters terms the English clergy "godless and careless priests, who pervert the Gospel,

and teach nothing good, either by precept or example;" and say of the Church,—“If it is our duty to destroy the works of the devil, here is a master-work of his contrivance close at hand.” (*Serious Address to Protestant Dissenters, by a Puritan*); and, “Blessed be those hands which shall first hurl that hoary harlot, Mother Church, which is a blast and nuisance upon the earth, both black, bloody, and useless, to dark perdition, among the friends, there to be honouring, and to be honoured, by the devil.”—(*Cambridge Chronicle*, April, 1834.) Dr. Ritchie denounced the Church of Scotland as *sprung from hell*.

Such are the expressions of piety, charity, meekness, and goodwill of the Dissenters of 1837 towards the Church. Rapin, writing of 1687, said, “that if some of the Nonconformists, whether Presbyterians or others, suffered themselves to be transported by their passion into insults upon the Church of England, they were men of no note. But, alas! in 1837, it is more than a parallel; in this respect the Voluntaries of the enlightened nineteenth century go beyond the fanatics of the seventeenth. The most distinguished, the most powerful among the Voluntaries of the present day are foremost in their abuse of the Church; and, moreover, one of the organs of the Dissenters, the *Eclectic Review*, admits, that “pure attachment to dissenting principles requires to be kept up, in certain minds, by a *keen hatred*, and, now and then, a *little round abuse of the Church*.”

These are doctrines for the maintenance of purity of faith and Christian devotion, which never occurred to the wildest sectarians in the time of James II. Yet these are the expressions of the most ardent supporters of Lord Melbourne's government.

2. The present ministers, like James, are “of a sanguine disposition,” as he “mistook the respectful silence with which men listened to his reasoning, for a sufficient proof of their assent,” so have they imagined that the temperance of the Conservatives, and the forbearance of the clergy, were signs of timidity and concession; and, as James mistook “the partial acclamations of the Dissenters for the voice of the whole population” (LINGARD, 162), so have they mistaken the hasty vociferations of the Voluntaries for the expression of the public opinion of the nation.

James “boasted that he had made his subjects an united people, that he had changed those whom persecution had before rendered the most bitter enemies, into firm and interested supporters of the throne. But in all this there was much of delusion. If he had gained on the one hand, he had lost on the other.”—(LINGARD, xiv. 145.) And our present rulers, if they have not yet, will, ere long, discover that the common sense and religious feeling of the nation in 1837 are similar to what they were in 1687.

3. In the reign of James II. the historian of the Puritans says, “The Dissenters have been a little ashamed of their compliance with the declaration (of liberty of conscience), and of their silence in the Popish controversy during this reign.”—(NEAL, 755-768.) We are glad to see instances which prove that the existence of the same feelings among the Dissenters is *not confined to that period in our history*.

▲ Dissenting clergyman has addressed a letter to the independent church and congregation assembling in his chapel at Nuneaton, on the subject of Church-rates, which will deserve our attentive perusal. He says, “when the rate is granted, that it is the *duty of every Dissenter to submit to it*. He quotes from many passages of Scripture, shewing that “they are bound to submit to the laws, and is willing that the cause of dissent should continue to be an *auxiliary* to the Church of England against the powers of darkness.”

When James II., in 1686, published his famous declaration of liberty of conscience, and suspended the penal laws, the boon for which the Nonconformists were so exultingly grateful, under the title of liberty of conscience, was the abolition of religious tests, and the toleration of worship. They, therefore, had had some just cause to complain of their previous restraint. But, happily, the laws impeding the free exercise of religion by all sects in these realms, have long been repealed; and Dissenters of every class, without distinction, have been admitted to all civil as well as religious privileges.

In 1793, the Roman Catholics in Ireland obtained the repeal of the test and corporation acts, and the right of the elective franchise. Thirty-five years later the test acts were repealed in England, and in both countries the Dis-

senters were freely admitted to the rights of citizens. The more recent act of 1829 placed the Roman Catholics on a complete civil equality with the Protestants, while perfect freedom of worship is allowed to all sects in both countries. What, then, is meant in these latter days by the cry which is raised for liberty of conscience, and which is encouraged by the ministers of the crown? The political Dissenters of England call Church-rates an imposition on conscience. The Roman Catholic subjects in England term the maintenance of the established religion in that country an imposition on conscience. The more violent among the separatists in the empire declaim against every thing that upholds a national worship as an imposition on conscience, and anxiously struggle for its overthrow.

The Nonconformists in the time of James might well call the hinderance to the exercise of their religion an imposition on conscience; the present Dissenters have no such excuse: they have not a shadow of a pretence for calling Church-rates an imposition upon conscience. The amount of Church-rates annually levied amounts to upwards of 500,000*l.*, the contributions of the Dissenters are reckoned under 70,000*l.* But the amount, in this case, as Mr. Hume admitted in that of the surplus from the Irish Church, is not of so much consequence as the principle upon which the exemption is claimed. They term Church-rates an imposition on conscience, for the purpose of giving to their resistance a popular, plausible pretext, which has no foundation in truth or justice. We must here take the liberty of digressing, for a short space, to consider the nature of such a claim, and the hazard of admitting it.

It involves the entire question of the establishment of a national church. If payment to the external fabric of the Church be excused in those who do not frequent it, the same plea will be equally applicable to the payment of tithes or any other dues to the clergy who minister therein.

If we consider for a moment the reasonableness of such claims, and the consequence of admitting them, we find, in the first place, the liability to pay assessments to Church purposes, is not a *personal* obligation, but arises from the *tenure of property*.

From time immemorial the owners

and occupiers of houses and lands in every parish have been subject to the burden of repairing their parish church, and supporting the expenses of divine worship. Every proprietor in the kingdom has succeeded to his possessions, whether by purchase or inheritance, under that liability. How great would be the temptation to hypocrisy, dishonesty, and fraud, if any person, by absenting himself from church, or by professing to change his religious creed, could exonerate his *estate* from this liability!

But the question, in its consequences, affects the very existence of our Establishment. For, if the contributions either to the Church or clergy depended upon voluntary choice, there could be no secure or permanent provision for either. — (HEADLAM'S *Observations*, &c. p. 12.) And we maintain that toleration exists in its most perfect form, and affords an universal freedom of conscience, where, without let or hinderance, every form of worship is *tolerated* by the state; something not comprised in the term is demanded by those who insist on the abolition of Church-rates.

4. James "imagined, that by playing one party against another, he should easily obtain the victory over both; a refined policy (says HUME, p. 256), which it much exceeded his capacity to conduct. His intention was so obvious, that it was impossible for him ever to gain the sincere confidence of the Nonconformists."

Our present ministers have made a similar attempt, and have as signally failed. They have endeavoured to please all, and have satisfied none; they have disgusted the sincere Protestant by the encouragement which they have given to Popery; they have alarmed the moderate by the extravagance and dangerous tendency of their measures; they have outwearied the impatient by their long-deferred promises; they have lost the confidence of all by their abandonment of their own principles, by their temporising measures, and vacillating policy.

A striking instance of this occurred during the last session. Ministers promised, but failed to bring forward the bill for the relief of Church-rates, which was eagerly and earnestly demanded by the Dissenters, lest the quality of the measure should dissatisfy some, and thereby cost them the support of one

class or other of the Dissenters. 'They, therefore, abandoned that, and brought forward another measure, about which they cared far less, viz. the Dissenters' Marriage-bill, and, having passed it, extolled it as their offering to the Dissenters, and boasted loudly to the public how much they had done for them, thinking that abundance of self-praise would, in the minds of the Dissenters, compensate for the deficiency of relief; and they continue the same policy.

"It was impossible for James ever to gain the sincere confidence or regard of the Nonconformists" — (HUME'S *History of England*); "those who endeavoured to mislead them must," as Sir Patrick Hume said, "have thought very meanly of the Dissenters, if they judged them capable to be so easily imposed upon by so inconsequential reasonings; or else they must have thought that they had forgot the thread of the question, or never taken it up right." — (*Marchmont Papers*, iii. 93.)

What measure of sincere confidence or regard of the Nonconformists ministers have gained, may be judged from the opinion of the cabinet, expressed by Mr. D. W. Harvey in June last. Mr. Harvey is certainly one of the most talented speakers in the house of commons, and one of the most influential dissenting members in that assembly. He is one of the acknowledged leaders of the Dissenters in England, and of the Voluntaries in Scotland. This influential Dissenter, whom government had done much to conciliate, in June last voted against ministers upon the Church question, and said, "the dispersion of the Whigs" would be "a blessing to the country." On the 8th July, 1826, Mr. D. W. Harvey said, speaking of the government, "their entire policy is temporising and timid, disheartening to their friends, while it inspires their political foes with audacious courage. A rude and trembling hand is doing something to every thing, and doing nothing well; and so matters will remain, until firmer and sturdier hearts shall strike out a course of government, having for its sole object the safety, and happiness, and liberty of the people. My friends," he continues, "be not allured from the path of duty by idle declamations against the lords. *There is a mote in the nation's eye, which must be removed before you can rightly discover the seat of the disease.*"

Not content with this expression of the amount of confidence he placed in government, we find that a recent number of a newspaper, edited and managed by the same republican Dissenter, Mr. Harvey, contains the following account of ministers and their party. "The position of the party, and even its existence, is an anomaly. Who are the Whigs? We scarcely know where to find them, except in one place, and that one place is in the government of the country. They are a small minority of the commons, a smaller minority of the lords, and the smallest minority of the nation. The king is not with them, the Church is against them, the Dissenters are held to them by the feeble link of failing promises, and the Radical reformers tolerate them but as a *pis-aller* to the Tories. Amongst the people they are worn out. Whiggism would be only a matter of history, were it not in the possession of the government." And, again, in a letter addressed to Mr. O'Connell, he says, "I gave them my support until a series of feeble, ill-digested, temporising measures, based upon no sound principles, and conceived in the smallest notions of ever-varying expediency, satisfied my mind, that, whatever might be the pretensions of individuals, the government is not equal to the emergencies which on every side assail it."

Surely, after all that ministers have said and done, and are daily doing, to obtain the goodwill and support of the Dissenters, at the expense of disgusting the rest of the nation; this language, on the part of those whom they chiefly study to please, must sound ungrateful in their ears.

But we are told that James II., "though aware of the change of public opinion, clung the more obstinately to his purpose." — (LINGARD, xiv. 141.) Regardless alike of scorn and contempt, the present government continue their tortuous yet persevering course, now courting the smiles, now trembling at the frowns of their once but scarcely longer allies, and shrinking from the entire burden their masters would impose upon them.

"Demittunt aurículas ut iniquæ mentis asellus,
Cum gravius dorso subiit onus." •

In the vain hope of satisfying the insatiable, they have at length brought

out the charter of the London University, where no religion is to be taught,—to make friends of the Dissenters in case parliament be dissolved.

The artifices of James (the instructor, it would appear, of our Radical rulers), to secure a majority at the elections, were many and various, "he durst not venture to call a parliament (RAPIN, 760), though he contemplated a new one." In each and all of his manœuvres have our present rulers followed him in every turn, and sometimes outstripped him; and do they not, like James, fear to call a new parliament?

On the subject of the London University we need only say, that it was natural to expect that a government which banishes religion during school-hours from national schools, and which treated the two English universities so unworthily, should, like King James, abolish religious tests from the universities to which it grants charters. We may hope that, through the good-feeling of the nation, religion will be taught elsewhere, though our Whig rulers give it all "discouragement," and inflict on it a "heavy blow." When we find the government organs boasting that the London University will hazard the religion which adopts "certain prescribed forms of expression," will hazard the doctrines of the Established Church, and will diminish the respect for the clergy (*Vide Globe*, Dec. 13, 1836), we may well fear that Christianity will be hazarded along with these, and that the "religion which is founded upon an intelligent conception of the nature of the relations and duties of man," which they propose, by means of this university to substitute in place of the established religion, will be the "natural" religion of unaided human intelligence. We may believe that the religious sentiments of the "talent and merit of the present enlightened age," which Lord John Russell says should not be subjected to the "test of religious opinions," may be very nearly akin to Atheism or Deism. When James II., in "the seventeenth century," desired to do what Lord John Russell and his colleagues are now doing, one argument he used for the abolition of a religious test, was, that it *could be of no service*, since it had not excluded him, a Papist, from the throne.

On the same personal grounds, and

perhaps with even more powerful effect, "in the present enlightened age," might the secretary for the Home Department, several of his colleagues, and the Bishop of Durham, illustrate the inutility of such tests.

5. In 1686, the ministers of James II. set about changing every where the corporations, as a means of gaining the goodwill of the Dissenters, and securing the elections.

So, in 1835, did the Whig government court the Dissenters, and for a similar purpose. Subsequent to 1828, the test laws no longer excluded Dissenters from the corporations, ministers now resolved to proceed to the opposite extreme, to make the Dissenters predominant in the corporations, and to place the property of Churchmen, destined for charitable purposes, at their disposal.

In 1686, "there was an itinerant crew of the worst of men that wrought in the towns, to be regulated under the direction of the committee."—(*NORTH'S Life of Lord Guilford*), "according to their characters and designations, mayors, aldermen, recorders, common councils, and freemen, were modified and established."

In 1835, Messrs. Sampson Augustus Rumball, T. Flower Ellis, John Buckle, Fortunatus Dwaris, and other equally fortunate and distinguished individuals, of whom a large proportion were Dissenters and violent partisans, were despatched by government on an itinerant excursion, invested with high power and illegal authority, to search all charters, records, &c. At length, Messrs. Rumball, Dwaris, and Co., having ransacked 285 corporations, returned to the home office loaded with abundant materials to serve the ministerial purpose.

In 1687, says North, "this trade of charters turned to an avowed practice of garbling corporations, in order to carry elections to the parliament," (213) "and men ran from one extreme to another; and as the English mode is *reform*—not by *restoring* or *mending*, but by kicking down at once whatever is absurd, though in itself never so good." The English mode contains just the same now, as it was when North described it.

In 1687, "by the practice of annulling charters, the king was become master of all the corporations, and could at pleasure change every where

the whole magistracy. The church party, therefore, by whom the crown had hitherto been so remarkably supported, and to whom the king visibly owed his safety from all the efforts of his enemies, was deprived of authority; and the Dissenters, those very enemies, were, first in London, and afterwards in every other corporation, substituted in their place." The elections in some places (particularly York) were transferred from the people to the magistrates, who, by the new charters, were all named by the crown. This was, in reality, nothing different from the king's naming the members."—*vide* HUME, p. 260, and Note.

In like manner, our present rulers, while pursuing the same policy under the semblance of a popular reform, did in no respect diminish the powers of the crown, or forget their own interests. The Whig bill of 1835, gave the crown the power of fixing the bounds of boroughs, by which means ministers could determine who should be taxed and who not. The "regulators" of 1835 had examined 285 corporations. The ministers resolved on remodelling 183. Of these, fifty-four might have commissions of the peace granted to them on application to the crown. Commissions were granted to the other 129 in such manner, that the new town councils might recommend to the crown persons whom they thought proper to receive the commission; but the assent of the commons was necessary to complete the election of the magistrates.

In 1687, says Sir James Mackintosh, —himself formerly a member of our Whig government — the "commissioners had power to remove freemen and corporate officers at their discretion." So, in 1835, on the report of the commissioners, the cabinet measure of our reform government took away all the rights of freedom which had been secured to freemen and to persons having inchoate rights of freedom by the reform act.

It was in consequence of this fraudulent disfranchisement, that Sir W. Follett, moving an amendment to the bill, in order to preserve the rights of freemen, said "there was a clause, which any man, not a lawyer, might pass over, which at once disfranchised them all." He said, "in the case of Stafford, the committee had found corruption to prevail to a very consi-

derable extent among the electors created under the new franchise. Yet, on such an allegation, the freemen were to be sacrificed, while others as bad were to escape." For these and other reasons, he moved an amendment, to preserve the rights of freemen. The "liberal" government opposed this amendment vehemently, and, on a division, 232 Conservatives voted for the preservation of the rights of freedom, while 278 "Liberals" voted against their freedom, and for the act of injustice proposed by a Whig government.

On the 13th of August, 1835, Lord Lyndhurst in the house of lords proposed, "that the rights of freemen guaranteed to them by the *Reform-bill* should be perpetuated." Lord Melbourne and the government opposed this. Nevertheless, the Conservative peers preserved the rights of freemen and of commoners from the violation of the rights of freedom intended by this reform government.

In 1687, Hume informs us, "the same act of authority had been employed in all the boroughs in Scotland."

Similarly, in 1835, the English Municipal Reform-bill followed the Scottish borough reform, as the Irish has succeeded to the English.

Roger North, in 1687, having related various extravagant proceedings of ministers, with regard to the practice of "garbling corporations in order to carry elections," says, "the Lord Chief Justice Jeffries was capitally concerned in the first of these exorbitances, and pushed matters through all degrees, into those excesses I mentioned."

The high legal authority, who in our time is reported to have been capitally concerned in similar exorbitances, and who appears to be equally willing to push matters into excesses, through all degrees, is not, indeed, as yet, Lord Chief Justice. And his disappointment at not obtaining the highest law appointment of the crown, has been but little soothed by the reversion of a coronet to his family.

6. In the proceedings, likewise, which affect the two universities, the resemblance between the conduct of Lord Sunderland's administration, and that of Lord Melbourne, is so very close and striking, that it will not be necessary to go into any detailed length to prove the parallel.

"Their fame as seats of learning,"

says Sir J. Mackintosh, in his *History of the Revolution of 1688*, "their station as the ecclesiastical capitals of the kingdom, and their ascendancy over the susceptible minds of all the youths of family and fortune, now rendered them the chief scene of the decisive contest between James and the Established Church."—p. 135.

The late motions for bills to admit Dissenters into the two English universities, for the repeal of the law requiring the subscription of the thirty-nine articles of the church, the appointment of Dr. Hampden to the divinity professorship, in opposition to the will of the university, are almost exact counterparts of the proceedings in 1686.

Rapin (ii. 760.) says, "as the people were convinced that the king's design, with whatever pretence he disguised it, was to deprive them of their liberty, and change the Established Religion, they would not be instruments of their own ruin. The affair of Magdalen College,"—to which we shall allude shortly—"contributed to open the eyes of the most blind, and exasperate the nation."

And, in like manner, have the proceedings against the universities alarmed the true friends of religion and of liberty at the present day. Moreover, in 1686, says the Roman Catholic historian of England, "James sent a mandatory letter to Dr. Pechell, the vice-chancellor of the university of Cambridge, to admit to the degree of master of arts, without exacting from him the usual oaths, one Alban Francis, a Benedictine monk, and Catholic missionary, in that neighbourhood." For doing this, Lingard tells us, James had a "secret motive; the hope of inducing men to profess themselves Catholics, when they saw that the honours of the university were equally accessible to the members of both communions."

When the university, nevertheless, refused to obey, the king desired them "to do so at their peril."

Have we not fair ground for supposing, that those who now encourage the Dissenters to seek to be "admitted to the full privileges, benefits, and emoluments, of the universities, and to stand upon the same footing in that respect as the members of the Church of England," may have the same "secret motive" for desiring that they

should not "be bound by the fetters of the 17th century," if we may use the delicate expression of my Lord John Russell upon the subject of universities.

It was on this question, that the Bishop of Gloucester, on the 13th of July, 1836, said, he "looked upon the bill as the beginning of a series of measures, equally hostile to the universities and the church; and he hoped their lordships would allow him to say, that whenever an attack was designed against the church, the universities were always the first objects of assault."

On the same occasion, the Archbishop of Canterbury said of the universities: "During a space of 300 years, they had preserved religion in all its purity; that polemical controversies had been banished from the seats of those sacred institutions; and that a succession of learned and well principled men had been produced to fill all stations in the different professions of life, and in the several departments of the state. He deprecated alteration, therefore, in a system so fruitful of good."

It was justly objected to the ministerial bill, that the course of education at Oxford and Cambridge was strictly and essentially a religious education; and the supporters of the bill could not succeed without destroying the religious part of the system. This was, in fact, the aim and end of the Dissenters. Under the bill, every class of Dissenters,—Jew, Turk, Deist, Atheist, Infidel, Socinian,—any denomination whatsoever, any one who did not admit the principles of the Church of England, would be admissible to degrees.

In America, where no religious test was demanded, the great majority left the universities with a strong feeling of prejudice against the great mysteries of Christianity. The effect of such a system in America had been to lead to and foster infidelity. But these facts made no impression upon ministers. While the Duke of Wellington thought, that the only religion taught at the universities should be that of the establishment; Lord Melbourne, on the other hand, declared the present law on the subject to be ridiculous.

"Uniformity of religion," was equally a darling measure of the arbitrary

ministers of king James II. and king William IV.

At Oxford, in 1687 and 1836, affairs were carried on with a still higher hand. "An act of royal power," says a Whig writer (Dalrymple, p. 110), "against one of the colleges of Oxford, united the church and friends of liberty against the king, and suspended the advances of the Dissenters. James issued a mandate with a dispensation to Magdalen College in Oxford, 'to choose one Farmer, who had promised to become Catholic, president of the college.' When the fellows objected, 'the answer returned by Lord Sunderland was, that the king expected obedience to his will.'"

The counterpart of this transaction is to be found in the appointment by Lord Melbourne of Dr. Hampden, as regius professor of divinity, at Oxford, in defiance of the well known judgment and expressed desires of the university of Oxford. Nor were the objections of such a body without foundation. Dr. Hampden, though not a Roman Catholic, is the author of a work wherein he states, "first, that there is no distinct principle of faith;" secondly, "that, strictly to speak, in the Scriptures themselves there are no doctrines."

Rapin gives a letter from a Jesuit, at Liege, in 1687, which mentions "that they were next to atheists, that defended 'the religion of the Protestants in England.'"

Dr. Hampden says, "The doctrinal statements of religious truth have their origin in the principles of human intellect." Thus, then, the doctrine of atonement and redemption, of the influence of the Holy Spirit, of the Trinity and incarnation, — every thing that we have been taught to believe of Divine origin, is, according to the Melbourne professor of divinity, no such thing, but the mere result of unaided human reason!

In March 1836, at a convocation to consider the propriety of the appointment of Dr. Hampden as divinity professor, nearly forty voted for him, nearly 600 were opposed to him, at the head of whom was the president of Magdalen — *nobile nomen*. In 1687, Magdalen "college represented, that all presidents had ever been appointed by election, and there were few instances of the king's interposing by his recommendation in favour of any can-

didate;" and, "in this instance, it appeared that the statutes which regard private property even were not secure from invasion: the privileges of a college are attacked; men are illegally dispossessed of their property, for adhering to their duty, to their oaths, and to their religion; the fountains of the church are attempted to be poisoned; nor would it be long, it was concluded, ere all ecclesiastical, as well as civil preferment, would be bestowed on such as, negligent of honour, virtue, and sincerity, basely sacrificed their faith to the reigning superstition. Such were the general sentiments; and as the universities have an intimate connexion with the ecclesiastical establishment, and mightily interest all those who have there received their education, this arbitrary proceeding begat an universal discontent against the king's administration." — HUME, p. 264.

In 1836, the Archbishop of Canterbury waited on Lord Melbourne, and informed him that he had an address from the university against the appointment of Dr. Hampden to present to his majesty. Lord Melbourne assured his grace, "it would be unnecessary to hurry the presentation, as nothing would be done immediately." In the meantime, his lordship hastened to his majesty, and obtained the royal assent to the appointment, before the king was aware of the intended petition from the university.

General indignation was naturally and justly roused at such arbitrary and deceitful proceedings upon such a subject, and measures were taken to enable the Magdalen divinity professor, to give certificates to candidates for holy orders. The university and the church were, however, somewhat silenced into submission, by a deeper and more general consternation at the mere rumour of his lordship's design, to add a higher ecclesiastical dignity to that which had already been conferred on Dr. Hampden.

Such a threat reminds us of the remark of James II., when the university of Cambridge refused to confer a degree upon the Benedictine monk: "Let them do so at their peril!" exclaimed the enraged tyrant.

Lord Melbourne did not coincide in opinion with those Christians who objected to a Socinian professor of divinity; and, like James II., he "remained master of the field."

In 1687, Magdalen college, in virtue of successive letters mandatory, was re-peopled with new men,—a motley colony taken from the professors of both religions.—LINGARD, p. 154.

Our present ministers have, in this respect, outdone their prototypes in the seventeenth century. In 1836, they established a "motley colony" of their own, in the metropolis, as we have already mentioned. "It was, however, a victory," continues Lingard, "of which he had no reason to be proud, for it betrayed the hollowness of his pretensions to good faith and sincerity; and earned him the enmity of the great body of the clergy, and of all who were devoted to the interests of the church." In like manner, has the recent conduct of rulers created universal distrust and dislike among all bodies of churchmen.

In 1687, we are told by Rapin, "the king would have a parliament which should consent to the abrogation of the penal laws and tests, or grant him a power of dispensing with them at a time when his whole conduct discovered a settled design of planting the Popish upon the ruins of the Protestant religion; but he every where met with such coldness, or rather *aversion*, to his designs, that he *durst not venture* to call a parliament.

The government of Lord Melbourne has, by similar policy, placed itself in fully as critical, or even in a more dangerous position. They have encouraged and strengthened the Papists so much, that, with the present parliament, even if they were inclined to stop short at the point beyond which the conscientious and religious Dissenters do not wish them to go, they dare not, lest they lose the support of their Roman Catholic adherents; without whose assistance they could not continue in office. If they are prepared to go to the extremes that the Papists desire, they must encounter the resolute opposition of all conscientious Dissenters united to the whole body of Churchmen: and if, on the other hand, ministers seek to dissolve in the hope of gaining a better parliament, the favour that they have already shewn to Popery has created so much coldness, or rather aversion, to their designs, that their calling a new parliament would be a most hazardous, if not a fatal experiment.

Having finished our comparison of

the measures affecting the universities, we proceed to consider the similarity of the two periods in some other points.

7. Rapin informs us, that "some of the bishops go into the designs of the court;" and we are told by Lingard, as well as by the Jesuit at Liege, that some were of "suspected orthodoxy." Moreover, the Bishop of Durham is reported to have been of the number.

Our surprise at the appointment of Dr. Hampden last spring was, in a great measure, removed, when we reflected on the person whom ministers singled out for, and elevated to, the third bishopric in rank in the country. Dr. Maltby had not only opened his house to dissenting ministers, of whatever calling or denomination, and given them precedence at his table before the clergy of his own diocese; but he had published a work in 1812, in which he says that "the whole of the Bible could not be intended for all classes of mankind;" "that, out of the sixty-six books of the Old and New Testaments, not above seven in the Old, and eleven in the New, appear to be calculated for the study or comprehension of the unlearned;" "that the Epistles are nothing more than mere matters of record, connected with the introduction of our religion" (and this, in Dr. Maltby's view, constitutes their chief, if not their only value); "that a great portion of the Scripture is not calculated for general diffusion;" and "that all that is indispensable for man to know is contained in a very small part of the Bible." That such expressions as the above should have escaped the lips of Mr. Shiel is natural enough: attempts on the part of the Roman Catholics to bring the sacred volume into disrepute are far from creating surprise, because we know them to be in perfect unison with the doctrine, precept, and practice of that church. It is by intercepting the light of divine truth that the agitators maintain their political ascendancy over a benighted people: it is in obedience to the see of Rome that the titular prelates of Ireland "entirely, and without exception, prohibit" "the reading or retaining of" "Bibles or Testaments" "distributed by the Bible Society." It is in the spirit of such prohibition that there are found those who applaud the burning or burying of Bibles as "pernicious books," and denounce, as Dr. M'Hale did, the Pro-

testant Church, as "an incubus," "a bloodsucker," "a vampire." The Irish Roman Catholic prelates "had rather men should sit in darkness than that they should attempt to find out light for themselves." If the blinded people were fully acquainted with the sacred truths, and with the doctrines of Him who said "Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's," they would no longer submit to their authority and violate the law, nor disregard the constituted powers.

That the pope should denounce the Bible as a "pernicious book," is a matter of no surprise; it has been the uniform practice and tactic of that see to "account the Scriptures an aliment of so doubtful virtue as to become poison, unless accompanied by the proper antidote." It is by denouncing the right of "private judgment," even the principles of toleration as the "*impiety of doting men*;" it is by enslaving the minds of men in the bonds of ignorance and the chains of superstition, that the papal see acquired and maintains its temporal power over nations. But when we hear Christian divines, and prelates of a reformed and pure faith—when we find the teachers and overseers of our Protestant Church using similar language, and holding the like doctrines—when we see a Protestant archbishop of Ireland concerting with a titular Roman Catholic prelate to mutilate the sacred volumes, and exclude the Divine truths from school education—when we find him deprecating discussions on Socinianism,* and controversies on erroneous doctrines,—then, indeed, Protestants may well exclaim, "The Church is in danger!"

I would refer those Protestant overseers of the church to the words of a distinguished prelate, who was equally eminent for his true Christian charity and fervour of religion: I mean the late Dr. Heber. He says, "Preachers may be intemperate and careless; they may shock by hasty zeal, or disgust by unsuitable demeanour: but these holy volumes are *every where pure, and consistent, and peaceable.*"

8. It becomes at length almost wearisome to recount the endless points of similarity exhibited between the measures of our present "liberal" rulers, and the proceedings of a government

which endeavoured to rivet the chains of slavery under the cloak of freedom; but the following is too remarkable to be omitted:—Rapin says the clergy were forbidden to preach upon controverted points "for fear, as was pretended, of raising *animosities* among the people. It was thus," he adds, "that the persecution began in Queen Mary's reign; and it ought not to seem strange that a Popish king should imitate so zealous a Popish queen."

The following extract from the speech of a cabinet minister, will shew how desirous our present rulers are of faithfully imitating their Popish predecessors. On the 7th March, 1836, Lord Howick designated those Protestant clergymen, who were active in their endeavours to enlighten the people, and to turn them from the errors of superstition by the knowledge of the truths of the Gospel, as "most mischievous individuals,—missionaries of mischief, to fan the flame of religious *animosities*,—reverend itinerants, going about the country preaching *intolerance*, under the name of *Protestantism*, which rested on the *right of private judgment*." We have just seen the very tolerant view of the right of "*private judgment*," entertained by the head of the infallible Church.

In the same amiable spirit of toleration, did that most liberal monarch, James II., address the following letter to the Earl of Clarendon at *Dublin* in February, 1686.

"I have heard that some of the Church of England clergy where you are, have been as indiscreet as others of them have been in London, and have meddled with *controversy* more than was necessary, or expedient; inveighing very much against *Papery*, even to *stir up* the people against them, which, if so, is very indiscreetly done, and *what must not be suffered*. The bishops here have promised me they will do their parts to hinder any such kind of sermons, and, upon that account, I made your brother give Dr. Sherlock a severe reprimand, and have stopped a pension he held; and pray do you take care to *hinder those where you are to continue to do the like.*"

If the letter which we have just given had been addressed to the Archbishop of Dublin, and the date been 1836 instead of 1686, he could not more

faithfully have fulfilled the injunctions it contains for the advancement of Popery, and the destruction of pure religion, than by the steps which he has taken in conformity with the known wishes of the present cabinet.

Mr. Nolan, a most able preacher, who was converted from the Roman Catholic faith about three years since, has lately been interdicted by his grace from preaching in a Protestant church a controversial sermon against the errors of Popery. This worthy Protestant archbishop had previously prohibited one Protestant clergyman from preaching against Socinianism, the tenets of which sect Dr. Whateley is known to approve, and had silenced another for preaching against that education board, where his Protestant grace sits and concerts with the Roman Catholic primate (Dr. Murray), how to mutilate Scripture.

Another Protestant minister (the Rev. Mr. Delaney), was likewise arrested in last October, lest he should preach a controversial sermon. Rapin mentions an Irish archbishop, in the time of James II., likewise, whose "*religion came to be suspected.*"

If the Jesuit priest had lived in our time, he might well have written as he did in 1686, "that the Catholic interest grows very strong," (and that "they were next to atheists that defended the Protestant faith"); and might probably soon add now, as he did then, "a Catholic lord-lieutenant is shortly to go over to Ireland to *establish* the Catholic interest in that kingdom." —(RAPIN.)

Clarendon informs us, that, in his time, it was "the fashion to speak ill of Protestantism;" and in this respect Lord Melbourne's government in 1837 is as similar to that of the notorious Earl of Sunderland, as it is different even from that of Earl Grey in 1834. He told the Dissenters, that if they "pressed for the destruction of the church establishment, he at once took his stand against them; he would not, for a single moment, appear to encourage the theorists who were for separating church and state." But now we find the separatists and the members of the church-rate abolition society, Messrs. Hume, Lushington, Ewart, &c. pressing their objects upon ministers, and continuing to enjoy their confidence and favour.

We see Mr. O'Connell, Mr. Baines,

and the whole body of the anti-church and repeal members, the props and mainstay of the government,—we see them countenanced, courted, and encouraged in their irreligious and revolutionary designs by the members of the king's administration. In the powerful language of Mr. Harvey,—*"They are to the ministers what air is to the body, without their support they perish."* After the exposition which we have given of the various measures of the government; the encouragement given to Popery; the dissensions excited between Churchmen and Dissenters; the attempts upon the universities; the "*poisoning the fountains of the church;*" the elevation of unworthy persons to high ecclesiastical dignities; the prohibition to Protestant ministers to preach upon controverted points; and the various methods of encouragement shewn to the enemies of the establishment of the reformed church;—after all this, enough has been said to justify us in the use of the concluding words of a letter addressed in 1688 to the Presbyterian ministers in Scotland, by Sir Patrick Hume, afterwards Earl of Marchmont, at the time he suffered banishment for the cause of civil and religious liberty.

"Now, I think," said he, "I have said what may convince Protestants that the Popish plot is still carrying on, and is advanced to a pitch more dangerous and imminent than ever heretofore; that the repealing of" such laws "as at present tend to the supporting the Protestant religion against the Papists, is a method used by the Papists to bring their damnable plot against our religion and liberties to its final accomplishment.

"All I shall add, is to wish Protestants to see to it, *not to be gulled by their enemies, not to misjudge their friends*, and to be ever ready to do or to suffer as God shall call them to it, for their interests of so high moment, *pro Christo et patriâ dulce periculum.*"

9. As it is interesting and instructive to observe how the two periods tally, in the obliquity of ministers of state, and in the vehemence of the political Dissenters; so, on the other hand, it is equally pleasing to witness their resemblance in the union, meekness, and forbearance of the church party.

Rapin (758) informs us, "the Episcopalians unanimously resolved not to answer them (the Dissenters), for fear

of widening the breach between the two parties, at a time when their union was more than ever necessary. It cannot be denied that their moderation and prudence were exemplary."

In like manner, in our own day, the church, though it has fearlessly defended itself from the attacks of its enemies, has yet prudently abstained from any indecent heat or violence of recrimination. The church has justified itself in the eyes of the people. Rapin says, "In 1686 the designs of King James only put the church party more upon their guard."—(758.) It is thus that the selfish purposes of designing men ever defeat their object, and that good is brought out of evil. Had it not been for the activity of those who seek to overturn the church, we should not have seen such strenuous and praiseworthy exertions on the part of the friends of the establishment. The distrust of the principles of the self-styled liberal government, and their "discouragement to Protestantism," has called forth a display of religious feeling and of attachment to the reformed faith throughout the united empire, beyond our most fervent expectations. In one year 70,000*l.* were subscribed, and sixty-five new churches began in Scotland, and many private individuals have erected them at their sole expense. In London alone, in one day, upwards of 50,000*l.* were subscribed for metropolitan churches, and since that time the sum has been nearly doubled, and fifty new churches were begun. The corporation of London subscribed 500*l.* for the above purpose; many Dissenters voted for the grant, and one highly respectable Nonconformist, Mr. Bourne, spoke in its favour.

If evidence in favour of the church were wanting, it is to be found in an official paper, May, 1836, which informs us, that, during the period in which the society for rebuilding churches has been in operation, it has assisted 1260 parishes, by means whereof 313,550 additional sittings have been obtained, of which number 233,925 are free and unappropriated. That the society has contributed the sum of 199,405*l.* from its own funds, and has thereby given encouragement to the additional expenditure of more than 900,000*l.* on the part of the various parishes.

Moreover, an incomplete list states, that in September last as many as 169

new churches had been erected in the four midland counties only. In Lancashire, seventy-seven; in Yorkshire, forty-nine; in Staffordshire, twenty-seven; and in Cheshire, sixteen; and other counties may have contributed in the like proportion to the diffusion of true religion. And if any further testimonial were required to prove the attachment of Britons to their church, or their approbation of the meekness, forbearance, and good conduct of the suffering ministers of their religion, it is shewn in the sum of nearly 150,000*l.* subscribed for the relief of the distressed clergy in Ireland.

10. (RAPIN, 760.) Having mentioned that some of the members of parliament had been "charged with the design of sacrificing the interest of religion and their country" to the measures of the government, continues, "when they discovered that the design struck at the Protestant religion in general, without any distinction of sects, they proved, beyond all contradiction, that they were not less zealous Protestants than those who accused them of being Papists, or Popishly inclined."

In 1834, before the government had adopted the "Appropriation Clause," in obedience to O'Connell and the Roman Catholics, Earl Grey boasted, on the subject of the Irish church, that 416 members who voted in the house of commons were in favour of the government measure, and only 100 against it. At the "conference" at Litchfield House ministers pledged their existence to the appropriation Clause. In 1835 an appeal was made to the nation. The proceedings of ministers "greatly contributed to open the eyes of the most blind, and exasperate the nation."—(RAPIN), and the consequence was, that in 1836, in a house where, including pairs, 608 out of 658 members voted, 317 were in favour, and 291 were against the government measures, or the majority boasted by Earl Grey had decreased from 316 to 26, making a difference of 290 votes in the short space of two years, and this year from 26 to 23. Ministers may well hesitate, as James did, ere they "venture to call another parliament," since the nation is now, as it was then, "at last undeceived."

But, should ministers persist in their revolutionary course, though the current of popularity has set as strongly against them as it was formerly in their favour; there is nothing new in such conduct.

"Quos Deus perdere vult prius demorat."

And we are told that James, — though "his popularity was already gone," though "the hopes excited by his first speech had been blighted by his subsequent conduct," though "aware of this change of public opinion,—clung the more obstinately to his purpose."

So it is with our present rulers. The diminution of their supporters, which was produced by a general election, has been thrown away upon them; the rejection, by his constituents, of a cabinet minister, the author of the Reform-bill, has not opened their eyes; the terms in which their former supporters, the Dissenters, speak of them, has not aroused them; the voice of the Radicals seems lost upon them. The following is the state of the Whig party in England, as described by a baronet who claims the title of one of the leaders of that party.

"In the counties, the power of the Reform party is *daily decreasing*. In the twenty-six contested elections of English counties, which have taken place since the last dissolution, the Reformers have been defeated in nineteen, and have lost twenty-two members; whilst, in the seven elections which they have gained, they have not acquired a single vote, but merely retained their former seats. The total loss in the English, for counties, has been thirty-three members; of one hundred and forty English members for counties, only fifty-eight are now Reformers; and as thirty of these hold their seats with Tories, probably by a sort of compromise, it is not improbable that *most of them will be defeated in the event of a struggle.*"

The writer, having alluded to some of the policy of the government, continues: "As such conduct can lead to

nothing but the complete discomfiture of the Whigs, it is for the Radicals to consider how they may avoid sharing in the disgrace."

The obvious purpose of the whole of this article, which is entitled "*Terms of the Alliance between the Whigs and Radicals*," is to goad the Whig-Radical government to seek safety in the adoption of an entirely Radical policy, and to rely for support upon the ultra-movement party; which, indeed, during last session, formed the most powerful body of their supporters.

Does not, then, the very nature of their support tell them, that they and the British constitution cannot stand together?

But, without considering the uncertain and dangerous assistance which they derive from the revolutionary and repeal party, does not the extension of constitutional feeling, and the disgust at the proceedings of government, exhibited throughout Great Britain, tell them that they cannot exist much longer? Do not the expressions of veneration for the Established Church, in the counties of England and Scotland, tell them that the conviction and judgment of true Britons abhor their measures of Church Spoliation? Do not the Conservative associations of operatives and others—the manifestations of religious attachment at public meetings, from Cornwall to the Orkneys, and from Kent to Cape Wrath? Do not the recent events at the great commercial towns of Dublin, Newcastle, Liverpool, and, above all, Glasgow, sound the knell in the ears of ministers, and indicate to them, more plainly than words can tell, that the British empire is dissatisfied with their measures, and distrusts their designs?

MÉLANGE FROM THE JOURNAL AND NOTES OF AN EMPLOYÉ.

Baden, Baden, 183—

CHABERT is one of the remarkable names of our time. We had poor Chabert, the colonel of the Imperial Guard, left dead upon the field of Eylau; rescued from the snow; treated for years in a lunatic hospital; disowned by his wife, whom he found married to another, on his return to France; and, at last, induced by his benevolence to declare himself an impostor, rather than dishonour the children of his unworthy spouse, dying in penury. Next we had Chabert, the fire-king; and now we have Chabert, the Baden water-king, who reigns over the festivities of the Civitas Aurelia Aquensis. In a proper sense, he is the *entrepreneur*, and visible comptroller of the gaming, eating, dancing, and promenading establishment, which is under one roof, and misnamed the Hall of Conversation. He himself describes it less ambitiously, as the "House of Beneficence," and adds,—"If you want more money, go to the table with the *tapis vert*, and they give it you, provided the impartial cards consent; if you are 'a man given to appetite,' do not 'take a knife and cut your throat,' but take a fork, and feast upon French dishes in every variety and excellence, for next to nothing. Go to the other extremity of the building, and your intellect, too, will be nourished with the *Gazette de France*, and the *Œuvres complètes* of Paul de Kock. Thus," he triumphantly perorates, "you are enriched, instructed, fed"—no, he does not say "clothed," because he knows you are more likely to be *stripped*; but that is your fault, if it happens, and not the portly Chabert's.

Provided you tempt not Fortune over often, and too far, and avoid falling in love for a longer period than the season, Baden is, perhaps, the place in the world, where the mind is most soothed by constantly dwelling upon beautiful objects, and seeing all those about you looking gay, or, at least *desœuvrés*. The reflection, alas! that you can at any moment change the *dolce far niente*, the godlike idleness (Göttliche faulheit, as the Germans say, when they sip coffee with a plûmeau two feet thick over them, in a room stove-heated, to imitate the Syrian summer), for the bustle and en-

joyments of society and refined wants, is a delightful potentiality, and scarcely to be acquired any where else. As to flirtations, the thing is so well understood, that they are universally tolerated, and have been known to produce every imaginable consequence—save marriage. The gaming-table, also, becomes an object so familiar, that the danger of excitement is withdrawn from it. Sometimes a staid-looking English matron, of the "kill-their-own-mutton" class, with five daughters in white muslin and green veils, sit solemnly down at the *roulette*; and if one of them wins, the remainder are sure to prove how much they enter into the spirit of the hour, by trying to borrow of the fortunate damsel, who commonly resists the appeal. Then groups of the fair of May Fair, Bloomsbury's blooming belles, or Finsbury Square's square squaws, occupy other seats, or range, behind them. In an inner room, the *rouge et noir* is pursued in a more grave and systematic manner, at a long green table, with six croupiers and an inspector. Here,

"Alas, unmindful of their doom, the little victims play;"

and the little players are generally the victims, whose combined losses make up the profits of the Bank. It is on the principle of the great fish eating up all the little ones,—besides, "*on prend les petits voleurs*" every where. The German frequenters of Baden are the least conspicuous—not the least estimable. Throughout Deutchland (Baden is only geographically German), there certainly is a gloom about every thing. Seldom seeking to enjoy themselves—still less to entertain others,—the German's days are passed in a gentle alternation of routine and *ennui*. (How different from the *old* society of France, which owed half its charm to the very opposite of that mood of mind,—where every one brought some entertaining faculty, or accomplishment, to the common stock, and endeavoured to make the rest of the society pleased with themselves!)

Yesterday, M. B. described Madam de S. as very amiable; and then, by way of climax, asserted that she had twenty-six Indian shawls.

X X

"Think, think, what a heaven *she* must make of Cachemire!"

Saw the sempiternal Miss Rivers dressed like a girl of eighteen! She almost rivals Venus herself in point of antiquity.

The German in the world who circulates most (and who has become most polished by circulating) is the Baron de M. Rich,—learned, kind-hearted, and well-mannered, with a tincture of cynicism, and a taste for gossip almost transcending that of the celebrated Alexander II. He arrived only ten days ago, and is acquainted with the details of every one of note whom he found here. Before we quitted the *table d'hôte* of the Zähringer Hof, this evening, he had taken upon himself (and in an old Roman colony there was something not inappropriate in the assumption) the office of nomenclator. I have frequently made the

observation, that if you desire to know the realities of the English abroad, you must refer to some well-selected person of the place; but if you wish to hear all that can possibly be urged in the way of detraction and scandal, you have only to ask the first British subject you meet, and he, or she, will leave you nothing to desire in the way of "pulling to pieces." I have, therefore, every prospect of a true account of my compatriots, without attempting to investigate what may not repay the trouble. From the following arrangement for a pic-nic, which was found in a looking-glass drawer at the Baden hôtel, it would seem that they do not avoid foreign intercourse as much as their known habits would imply. It seems as if there were something of affinitive relation intended between the persons and the *plats* they were to contribute,—a sort of German-Bath-pleasantries, which all parties take in good humour.

Chapon truffé	M. de Hertink.
Tripes au naturel	Mdme. la Voisine.
Filet de chevreuil sauté dans son jus (jeu!)	Prince E. de Hasen.
Maquerelle frite à la sauce royale	Mdme. du Siècle de la Brelandière.
Omelettes soufflées sauce à l'Italienne	Miss Blackclaws.
Limaces au gratin	Mdlle. de Weibtenfel.
Alouettes aux pommes de terre	La famille Singe (?).
Poularde froide	Miss Going.
Anguilles à la Tartare	Miss Henburns.
Lapin grillé	Lady Pallas.
Petits canards étuvés	Miss Pallases.
Cuisse de dinde au persil (non admise) Miss Rivers.
Petits pots de crème à la fleur d'oranges ..	Mdles. de Turkhäusen et Rotheim.
Raie au beurre noir	Mdme. di Bonami.
Queue de mouton panée	Mdme. Moses Habicht.
Rognons à la brochette	Mdme. d'Ivan and Mdme. de Girouette.
Oeufs à la neige	Mdles. de Hoffgalla.
Tête de porc fumée	Comte Walske.
Cuisse de bécasse	Prince Tarantella.
Bécassine au jus	Princess Tarantella.
Linotte à la financière	Mdme. de Pinadon.
Côtelette sauce tomate	M. des Fleuvés.
Fromage de cochon	M. Jacques de la Roche.
Poitrine de veau aux champignons	M. Pernelle.
Bistek au Bon Père d'Edimbourg	Le Général Goffg.

On inquiry at the hôtel, I was assured that no such names as the above were known, except Miss Rivers's, the excluded one; so that it must be some list of a party in the days of Louis XIV. (or of Louvois, perhaps, who burnt Baden, and some forty other towns in the palatinate), or else the names are fictive; and I have no way of divining the persons indicated. Walked to the Alte Schloss (not "Altes Schloss," dear Miss Troloppe,

though we mean the same thing, and you have described it better than I shall attempt), and, after contemplating an expanse of delicious country from its walls, descended to the lower château. There is tradition and trace of a subterranean passage between these two buildings. One use of it was a good illustration of the disappointments which occur *inter poculum et labra*. A powerful baron was, peradventure, invited to dine with the grand

justiciary, who received him with becoming courtesy; but, instead of being conducted to the banqueting-room, he suddenly found himself pinioned, and led through the said passage to the lower building, and into the presence of the judges of the *Vehm Gericht*. The chamber occupied by this tribunal was a Roman bath, which has undergone little alteration, excepting the stone seats, placed against the walls for members of the court. No time was wasted upon forms; and, in most cases, the guest suspected of heteroclite notions was speedily removed to the passage above, at the extremity of which was an image of the Virgin Mary, brilliantly illuminated. The officer of justice required him, as a true Catholic, to step forward, and kiss the holy emblem. In an instant the trap-door before the niche gave way—the victim falling through two iron wheels, armed on their inner circumference with converging blades, and revolving inversely by the agency of some croupiers to this judicial roulette, instantly put the baron *en capitolade*. For less distinguished criminals, there appears to have been smaller mercy; and they remained before trial, and after sentence also, in one of the frightful dungeons which not

“A sunbeam that had lost its way”

ever penetrates. At other presidencies of the secret tribunal, the image was so constructed that the arms embraced the suppliant, and cut him in two. For such a reward to penitence and devotion, it should have rather been an ideal of Judith, or of Dahlia.

This is my second evening in private society; and I find the French, who have crossed the Rhine for the first time, and the English, who are amazed at finding any thing but sauer-kraut and cannon, form conclusions, from this *mélange* of all quarters of the globe, as if it had been an epitome of purely German existence. I wish they would go even fifty miles into the interior, to see the difference. It would teach them something, and not be disagreeable; for the gloom I admitted is of a soothing kind, and travelling through forests lulls one to repose: indeed, most things in Germany have that tendency, except the beds.

Baden, being within half a day's journey of Strasburg, is constantly supplied with the true *pâtés de foie*

gras. Beyond a well-founded peptic instinct against this luxury, there is a prejudice as to the education of the bird who, says a French gastronomic author, feeling glorious anticipations of the fume his liver will excite, calmly endures the painful process which secures that liver's expansion. The course of martyrdom which the founder of *foie gras* is goose enough to be proud of, as we are assured by the inspired writer just alluded to, has been misunderstood by him and by others. There is no nailing of the web-foot to the kitchen hearth, and consequent exposure to a glowing fire. All they do (and bad enough it would be if the patients were insensible to posthumous renown) is to keep the birds in so narrow a coop as to make it impossible for them to take the exercise of turning even, and to cram them two or three times a-day with Indian corn, allowing little or no water. Sometimes the hepatic disease takes a wrong form, and wastes the valued organ to such a degree, that the goose has almost as little liver left as if he were a colonel in the East India Company's service.

MEMS. ON SHAKESPEARE, 1826.

Was it in adoption of the vulgar notion, of every African being a “black-a-moor,” that Shakespeare made Othello a negro? The Moors of the coast of Barbary were those who had intercourse with the Mediterranean and Adriatic states, and they are a remarkably handsome race of men,—in complexion very little darker than the Spaniards. A lady might fall in love with a warrior of this caste,—“because he is the last person she ought to fall in love with, or for any other equally good female reason,”—while her passion for a flat-nosed, woolly-headed, cucumber-shinned, and strong-smelling negro, either presents a notion of her gross depravity, or conveys an improbable and disgusting image.

“A little more than kin and less than kind.” One of the *jingles* in which our bard indulged was as obviously meant to be conveyed here as in “gilding his double gilt. The probability is, that “kind” was pronounced in Shakespeare's day as our Saxon forefathers and the Germans of the present times utter it, as if spelt *kint*, and meaning a child. This restores the in-

tended antithesis, as also the sound ; and we understand Hamlet's reflection, that the real relation between the king and himself is beyond that of ordinary affinity, but short of the tie between a parent and a child. (Rather proud of this etymological discovery, I happened, long afterwards, to look into Schlegel's admirable translation, to see how *he* had rendered it ; and perceived that the meaning had been so obvious to the ear, as well as to the eye, of the Ger-

man, that, without a note or comment, he gives the sentence.

" *Etwas mehr als Vetter — minder als Kind.*"

Somewhat more than cousin — less than child !

The following lines, from the pen of the Count Jules de Resseguier, appear to me to be full of feeling, and very harmoniously expressed :—

" LA MORT D'UNE FILLE DE VILLAGE.

" Déjà l'on a creusé la terre ;
L'eau bénite a mouillé le funèbre rameau,
Et la croix garde avec mystère
Le cercueil virginal d'un ange du hameau.
Dans ses cheveux entrelacée
L'aubépine tombait sur son front sans couleurs,
Et le fragile éclat des fleurs
Rappelait sa jeunesse, hélas ! sitôt passée !
Et de ses jeunes sœurs déjà les bras tremblans
Ont enlevé la dépouille chérie ;
Et le cortège marche, et de longs voiles blancs
Passent, passent encore au fond de la prairie.
Ils passent au même chemin
Où le dernier Dimanche elle dansait encore ;
Où l'égantaine vient d'éclore,
Sur le même rameau qui dépouillait sa main.
Le cortège s'éloigne ; et quelques voix rustiques
Font monter dans les airs de lamentables chants ;
On effeuille les lys du champs ;
On entend les derniers cantiques ;
De l'asile des morts on a franchi le seuil ;
Les vierges un moment déposent le cercueil
Sur la bruyère humide et verte ;
Puis elles font un pas et dans la terre ouverte
Le fardeau disparaît lentement descendu.
Un bruit lugubre et sourd alors est entendu ;
A ce bruit ont cessé tous les vains bruits du monde.
Un homme est resté seul sur la fosse profonde,
Et son bras fait tomber, et fait tomber longtemps
La terre de l'oubli sur ce front de vingt ans."

The Father of Frederick the Great lavished very large sums upon raising recruits of gigantic stature for his guard. There are a number of bad portraits of them now about the Palace of Charlottenburg, with the conical caps and other accoutrements, in the style which Hogarth's march of *our* Guards to Finchley has handed down to us. One of the many recruiting officers whom the king employed in the adjacent states of Germany reported that he had discovered, near Hesse Darmstadt, or Hesse Cassel, a growing lad of 19, who already measured seven feet two ; was perfectly straight and healthy ; but had refused to enlist, although

double the usual bounty-money had been offered him. The answer,— " Offer him three hundred thalers,"—refused. The next,— " Try a hundred Louis d'ors,"—refused. Next rescript,—" Get him into the Prussian dominions on any terms, and by any stratagem,—taking care not to alarm the peasantry, or induce the resentment of the Electoral government,—and you shall have a majority when he arrives at Berlin." The unscrupulous conduct of Prussian crimps was well known at that time ; the fears of the individual sought had been strongly excited ; and all his brother Bucolics (for he was a farmer's son, and a most

industrious youth) were on the alert to rescue him, as the village dwelling had been menaced more than once. At the period alluded to, Prussia was not the great military power she is now; but already a strong and a menacing neighbour to the minor states. A small elector would have had the fear of tumult too closely before his eyes to suffer the open abduction of a subject by a foreign prince's order, though he might not have ventured to attempt more than remonstrance, in case of a *ruse* effecting the same result. Formidable as his proportions were, the Teutonic Titan in question was quite unconscious of his own physical powers, and distrustful of the security he certainly would have derived from the aid of the villagers, in case of attack. Those who have visited any part of Germany will recollect that the agricultural implements used about farms are kept in a long, narrow, and springless caravan, upon wheels, and moved to the place where they happened to be wanted for the day. The youth, whom nothing could allure from his paternal acres, still dreaded to sleep under the paternal roof, after the attempts to force him from it. In an evil hour, he be thought himself that he would be more secure by sleeping in the tool-waggon at night,—his safety during the day being assured by the presence of his fellow workmen. Under pretext of seeking for Prussian deserters, the farm-house was frequently searched during the night; and the tall son, not being found in it, was soon tracked to his habitual lair. When a Prussian officer, *in his temporibus*, was to gain promotion by obedience to his master's wishes, there were few moral considerations likely to restrain him. Our captain hit upon an admirable expedient. In the middle of the night, six fleet horses were attached to the ambulant sleeping-place of the poor Arcadian, the door nailed up, and a very few hours of galloping, with relays, brought the vehicle within the Prussian limits. All that apparently remained was to release the unwilling traveller, give him a good glass of schnaps, and explain that further resistance was worse than useless. But the great grandson of Og, the gentle giant—was dead! the agony of apprehension, the jolting, and want of air, had destroyed him! (The present king of Prussia would not peril the life of a dwarf to obtain a

wilderness of giants; and it may fairly be doubted whether any addition of giants would improve his admirable army.)

In my painting of Cupid and Venus, by Lucas Kranach, the former expresses great pain from the sting of bees, which surround his head. He indicates the hand, in which he holds a tortoise towards his mother, who is standing in an indolent attitude. At first I thought it meant to describe Cupid as reproaching the goddess with the tardiness of her progress, while he was exposed to suffering; but perhaps the tortoise, which the boy points to, may refer to Phidias's emblem—meaning that women should stay at home,—as the *testudo* has its house always over it. (This is mentioned by Plutarch *De Precept. Connub.*)

You distinguish an Englishwoman at public places on the Continent, often by her beauty and dirty gloves, generally by some awkwardness, and always by her not spitting.

There is so little of nepotism in Prussia, that the sons of two field-marshal, and of two ministers of state, were lieutenants of twenty or four-and-twenty years standing, in Berlin, in 1830.

In my existence, I never met with what we so constantly hear of—"a good-natured fool." All the fools I have known (a goodly array, too,) were decidedly ill-tempered, and malignant. "Amorous fool" is another error; and Gentil Bernard is right, in his *Art of Love*, when he makes *cleverness* a condition necessary to its most perfect state.

"J'y veux encore un point,
C'est de l'esprit: car les sots n'aiment
point."

Again, "fool enough to incur such a danger," or, "fool enough to part with his money;" though daily experience shews us that none have greater sense of self-preservation, or more vigilance of money-guarding, than the weak in intellect. The evil-minded, the rash, and the inconsiderate, are the classes

we mean to designate by the indiscriminate epithet of "fools."

A French or German writer has undertaken to demonstrate that decollation, instead of being the most merciful, is the cruellest, mode of inflicting capital punishments. He thinks that, after the division of the great nerves, their extremities would retain, and convey to the sensorium, impressions of anguish which the victim might suffer under, until circulation wholly ceased. It may, however, be hoped, that the mere return of blood by the veins, without any fresh propulsion from the heart, would be insufficient to maintain nervous sensibility. Besides, it is almost an established lemma, that a certain degree of pain induces syncope—a suspension of the sentient faculties caused by the sudden deficiency of blood in the head.

A young Russian noble, asking permission to pay his addresses to a distant cousin, was met by the father with the observation that, unexceptionable as his birth and character were, he must beg to inquire what means he had of supporting a proper establishment!

Count S. "My appointments at present are only three hundred silver roubles a-year; but, then, I have a most extensive acquaintance, and play higher than any one in Paris."

Father. "In that case, there can be no further objection."

The German women are so clumsy about the feet, that I suspected them, for a long time, of wearing boots *under* their stockings.

Frankfurt-am-Mein.

Arrived exactly in time for the *table d'hôte*, at which were between two and three hundred people, and could only find place among a knot of English. Sat next to a joyous dame, whose acquaintance I had the honour to make, as she could not even ask for bread in French or German. Suspect her to be Mrs. Malaprop's granddaughter, or else that her maiden name was Lavy Ramsbottom, whose mother used to correspond with the *John Bull*, a few years back. A number of jokes passed

among the Britons at the appearance of various dishes,—maccaroni described as "tobacco-pipes made easy" was considered a *hit*. After taking a fair share of sundry bottles of champagne, ordered by a thin, red-faced little man, of 60, wearing the last of the spatter-dashes under very short trousers, my buxom neighbour became exceedingly communicative,—I might almost say confidential. It was not always very easy to understand her,—for she was as much *super grammaticam* as Cæsar himself. She complained a good deal of the grossness of the German inscriptions she had noticed about the town in the morning. "Material-handling" (*Material-Handlung*) she admitted to be merely equivocal; but, then, the frequent announcement of a "Gallantry-handling" (*Gallanterie-Handlung*) was only a degree less audacious than the large letters which proclaimed a "Bad-house" (*Bad-Haus*). It was infinitely gratifying to me to assure her that the first-instanced board only implied a warehouse for silks, and other *materials*, for ladies' dress,—that the second tempted purchasers of cutlery, trinkets, and work-boxes,—while the most awfully-sounding of the three was always a bathing-establishment; so that she might derive very innocent pleasure in frequenting every one of them during her stay. She was pleased to inform me that the little gray-eyed gentleman in the obsolete appendages had been a solicitor and banker somewhere in the west of England, and was travelling for the restoration of his health; for which object I conclude that champagne, rudesheimer, and kirschenwasser, had been prescribed in most anti-Hahnemannian doses. I think she said he was her uncle, and that the name was Potter Tomkins, or Potts Thompson. Certain it was he had the family propensity for Anglicising German. He spake slowly, and through the medium of a prominent under-jaw; and I heard him directing some one of less local experience than himself, who wished to put a letter into the Post Office,—"*Pass by the inn bearing the name of the Weed-and-Bush (die Weiden-busch — willow-bush), until you come to a large white house, having over a gate the coat of arms of the Prince Turn-and-Tax-us*" (*Thurm and Taxis*).

We write the name of the composer

of "the Messiah" as we pronounce it—Handel. It ought to be Haendel, and is spoken Hendle, nearly. THE COMPOSER'S name is correctly spelt; but it should be accentuated and uttered as if *Mô-tzart*.

A dispute took place between a Capuchin and a Jew, as to which of them could cite the greater number of holy individuals; and it was at length agreed that they should alternately pluck a hair from each other's beards on naming every sainted personage.

Capuchin (pulling a hair from the Jew's beard). "St. Francis!"

Jew (pulling a hair from the Capuchin's beard). "Moses!"

Capuchin (another hair from the Hebrew). "Saint Cecilia!"

Jew (another hair from the friar). "David!"

Capuchin (plucks three together). "Three eastern kings!"

Jew (plucking seven hairs from his adversary). "Seven Maccabees!"

Capuchin (tearing off the whole of the Jew's beard). "The eleven thousand Virgins!!!"

Goethe disliked, in his latter years, any inquiries from strangers as to the meaning of particular passages in his works. Questions were generally put less through indiscretion than with a view to flatter him by the querist's extensive acquaintance with his writings. In most cases, he answered in a well-bred way, that he believed he had a meaning at the time, but did not recollect what it was. In two or three instances, however, I remember his being visibly irritated by it; and poor des V. (whose early death deprived both literature and diplomacy of a growing ornament) told me he had witnessed some indignant outbursts at the infliction. The truth is, Goethe was fond of leading the conversation; and it was not until 1824 that there were any characteristics of senility in his discourse. Even after that, there were bright coruscations at no long interval. His fine perception of what his auditors wished to arrive at was, at all times, remarkable; and the most delicate hint was sure to be followed by a cordial and glowing exposition. The work he felt really embarrassed about was his *Werther*. He generally

insinuated that it was written as a subdued sarcasm upon the sentimental novels of his early life. Those who knew him best doubt the sincerity of this explanation. I pleased the great man, by observing that he must have written it in the same feeling that induced Fielding to compose *Joseph Andrews*, in ridicule of Richardson's *Pamella*. A silly and conceited young lord, who had drawn down the ire of the poet by an impertinent air of condescension towards him, received some epigrammatic hits that a man of common understanding would have writhed under. They were, however, so far beyond his comprehension, that it was like attempting to drown a duck by pouring water down its back; and the author of *Faust* was evidently mortified at his wit not entering the shallow cellules of this particular lordling's head.

"Rien de plus triste qu'un bon mot,
Qui se perd dans l'oreille d'un sot"

(especially when the *bon mot* is at the expense of the *sot* himself).

Always keep your mouth open when near the discharge of heavy artillery. It is better to look a little gawky than to be deaf for a day, or to have a headache for an hour.

Klemnius speaks, in his *Journey under Ground*, of a man ready to swear that the sun was triangular, in order to qualify for a place which requires that belief. I think it is Mirabeau who induces, as matter of faith, the acceptance of public trusts for which men are not conscious of being qualified. "A qui Dieu donne un emploi, il donne aussi l'esprit nécessaire pour le remplir."

"Incidit in Scyllam qui vult evitare Charybdim."

Erasmus says it had been a proverb "*inter Latinos*;" but that nothing was known of its original. Many bets have been won about its not being found in any *classic* author.

Bourrienne writes in a spirit analogous to the comforting allocution of an Irish servant to his master, during the rebellion. "Don't be afraid," said

the rugged lacquey, "of them ribbles, yer honer; not one of those same shall harum' you. Sure I keep you for my own killing, and who's a better right?" His chief and constantly recurring argument against Sir Walter Scott is founded upon the (*previously hacknied*) charge of having written romances before he engaged in history. Many other of the ex-secretary's conclusions are equally illogical. He attributes the broadsides from our fleet off Alexandria to drunkenness,—to the British seamen staggering from their cans to their cannons, as the spirit of grog incited them to annoy the French! Of course, we must suppose that all the naval officers on board were, *à fortiori*, much too drunk to have directed the fire, or to restrain the belligerent impulses of the crew. The ex-secretary himself appears to have had but an imperfect practical notion of discipline, and the relative duties of service,—for he lost his best situation by stock-jobbing, on the strength of the confidence belonging to his public character.

Silly note to the *Midsummer Night's Dream*.—Falstaff says,—“Examined my parts with most judicious *cyliads*,” which is explained by “*cyliads*,”—the true meaning being evidently *willudes*—oglings.

The following leaf from my log was written one evening from the north of Europe, merely to convince a dear relative that I was sufficiently recovered from the scarlet-fever to scribble havers. The trifle was speedily translated into the French and German journals.

RULES FOR CONNOISSURSHIP IN PAINTING.

Goldsmith makes one of his characters say that, in order to pass for a connoisseur in painting, it was only necessary to observe, on viewing a picture, “that the artist might have done better if he had taken more pains; and to praise the works of PIETRO PERUGINO.” Since his time, however, the aspirants to this faculty, and the superficial admirers of the art, must mount at least two steps beyond that suggestion. A very few years ago, the perusal of some twenty *catalogues raisonnés*, a course of auctions at CHRISTIE'S and PHILLIPS'S, and, above all, a frequent communion with picture-brokers and vamps, were fully

sufficient to the desired end. Now, people have travelled; and they have been in great numbers at Rome, Dresden, Munich, and other places. Some of them, from the true impression of the perfect art—others from having their attention strictly called to the objects before them—have at least a notion of the scope of the several masters, and of their comparative merits; but still these are not recognised as connoisseurs—unless by those who cheat them in picture-dealing, or intend to do so.

I wished to have presented a synoptical plan of the short cuts to the knowledge which procures so much of gratifying consideration for those who can make either a munificent or a discreet use of it; but this was very difficult. Another reflection, too, turned me from the attempt,—I dreaded to incur the charge of partiality. DE PILES was blamed for distributing relative excellences in such a way as to make the same total for RAPHAEL and for RUBENS; and although neither nationality nor any thing else would induce me to award an equal amount to the clear VAN DYK of other days, and to the opaque (though meritorious) LAWRENCE of our own, yet such an arrangement might induce a suspicion of bias: beside all which, people might not understand the bases of the calculations, or they might suppose numerals to be inappropriate to the object. I shall, therefore, with one exception, adopt precepts. These will bear analysis; and I assure whomsoever may form pretensions upon them, that, although thus promulgated, they are of a stamp which will make them pass current, and be deemed original, on repetition, for very many years to come.

1st. Acquire no practical knowledge whatever of painting; otherwise you will become sensible of the difficulty of producing any thing like effect; and that once felt, the free flow of criticism is obstructed for ever after—unless in those cases where envy steps in and clears the channel.

2d. Be careful never to say any thing about “breadth”—it is stale, and would raise suspicion. “Clever” is a very taking and half technical word. “Rather a *clever* picture of JAN STEEN'S”—“a very spirited and *clever* sketch of CERQUOSI.”

3d. On detecting old retouches, you may regret that, with all its merits, is not a “virgin picture.” To do this, if you can take the picture down, is quite easy: any painter will shew you how to slant it from the light in a way that discovers such blemishes at once. Repairs of the kind prove the painting to be *old*,—so that the possessor is not likely to be

much exasperated at the discovery ; for you are to keep in mind that a poet is scarcely a more irritable animal than a collector of paintings.

4th. It is not quite safe to condemn the modern school of painting. You should even profess to have two or three favourites among living British artists. Do not let WILKIE, or E. LANDSEY, be of the number ; because all Europe admires *them*, and you cannot transcend the praise they have already obtained. There is a degree of presumption, too, in lauding the familiarly known works of an acknowledged genius ; and the success of our plan entirely depends upon an invariable air of modesty. You will easily become acquainted with what is received as to the artists of the day, and it is proper to be *au courant* of this ; but, generally speaking, it will be better to confine both your strictures and admiration to the old masters. The French school of all periods, unless you like to except PHILIPPE DE CHAMPAIGNE, MIGNARD, and WATTEAU (N. POUSSIN and CLAUDE DE LORRAINE are to be considered as Italians), may be condemned without a show of mercy ; though you can remark, that the young French artists draw very prettily—this will be like recalling a too powerful tint.

5th. FUZZI's enormities being acknowledged as very learned, profess to admire their vigour.

6th. The attempt to distinguish copies from originals would be too rash, and even the expression of an opinion on that point is full of peril ; for traps are often laid, and imitations have been so perfect as to deceive real judges. The safest guides are the wealth of the individual whose collection you are viewing, and the character which you have previously heard of the collection itself. With a person of limited means, who thinks he has made one or two "lucky hits," you may be much more confident. Say there is certainly a good deal of the supposed master about one,—that another is a very pleasing or striking performance, whether original or not,—adding, that you have never fallen into the too prevailing weakness of indiscriminately despising copies. Avoid, if possible, giving any positive opinion upon this question ; or suggest that it may be an early picture, which, in any case, will induce people to suppose that you have seen better works by the same master ; or, that you suspect it of being a copy, if they are conscious that it is so.

7th. Before you make an observation which you believe to be profound or specious (which latter is preferable, as being less pedantic), always premise

that you are no connoisseur. This will secure you from detection, and you have the merit of telling a truth which not one in fifty will believe. A person who says he "knows the moves" is always suspected to be a great chess-player ; and ROMBERG says he can play a *little* on the violoncello.

8th. Read a few books about painters rather than painting. Select those in any other language you know, in preference to the English works of that class. Avoid all such hebetating twaddle as *Walpole's Anecdotes*, &c.

9th. It is needful to be tolerably conversant with sacred history, and also with mythology, to meet inquiries which a catalogue does not always furnish materials for answering. A very little of the histories of Rome, Greece, and Modern Europe (the book which bears that title suffices to the latter object), will go a great way ; for eminent painters have scarcely treated more than forty or fifty incidents taken from all these. The only actual study requisite for you is that of the costumes, both general and distinctive, of the different nations and periods represented ; and this will occupy three or four months. Address yourself for authorities on the subject (or on whatever other you may wish to investigate seriously and consecutively) to any scientific institution except the British Museum—unless you happen to be in Parliament.

10th. To learn the divisions of the Italian schools, can hardly be called a study. Retain the names of four or five of the heads of each of these, and of as many Flemish and Dutch painters. If you can remember the names of some of their scholars, so much the better ; for it would enable you, if asked, for instance, whether you thought a portrait offered for sale was really by REMBRANDT ? to answer, that you "should rather have ascribed it to GOUVART FLINCK." Of course you apply the converse of this, if asked by the owner or purchaser himself. Nothing is so important in our line as conciliation ; and the habit of it polishes the manners incredibly.

11th. It has been fashionable among connoisseurs of late, to appreciate the old German masters. They are few in number, and it is doubtful whether some among them ever painted at all. The properest favourite to choose is LUCAS KRANACH, whose works are not very generally known here. You may describe the grace blended with Gothic quaintness that distinguishes his productions. As he was a very learned man, take no part (unless you are a scholar) in investigations or conjectures

as to such of his subjects as are not quite obvious,—for he often borrowed them from the Greek anthology, and other recondite sources.

12th. Be very careful how you commend the figures or cattle in a landscape. Many of the great *paysagistes* either (like CLAUDE, when he attempted it, as he occasionally did) painted such accessories abominably ill, or (like RUYSDAAL always) could not paint them at all, and employed some one else to do them.

13th. In a fitting society, observe that TITIAN was certainly the greatest landscape painter that ever lived. So few have been taught to consider him in that point of view, that your hearers will be startled at the moment; and when they inquire, it will appear that your account

of that master's secondary talent was correct. This must only be played off once.

14th. Whenever you can, introduce the proper name of an old master instead of the *subriquet*, or agnomen, by which he is generally known. Speak of some celebrated altar-piece at Rome or Florence; describe its subject; and blame, for instance, the grayish tone of ZAMPIERI's flesh-colour: twenty to one some coxcomb thinks to set you right, by saying the picture you allude to is by DOMINICHO. You then, mildly, and without the least air of triumph, answer, that it is the same person. A table, of which the following is a sketch, will enable you to do this frequently. You can fill it up by degrees.

Familiar Name.	Proper Name which you are to use.*	Admitted Merits.	Imputed Faults.	Some peculiarity in his life or manner.
Raphael } d'Urbino.	Sanzio.	{ Imagination ; Composition ; Expression ; correct drawg.	Dusky colouring	{ All too well known ; but you may speak of the enviable way in which he died, in order to induce fur- tive references to his biography.
Julio Ro- } mano.	Pippi.	{ The same in a less degree, & boldness of conception.	The same ; and heaviness of design.	{ Allude to the twenty designs he made for Mark Antonio to en- grave from.
Titian.	Vecelli.	{ Truth, harmony of colouring, &c	{ Ignorance of the antique re- petition ; want of expression.	{ Would let none of his pupils see the man- ner in which he mix- ed and worked his colours.
Bassano.	Da Ponte.	{ Agreeable composition ; truth to nature	A violent tone ; repetition.	{ Could not design feet, and therefore man- aged to hide them very ingeniously. Took his immediate family and servants as models.
Michael } Angelo	Buonarotti.	{ Grandeur, invention, boldness.	{ Hardness of colouring ; ex- aggerated anatomy.	{ Did not kill his bro- ther. Raphael stole from him.
Tintoretto.	Robusti.	{ Fertility ; rapid and bold execution ; knowledge of light & shade.	Mannerism ; Inequality.	{ Titian turned him out of his school from jealousy.

* * * Why, also, do anatomists occasionally deride the notion of a spiritual existence, only because they find no trace of it in a purely material eluci-

dation? It would not be "an immaterial essence," if anatomy rendered it palpable. And, further, are they not continually obliged to assume some

* A number of masters having the same proper surname affords an excellent occasion to embarrass and confuse the profane.

first causes, which they choose to call "perception," "stimulus," "sensibility," "irritability,"* &c., none of which account for a necessary organic structure so reasonably as the principle of the *animus* or *entelechia* of metaphysicians? May not what we call the nervous sensibility be something analogous to the electrical or galvanic principle—the pressure upon a nerve acting in the same way on that congeries, in suspending action, as any interruption in the stream of the electric fluid?

Hayward's translation of *Faust* has rendered all the beauties of the original, save the occasional metre; yet there are some points to which neither he nor the German annotators have called attention. The artistical arrangement by which Goethe makes the innocent Gretchen display her devoted love of children, in the first approach to confidence with Faust, is intended to convey a notion of how much the sense of shame may prevail over natural affection even, when such a creature is afterwards impelled to murder her own offspring. The

"Sey doch so gut
Mit schweiss und mit Blut
Die Krone zu leimen"

(Be pleased to mend the crown with sweat and blood), neither intends an insinuation that crowns are commonly kept together by such means, nor is it a sneer at religion, such as the association of the two last words have been suspected to imply; but it means that human perversions of Christianity have caused strife and bloodshed.

G. was at one time so low in circumstances, that he desperately resolved on turning poet; indeed, he felt convinced that none but a man under the Muses' influence could want money so much. Therefore, he sat down to versify "like any thing." Byron "knew the late Lord Falkland well;" and G. was particularly acquainted with a Scotch baronet, whom few besides had ever heard of, and invested the stupid creature with a set of

the most remarkable qualities. Then he dwelt upon the oppression which the Lizards are fairly presumed to labour under from the Austrian rule in Lombardy, in a way that brought tears into his own eyes, and would, doubtless, have caused the death of many people here from sympathetic grief,—in which apprehension none of the London booksellers would be barbarous enough to publish it. G. is a good-hearted fellow, for all that; and he now feels that Mount K. is a fitter residence for him than Mount Parnassus. In sooth, most of the true poets would be very glad to change stations with him.

There were in 1833 only nineteen peers who have peerages of Plantagenet date (up to 1485),

Dukes—Norfolk, Beaufort (as Baron de Botetourt and Herbert).

Marquesses—Townsend (as Baron de Ferrers), and Hastings (as Baron Hastings).

Earls—Shrewsbury, Berkeley (as Baron Berkeley), Delawar (as Baron Delawar), Abergavenny (as Baron Abergavenny).

Barons—De Roos, I.e. Despencer, De Clifford, Audley, Clinton, Dacie, Zouche, Willoughby, Grey, Stourton, Berners.

CURIOUS INCIDENT NEAR ISPAHAN.

At the moment of leaving home on a journey, a Persian kindly asked his parrot, whether he could do any thing for him on the way? The latter, with proper acknowledgments, requested, that if his master chanced to pass the place at which the parrots held their parliament, he would address the meeting, and say that his bird expressed the devoutest wishes for the prosperity of all their undertakings; but was unable to take part in their deliberations, being shut up for life in a cage. The traveller finding that the spot indicated was not much out of his road, and curious to see such a legislative assembly, repaired to the thicket, and was amazed at the countless number of parrots who occupied every tree about it. Addressing them with great courtesy, he

* E. g. Such as are combined in the definitions of Glisson and Lobstein,—

"Irritatio est perceptio, sed sensatio est perceptio perceptionis."

"Facultatem stimulum percipiendi."

delivered his message; but had no sooner concluded, than all the winged listeners fell down dead! Really shocked at having unwittingly destroyed such myriads of intelligent birds, he completed his journey homewards in gloom. After welcoming his master's return, the parrot asked whether he had been kind enough to deliver his greeting? To which the Mirza answered, that he *had* done so, but with a most disastrous effect. "How so, honoured sir, inquired the volatile?" "Why, I had scarcely concluded my announcement, when they all fell down dead!" Hereupon his own bird instantly tottered on the perch, closed his bright yellow eyes, and dropped — exanimate!!! Astounded to find himself the fated destroyer of every parrot in whose affairs he meddled, the Mirza, thinking it high time to re-

nounce further dealings with them, sorrowfully opened the cage door, and transferred the body of his favourite to a heap of dried leaves, under his window. In another instant, the bird addressed his sometime master from an opposite corner of the building. "Know, learned and sagacious Mirza, that the message which you in your wisdom delivered to the parliament of parrots was at once understood by every member of that distinguished body, as conveying a complaint of my captive state, and *they* indicated the means of freeing myself from it, by feigning death for my imitation. Farewell! You have prepared the sherbet of liberation with the citron of unconscious advocacy, and the syrup of successful effects. May your prosperity continue to increase!"

THE WEAKNESS AND THE STRENGTH OF THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY.

THE choice which lies before the leaders of the Conservatives of England, and the hesitation which they evince in coming to a decision, is one of the most extraordinary circumstances in modern history. It is even more extraordinary than that suicidal act which raised O'Connell from the rank of a bullying mendicant to that of an arbiter of empires, and sank Sir Robert Peel from his pride of place and power into a long vicissitude of adverse fortunes on the opposition benches. It exceeds that wonder of folly and of self-immolation (not for the country's good, but for its ruin); inasmuch as a single error, however vast and however fraught with evil, is less astonishing than a stubborn adherence to a course of wrong, even for months and years after that wrong has been fully made apparent, both in its character and in its results.

The Emancipation Bill found the Conservatives of England possessed of power, of popularity, of a vast parliamentary majority, of a certainty of the continuance of that majority, and, in short, of every prospect that the mind of man could possibly desire, with a view to the permanent ascendancy of constitutional principles. That bill was brought forward amidst this state

of affairs; and most complete was the change produced by it. It left the whole Conservative party in parliament shattered and divided, and the government stripped of its majority within the walls of St. Stephen's, and hated by the people without. In a word, it made a complete wreck of the vessel; and, although a short period elapsed before she went to pieces, her destiny was decided from that fatal hour when *Le Roy le veut* was pronounced to that ill-omened measure.

Eight years have now passed since that mournful hour, and if any one thing in the world may be considered to have been fully ascertained it is this; — *that the policy which dictated the Emancipation Bill was, is, and must ever be, wholly destructive to the Conservative party*; and that, if the ancient constitution of our forefathers is to be preserved at all, it can only be by a recurrence to those principles upon which it was originally founded.

Here, then, is the choice which now lies before the Conservative leaders. It is a choice between a departure from principle, leading to certain ruin, on the one hand; and an adherence to principle, securing unquestionable triumph, on the other. Falsehood and defeat appear on the one side; truth

and victory on the opposite. And yet there are still many Conservatives who hesitate and linger, and are afraid to come to a decision; and who thus still give their countenance, in some sort, to that pernicious fallacy which has involved their party in all the disgrace and misery of the last seven years.

But this irresolution and half-heartedness must mainly arise from an imperfect perception of the real facts of the case. Let us endeavour, then, to state the argument with some degree of fulness, both on the point of *expediency* and on that of *right*.

Expediency was openly and broadly declared to be the ground and basis of the Emancipation Bill. The distinct declaration of Sir Robert Peel on proposing that measure was, that all his objections to the proposition remained in their original strength; that he had not seen it necessary to abandon any one of them; but that a kind of state-necessity, or political expediency, seemed to overrule all those objections, and to make a measure of concession unavoidable.

Sir Robert went into details in his opening speech on that occasion, and thereby defined what he meant by this expediency, or state-necessity. It consisted very much in two things;—the removal of a troublesome question, which was continually creating fruitless and inconvenient discussions and heart-burnings; and the relieving the government from an embarrassment, arising from the nearly equal division of parties on that question.

Now, let any one scrutinize the matter closely on these grounds, specially laid by its author as a justification of his having proposed it. It was to get rid of weakness in the executive, and troublesome and fruitless discussions in the legislative. Has it succeeded in doing either?

Certainly it has not. The ministry which proposed it intended by this step to clear away the only question on which they felt a weakness and embarrassment. This matter once disposed of, all was to be peace, and stability, and internal harmony. Instead of which, we have had nothing ever since but quarrels and contentions; and, in six years, we have had four different administrations! As a measure, therefore, of political *expediency*, it has proved the most disastrous failure that the world ever saw.

The question of *Right* was hardly adverted to by the parties of whom we are speaking. But it is important to keep ever in mind, that if “emancipation” was the *right* of the Papists on that occasion, their just demands must of necessity extend much further. If their religion was not of such a character as to justify the state in affixing a brand of exclusion to its name, their “emancipation,” as it was called, was only an instalment, and a very small instalment, of their rightful claim. In fact, O’Connell is just an embodying and personification of Popery in this matter: both his words and his actions tell you, in the plainest terms, both what Popery is, and what Popery demands, and will never rest till she has gained. You were fairly warned, before ever you admitted O’Connell into parliament, that it was a powerful foe, not a peaceful fellow-labourer, whom you were admitting. You were abundantly admonished, that the idea of his being satisfied with mere admission, and then sitting down among you, a quiet, peaceable member, among six hundred others, was, of all possible self-delusions, the greatest! You were reminded again and again, that although *equality* might be humbly asked by the Romish Church, when in a state of restriction and constraint, *ascendancy* and *dominion*, and *intolerance* of every other profession, was her well-ascertained bent and character. You were not left in ignorance, then, that “emancipation” could be nothing more than an instalment, and a very small one, of claims which would inevitably be made.

Nor ought it to be otherwise. Those, indeed—if such there were—who could be so foolish as to think that the Papists could be got to receive political power as a *toy*, to be played with and gazed at; and not as a *weapon*, to be fearfully employed,—those, indeed, may well complain that they have been deceived and disappointed in the success of their measure. But those who took a larger and a juster view of the case—though they may point out the evils resulting from that proceeding, and draw from them reasons for retracing our steps,—*they* will not affect to have been at all *surprised* at the results which have followed.

Is the Romish religion to be regarded by the state as an *evil*, or not? That is the question. Is the legislature to act as if cognisant of all the mis-

chiefs which Popery has wrought in times past, and as thereby bound, and naturally desirous, to take precautions against the recurrence of those mischiefs; or is history to be thrown aside as "an old almanack," and the dogma of *liberalism* adopted as the rule;—"that it is inconsistent with the principles of civil and religious liberty for the state to shew any preference, or dislike, for this or that religious profession?"

Now, one of these two courses *must* be taken. Either the legislature must *know* Popery to be an *evil*, and must avow and act upon that knowledge, or it must profess its impartial countenance or disregard of all religions, and its ignorance of any thing dangerous or blameable in that of Rome. If the first of these two courses be taken, then the Emancipation Bill is an admitted error in legislation, and ought to be repealed; but if we prefer the *liberal* scheme, then emancipation ought to be carried out into its legitimate consequences, and a Popish church straightway established in Ireland.

Some decision on this great point ought to be speedily taken by the leaders of the Conservative party; for the fate of the country hangs upon that decision. Would they but boldly resolve on the straightforward and honest course, the people, now ready and willing to fall into their ranks, would crowd into those ranks from all quarters. Once give to Conservatism the character and features of *Protestantism*, and it is invincible, and certain of a speedy triumph. But should the decision be in favour of the *liberal* scheme, or should any decision at all be postponed or refused, from that moment the banner of the Conservatives is lowered before its enemies, and all attempts to rally our forces must be comparatively unavailing.

Amidst all the changes of sentiment, and mixtures of opinion which we daily meet with, nothing can possibly be clearer than this—that the *one point* which is deeply impressed on the minds of the people of England at the present moment is, the error committed in admitting Papists to parliament, and the necessity of retracing that step as soon as possible. Manifestations of this feeling abound on every side. We will instance a few.

In the great town of Liverpool, at a meeting of above two thousand persons,

held about six weeks ago, on the subject of church-rates, one of the speakers, Mr. McNeile, thus alluded to this point:

("I will say here, in the face of my country, and not in any intemperate haste, but with a well-digested conviction of what the consequences may, and possibly will be,—that that movement is the REPEAL OF THE EMANCIPATION ACT.")

"The whole assembly rose as one man, and continued cheering for several minutes.")

In the metropolis, scarcely any opportunity has yet been given for the display of such a feeling. One meeting, however, was held in the borough of Lambeth, about a month back, at which at least fifteen hundred persons were present. And here the same chord was touched, and with the same effect. The expulsion of the perjured Papists from parliament was suggested by one of the speakers, and instantly the whole meeting was in a tumult of acclamation.

Another meeting was held, on a similar occasion to that at Liverpool, in Wales, in the county of Glamorgan. Here one of the most respectable men in England, Major Mackworth, formerly a Liberal, had the manliness to come forward and avow his sense of the error he had committed. He said,

"He had supported the Catholic claims; and, were he ignorant of the future consequences, he might, abstractedly, still hold the same opinions. But, looking at the present state of things—seeing that the sacred obligation of an oath was spurned, and that perjury was thus openly countenanced, he was compelled to adopt the only alternative left to save the liberties and the religion of the country; and that was, to use all available means to procure the repeal of the Emancipation-act."

And this bold and manly declaration was received, as at Liverpool and at Lambeth, with the most rapturous and unanimous approbation.

Once more, to come to something still more tangible and practical than public meetings, let us observe the character of the four elections which have occurred within the present month.

At three of these, parties have been pretty nearly balanced. The candidates have speechified about the Poor-law, the Ballot, and the House of Lords; and at Warwick, Lewes, and Rochdale, the majorities were 85, 26,

and 44: neither of which, it is clear, can be reckoned *decisive*, or such as would secure the seat against a future attack.

But there was another — a fourth contest. This was for Ross-shire, a seat lately held by a Whig, who carried his election in January, 1835, by a majority of 40 votes. A Whig and a Conservative met here, and they did not talk of ballot or of the peers, but came to closer and more important questions. Mackenzie of Applecross, the Conservative candidate, threw himself wholly upon the *Protestantism* of the country — declared, without reserve, that the contest was in fact between Protestantism and Popery; and finally carried his election by a majority of 306 votes against 195: thus securing the county for ever. A result which the *Courier*, and other ministerial prints, openly confess to be entirely owing “to the statement, *however absurd*, of the Tory candidate, that the contest was between *Protestants* and their opponents.”

Taking, then, all these facts unitedly, is it possible for any thing to be clearer than this, that the one thing which is more deeply seated in the minds of the people of England than any other is this — that a vast and dangerous error has been committed in the admission of Papists to parliament, and that that error must be repaired before any permanent security is to be expected.

Now, let us apply these facts to a practical purpose. What should prevent the Conservative party, as a whole, from boldly and openly declaring similar sentiments? Or, could they once be brought to see the wisdom and the reasonableness of this course, what could then prevent them from at once assuming the government? It is on this point, and on this alone, that the whole question, whether the country shall be rescued or not? now depends. The Emancipation Bill separated the people from the Conservative party: and so long as the justice and the policy of that measure is maintained by the Conservative leaders, so long will a considerable degree of distrust and alienation remain on the public mind. But, let the word be once given to retrace that false and fatal move; and that instant the public confidence would begin to be restored, and a cordial union would take place, leading inevitably to the permanent dethroning

of O'Connell, and to renewed peace and safety to the country.

But imagine the opposite course to be blindly and absurdly persevered in, and what are the results? Nay! we need not imagine it; for we have, unhappily, too many palpable instances of daily occurrence. To refer to a single one, now, we apprehend, sufficiently notorious. About twelve months back, the East Surrey Conservatives, having established a clear majority in the county, began to think of a second candidate, to be returned with Captain Alsager; and they also determined to have a dinner. To that dinner a man of great eminence was invited — no less a person than Sir Edward Sugden, late lord-chancellor of Ireland, — with a view to his introduction to the electors, and his becoming, if both parties were mutually satisfied, the said second candidate.

Well, Sir Edward came, and all promised well; until, in the course of his speech, he approached the subject of Ireland, and at once declared his opinion, that “there would be no peace in that country *until the Romish priests were taken into the pay of the government!*” At this word, away flew all prospects of his ever representing East Surrey. A few individuals, indeed, have, we believe, still clung to the idea, and have been struggling to bring about a reconciliation; but, with the bulk of the Conservatives, the question was decided the moment that sentiment dropped from Sir Edward's lips. And thus will it be every where.

The Emancipation policy is nothing else than destruction to the Conservative party. It utterly overthrew them in 1829; and that with such an overthrow, that seven years of absence from power have followed; and it now so far operates, being still adhered to and professed in some quarters, as to prevent that cordial union of the people to their leaders which ought to exist, and which, whenever it is fully brought about, will give a peace and prosperity to the country which nothing else can.

Yet we still observe, and in some important quarters, a clinging to that baseless and mischievous fancy, that by some further legislative contrivances, or by the mere lapse of years, a time may be hoped for, and that speedily — “when men of all religions may dwell together in peace and harmony; and the government know no distinctions among them.”

Now in the first place, as far as the Dissenters are concerned, they have already given you the fullest and plainest notice, that there shall be no peace or harmony *until* the government knows no distinction among different classes of religionists. The only way, therefore, by which this expected peace and harmony can be obtained, with reference to the Dissenters, is by *first* abandoning the Established Church. A national establishment, they continually declare, is an insuperable bar to peace and union; inasmuch as it declares an unjust preference, and inflicts an unjust stigma. Be fully aware, therefore, when you talk of this imaginary hope, that the first and most essential step to its attainment is the destruction of the Established Church.

But the chief error contained in this most irrational, because unfounded speculation, is, that a time may speedily arrive when, in these countries, Protestants and Papists may dwell together, side by side, in mutual goodwill and esteem. But this state of things, be it observed, is plainly announced as to be expected from an adherence to the Emancipation policy!

Now let us ask, at the outset, whether cordiality and good-will has, *in fact*, been increased and promoted by the measure of 1829? Or, rather, has not the distrust and ill-feeling which subsisted, whether between the clergy or the laity of both these communions, previously to 1829, been immeasurably augmented since that time? And if this be so — which, we suppose, no one will attempt to deny — then where is the rationality of expecting future peace and harmony from a system and course of action which you have found, for seven years together, to produce nothing but animosity and disgust? Is it not singular, that persons professing to be *practical* men, and to be guided by the proved *expediency* of the case, should always be ready to throw facts and experience out of view, and to be guided wholly by theory and speculation?

But the root of this error lies deeper than many are aware. The truth is, that there are some statesmen who, having no real attachment to any religious system themselves, and consequently valuing one creed just as little as another, would fain govern a nation like England on the absurd supposition that all men are, with themselves,

in a state of indifference and impartiality! They refer us to Prussia, and to some other countries, in which a state of things which to them seems the very *beau idéal* of religious equality subsists. But they forget the most important point in the whole question; namely, that although different forms of error may coexist without much collision, yet between *truth* and *error* there must ever rage an interminable warfare.

In Prussia itself, for instance, there is an abundance of Neologianism, or concealed infidelity; and there is also a certain proportion of Popery. Just as in France, at the present moment, there is a vast amount of Atheism widely spread among the people; and with it much superstition, in those classes which are less habitually vicious and depraved. But neither in France nor in Prussia does any violent collision or enmity ensue, because, after all, there is nothing more than two phases of error; and two errors may exist without warfare, just as Hindooism and Mahomedism divide the population of India, without much internal conflict or dissension.

But once bring the TRUTH into the field, and you will soon find animosity enough. The feelings entertained by Popery towards those who boldly and faithfully *protest* against her abominations are exhibited in Foxe, as manifest in action and performance, during all those centuries in which the apostate church possessed the power of sending to the rack and to the stake all those who refused to yield obedience to her mandates. And, although men of *liberal* opinions are constantly ready to assume, with the greatest confidence, that the spirit and temper of the Romish Church is wholly changed since that period, the most indubitable proofs to the contrary have been voluntarily furnished to us by the bishops and priests of that church in Ireland; in selecting and adopting as their standard of faith and doctrine, even within the last ten years, a system of theology in which the very same power of sentencing to banishment, loss of goods, and *death*, is explicitly claimed as the right of that church and her ecclesiastics, at all times, and in all places! Nor need we delude ourselves with the fancy that this is a mere *brutum fulmen*, when we see, that in the case of those Protestant clergymen whose post of

duty lies amidst the devotees of the Papal Church in Ireland, no insurance company will venture to incur the risk of undertaking a policy on their lives!

No! it is a delusion never exceeded in the annals of folly, to imagine it possible that active and vigorous *Protestantism*, as it exists in Ireland and in England; and powerful and heretic-hating *Popery*, as it is found in Ireland at the present day—Ireland, which, even in Mr. Inglis's judgment, is ripe for the establishment of the Inquisition,—can ever coexist in peace and harmony. Each is sworn to the other's destruction; and the only duty of a wise and honest government is to administer the laws justly and impartially to both, but at the same time to encourage, in every peaceable and legitimate way, the cause of *TRUTH*. And, in providing for the peace of the country and the security of its inhabitants, a statesman must ever bear in mind, that Protestantism acknowledges no other means of propagating its faith but those of a moral description, such as the preaching of the Gospel and the distribution of the Scriptures; while with Popery, when the civil power, with its racks, and stakes, and fagots, moves not at her bidding, a host of devotees, with the stone, the bludgeon, the rifle, and the midnight torch, are always at command; and, even at the present moment, are kept in constant employment.

But we must conclude this part of the subject, merely repeating the warning we have already given,—that, on the great question between Protestantism and Popery, the minds of the people are generally enlightened, and their hearts deeply interested;—that under *this* banner they will follow the Conservative leaders, with such zeal and unanimity as to secure success;—but that “if the trumpet gives an uncertain sound”—if it be left to be a matter of doubt, whether a Conservative government would protect the Protestants of Ireland or yield still further power to the Papists, then disgust and indifference will instantly spread through the ranks; and if the leaders of our host attempt to go forward under these circumstances, they will merely prolong interminably that series of defeats and of increasing perils which has already continued through the last seven years.

But, having said thus much of the *Weakness* of our party, we ought now

to add a few words concerning its *Strength*. That strength has been, in some small degree, developed of late, by the preposterous attack of the ministry on the Church of England. That attack forced the Conservatives into their right position, and the people generally shewed, by their zeal and alacrity, upon what points, and in what manner, their exertions might be safely calculated on.

The present session has exhibited a phenomenon wholly without a parallel in the history of Britain, or, in fact, of any other country; to wit, the people coming forward, in great numbers, to petition their representatives *not to take off a tax!* So singular a circumstance was this felt to be, so wholly unexpected by the assailants of the Church, who had looked upon it as a thing altogether improbable, that the people themselves should be got to *petition in favour of church-rates*;—that, when such petitions began to pour in, the *Courier* newspaper gave vent to an exclamation, that it was “*Strange!* whether Churchmen or Dissenters, that the people should petition *against* the remission of a tax!”

But petition they did, and that to an extent almost without a precedent, except upon one or two extraordinary occasions. By the *Eleventh Report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Public Petitions*, we observe that, up to the 13th of April, the number of petitions presented, praying that house “*not to sanction any measures for the abolition of church-rates,*” was 1663; while the petitions *in favour* of their abolition were only 989. But of these latter, as many as 156 were from places in Scotland, where no church-rates exist, and whose interference in a matter exclusively concerning the church and the people of England must be considered to be a mere impertinence. The *English* petitions, therefore, have been—in favour of church-rates, 1663; against church-rates, 833: being, as nearly as possible, *two to one* in favour of the continuance of the impost.

Now, unquestionably, a far greater attention is due to the one class of these petitions than to the other. As a general rule, any one can see that it must always be immeasurably easier to get up petitions *against* taxation than *in favour* of it. A large proportion of the householders of the country,

being in needy circumstances, might always be calculated upon, as ready to sign petitions for the remission of *any tax* whatever. One would reckon beforehand, that a few hundred thousand signatures of this description might always be had, by any persons who chose to ask for them, let the impost objected to be what it might. But to ask a man to sign a petition, praying *that he may not be relieved* from a certain annual payment,—when, until now, was it thought even a possible thing to get up such a petition? Certainly, then, as we have already remarked, the weight which ought to be attached to petitions *for* and *against* the remission of church-rates, is greatly in favour of the *latter*. And yet, in mere numbers, they exceed the Dissenters' petitions in the proportion of two to one!

We are aware that the Dissenters point to the larger aggregate number of signatures affixed to their petitions, as in some degree throwing the balance on their side. But, when we come to look a little closer, and find Manchester and Glasgow each sending their 40,000 signatures,—neither of which towns *pay any church-rates*, nor possess nearly that number of rated inhabitants, but each of which have about 30,000 or 40,000 Irish Papists within their precincts,—we must dismiss the point of the aggregate of signatures, as being, under *such* circumstances, a wholly fallacious criterion.

But we must add, that, in addition to the above account of petitions *for* and *against* church-rates in general, there is a further report of petitions *for* and *against* the ministerial measure. And the numbers here appear to be—

For the ministerial measure, 62 petitions, with 9061 signatures;

Against it, 315 petitions, with 34,281 signatures.

Adding these to the former numbers, we shall find the total to be—

Of English petitions for the abolition of church-rates 895

Against the abolition 1978

But there is another feature in the case which we cannot pass over, to wit, the extraordinary exhibition which the Dissenters have been led to make of their real weakness and insignificance in point of numbers.

One of the regular supporters of government said to us the other day, "A false move that of ours about

church-rates! The fact is, we were misled by the Dissenters, who made us believe that they were far stronger than they have proved to be."

Now, what were the representations of the Dissenters? On this point we may either consult their organ, the *Patriot*, or the Secretary of their Anti-Church-rate Association, who has been going about making speeches on this very point.

The *Patriot*, of March 9, states the total number of places of worship, belonging to all sects which are not of the Church, at 8790; and adds, "the population from which they derive their support cannot be estimated at much less than six millions."

The Secretary to the Anti-Church-rate Association takes a still higher flight. At a meeting of the borough of Finsbury, held on the 5th of April, he said:

"The Dissenters had been called an insignificant set. To prove that they were not so, he need only mention the fact, that the total number of dissenting congregations, in England and Wales, was 8721; and their total numbers (among the people) he estimated at 8,381,250."

Now, these being the alleged numbers of the Dissenters, and it being asserted without the least hesitation, that the great body of Dissenters demanded the abolition of church-rates, we might reasonably have expected to find a very great numerical amount of petitioning, on this side of the question, in the course of the present session. Nor can it be said by any one, that all proper means have not been taken to call forth such a manifestation of feeling; for a large and active committee was formed, so long since as October last, at the Anti-Church-rate Meeting at the London Tavern; and has been ever since zealously employed, despatching its missives into every corner of the country, employing several journals in exhorting every dissenting congregation to petition, and leaving no means unemployed to call forth a general demand for the abolition of the obnoxious impost.

Well, then, what has been the result? To ascertain this, so as to learn from it the real power of the Dissenters distinctively, we must not be content with the aggregate stated in the House of Commons' Report. In that Report we find separate petitions from each

congregation in Derby; and the same from each in Coventry; and we then find, over and above these, a petition from the *inhabitants* of Derby, and another from the *inhabitants* of Coventry. There can be no doubt whatever, that the Dissenters of these towns, and of a hundred other places, first signed *congregational* petitions, and then a general petition as *inhabitants*; thus getting their votes reckoned twice.

To obviate this sort of deception, and to ascertain, if possible, the real amount of strength which the Dissenters, distinctively from all other classes of tax-payers, have been able to shew, we have gone carefully through the whole array of petitions against church-rates, and have singled out those which, under some phrase or other, are declared to be the petitions of Dissenting Churches, or Dissenters. In doing this, we have taken a liberal course; for almost every petition of this class is thus headed: "The Petition of the Congregation of Protestant Dissenters assembled at —, and of others in their vicinity who sympathize in their prayer;" and many of them are distinctly stated to be also signed by "various members of the Church of England, and of others who sympathize in their prayer." So that, in allowing them to claim the whole number of signatures to such petitions, we are unquestionably reckoning as Dissenters many who are not so.

But, after all, including in our reckoning *every single petition* which in any way purports to come from the Dissenters of England and Wales, what is the total of petitions and of signatures which the Dissenters have been able to muster?

Just 579 petitions; bearing the signatures of 76,842 persons!!!

There are above *eight thousand* congregations, say the *Patriot* and their own secretary; and yet, not *six hundred* have petitioned!

They claim *eight millions* of the people, on the same authority; and yet, not *eighty thousand* have been induced to sign!!

Was there ever such a discrepancy between promise and performance? Did ever men boast so largely of their strength and their numbers, and then make so miserable an exhibition

of their weakness and their shortcoming.

What shall we say? One of two things *must* be true; upon one of these two horns these braggarts *must* be impaled:—Either, in talking of 8000 congregations, and six or eight millions of the people, they were guilty of the grossest, the most extravagant exaggerations, or *else* these eight thousand congregations must be, in the proportion of *fifteen to one*, in favour of church-rates. One or the other must be the case. If out of *eight millions* of the people you can only get, with your utmost exertion, about *seventy thousand* signatures, it clearly follows, that seven millions, nine hundred thousand, are not opposed to the continuance of church-rates. Take which alternative you please, but you must admit, either that you have described yourselves as of ten times your real strength, or that more than nine-tenths of your number refuse to join in the outcry you are endeavouring to raise.

We congratulate these gentlemen on this exhibition. It tells us, indeed, only what we fully believed before; but it tells it to us with more certainty, and establishes the fact with more authenticity, than we could otherwise have hoped to attain.

But to return to the main question. Here the Conservatives are on safe ground: here lies their strength. In defending the Church from the attacks of the Whigs, the Papists, and the Dissenters, they occupy their natural position; are heartily supported by the people; and may calculate on a certainty of success. Their weak point we have already spoken of; let that be seriously thought of, before more mischief accrues from it. There are, indeed, some minor points which ought not to be thrown out of view; *minor*, as compared with questions of religion; and yet of more importance in themselves than the making or the marring of a dozen administrations. Such an one is the Factory Question. But this cannot be handled in an odd page or two, at the end of an article. We hope to review it at some fitting length, shortly, when it will be our duty to notice Mr. Wing's very important and valuable work, entitled, *The Evils of the Factory System*.

THE FRASER PAPERS FOR MAY.

THE RARE WONDER OF SUCH A MAGAZINE AS OURS APPEARING AT ALL — THE STUPIDITY OF THE ATLAS IN NOT ADMIRING US — THE POET STILTON, AND HIS "HEART" — DR. BOWRING MISTAKEN FOR HAZLITT, IN ABUSE OF THE PUBLIC — TOMMY MOORE AND THE MERRY MONTH OF MAY — BUONAPARTE AND THE COUNTESS WALEWSKI — HAYNES BAYLY IN FRENCH — CAMBRIDGE COMICALITIES AND BULWERIAN ELOQUENCE — A POETICAL CLERK, AT TEN SHILLINGS A-WEEK, WITH THE "BEST HE CAN DO" — A HOAX, OR OTHERWISE, FROM O'DONOGHUE — JOANNA BAILLIE WRESTLING (THROUGH A FRIEND) WITH THE QUARTERLY REVIEW — TALLEYRAND — BASSANO — OTHER MAGAZINES AND OURSELVES — BOWLES GIVING SAUCE TO BURGESS — A WELSH POET — RICE, JIM CROW, AND THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER — GOD SAVE THE KING! — LAY OF AN UNATTACHED SUB-FUNERAL OF THE KING OF THE CATS — HEAVEN AND EARTH — CARDINAL WELD'S EXCUSE — THE WHITWICK WAR-CRY — SIR EGERTON BRYDGES AND THE HISTORIAN MÜLLER — LORD PALMERSTON AND THE NEW WHIG GUIDE — DOUBTS AND FEARS — LAMBETH RECORDS — "VERY" GOOD VERSES, CONCLUDING WITH PRAISES OF OUR ILLUSTRIOUS SELVES.

WE find the following judicious and eloquent remarks in the last Number of the *London and Westminster Review*, No. IX. and LII., April 1837, art. xi. p. 233 :

"It appears to be, if not stated in words, yet tacitly felt and understood every where, that the event of these modern ages is *Fraser's Magazine*. A huge explosion, bursting through formulas and customs; confounding into wreck and chaos, the ordered arrangements of earthly life; blotting out, one might say, the very firmament and skyey load-stars — though only for a season. Once in the fifteen hundred years, such a thing was ordained to come. To those who stood present in the actual midst of that smoke and thunder, the effect might well be too violent: blinding and deafening into confused exasperation almost into madness. And now the explosion becomes a thing visible, surveyable; we see its flame and sulphur-smoke blend with the clear air (far under the stars), and hear its uproar as part of the sick noise of life, — loud, indeed, yet embosomed too, as all noise is, in the infinite of silence. It is an event which can be looked on — which may still be execrated, still be celebrated and psalmodied, but which it were better now to begin understanding."

We agree with the writer that it is high time we should be understood; and yet we are not. This, perhaps, is a common calamity; for we confess we do not understand half the fine things in the above passage: but it must be admitted that all that about flame and sulphur smoke, and the rest of it, is uncommonly grand writing, and much to be admired. But, "on reflection,"* or recollection, or retrospection, or whatever word is most pleasing to the truly Atlantean and gigantic ear of Robert Bell, we find that we have made a slight mistake. In fact, we perceive that, in a fit of unconscious abstraction, we have substituted the words *Fraser's Magazine* for *French Revolution*. But, as the observations are just as suitable to the one event as to the other, we let it stand as we have printed it, secure of the approbation of a sagacious public.

Truly great and awful has our explosion been. From the beginning, our life has been nothing but a series of blowings-up, blinding and deafening into confused exasperation, almost into madness. We are now accustomed to it; and, like Chrononhonthologos, become

"Lull'd by the music of surrounding cannon."

But of all the explosions we ever witnessed, even in our career, the most terrific has been that occasioned by some innocent observations which dropped casually out of our ink-bottle in our last. There followed upon its appearance a universal hubbub wild of voices all confused; and some of the most milky-minded of mankind were subjected to a degree of outrageous treatment, which ought to have drawn pity from the heart of a Robespierre. From all points of the compass

* "On reflection (the writer means recollection) we believe," &c. The *Atlas* has charged us with inventing a fact, yet it is so absurdly critical as to censure us for saying "on reflection," which, were we inventing, was the appropriate expression; and it tells us we mean *recollection*. Recollection of what? Easy Bell! Easy Bell! Easy Bell!

the winds brought the words of disparagement ; and not a mail was delivered for several days, without vomiting forth upon us a bag of letters complaining, remonstrating, railing, rebuking, threatening, bullying, praying, begging, or deprecating. Yet, on considering the offences alleged against us, we do not repent. We protest to Cælisfer Atlas, that we admire the firm and erect bearing with which he untotteringly supports the burden of his paper, which would sink any less powerful porter into the bowels of the earth. Long may he remain *νότοις χαλκισίειν* — as Ion (not Talfourd, but Euripides) has it — crouching under a weight, from which no Hercules will hasten to relieve him, undisturbed by us. Has he not, then, quite enough to do ? We speak in all sincerity, when we assure him that we do not belong to any literary clique, and that our review of *Crichton*, and our assertion of ignorance respecting the critic eulogised by Ainsworth, were both perfectly honest. As for our monkey tricks — why, the accusation comes badly from Mount Atlas, which from time immemorial has been the seat of the monkey tribe ; but, perhaps, the charge is dictated by jealousy, for a baboon must have a professional aversion to a monkey. So, drinking in Teneriffe the health of Atlas unremoved, we bid adieu for the present to Bel and his Dragon. Nor shall we here take notice of any other newspaper skirmishes, leaving them to their own fate and fortune ; but we must repeat, that Bulwer's *Duchess de la Vallière* was most deservedly damned. And that the *Student of Padua* is beneath contempt, is a fact which the author himself has not yet had candour enough to acknowledge, but one of which he is as thoroughly convinced as any one of the very few who have read the rigmarole. The author, with considerable self-possession, said the other day, in Hungerford Market,

Gloucester, Cheshire, Wiltshire, Sulton,
All are cheeses — so is ——— !

On this subject we cannot presume to contradict so high an authority. Nor is it necessary that we should do more than copy the following, in proof of the writer's rapid improvement :

THE HEART.

Hark ! listen ! dost hear me beating ?
The larum of life, thy bosom's clock —
Thou wilt be at peace
When this stroke shall cease ;
Death is nearer at every knock.

Hark ! how quickly, or how thickly,
I'm responsive to each emotion ;
Your passions shake me —
Your thoughts awake me,
As the winds awaken ocean.

I'm the home of virtue and love,
I'm the harbour of crime and sin ;
The passions I trace
On thy writhing face,
As their tempest rages within.

I leap at the larum of fear,
I flutter in tremour of love ;
And I disdain
The plodding brain
That pauses and plots above.

I am weak as the hour-born babe,
Yet am stronger than towers of stone ;
I may outlast
The thunder-blast,
Yet with a breath may be overthrown.

I am as pure as holy heaven,
I am as foul as loathsome hell ;
Crimes may not abide
E'en the grave's inside —
Eternity must my secrets tell !

Recall the lore of lost ages,
Interpret the wise Chaldee —
Make Nature's mysteries
As common histories, —
Then read, and interpret me.

On my life alone is thy being,
And thy being awaits my will ;
Thy shroud is weaving,
Thy kindred grieving —
Hark ! listen ! I flutter, I'm still.

What does Dr. Bowring mean by the following *public* calumny ?

" There is not a more mean, stupid, dastardly, pitiful, selfish, spiteful, envious, ungrateful animal, than the public. ' It is the greatest of cowards, for it is afraid of itself. From its unwieldy, overgrown dimensions, it dreads the least opposition to it ; and shakes like isinglass at the touch of a finger. It starts at its own shadow, like the man in the Hartz Mountains, and trembles at the mention of its own name. It has a lion's mouth, the heart of a hare, with ears erect and sleepless eyes. It stands ' listening its fears.' It is so in awe of its own opinion, that it never dares to form any ; but catches up the first idle rumour, lest it should be behindhand in its

judgment, and echoes it *till it is deaf with the sound of its own voice.* * * * * *
 The public is pusillanimous and cowardly, because it is weak. *It knows itself to be a great dunce*, and that it has no opinions but upon suggestion. Yet it is unwilling to appear in leading strings, and would have it thought that its decisions are as wise as they are weighty. It is hasty in taking up its favourites, more hasty in laying them aside, lest it should be supposed deficient in sagacity in either case. It is generally divided into two strong parties, each of which will allow neither common sense nor common honesty to the other. * * * * *
 The public is as envious and ungrateful as it is ignorant, stupid, and pigeon-livered :

‘ A huge-sized monster of ingratitude.’

It reads, it admires, it extols, only because it is the fashion, not from any love of the subject or the man. It cries you up or runs you down out of mere caprice and levity. If you have pleased it, it is jealous of its own involuntary acknowledgment of merit, and seizes the first opportunity, the first shabby pretext, to pick a quarrel with you, and he quits once more. * * * * *
 Enough, my soul ! turn from them, *and let me try to regain the obscurity and quiet that I love*, ‘ far from the madding strife,’ in some sequestered corner of my own as in some far-distant land.”

Now, we at once declare that, according to this worthy doctor's account, the public is not to blame. For, what says Dr. Bowring ? That the public is so “ in awe of its own opinion, that it never dares to form any.” If it never dares to form an opinion, of course it forms none. Then, it has no opinion of its own. And how, we should like to know, can it stand in awe of its own opinion, when its own opinion is *not* its own ? Again, if the public “ knows itself to be a great dunce,” it must be much wiser than Dr. Bowring — and, indeed, than many other men and women of considerable self-estimate. As to Dr. Bowring's endeavour to *regain obscurity*, we see no difficulty. For our own parts, we were not aware that he had ever lost it.

We have just received a note, signed T. M., intimating that the passage just quoted and commented on is from the pen, not of Dr. Bowring, but of the late Mr. Hazlitt. Yet that cannot affect the eternal fitness of things. Under the same envelope, we have been favoured with the following verses, which satisfy us that our obliging correspondent is the Bard of Erin. Few of our readers will feel insensible to this slight manifestation of what the Germans call “ poetic activity,” on the part of the late friend of Lord John Russell.

MAY SONG.

By T. M.—.

Oh, weave not a wrenth for this brightest of hours
 Till the sweet breath of May hath been sighed o'er the flowers ;
 Dear harp of my country, I strike thy wild strings
 To a king amongst sailors, a sailor 'mong kings !

And the faint gleam of sixty grows bright in my eye,
 And my heart proudly beats as in moments gone by,
 When I think of the crowns which men coronets call,
 And the Marquess of Lansdowne's more gorgeous than all.

In the fair bowers of Bowood, how oft does the balm
 Shed o'er the bard's bosom an influence so calm,
 That I find, beloved Erin, big tears for thy wo
 From the fond fount of feeling ineffably flow.

Sweet Erin, though not very oft on thy shore,
 My heart is thine own to its innermost core,—
 As the lavender-bottle, though broken it lie,
 Is redolent still of the Scent-Spirit's sigh !

Let Papist and Protestant firmly unite,—
 Then, then, oh, my country ! thy chains will grow bright,
 And the son of the soil drink the health of the daughter
 In a not very strong glass of whisky and water.

Oh, shout for King William ! and, during his reign,
 May the shamrock of Erin and olive of Spain
 With a verdant affection unfadingly blow,
 While the dark Isle-of-Doggins all moulder below.

The following anecdote of Buonaparte is too good and too short not to be inserted. When that distinguished reformer arrived at Warsaw, in the year of Polish perplexity, a public ball was given in honour (!) of his arrival. Though not accustomed to any light, fantastic movements of the toe, the conqueror could not resist the temptation to try his foot with the beautiful Countess Walewski. He performed his arduous task with the elegance of a horse-marine; and, sensible of the fact, he thus addressed the Countess at the conclusion of his exploit: "I am very sensible, charming Countess, that I have acquitted myself very indifferently; but the fact is, my *forte* lies not so much in dancing myself, as in making others dance." There, good readers, is a story for the delight of every drawing, dining, ball, and supper room, in old England and young America. Whether it will suit the tea-table, we are not qualified to say, not being imbued with a taste for the slow poison which succeeded in killing the ever-lively Voltaire, after seventy years, or so, of fruitless persecution.

Speaking of Napoleon reminds us of France, and France of French criticism. It is a criticism queer enough when exercised on home-bred victims; but when relating to what the about-to-be *ex-member* for Lincoln calls "England and the English," infinite, indeed, is the fun thereof. For instance, in a Parisian periodical of high literary character, we find the following full, true, and particular account of the poetical virtues and accomplishments of Mr. T. Haynes Bayly: "*Il y a de petites pièces de Bayly, entre autres le Neglected Child (l'Enfant Negligée), qui lues dans les œuvres de Wordsworth, se confondraient avec ses petites pièces lyriques.*" Whether our "friend on the other side," as Spring Rice has the modesty to call Lord Stanley, means to say that Bayly's pieces of writing would "confound," generally, if encountered among the poems of Wordsworth, we, from our imperfect knowledge of the French language, cannot precisely say. But, to make the matter as plain as possible, we beg to introduce the "Neglected Child" in her French and in her English dress; and if, in the one costume or the other, she looks like any thing but the daughter of Wordsworth's Betty Foy, we shall forswear small-beer for the rest of our lives.

THE NEGLECTED CHILD.

I never was a favourite,
 My mother never smiled
 On me with half the tenderness
 That blest her fairer child.
 I've seen her kiss my sister's cheek
 While fondled on her knee;
 I've turned away to hide my tears,—
 There was no kiss for me!

And yet I strove to please, with all
 My little store of sense;
 I strove to please, and infancy
 Can rarely give offence.
 But when my artless efforts met
 A cold, ungentle check;
 I did not dare to throw myself
 In tears upon her neck.

I'm sure I was affectionate;
 But, in my sister's face
 There was a look of love that claim'd
 A smile or an embrace.
 But, when I raised my lip to meet
 The pressure children prize,
 None knew the feelings of my heart—
 They spoke not in my eyes.

L'ENFANT NEGLIÉE.

Je ne fus jamais préférée. Jamais ma mère ne sourit sur moi avec moitié de la tendresse qu'elle accordait à sa plus belle fille; je l'ai vue baiser les fraîches joues de ma sœur, caressée sur ses genoux, tandis que je me détournais pour cacher mes larmes; il n'y avait pas de baiser pour moi.

Et cependant je m'efforçais de plaire de toute ma petite intelligence; je m'efforçais de plaire; et, si jeune, comment aurais-je pu offenser! Mais, quand mes naïves caresses rencontraient un froid dédain je n'osais pas me jeter à son cou et le baigner de mes larmes.

Je suis sûre que mon âme était tendre; mais, dans tous les traits de ma sœur, il y avait un charme si doux qu'il appelait le baiser, le sourire. Et quand j'avais mes petites lèvres pour chercher les caresses chères à l'enfance, nul ne devisait les sentimens de mon cœur; ils ne paraissent pas dans mes yeux.

Our readers will remember that the handsome sister in this song fell ill,

and was fondly tended by the "remarkably plain," but "very amiable," *enfant négligée*. Here follows the upshot :

'Twas thus, unwearied, day and night,
I watch'd beside her bed,
And fearlessly upon my breast
I pillowed her poor head.
She lived, she loved me for my care,—
My grief was at an end ;
I was a lonely being once —
But now I have a friend !

C'e fut alors qu'infatigable, jour et
nuit, je veillai près de son chevet sans
terreur, appuyant sa pauvre tête sur mon
sein. Elle vécut ; elle m'aima. Mes
larmes se tarirent. J'avais été un'être
solitaire ; maintenant j'ai une amie.

"Comment is superfluous," as the *Morning Chronicle* remarks when Conservative arguments are too tough for Whig-Radical digestion. We commend the French translation to the admirers of the original. Those who admire the one must be fully alive to the beauties of the other.

The postman's knock ! What does he bring ?

A LETTER FROM CAMBRIDGE TO OLIVER YORKT.

DEAR SIR,—Although it is a very long time since we had an Agitator at Cambridge, an opinion favourable to a repeal of the *union* is every day becoming more general. To all who are conversant with the construction of that club, this feeling will not appear surprising. A new society is forming, and though its appellation is not definitely settled, a very large number of names is already enrolled ; among these, may be enumerated those of Whewell, Sedgwick, Thirlwall, Julius Hare, Thorp, Isaacson, of St. John's, Helyard, of Christ, and many others of equal distinction. A large plot of ground upon Parker's Piece, recently occupied by the Pavilion of the Royal Whale, has been purchased for the erection of a House for the Club ; and Archdeacon Glover has been appointed to select the wines, &c. The first meeting of the Society, held by permission of the Mayor, at the Town Hall, was rendered exceedingly interesting by the donations received from various members and well-wishers of the Institution ; it will be sufficient to enumerate—the Bear kept by Lord Byron, when an undergraduate of Trinity, stuffed under the direction of the Curator of the department of Natural History in the British Museum, presented by the Master and Fellows of Trinity College ; the Great Toe of a Giant, supposed to be Magog, dug out of the Cog-Magog Hills, last July, by Professor Sedgwick ; a small phial of Attic Salt, brought from Athens by Mr. Christopher Wordsworth—a portion has been analysed by Mr. Deck, and found not to possess all the quality of that manufactured by Xenophon ; the pair of Wax Boots in which Aristophanes represents Socrates (in the Clouds) measuring the leaps of a flea ; a piece of the Paris Basin, from the Woodwardian professor, and a very interesting and carefully coloured Section of the great lime district, near Timbuctoo, in Central Africa ; but the more curious and valuable present, was made by Mr. Pashley, fellow of Trinity College, consisting of a view of the Cretan Labyrinth, drawn from actual inspection, with the Thread by which Medea extricated Jason ; a Hoof of the Minotaur ; and the Pot (a species of block tin) in which Aeson was boiled. These relics were received with great applause, and the special thanks of the Society voted to the intelligent traveller. (Why does not Murray give us the book, *Travels in Crete*, which has been so long printed ?) Among the literary contributions in the hands of the secretary, the most important are, an Essay upon the Vandals of Cambridgeshire, detailing their first settlement in the county, and establishing the fact of their existence in large numbers at the present day ; a petrified Hebrew Manuscript, forwarded by Dr. Lee, comprising a selection of the jests found in *Joe Miller*—this is the only instance of a collection of jokes in the Old Hebrew character without *points*, although they are frequently found in modern languages without that addition ; a very amusing and instructive paper from the Welsh, in which the argument *à posteriori* is applied with great ingenuity to the science of Rowing and Sculling, and the true seat of the art very clearly pointed out ; a short treatise by a gentleman whose name was not mentioned, gave a brief History of the Rise and Progress of Picking Pockets, which the writer considers one of the most profitable of the inductive sciences. In my next letter, I shall enter fully into the character and prospects of the new Club which, you will have seen, is of a high pretension ; meanwhile, let me draw your attention, for a few moments, to an extract from one of our local candidates for literary distinction, who is, in some respects, a very good-natured FELLOW ! The appropriateness of the sketch at the present moment, when elegant extracts and wooden spoons are in the full blaze of their reputation, will be sufficiently evident. To say nothing of the gulf which

annually swallows up so many adventurous aspirants after glory. I now proceed to introduce a gentleman, who is thus described, with an Homeric minuteness and simplicity quite delightful.

"THE PATHETIC HISTORY OF JOSHUA LAMB, ESQ. JUN.

"Joshua Lamb, Esq. was an Irish gentleman, and possessed a commanding interest in an Irish borough. The sun was pouring its midday splendour from the heavens; each tree in the old park resounded with the melodious discord of many birds, and old Lamb was seated in his study, reading the newspaper. His spectacles were on his nose, his *robe-de-chambre* was on his body, and his slippers were on his feet. He sat upright in his easy chair, one elbow rested on the table, while his two hands grasped either side of the double sheet, and the concavity of one leg covered the convexity of the other. A shirt, a pair of drawers, a flannel waistcoat, and a pair of stockings, hung over the backs of chairs before the opposite corner of the fire to that at which he was sitting, and on the hob sat a brace of high-quartered shoes, with broad strings and round toes.

"Let the reader imagine a knock as loud as he can.

"'Who is that?' ejaculated old Lamb, ringing his bell violently; 'Joe,' said the snug old gentleman to his valet, lifting up his spectacles from his nose, 'I'm not at home to any body.'

"'Oh! surely, sir!' answered Joe, departing on his mission. There was a short parley, and his steps were again heard along the oaken floor.

"'Who called, just now,' inquires Mr. Lamb.

"'Oh! sure, 'twas only Mr. Joshua, now,' answered Joseph.

"'Josh! my boy Josh!' exclaimed the delighted father, throwing down the paper and starting from his seat; 'where is he, Joe? shew me to him.'

"'Where,' drawled the affrighted Joseph, in mixed consternation and amazement; 'now, maaster, didn't you tell me to say you was not at home to any body?'

"'Not at home to my boy Josh! why, you wouldn't be telling me that you denied me to Josh.'

"Joe saw that no time was to be lost, and, accordingly, with one bound, he cleared the huge flight of steps which descended from the threshold. His long grisly hair floated on the wind; behind him, his capacious pockets, containing a heavy flask of the 'eraatur,' a pair of old silver candlesticks, which he was in the act of cleaning when his master's first summons disturbed him, and sundry other items of a pantry's inventory, jerked upwards and downwards at each spring of the wearer's body; his long, loose legs strided past one another in rapid succession, as he heaved his awkward carcass over the park-road, shouting—

"'Ah! Master Joshua! would you stop, now? Bless your honour, jist let me rheach widin sight o' ye! Och! would ye murther an ould man? Master Josh! Master Josh! for heaven's pity, stop wid you!'

"Mr. Lamb superintended the exertions of his valet until he was fairly out of sight; he then returned to his apartment, packed up his overthrown linen, blew from them the dust which they had collected from the grate, and reinstated them on the backs of their respective chairs. By the time that the old gentleman had completed this proceeding, Joe entered the room, in a state of the wildest dismay.

"'Och! och, maaster!' cried he, wringing his hands; 'forgive me, if Maaster Joshua will stop at all, at all! Powers alive, strike me dead! I followed him till not a step I had got left; and sure, then, when I was like to drop, and was jist taking a dhop of whisky, that I mightn't tumble dead as any ould woman upon the road—ah, I'll believe my eyes when they told me that was Master Josh five miles in front of'em, running like the Lord's mercy—but, 'twas all away from me, your honour.'

"Joe's speech provoked the old gentleman to madness; he seized the tongs, and was already brandishing them over his head, previous to their descent upon the unlucky Joseph, when an immoderate fit of laughter arrested his cruel purpose, and fixed the tongs poised for a few moments in the air. Another ha! ha! immediately succeeded; the window of the study was whirled up to its highest, and Master Joshua tumbled into the room. Various emotions for a time perplexed Mr. Lamb, sen., the nature of which the reader will easily understand. Joy at beholding the hope of his family at length preponderated, and Mr. L. hugged his boy with the emphasis of words printed in capitals in one of Robins's advertisements. * * * No sooner had the first cause of merriment subsided, and the first greetings terminated, than the features of Joshua Lamb, jun. fell into unutterable lengthiness. This change in his son's aspect, however, Joshua Lamb, sen. did not, in his glee, at first observe.

"'Ha, ha, my boy,' said the old man exultingly, rubbing his hands together with delight, 'B. A.! eh? Bachelor for life. How'dt like that, eh? Your degree has made you look like a senator already—you know you're to sit for my borough,

Josh. I say, Josh, and why are you like a young sheep? Give it up? 'Cause you're a BA-lamb! Ha, ha! what do you think of the old chap, eh? clever enough to take a degree himself, a'n't he? Here's another—Why, in three more years, will you be like your mother? 'Cause you'll be M A!

"And the old gentleman roared with laughter. The features of Joshua the younger, however, maintained throughout these irresistible sallies of his progenitor, a profound stillness and rigid inflexibility.

"Why, what do you look so for, boy? why don't you laugh?"

"No feature of Joshua's face moved: Mr. Lamb began now to be alarmed.

"Josh, my boy," said he, solemnly, "you haven't been stricken dumb, I'm in hopes? All my expectations concerning you in the house will then be blasted. Speak, Josh! speak, my boy!"

"I'm plucked!" replied Joshua, in a tone of the deepest anguish and despair.

"Ah! huzza! the boy can speak. But don't be for playing off tricks upon your father, Josh," said Mr. Lamb.

"I'm plucked, father, as sure as you're there," replied Joshua, in a tone more despairing than ever.

"Now, by St. Patrick and his friends! this is too much. Come, come, no more, Josh; no more tricks. Enough's enough, you know. You know you a'n't plucked Josh, my boy."

"I'm plucked, father," replied Master Joshua, despairingly, but with decision.

"Now, by the blessed powers! I'll get in a passion. And, see you, if I get in a passion, you'll never get out of this room unless you are somewhat mutilated, I tell you—you are not plucked. The son of Joshua Lamb, Esquire, M.P. elect, plucked! You daren't say it again, Josh, for the ugly life o' ye."

The reader must send to Mr. Grant for the remainder of this eventful history.

The Fellow has met with a truculent rival in an INDIVIDUAL, who, with peculiar modesty, rests his claims to distinction upon works alone. One contributor, however, of great popularity he has succeeded in enlisting, and, in No. IV., presented to his readers a Fragment from an unpublished Romance by the author of *Eugene Aram*, so happily illustrative and characteristic of the manner of that eminent writer, that I am certain the public will thank me for the quotation. Of the work from which the extract comes, I know nothing; but it is evidently conceived in that fine spirit of catholic philosophy and ripe scholarship by which the Student is distinguished.

CHAP. IV.

No Nothing! And there is a profound and beautiful morality in those two eloquent words, simple though they be; and, to the trusted and external world, redolent of no tearful emotion. It is, indeed, a sublime and ennobling thought, that these words were uttered before the hustings at Covent Garden, by one of those disinherited Englishmen who had then no vote, though they possessed a voice and a forty-shilling freehold. And I—in my early youth, apparently the mere fascinating "*homme du monde*"—the charming "*raconteur*" of a worldly wise and scoffing sophistry—the observed of all observers—the imitated from St. James's to Bloomsbury Square—I who, from giving fame to a boot, or immortality to a button-hole: like Sylla, celebrated alike for *muræna* and massacre, for *pâtés* and proscriptions, retired into the breathing solitudes, the green leafings of my illustrious house; and there, amid the prattling of my ancestral oaks, and beneath the vocal wanderings of the fixed and everlasting clouds, pored over the perplexed but sublime mysteries of Spinoza, and the tender but somewhat melancholy aspirations of Lord Brougham, until they rose before me in Parian glory—they, the Athenian shapes of that ancient and sculptural Greece, which enlightened the earth before the Iconoclast of the beautiful and the true Christianity, desolated the Parthenon of the soul. And they floated before my sight, pageants of Incarnate Intelligence, denied to the rest of mankind, poor gnomes! toiling in the darksome furnace of the earth. And often, in his lonely walk, has the peasant gazed upon that shrouded form—that graceful but irregular step—those feet of almost feminine minuteness—that broad and chiselled forehead, spreading like a moonlight lake from the deep and melancholy eyes, up to the monumental tresses which streamed over the shoulders like a Vignara of stern but quick resolve. And the peasant, with vulgar blindness, unrecognising in the simple but elegant dress—the perfection of taste—the lord of the broad lands which he tilled, would pass on without touching his broad and shadowy hat.

Such is the fragment which the Individual—in this instance a most meritorious one—has given to the world; and, spell-bound as I am beneath its beautiful mysti-

cism and Divine philosophy, I feel that minute criticism would be vain as it would be impertinent. The Romance, if finished with equal power and eloquence, must take its place with the master-efforts of the age and of all time, and will remain a *κρημα εις αινι*—upon the shelves of the circulating library. T. O. M.

Here follows a gem of a letter! We are sorry to be compelled to imitate the example set us by the editor to whom Caleb Williams applied; but were the "threadbare clerk" to read the reams of verse which are sent to us for nothing, he might form a notion of the certain death we should incur, were we, by offering a premium for persecution, to provoke a deluge of prose run mad. After quoting the letter, we shall give a specimen of what the writer says is the "best he can do."

MR. EDITOR.—The lines which follow this note I submit to your perusal. I will briefly state the circumstances under which they were written; but you need not fear the infliction of a pathetic narrative, detailing wo, ignominy, aspirations, and all that. No; there is far too much easy self-complacency and badinage about you, OLIVER YORKE, to encourage (at least in me) any attempt at so exciting your sympathy.

Your generosity I will try. I am a threadbare clerk, fond of scribbling, and, perhaps, a fool. My income gives me about ten shillings a week to live upon; and if you were to starve upon that, perhaps you would be as little bashful as I am. I do not know whether, like the editor Caleb Williams applied to, you give nothing for poetry. I do not know what right these lines have to that name; but I know that if you will insert them—and I wish you would—I think I shall go the length of buying the Mag. to see them in the "printed lines:" and if they are worthless, you can put them at the back of the fire.

MIDNIGHT SONG — "THE BEST I CAN DO."

Oh! how must to-morrow be courted; alas!
 No smiles are awaiting the promise of dawn;
 And even these hours, which rapidly pass,
 Are cheated to joy that excitement has drawn.
 For me are the vows of affection unwrit:
 No kindlier maiden than Fortune I woo;
 But Fortune has wealth, and the bottle has wit—
 So to fill it again is the best I can do.

I mean not to tell you he laughs most at life,
 Who gains it at hazard, the sport of to-day;
 Yet, if your existence were nurtured in strife,
 Oh! never let weeping a moment delay.
 Your march may be culled where the winds whistle bleak,
 Unsettled its limits, uncertain its clue;
 But, if o'er the glass a staunch friend you may keep,
 To fill it again is the best you can do.

The faces once brightened with mirth may be dark,
 Some, far from their homes, may be swept into night;
 And, wrecked in life's tempest, how many a bark,
 Brave, buoyant, and gallant, has gone down in sight!
 Their places are vacant; but memory retains
 Their aspects for Fancy again to renew;
 You drank to their health when it glowed in their veins—
 Oh! drink to their rest; 'tis the best you can do.

The songs of the world may be lovely, I know,
 But Sorrow refuses to echo their tone;
 Though Poverty's passions in grossness must glow,
 One phantom they follow, one equal they own.
 When Love is degraded, or friendship is lost,
 Alas! that Remorse should be kindled anew;
 That care should be chased at Sobriety's cost—
 Yet fill up the glass; 'tis the best you can do.

I have seen the soft light o'er the morning of youth,
 Grow dazzled and dim in a worldlier glare;

If ever I sought for the visage of Truth,
 Some cold interception was sure to be there.
 If turbulent passion was checked in its flow,
 What weeds in stagnation and bitterness grew ?
 Reflection I drowned in the bottle ; and, oh !
 To fill it again was the best I could do.

How many are roaming unfriended and sad,
 Where flattery once had awaited their smile ?
 How many, once hoping and happy, are mad,
 When staring behind on life's withering pile ?
 It is but a vision ; so, let us flare up ;
 Life's dreary, and, oh ! it must then be less true ;
 Yet, if the heart carols while draining the cup,
 To fill it again is the best you can do.

Ah ! wayward and strange is the path I have trod,
 Home was but the light of an unrisen day ;
 Though never, since childhood, retrodden its sod,
 My last wish will be to repose in its clay.
 Yet, while life's flag floats o'er the world's troubled main,
 This maxim I'll practise and promulgate too ;
 If but the last glass in the bottle remain,
 Pledge Fortune with that ; 'tis the best you can do.

A very good suggestion ! Indeed there's nothing else for it ; if you've only one glass left in the bottle, you must pledge in *that*, or not at all. The youngster appends the following statement to his carol : —

" I have no room for more ; and if I had, perhaps you would not have patience to read them : but I should tell you that it is my first essay, and that I am eighteen."

He seems a good-humoured lad, and we'll make him a present of a bit of advice, which, as he will disregard it, can hardly stand in his way. We urge the juvenile clerk to —

Stick to his ledger, and rhyming eschew,
 If the song sent to us is the " best he can do."

If not, if he feels that he can do better things, and has no inclination to sleep at midnight, he might employ the witching hours more reprehensibly than in rhyming. But the safest plan is to go to bed.

Now, for one of our " first love, and last " — Ensign O'Donoghue. That he is hoaxing, we take for granted. But he is such a broth of a boy, that we would rather be tricked by him than tickled by any other, save one or two. Whether he, or the lost man, to whom he gives it, wrote the poem, we

" Know not, heed not, hastening ever
 To glee,—glee,—only glee."

AN ADVERTISEMENT BY CORNELIUS O'DONOGHUE, ESQ., ENSIGN
 LATE (18TH) ROYAL IRISH.

MY DEAR YORKE,—It is now nearly twenty years since I used to keep watch with my friend, Harry Sterndale, a good seaman, and not a bad poet ; but in the chances and changes of the last twenty years, I have contrived to lose sight of him who first initiated me into the mysteries of a lunar observation, and a bowline knot, which, I flatter myself, I can take and make, though brought up as a soldier in the goose step, and, I was going to say, metaphorically, cradled in the manual and platoon exercise. Harry was, like the rest of us who dabble in love and basket-making, treated scurvily by the inexpressive she : soon after which, a lady of his acquaintance asked him if he was grieved at the prospect of again leaving home, having been appointed to the command of a corvette, bound to foreign parts ; to which, he replied, something after the following manner. But, as I have rather a slippery memory, I don't pretend to swear to the exact words he used ; indeed, in justice to myself, I must say I have forgotten half of them at least ; still, some of the ideas hover about my wine-glass. Now, for fear they should sink into the abyss of time, unsung and unprinted, I have cobbled them together, and present them to your editorship, in great hopes they may reach the old original author. If he be in the land of living men, he reads *RECINA*,—

that, of course; and, should these lines meet his eye, he is not the lad he was, if he don't tip me a stave, prattling of his whereabouts. I don't know that he was very clever, but "handsome does that handsome is," as the ladies say; and he was a remarkably good-looking fellow.

In hopes that I may hear of him through you,

I am, my dear YORKE, yours ever,

Junior United Service Club.

C. O'DONOGHUE.

Lady, when first I left this isle,
The country of my birth,
And watched the sun, upspringing, smile
Upon my parent earth,
Brightening her Summer woods, so green,
Decking her hills with pride;
I deemed that I had never seen
So fair a land beside.

And when, upon her sea-bound strand,
Love's sorrowing kiss I gave;
And wrung fond friendship's warm right
hand,

Then launched upon the wave;
I sighed, to think that never more
My wandering eye might view
My long-tried friend, my father's door,
Or Cathleen's eye of blue.

For destiny had bid me trace
A course across the main,
And turn from home, and one loved face,
That held my heart in chain;
Sternly to meet my country's foes,
To battle on the deep;
Darkly to hide all selfish woes,
And Britain's conquests keep.

The chalky cliffs sank in the mist,
Far, far beneath our lee —
Like a wine-cup, the coy breeze kissed
The brimming, sparkling sea;
And I — wild, wayward passion's child —
Was forced, in mirth, to hide
My tearful, choking thoughts — I smiled,
I laughed — I could have cried!

My bark sped on, o'er Biscay's Bay;
Sad, bending o'er her prow,
I nightly watched the fire-bright spray
That foamed and flashed below;
Musing how long, ere my return,
My memory might be,
Like those false fires that seemed to burn
Along the midnight sea.

Though war and tumult, o'er the land
Have marched with giant stride;
And rapine's unrestrained hand
Stripp'd cities of their pride:
Yet, lady, Lusitania's groves
Are lovely to behold;
And many a stream in music roves
O'er fabled beds of gold.

Nor orange-grove, nor golden flood,
Would tempt me here to dwell,
While I remembered one dark wood,
One stream, one path, one dell;
Nor Lusian dames, though fair they seem,
Veiled from the sun's bright glare,

While one, on whom I nightly dream,
And daily think — was there.

My bark left Lusitania's shore,
And, dancing on the brine,
We sought the coast of Labradore,
Far from Oporto's vine;
We cruised off Nova Terra drear,
Where bears and night-wolves howl:
But one idea, even there,
Lit my benighted soul.

From thence we sought those Indian isles
That glitter in the west,
Arrayed in Nature's richest smiles,
In endless summer dressed.
But, still, amid those Eden bowers,
The death-fanged serpent glides,
Sad tears of bondage swell the showers,
And plague on vapour rides.

Like white swan slumbering on a lake,
My 'calmed boat 'mongst them lies;
At high noon-tide our thirst we slake,
And pray for breeze or prize.
The sun descends; and, hark! a gun
Tells that a foe is nigh;
Our bowl is quaffed, our prayers are
done,

Each heart is beating high.

"Is it the 'tri-colour' we see,
Or pirate's bloody flag?
We'll sing them war's wild minstrelsy
While o'er us floats a rag
Of George's cross in azure field;
Up! nail it to the mast!
Till pirate sink, or Frenchman yield;
We'll win the fight at last!

"Down with the helm! yon ripp'ling curl
Bespeaks the evening breeze;
So — steady! — meet it — now unfurl
The flag that rules the seas!"
A schooner's hull, long, dark, and low —
A felon craft is she!

With heavy spars, that upward grow,
Tapering like rowan tree.

"Ho! ship, ahoy! — no answer yet?
I see the glittering eyes,
And demon hue of Afric's jet;
A slaver, and a prize!
Hurra! hurra! — one broadside pour!
My sons, your boarding-pikes!
Hurra! — we'll drown the cannon's roar!
Hurra! hurra! — she strikes!"

But, whilst I drove my whirling blade,*
First in the fiercest fight,
That much-loved voice, I fancied, said,
"Well done, my own true knight!"

For, lady, oft I was a knight
Of mimic chivalry;
And she, the blue-eyed "ladya bright,"
In childhood's revelry.

And now, my bark, with homeward prow,
Broke through the stormy wave;
Wildly the wintry blast did blow,
And mounting billows rave:
But, oh! each angry blast that blew
Bore music to my ear,
For swift my white-winged vessel flew
Toward Britain's isle so dear.

The land is nigh, our hopes are high;
We dash the mantling foam
From our bark's bows gloriously;
Hurra! hurra! for home!
The moon is up—one jovial cup
To smiles that cheer our lives!
Drain the bowl of its lowest drop;
Here's to—sweethearts and wives!

The Lizard light breaks on our sight,
Soon Eddystone we view;
And as we pass the Portland height,
Morn shews the mountains blue;

This is a queer consummation; but Corney is a wag.

Joanna Baillie's tragedies, powerful as they are, are not stirring enough to "kick up hobbery" between ourselves and the *Quarterly*. Therefore we insert the following:

To the Editor of FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,—Previous to the appearance, in your Magazine, of Mrs. Joanna Baillie's reply to the strictures of the *Quarterly Review* on the drama of *Romero*, I had been surprised to find that justice was not done to the moral design of that character, and to the skill with which it is accomplished. I shall attempt to shew that, in some points, the authoress herself has failed to establish all its claims to appreciation, as not less philosophically true than poetically impressive.

What is *Romero*? The slave of impulse—self-ruled, not self-ruling—the idolator condemned to destroy his idol. So far from his being thus disqualified for exciting sympathy, such characters are to be found in the biography of every age, amongst the admired, and even imitated;—against whose errors the gray-headed seek to warn those of an enthusiastic temperament. It would be well, indeed, if beings of that cast could be made to know themselves, and to anticipate the issue of a career of passion. But how are they to be schooled? By the formal address of the proacher? They turn from it in disgust. By the lash of satire? They retaliate it. Give them, then, instead of a didactic, a dramatic lesson—shew them to themselves, in the imaginary scene, not as odious, but as beloved, and as the agents of misery to those who love them; and "the light that led astray" may possibly become the beacon of their repentant course. They are, indeed, naturally fitted for the interchange of sympathy, by their quick sensibilities: and it is in consequence of some delusion, that they are so absorbed by their own feelings as to overlook the feelings of others. Their doubts as to their powers of creating or retaining attachment often prove "traitors to them," urging them to wound and torture the objects of their tenderest affection. Writers of fiction have either palliated the transgressions of such characters, or have thought it necessary to divest them of all attractive and endearing qualities. Mrs. Joanna Baillie, taking a more just and benignant view, has left to *Romero* a certain interest in our hearts, derived from his former devotedness to *Zorada*; in order that the young and ardent reader might identify himself with the character sufficiently, to take home one great moral of the play,—that the self-controlled are the only faithfully devoted.

In another respect, besides that pointed out by the authoress, the case of *Romero* is by no means parallel with that of *Othello*. *Desdemona* was faultless, though made to appear otherwise to him; and the perfect singleness of her mind must have had its own atmosphere of influence (an influence far beyond that of outward circumstance); thus rendering *Othello's* injustice a stronger proof of his obtuseness or perversity.

Where, like a sylph, my own love dwelt;
Does she still think on me?
Oh! the fair bower where I have knelt,
Shades no false deity.

But lady, lady, that sweet smile
That should have welcomed me;
That would have made my native isle
The loveliest of the sea;
That would have made the dreariest rock
On earth's remotest shore,
Where nought is heard but billows' shock,
A bright and blissful bower;

That smile, for which I would have given
My spotless fame on earth;
Nay, almost my hopes of Heaven,
Though not unknown their worth;
That cheered my path from pole to pole.
From me its beams are set,
To light the brow and gild the soul
Of one more fortunate.

Now, lady, if thou e'er did'st love,
Thou need'st not ask the while,
If my sad heart one pang will prove
To leave my native isle.

The character of Zorada, on the contrary, lovely as it is rendered by filial piety, is not free from defects which place her below *Desdemona* in moral power. Her feigned lameness in the first scene with *Romero*, her petty devices and collusion with the nurse as the difficulties of her situation increase, must have left on her husband's mind the impression that she was *not incapable* of dissimulation. There are those whom we cannot help trusting, as long as we ourselves preserve any soundness of moral feeling, even against the evidence of our senses : but a slight deviation from truth would forfeit for ever, on their part, this high privilege. In the estimation of persons who admit any exceptions to the principle of veracity, there could not be a deception more venial than that of Zorada — designed, as it was, to save her father's life. But the father himself is aware that this error of hers was calculated to work upon *Romero's* failings :

" Never again let mystery or concealment,
Tempting the weakness of thy husband's nature,
Which but for this were noble, break the peace
And harmony of marriage."

A more impressive lesson of the short-sightedness of artifice and evasion was never interwoven with a dramatic plot : indeed, in the most popular plays, the heroes and heroines are often permitted to violate truth with impunity.

In answer to a critic who censured *Romero's* last excesses as " too brutal to be credited," let us suppose for a moment such a plot as the following : That the husband had suddenly, and without any mystery, misrepresentation, or other circumstance of a nature to awaken suspicion — only from the ordinary courtesies shown by his wife towards his own dearest friend — conceived an intense and furious jealousy ; that he had sought treacherously to destroy his friend ; that he had sent the mother of his son to prison, where she gave birth to another child, whom he caused to be exposed to perish. All this, too, not in the short space of time in which *Romero* is represented as feverishly hurried on to the consummation of his guilt, but deliberately — weeks, at least, having intervened between the first excitement of the passion and the subsequent acts of barbarity. At the end of such a tragedy, let our sympathy be claimed for the reunion of husband and wife. Will not the reviewer say that the atrocity of his conduct renders him an object of execration ; and that, even if he could have regained the affections of his injured wife (which is contrary to all probability), the spectator would be unable to sympathise in that event ? Yet *Shakespeare* has set all these calculations at defiance in the *Winter's Tale*. What are *Romero's* excesses compared with those of *Leontes* ? It is between these two personifications of jealousy that a comparison should be instituted ; and I ask, To which does the greatest degree of verisimilitude belong ?

Your obedient servant,

B. N.

When *Talleyrand* heard that *Bassano* had returned from Moscow, he shook his quizzical head, and exclaimed, " Impossible ! for Napoleon is declared to have left all his baggage behind." In the same spirit, we sportively declare that, though other periodicals seem to make their appearance once a month, they are but

" Bodied forth and evanescent,
No one knows by what device " —

and are but the baggage which ought to have been, and eventually must be, left behind ; while we, who have

" Thoughts, a wind-swept meadow
Mimicking a troubled sea,"

by the very law of our being, must continue in our victorious career. In support of this reluctant and bashful testimony to ourselves, we beg respectfully to refer to the patriarch of *Bremhill*. And, by the way, we just remember that we are in arrears of courtesy to his Reverence. Let us hasten to atone.

*In Obitum doctissimi et pientissimi Præsulis Sarisburiensis Thomæ Burgess, D.D.
qui obiit Februarii 19, 1837.*

Sancte senex, tempus, plusquàm octoginta per annos,
Tranquillè et tacitè obrepens, ad claustra sepulcri,
Supremamque diem, te duxit ; at, O Pater alto
In cœlo — quàm pura fides, immotique corda,
Per vitæ, variasque vices, mundique tumultus —
Oh ! quæ spes et amor, placidæ et constantia mentis,

Et lacryma in miseros ex imo pectore manans —
 Subrisus, ai quando breves, et blanda loquela,
 Et studia, in variis, varia atque recondita, linguis,
 Doctrina, in primis, divina oracula pandens —
 Ad finem, comitantur iter !

Tu, *Xaeg*, remotâ
 Jam mortali umbrâ et quod mens tua semper avebat,
 Lætare, inter eos sanctos quos Christus amabat.*
 Et lacrymam, nobis lacrymarum in valle relictis,
 Supremam ignoscas, cara et venerabilis umbra.

W. L. BOWLES, Canonicus Sarisburiensis.

Translation, by the Author.

Sainted old man, for more than eighty years,
 Thee — tranquilly and stilly creeping — Age
 Led to the confines of the sepulchre,
 And thy last day on earth — but "Father — Lord —
 Which art in heaven" — how pure a faith, and heart
 Unmoved amid the changes of this life,
 And tumult of the world ! — and, oh ! what hope,
 What love, and constancy of the calm mind,
 And tears to misery from the inmost heart
 Flowing — at times, a brief sweet smile and voice,
 How bland ! — and studies, various and profound,
 Of learned languages — but, ever first,
 That learning which the oracles of God
 Unfolds — even to the end of life's long way
 Thy course accompany'd

But, thou, farewell !
 And live, this mortal veil removed, in bliss —
 Live with the saints in light, whom Christ had loved :
 Yet, pardon us, left in this vale of tears,
 For one last tear upon thy cold remains —
 Pardon, beloved and venerated shade. — W. L. B.

We have received the following from the Welsh mountains. Though the author wishes to preserve his "incognito," we must, in frankness, assure our readers that he belongs to a disbanded regiment, and is named — "*Mais-c'est egal*."

SONG.

Harp of the west ! mid mountains hoar,
 Thy notes are heard afar —
 Not loud and deep, as when of yore
 On high blazed Cambria's star ;
 But faint and soft thy notes prolong
 The never-dying strain :
 Sound on, thou glorious queen of song —
 Again, thy strain, again !

Thy bards of old, who waked high
 lays,
 Now darkly sleep in death ;
 Whilst we, alas, must mourn the days
 That seal'd your tuneful breath.

Yet, while we grieve, our hearts revive,
 For, fresh as erst their hue,
 The laurels o'er your heads still live —
 Then, shall we mourn for you ?

Oh, no ! for as I strike my lyre,
 All deluged with my tears,
 Eryri's † height is robed in fire —
 Lo ! Ancurin ‡ appears.
 And, hark ! the sacred harps are loud ;
 See shady forms arise —
 Hail, glorious throng ! hail, minstrels
 proud !
 Your strains now reach the skies.

We have received numerous letters of complaint against Mr. Rice,—we, of course, mean the successful Mr. Rice,—not the Downing Street gentleman,—for having made the song of "Jim Crow" the rage all over the town. From the great asperity of the criticisms contained in these letters, we are inclined to believe that they come from rival poets, envious of the American's fame. Now, we frankly declare, that to us all these complaints against "Jim Crow," from what

* Alluding to verses written by himself, on completing his 79th year.

† Eryri, Snowdon ; literally, *the eagle's height*.

‡ Ancurin, the most celebrated of the Welsh bards ; called "of the flowing muse ;" also, "chief and sovereign of the bards."

motive soever proceeding, appear ridiculous. We are told that Rice, dressed as a nigger, is a sort of abortion only to be understood by an American. This may be so, though the facts are against the supposition,—for, not only has the fashionable world crowded to the Adelphi theatre under the sole attraction of this barbarism, but the fair twirlers of Almack's have ordered it to be arranged as a quadrille; so that we shall find that hideousness is a mere accident in the matter, and beauty can "jump Jim Crow" just as well as "wheel about and turn about" in the waltz, condemned in chorus by Father Polwhele and Fanny Butler. But, were we for a moment to concede that there was something horrifying to eyes and ears polite in this preposterous affair, we think the Cockneys of the silver-fork school need not turn up their noses at what the highest and the humblest classes combine to honour with a cheerful toleration. Indeed, it is very doubtful whether this mighty empire of Cockaigne could get through any one season without some grotesque absurdity of the kind. "Jim Crow" is certainly an air wanting in the melancholy beauty of "All round my hat," "Walker the Two-penny Postman," and others appealing to the deeper emotions. But, on the other hand, it is very good for the health of the schoolboys of all ages, in the peculiar jump it requires for its due fulfilment. It has also the merit of having afforded the most expressive word for the use of the present government that has sprung up since Stanley stamped them as thimblerriggers. If, after all this, "Jim Crow" should still be voted intolerable, we will resign, which is more than the ministers do when they are beaten.

We have, from long experience, an instinctive dread of an author's handwriting after his MS. has been returned. His remonstrance is sure to be dignified, mellifluous, and melancholy, with a dash of the ridiculous, just to keep the editorial waggery going. Here is a specimen:—

SIR.—L. X. receives the return of his MSS. with thanks. He regrets your Magazine is not available for further use of pen, ink, and paper.

Who killed Jack Keats?
I, says the *Quarterly*,
All savage and tartarly,
'Twas one of my feats!

Who scorns L. X.?
I, echoes FRASER'S,
Like scissors and razors,
I cut all that vex!

And dost thou cut fair company,
Wise friend?

We shall content ourselves by replying, that, when our correspondent, instead of signing L. X., shall, in the letters of *Joe Miller*, strive successfully to X. L., we shall be glad to see him.

It never rains but it pours! The Whigs again!

Confounding the Whigs and their Irish small-beer,
Let us give up our hearts to Conservative cheer,
Forecasting a light to illumine all the year;
And Tories join chorus, and merrily sing,
Through the year that is coming, may God save the King!

From gray-headed flirts, whose Vesuvian desires
Remind that snow-mountains oft labour with fires,
And who strike "heavy blows" at the creed of their sires;
Join Tories in chorus, and merrily sing,
From flippant impiety, God save the King!

From bribe-seeking bullies, half coward, half slave,
Who see thousands on thousands drop starved to the grave,
Yet withstand, for base lucre, the law that would save;
Join Tories in chorus, and merrily sing,
From rebel bull-beggary, God save the King!

From the servants of those we have mentioned the last,
Who are clapped, when in *Hamlet* they fill up the cast,
And are hissed, as the Viceroy, from Cork to Belfast;
Join Tories in chorus, and merrily sing,
From rouged lord-lieutenantry, God save the King!

From dandies of fifty, all bow and grimace,
With heads turned with vanity—coats for a place,
Whose blunders a boy of fourteen would disgrace;
Join Tories in chorus, and merrily sing,
From whiskered inanity, God save the King!

From sleepy advisers, who action eschew,
And slumber as though to their pillows they grew,
While treason is shouting the colonies through;
Join Tories in chorus, and merrily sing,
From dormice in office, may God save the King!

From noninterventionists (*vide Whig Guide*),
Who, unless by all Europe they're greatly believ'd,
Don't at all *intervene*, for they go on one side;
Join Tories in chorus, and merrily sing,
From double-faced impudence, God save the King!

From the three-headed reptile the Whiglins obey,
The meeting-house, mass-house, and pot-house array,
Whom with fetters, not sops, a good Tory would stay;
Join Tories in chorus, and merrily sing,
From the church-hating Cerberus, God save the King!

Through the rest of the gang we'll not venture to grope;
For the foes of old England, and friends of the Pope,
Will hang up themselves, if we'll give 'em but rope:
So we'll finish our chorus, and loyally sing,
Through the year that is coming, may God save the King!

We do not envy the heart of any one who could withhold sympathy from the following facetious mourner. We know him well, and never hope to see him again.

THE LAY OF AN UNATTACHED SUB.

When I rode a blood-horse in the park,
The best mounted man in the crowd;
Oh, *then*, I indeed was the spark
To whom half the pretty girls bowed;
But *now* that my cab's broken down,
And my nag has been sent out to grass,
I may stroll half the day through the town
Without a salute from a lass!

I'm determined to do as you hinted,
But this is between you and me;
I'll just get a few tickets printed,
In the corner I'll write "P. P. C."
On a set of ex-friends I shall call—
By my honour I've nearly a score;
I'll drop them a card at the hall,
Just to tell them I'll call *there* no more.

The first is the fair Mrs. A.,
Who would fain be considered a blue;
She has written a dull five-act play,
That she begged I would kindly review.
But now I begin to perceive
That the "*Blues*" are a terrible bore:
My first card at her house I shall leave—
I'm determined to call *there* no more.

The next is the dashing Miss B.,
Who looks like a baby on stilts;
I'm sorry to say that to me
She has proved far the greatest of jilts.

That I loved her I can't but allow,
But now the illusion is o'er;
To her I have made my *last* bow—
I'm determined to call *there* no more.

The next is Tom C. of the guards;
A chap who sets up for a wit;
I know that he's clever at cards;
After mess, before now, I've been hit.
T' other evening he cleared me quite out,
I confess that I felt rather sore;
I'll cut *that* connexion, *sans* doubt—
I'm determined to call *there* no more.

Mrs. D. and her daughters come next,
I've brought matters *there* to a close;
The mamma was confoundedly vext
When she found that I did not propose
For Miss Bella, who used to repeat
Sweet stanzas from Byron and Moore.
From their quarters I've "beat a retreat";
I'm determined to call *there* no more.

From the fair Ladies E., F., and G.,
I can march without pain or regret,
Though they still ask me out to take tea,
Or fill up a *breach* in a set.
They'll be angry, I know; but what then?
Believe me the breeze will blow o'er:
I'll ne'er storm the tea-pots again—
I'm determined to call *there* no more.

Now comes Lady H. in the square,
 With her guardamen, her cards, and
 her tea;
 For her, and her clique, I don't care,
 They have not been civil to me.
 'Tis true she's patrician and fair,
 Quite a mistress of Cupid's deep arts;
 To her title of queen of the square
 She now wishes to add that of *hearts*.
 Rank and file I've paraded them now;
 I'm aware I've left absent a few,
 To whom, *en passant*, I shall bow.
 Should I meet them in *line* or *review*.

I've given up the ball-room and rout —
 My quadrilling and waltzing are o'er;
 I'll take to cigars and brown stout,
 But flirt and write verses no more.
 The bugles are sounding for mess,
 My tiger just taps at my door;
 I have scarcely a moment to dress,
 So, dear FRASER, at present no more.
 These quarters we change in a week —
 What tears Fanny Dashurst will pour!
 Poor thing! though her young heart
 should break,
 I'm determined to see her no more.

The incident versified in the following lines is narrated by Washington Irving
 as having been told by Sir Walter Scott to him, while on a visit at Abbotsford.
 (*I*de "Abbotsford and Newstead Abbey.")

FUNERAL OF THE KING OF THE CATS.

— ἄνθ: ΚΑΤΙΩΔΩΣ.

The shades of eve were darkling o'er
 The winding vale and forest hoar;
 It was the time when twilight brings
 A thousand wayward shapes of things,
 Not as they are, but as they seem,
 Like visions of a fading dream.
 The clouds were rising in the sky,
 The hollow winds sighed mournfully;
 And o'er the heart a feeling shed
 Of causeless and uncertain dread.
 Then every leaf that by the breeze
 Was rustling in the old oak-trees,
 Might seem unto the startled ear
 Unwelcome messenger of fear;
 And every gnarl'd, fantastic bough,
 Arrayed in garb of terror now,
 Might scare the sight, as though there
 stood
 Some midnight prowler of the wood.
 I passed along with hasty tread,
 Silent and unaccompanied;
 When, issuing from the vale below,
 In long procession, sad and slow,
 I saw a funeral train advance,
 With solemn step and downcast glance.
 Nearer it came, and yet more near:
 I paused to see what might appear.
 When soon there came before mine eye
 A strange and wondrous company.
 Ten cats, with skin of sable hue,
 In front were walking two and two.

You heard no cry;
 But a long-drawn sigh
 Told how each bosom was distressed
 With heartfelt grief, though unexpressed.
 Behind, in darksome guise arrayed,
 On six cats, stout and tall, was laid
 A bier enwrapped in pall;
 And by its side, with drooping head,
 Four cats the mournful pageant led,
 Unwhiskered one and all.
 The pall was rare with rich & vice,
 With tails of rats and skins of mice,
 And finest furs of costly price;
 And over all was, up and down,
 Enwrought a sceptre and a crown.
 As though some prince lay there,
 Behind there came a goodly band,
 And feline tribes from every land,
 The common grief to share.
 There grey grimalkin bent the face,
 And tabbies walked with sober pace;
 And some with skin of tortoise speckled
 And some with yellow spots & speckled
 The aged sire, the toothless dame,
 The youthful and the playful dame,
 With visage woebegone:
 And over and anon the song,
 On fitful winds was borne along,
 And you heard a hollow moan.

DIRGE.

Loud raise the wail
 On every gale,
 And let the breezes waft our doleful story;
 Our king is dead,
 His mighty head
 Lies low, and now is set our sun of glory.
 Long will his noble deeds remain
 The theme of praise and martial strain;
 And bards will tell how long-tailed war-
 riors fled,

By his high prowess foiled and van-
 quished.
 The sounds of joy arise
 To Norway's* murky skies;
 And mice and rats
 Triumph o'er cats.
 In that sad hour when our monarch dies.
 "Le roi est mort," but "Vive le roi!" —
 Foes shall not long escape our conquer-
 ing paw.

* From Norway our common black rat was imported —

ἐχθρὸν ἄνθρωπον δάμα, καὶ οὐκ ὀνησίμα.

The train had passed : I musing stood,
 Until it vanished in the wood ;
 Then turned in sad and silent mood,
 To seek some counsel from a friend,
 And ask what might this scene portend.
 Beside the fire he was alone,
 But through the gloom there brightly
 shone
 Two eyes with fiery glare ;
 And purring sat a coal-black cat,
 Tall, grave, majestic, sleek, and fat,
 Who seemed the weight of years to
 bear.
 I told my tale ; and scarce had said —
 " Methinks the king of cats is dead,"

When suddenly uprose,
 With regal look, and stately mein,
 As though my words had magic been,
 That cat from his repose.
 He waved his sweeping tale on high,
 And loud he uttered thrillingly,
 A voice that might have waked the dead,
 And up the chimney vanished :
 While on the startled ear,
 Was heard along the winding flue,
 " Leige cats ! your monarch comes to
 you —
 Liege cats, your king is here !" 4.

We shall perhaps be told that the above is trifling with the sensibilities of the public. Accustomed as we are to misconception, we incline our crest most gracefully, and try another tack. Shall we tread the earth, or traverse the fields of air ? Both !

HEAVEN AND EARTH.

There are sounds so softly stealing ;
 There are anthems loudly pealing ;
 Seraph choirs that pour for ever,
 Music like a rolling river,
 Deep, and clear, and strong, and swelling
 Through their bright celestial dwelling.
 Angels watching round the portal,
 Hear the tones, but never mortal.
 Oh ! 'tis far too high and holy,
 For the ears of aught so lowly.

But, tho' winged with lightning pinions,
 There are joys in earth's dominions ;
 Accents sweet with passion laden,
 From the lips of mortal maiden ;
 Tones on earth, low, soft, and tender,
 That the heaven shall perfect render.
 Earthly ear alone comes near them,
 Angels dare not bend to hear them.
 These are joys for mortals only,
 Else the world indeed were lonely.

There is glory, bright and beaming,
 From the throne Eternal streaming ;
 Cherub crowns of living splendour,
 Wreathed with mercy's flow'rets tender.
 Sun, nor moon, nor planet, shineth —
 Heaven is light that ne'er declineth.
 Angel-glance alone may bear it —
 Mortal eye comes never near it.
 Oh ! 'tis far too high and holy,
 For the light of aught so lowly.

There are blossoms earth doth nourish,
 That in heaven shall perfect flourish ;
 Fairy forms of mortal beauty,
 From their high celestial duty,
 Once that won the seraphs holy,
 To a world so dim and lowly.
 Mortal arm alone may clasp them —
 Angels lost their heaven to grasp them.
 These are joys for mortals only,
 Else the world indeed were lonely. Δ.

The two following elegant little poems are from the pen of the late Cardinal Weld. They prove that his eminence, like St. Augustine, was thoroughly pervaded by the sentiment of the beautiful.

ROSALIE.

Rosalie ! Rosalie !
 Quit thy dreams and come with me.
 Lo ! beneath the evening star
 Fairies dance beside the sea :
 Sure thy foot is lighter far —
 'Come, then, come with me.

Rosalie ! maidens fair,
 Mark, for Love himself is there ;
 He hath caught them with a chain,
 Such as ever thou might wear ;
 Silken fetters to restrain
 Footsteps light as air.

Rosalie ! Can it be,
 Doth he lie in wait for thee ?
 No ; ah, no ! I see it all :

He is bound, and cannot flee ;
 Thou the jailer, he the thrall —
 Wo, ah ! wo is me.

Rosalie ! Fair are they,
 Graceful all their moonlight play ;
 But thine eyes are far more bright,
 To the heart they pierce their way.
 And that ray of love's own light
 Melteth it away.

Rosalie ! Love is thine,
 Bound by those fair looks that twine
 O'er a brow of ivory.
 Wo is me ! In vain I pine ;
 He nor I can e'er be free,
 From these bands of thine. 4.

THE EXCUSE.

Cupid afloat
In his golden boat,
In a sea of sunshine sailing;
The morning star,
Once seen afar,
With his ceaseless song is hailing.

With a ray of light,
For his arrow bright,
And his mother o'er him bending;

You'll see him dip
On beauty's lip,
The darts he is earthwards sending.

If Cupid, in ire,
Blend beauty and fire,
Why scold at my mistaking
The glances that fly
From your deep blue eye,
For darts of the young god's making!

These mellifluous specimens of priestly poetry form an appropriate introduction to the communication of our no-Popery correspondent in the beautiful city called Bath.

THE WHITWICK WAR-CRY.

Under the shelter of a stately building in the immediate neighbourhood of Bath, flourishes an elderly ecclesiastic of the name of Baines, styling himself Bishop of Maronia, or Sidonia, or Teutonia, or *Humbugonia*, or some other see much resembling the last in sound and extent; who passes his life in the laudable endeavour to prove that the differences which divide the Protestant and Romish churches are as slight as the bridge which leads to the Moslem paradise: and this, poets tell us, is finer than a furnished spider's thread.

He is a singularly smooth-mannered old gentleman; wears a bland and winning smile; speaks in the softest accents, and conveys his meaning in the most carefully rounded periods; gives admirably appointed dinners, and most agreeable *soirées*; and, altogether, does his best to persuade John Bull again to bend his neck under the Romish yoke.

"We love you all," is his language; "we regard you as our children; wanderers, it is true, but still our children. We would fain bring you all within the fold of the ONE TRUE CHURCH. The differences between us and you are fewer and far less important than is generally imagined. Why should those differences remain? Why should we not be ONE? But, failing this, we seek not to proselytise. We are content to waive all controversy; and merely to seek the privilege of being allowed to exercise our own religious worship in quietude and peace."

It is quite astonishing to view the effect which the persuasive verbiage of this silken old gentleman has had on many who have come within reach of its influence. "How much," cry they, "is Popery misrepresented! We see no violence; no turbulence; nothing like bigotry or persecution about it. Its followers seem indifferent about proselytes; and it is quite clear they never intend to molest us."

But, occasionally, in spite of all precaution, the real spirit of Romanism bursts forth. This has recently been the case at Whitwick. The parish of Whitwick, near Charnwood Forest in Leicestershire, has recently been seized upon as a domicile for a nest of Trappist monks. It is a populous, sequestered, but central district; and has, with admirable judgment, been selected as the *point d'appui* whence Romanism may branch forth and infect the whole surrounding neighbourhood. The special patron of these men and their enterprize is Mr. Ambrose Lisle Phillips, the owner of Grace Dieu, and son of that gentleman who, *for the present*, misrepresents the loyal and conservative feeling of North Leicestershire.

From the first moment of these Trappists, or rather Jesuits—for such are they in reality—entering upon their residence at Whitwick, discord and dissension have raged within the parish. The whole character of the place seems changed; and one feeling, in particular, is carefully inculcated, and most offensively manifested—that of studied disrespect to the clergyman. Of this line of tactics, the Popish priest himself set the example, in a handbill which he issued soon after his coming into residence. In this impudent production, he styles the vicar throughout as Mr. Francis Merewether; and HIMSELF, the "PARISH PRIEST OF GRACE DIEU AND WHITWICK."!!

In this sphere of difficulty, Mr. Merewether continued to labour with calm

and unyielding perseverance. Grieved he could not fail to be at the spirit which was rising around him ; but it neither damped his zeal nor abated his exertions. The efforts of the Papists were met with corresponding activity on his part, aided by Sir George Beaumont, the lord of the manor, and the leading landed proprietor of the neighbourhood, whose conduct on this occasion was in perfect keeping with every act of his useful and public-spirited career.

At length, however, the question was put fairly at issue. A church-rate, of very moderate amount—only three-halfpence in the pound—was proposed for repairs which could not with safety be delayed, and for necessities indispensable to the due performance of divine worship. This rate was at once resisted ; and Mr. Merewether was given to understand the Papists would not permit him to have it.

A poll was demanded ; and prominent on the scene came Mr. Ambrose Phillips as the main opposer of the rate. On giving his vote against it, he thought it necessary to perpetrate a speech, thus singularly closed : “ The Church of England is but a sect. It is, in my opinion, *about the best* of all the sects who are without the pale of the true church ; but it, like all other sects, MUST BEND to the Church of Rome.”

This was uttered in the presence of the clergyman of the parish ; who was there, not voluntarily, but officially, as chairman—in a situation in which he was obliged to hear all, but could not well reply, and before an excited and intemperate multitude ! Has Mr. Phillips, together with the tenets of Protestantism, cast away all the courtesy and self-restraint of a gentleman ?

But Mr. Phillips, with Catholicism, has put on Radicalism. His creed is to “ go the whole hog.” To the opponents of the rate ale was, by his orders, lavishly supplied at all the public-houses. Suppers were provided at his expense for the voters on his side the question. Those who were in arrear for their poor-rates, but *thought with him*, had this embargo on their vote removed by his purse. Nothing, in fact, that influence or money could effect was left untried ; and the result was a majority of one hundred and forty-seven against the rate. It is a defeat—a signal one, we admit ; and loud and long-continued were the hurrahs of the Papists which hailed its announcement.

But let the people of England mark it well ; and let it nerve them for the struggle which is fast approaching. Listen to the avowal—the premature, but sincere avowal—which, in the moment of triumph, fell from Mr. P.’s lips.

At the close of the poll he again stepped forward, uncalled for, unsought for ; addressed the people at length on the illegality of church-rates—on their non-existence till within the last three hundred years—on the duty of the clergy to support the poor, as in Catholic times—on the comfort enjoyed by the poorer classes in Catholic days, contrasted with their penury and wretchedness in Protestant days : fit topics, to be sure, for the place, the time, and, above all, for the drunken, excited, riotous mob of his own dependants ranged around him. He summed up his diatribe with this pointed and emphatic declaration : “ I, as a Catholic, tell you there *shall be* NO PEACE till the two churches are united !”

It was well and fearlessly replied, to one part of his harangue, by Mr. Mitchell, the curate of Whitwick, that the existence of church-rates could be proved long, long previous to the date he had assumed : * and that as to the Catholic clergy having supported their poor in former times out of the church revenues, that was a doctrine which had been resigned long ago even by their own writers ; and that, if he wished to see how completely that argument had been disposed of, he would refer him to Mr. Hale’s work on the subject, to which no answer had ever been attempted. As to church revenues, that argument came very badly from his lips, at that time and in that place. There were five hundred acres of land, formerly belonging to the church at Whitwick, now in the hands of lay proprietors ; and the party at present holding a large proportion of those five hundred acres no one knew better than Mr. Phillips himself.

It happens to be no other than his father, the owner of Garrendon !

But Mr. Phillips calls himself a gentleman. He says he is such “ by birth, by station, by property, and by education.” His last plea must be admitted,

* There is a document in existence, shewing them to have been in force in Edward III.’s time.

cum grano salis, if we are to judge by his book — a religious one — dedicated to the Virgin Mary ; which dedication is as choice a bit of buffoonery as one would wish to read on a summer's day.

But where were his feelings as a gentleman, when he permitted Mr. Mercwether to be hissed, hooted, and abused at the close of the poll, for the simple performance of his duty as chairman ; which indecent exhibition, with one single word or gesture, Mr. Ambrose Lisle Phillips might instantly have put down.

And let his parting declaration be branded and burnt in upon the memory of every true Protestant — let it be echoed and re-echoed on every hustings, as the deliberate conviction of one of the richest and, we will add, most mischievous English Catholics — let it arouse the spirit of Protestantism through the length and breadth of the land, till, gathering strength by continued accession of numbers, it sweep away from our legislature *the whole band of Popish agitators*, including *him* who has dared to call the wives and mothers of England strumpets ; and silence, from a sense of shame, the self-styled Catholic gentleman who would beard our ministers in their own sanctuary.

So much for controversy. Now for a word of compliment :

THREE SONNETS TO JEAN MÜLLER, THE HISTORIAN.

BY SIR EGERTON BRYDGES.

Introduction.

See a memoir of Jean Müller in all the Biographies. He died about 1807. He was a native of Schaffhausen. See his will, in Notes to Macgregor's *Notch-Book*, vol. iii. 1835. His correspondence with Bonstetten was published in a French translation by Mad. Brunn, 8vo., Zurich, 1830. These letters are full of learning, eloquence, and genius. His *History of Switzerland* is in nine vols. 8vo. : it is highly esteemed. His four vols. of a *Compendium of Universal History* were published after his death, in a French translation, by Hesse, of Geneva.

I.

MÜLLER ! thou hadst an ardent mind ; a heart
 Noble and eloquent ; and learning vast,
 Clear, strong, and well digested ; pure the thought
 Was in thine own original fountain sought ; —
 And 'twas thy glory what thou knew'st t' impart,
 Not a dark mantle o'er thy talents cast !
 For ever did the flame within thee burn,
 To others' good thy labours' fruit to turn !
 Not idle words were thine, but soundly flowed
 The wafting tide of thy pellucid style ;
 Of thought profound, bearing the beamy load ;
 Sentiment, just ; opinion without guile ;
 Never a slave to others' ruling sway,
 But drawing light from thine own bosom's ray !

II.

'Thou wert the true historian ! In thy page
 No tainted party-politics broke out,
 Nor mingled with the spring : thou sought'st alone
 The verity of facts and views profound —
 Not transient, twisted, of a selfish age,
 Lore tainted with suspicion and with doubt,
 To purposes of guile and falsehood prone,
 In statement crooked, in design unsound.
 Philosophy was thine — the mighty love
 Of glorious knowledge : not by history's tale
 The plots of mean ambition to approve,
 And make the purpose of the hour prevail !

There is not aught, when the occasion's past,
Of lore if foul as party-authors cast.

III.

But, ah ! thy splendour for the coarser mind
Of the world's atmosphere was too refined ;
The trembling fibres of thy heart and brain,
Too sensitive mid noise and storms to toil
Among the cries of Envy's clamorous broil.
Thou could'st nor peace, nor staff, nor solace find ;
Nor against hate and wrong thy steps sustain ;
Nor in the pangs of want pursue thy vein.
In troubled times, when violence and plot,
O'erturning all, made history a blot,
Thy buoyant soul, long struggling to contend
Amid the fury of the battling wave,
At last thou sunkest ere thy manhood's end,
With broken heart borne to the silent grave !

As poor Lord Palmerston is in the sorriest possible plight just at present, we, from pure charity and affectionate sympathy, beg to recall to him the happy moments when, in company with Wilson Croker and other clever Conservatives, his lordship amused himself by quizzing his majesty's opposition, from Ponsonby to Paul Methuen, in the *New Whig Guide*. One of the songs in that lively publication is generally attributed to Cupid's own quill ; and, regarding it as a remarkable instance of unconscious prophecy on the part of one man, who fancies he is roasting another rather than himself, we shall copy it. It is a parody on Moore's well-known song, " Believe me, if all those endearing young charms," and bears date 1819, at which period it was addressed to Paul Methuen, Esq. Its just application, in 1837, will suggest itself on the most cursory perusal.

SONG.

Believe me, when all those ridiculous airs,
Which you practise so pretty to-day,
Shall vanish by age, and thy well-arranged hairs,
Like my own, be both scanty and grey,—
Thou wilt still be a goose, as a goose thou hast been,
(Tho' a fop and a fribble no more),
And the world, which has laughed at the fool of eighteen,
Will laugh at the fool of three-score.

'Tis not while you wear a smart coat of dark brown,
Neat trousers, and waistcoat so full,
That the absolute blank of a mind can be known,
Which time will but render more dull.
Oh, the fool who is truly so, never forgets,
But still fools it on to the close ;
As Palmerston leaves the debate, when he sets,
Just as dark as it was when he rose.

The best possible comment on this last passage was furnished in Lord Palmerston's recent oration in further mystification of Spanish affairs. His lordship talked through from six to seven closely printed columns of the *Times* ; and the juvenile Whig realised the prediction of Roebuck, the Radical, of giving no explanation at all. One point, however, was unintentionally made manifest by Palmerston—viz. that out his majesty's government must go. For, had not that fatal necessity impended over the incapables, nothing could have roused Cupid from his reclining couch. When even his rosy smile broadened into a ghastly grin, it was very evident that matters must be desperate indeed.

" And the waiters at Brookes's are loud in their wail,
And mute is the Holland-house temple of Baal ;
And the might of the party, in spite of big words,
Hath melted like snow both in Commons and Lords."

A book very beautifully printed, dedicated to the king, and adorned with gilt edges, has been published by Mortimer of Wigmore Street, entitled *The Position of the Baronets of the British Empire*. The author's motto is taken from Schiller, and, translated into plain English, intimates that he (the author) will not be ranked below his equals. To this, however, he contends that the gentry of England must submit abroad, when they come in contact with the continental lesser nobility. It would appear, that our author is connected with the baronetcy; and great is his indignation at the presumption of persons like Prince Pückler Muskau taking precedence of English gentlemen of old families. He states, likewise, that all sorts of blunders are made by foreigners as to our several titles of rank and dignity—for instance, that being *at the bar* is thought a disgrace, as in some instances it is. But, on the other hand, we have heard of a respectable London tailor, who made a progress of great distinction through Germany, in consequence of his having designated himself, "Elector of Westminster;" and another fortunate Englishman received all possible attention, from the circumstance of M.P. being appended to his name on his cards, though all he, innocent man, intended to intimate was, that he followed the profession of a *Miniature Painter*. The author is especially pathetic, when lamenting the folly of English ladies, whose mania for princes, marquesses, counts of the holy Roman empire, &c. is laughable enough. The Austrian gentleman who gave the author the following bit of advice must, we presume, be personally acquainted with Von Raumer. A fifth-rate American has since given us a specimen in this way, but his day is over:

" 'Take care of our literary men; for be sure, when its suits their purpose, they will not fail to make a market of your conversation and of your company!'"

A good many of the scribblers of Cockaigne are great market-gardeners in this way, which is atrociously unjust; or vain, indeed, would be any attempt at retaliation. Fancy trying to make a market of the "*conversation and company* of our literary men!" Shall we enumerate? By no means.

DOUBTS AND FEARS.

BY AN EMINENT HAND.

A cabinet council was called t'other day,
To con o'er the farce of the "Devil to Pay;"
When the nondescript noodles, from Commons and Peers,
Thus freely gave vent to their doubts and their fears.
Derry down!

The Premier began with his legs on the table:
Cried he, "I have faced it as long as I'm able;
But the Duke's speech on Spain is too much, and I doubt,
That, do what we will, we must shortly turn out."
Derry down!

'This statesmanlike statement, gave rise to a splutter,
And set even Cupid's old wings in a flutter;
He homm'd twice or thrice, just his courage to cheer,
'Till he gained resolution to falter, "I fear!"
Derry down!

"I fear," quoth his lordship, "that Tiverton's wants
Are as hard to supply as the wishes of Hants;
'That folly is punished more fiercely than sin,
And that if we go out, I shall never get in."
Derry down!

"I doubt," said Spring Rice, "if the noddle of Neckar
Could manage the bores that beset the exchequer;"
When Glenelg, with a languishing lid and a sigh,
Exclaimed, "Was e'er minister bothered as I?
Derry down!

"While Papineau preaches 'gainst council and king
In Canada,—here I've the same sort of thing;

For Radical Roebuck keeps rowing away,
And, but for fierce Stanley, would strangle George Grey.
Derry down !

" I fear ! — Who's afraid ? " cried Howick, with scorn ;
" Was the cabinet couch ever free from a thorn ?
Yet I doubt that our own is so sternly quick-set,
That the longer we stay, the more scratching we'll get."
Derry down !

Lord Johnny then simpered and ventured to say,
That others might go—for himself, he would stay ; —
That is, if O'Connell could still be kept quiet,
And the paupers grow fat on the new poor-law diet.
Derry down !

At the name of O'Connell, mild Melbourne, tho' loath
To use strong expressions, sent forth a huge oath ;
Which we dare not repeat to Conservative ears,
But which put a full stop to all Whig doubts and fears.
Derry down !

LAMBETH RECORDS.

A motion, originally made by Joseph Hume, and afterwards reiterated by the member for Finsbury, for the production of " copies of all the parliamentary surveys of church lands preserved in the library of manuscripts at Lambeth, and which were made under an ordinance of parliament in 1646," has caused a vast quantity of ignorance and stupidity to be displayed on the part of the Radicals out of parliament. It does not, indeed, appear that the honourable members were themselves much better acquainted with the nature of the documents, of which they express an anxious desire to obtain possession. The attorney-general, who, *ex officio*, ought to have known better, did not, in his answer to the motion, seem to possess any sort of acquaintance with the subject. He could not see, he said, how they were to order an officer to go into the archbishop's library and transcribe them ; and if they could, who was to pay for the transcription ? On this, Hume contended that the surveys were a parliamentary document ; and that it was for the archbishop to satisfy the House how he got possession of it. That House, he characteristically observed, was not bound to " stand up as the protector of stolen goods."

The *Spectator* newspaper, on the Radical side, remarks that the documents in question are now as useless to the public as if they were written in Chaldaic ; but if they were intelligibly printed by order of the House of Commons, we are informed that they would illustrate some rather ancient, and some more recent, dabbling and jobbing in church lands, of which people in general, and our representatives in particular, have little suspicion.

We have frequently consulted these documents, to which the present archbishop has always liberally afforded every facility of access, with free permission to transcribe whatever portions we required ; and can say, that so far from being as useless as if written in Chaldaic, which the *Spectator* and his friends seem to consider an unknown tongue, they are plainly but neatly written in the common secretary hand, and are, therefore, intelligible to school-boys. " It is pretty notorious," says the editor, if Mr. Duncombe himself did not write the article, " that in some way, known to few but accomplices in and gainers by such transactions, large fortunes and noble houses have been erected on property almost clandestinely, and, we dare say, in many instances, transferred from the church to laymen. We do not, of course, allude to the violent and wholesale spoliation of Henry VIII. ;" but to a transaction which occurred in 1768, and which has no more connexion with the Lambeth MSS. than with the suppression of monasteries.

Over-eager logicians are said sometimes to prove too much ; and it seems that the eagerness of partisans sometimes betrays them into the expression of condemnatory strictures, which apply to none but such as entertain their own principles. These innocents, like the captives of Plautus—

“ Inscientes sum sibi fallacia,
Ita compararunt et confinxerunt dolum.”

Dr. Ducarel, keeper of the archiepiscopal records in 1760, prepared a copious index to these volumes, and wrote the following explanation of the origin of the surveys:—

“ Among other great alterations made in our constitution, not only an ordinance of parliament was made, Oct. 9, 1646, for abolishing of archbishops and bishops within the kingdom of England and dominion of Wales, and for settling of their lands and possessions upon trustees, for the use of the commonwealth,* but also of deans and chapters, canons, prebends, and other offices and titles of or belonging to any cathedral or collegiate church, or chapel, within England and Wales, and selling their lands,† enforced and explained by the subsequent acts of June 2, 23, 25, and July 31.”‡

As forcible and violent a seizure of church property as any complained of against Henry VIII. was, therefore, made by the proto-Radicals then in power. The disposition of the “ stolen goods ” was made in the following manner, as described by Dr. Ducarel:—

“ Afterwards, to give some colour of piety to these proceedings, and to seem mighty zealous for preaching, wherein the chief part of religion was then made to consist, the powers in being thought fit to dedicate some part of this large revenue to pious uses, to the amount of 18,000*l.* a-year, for the maintenance of preaching ministers, and 2000*l.* a-year for the increase of the maintenance of masterships of colleges, in both universities, whose maintenance was not sufficient; besides 80*l.* per annum to the Margaret professor at Oxford § By this act, every living was to be made up 100*l.* a-year; and commissioners were sent by the keepers of the liberties of England into every county with instructions (*Perfect Diurnall*, No. XI.; Feb. 19, 1649–50, p. 91). Of the certificates or surveys returned (some of them originals, but the greater part office-copies) consist the *twenty-one* volumes in the Lambeth library. The intended augmentation, however, came to little or nothing. The certificates and returns undoubtedly remained in Chancery till after the Restoration.”

The subsequent history of these surveys, which are sometimes called by those who have occasion to refer to them, the “ Oliverian Surveys,” is curious, and accounts for the non-existence of a very great majority of the originals. By an ordinance of parliament, a registrar was appointed, to whom the original surveys were transmitted by the commissioners, and duplicates or transcripts of them were delivered to the trustees or commissioners nominated for the sale of the possessions plundered from the church.

“ On the 16th of August, 1660,” says Dr. Ducarel, “ information was given to the house of commons, that William Ayloffe and — Ayloffe had come to the public office in Broad Street, where the records, books, and surveys relating to the bishops, and deans, and chapter-lands, were kept for his majesty’s service and the public, putting the officers out of possession, scaling up the doors, breaking open the locks where several of the records were, and possessing themselves of the keys belonging to the treasury, and daily ransacking among them, to the great prejudice of thousands concerned therein; and by transferring and misplacing thereof, a perfect to his majesty and to this house, touching the same, will be disabled: it was ordered, that the said William Ayloffe and — Ayloffe should forthwith return back all books, writings, and evidences, found by them in the public office, relating to the sale of bishops, and deans, and chapter-lands, in Broad Street, with the office itself, to the hands and custody of the officers who formerly had the same in charge; and that the serjeant-at-arms attending this house do see the same done accordingly.”||

It was also ordered, May 13, 1662, “ that Mr. Michael Mallett and Mr. William Ayloffe do deliver all such surveys, and other records and writing concerning the archbishopricks, bishopricks, and deans and chapters, which are in their hands, unto the most reverend father in God, the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, who is desired

* SCOBELL’s *Collection of Acts*, part i. p. 99.

† *Ib.* pp. 39, 44, 45, 68.

|| *Commons’ Journals*, vol. viii. p. 111.

† *Ib.* part. ii. p. 16.

§ *Ib.* pp. 40, 111, &c.

to take care for the preservation thereof, and to dispose of the same to the respective bishops, deans, and chapters, who are therein concerned, if he shall think fit."

Fortunately for the public, the discretion of Archbishop Juxon, and of his successors in the see of Canterbury, has prevented the dispersion of these records in the manner recommended by parliament; and they are now, though far from being complete, accessible for private purposes, on application to the present liberal and enlightened possessor of the Lambeth Palace, who is the last man in the kingdom to keep any useful manuscript in his possession under a Chaldaic lock. We should add, that the surveys in question are admitted in evidence as original records, by a decree of the Court of Exchequer, dated 19th July, 1775, signed by Lord Chief Baron Smyth, and Barons Eyre and Burland; and in November and December of the same year, in a title case of *Travers versus Oxtou*, Archbishop Cornwallis allowed the third volume to be produced in evidence before that court. The *Spectator* further says,

"The objection to Mr. Duncombe's motion is, that the copies will cost a good deal of money; but this cannot be honestly urged by men who have supported that enormous succession of jobs, the record commissions, at an expense of half a million to the country. Incorrect transcripts of musty, useless trumpery, have cost the country scores of thousands per annum; and now, are we to be told, when it is proposed to publish very curious and valuable documents, having direct reference to the legislation of the day, and to subjects universally and immediately interesting, that the expense is what the nation cannot afford? This apology for concealing disagreeable facts ought not to serve the turn of those who offer it. The house of commons should insist upon having the Lambeth surveys on its table, in a convenient and useful form."

There can be no question, that the Lambeth surveys, relating as they do, solely to ecclesiastical possessions, are in their proper place of depository; but whether they are worth the expense of printing, is another affair. A few words descriptive of the nature of their contents, may go some way to decide this matter. The commissioners were generally persons of property or consequence within the hundred or district, in which they made the survey, and were, also, as appears from their own language, well affected to the commonwealth. They state the nature of the living, and in whom the presentation is vested; then, generally, follow the dimensions, with the exact situation, of the parish; if there are chapelries dependent upon it, they mention the distance of each from the church, and sometimes the number of inhabitants in each chapelry. The gross amount of tithes, and whether they are held by the incumbent, or are leased to laymen, are stated; and in some surveys, the tithes are particularly specified. The character of the incumbent forms, as may be conceived, a conspicuous passage in these surveys; if he be like the commissioners, he is invariably "a godly, pains-taking minister," and, as the clergy of the establishment were then mostly ousted of their livings, there were few other ministers to describe. Preaching and praying being, in those godly days, deemed the chief, if not the sole, essentials of religion, it was an object to provide as many ministers in a place, as it was possible for it to support; consequently, by far the largest portion of each survey is occupied with classifications of villages and hamlets, which the commissioners recommend to be constituted into a parish by themselves, and to have a new parish church erected on a site, which they carefully select and describe by boundaries. In this way, they contrive to carve a moderately sized parish into five, six, or seven distinct parishes. Nothing more is contained in the twenty-one volumes, which the attorney-general has multiplied into forty. They are sometimes useful to the writer of a topographical history, who has occasion to compare the population of a district at different periods, but in this he is not always gratified: and they are sometimes useful to clergymen in disputes about tithes; but of any other recommendable quality they are totally destitute. We apprehend, that, if the house of commons find it necessary to obtain repossession of the copies, and the very few originals that now remain, they have only to rescind their own order by which the custody of them was transferred to the Archbishops of Canterbury, by whose care the manuscripts have been preserved in a body, instead of being—as recommended by the parliament of 1662—dispersed among the various diocesses and deaneries of the kingdom.

Hard-pressed as we are, we must make room for the following letter and poem.

To OLIVER YORKE, Esq.

SIR,—I am a middle-sized, middle-aged member of the middle classes; a native of one of the midland counties, and at present residing in Middlesex. My health, temper, habits, prejudices, predilections, loves, hatreds, hopes, and fears, are all middling. Having felt the consequences of this state of things, I beg to present you with the following poem, which embodies my view of the matter, and which you may insert, or not, as you please. If you do, I shall not be highly delighted; if you don't, I shall not be dreadfully disappointed; but in either case shall continue,

Tolerably yours, SIMON SO-SO.

Good countrymen all, come listen to me,
I've a truth which I must not bury ;
Whatever your age, your rank, or degree,
I advise you all to be " very."

If, for instance, a woman you wish to woo,
Be her humour or grave or merry,
The game is your own,—you've nothing to do
But make her believe you—"very."

Very sad, very gay, very sharp, very flat,
Very given to tea, or to sherry,—
Very hot, very cold, very this, very that,
Very *any thing*—so you're "very."

Very tall, very short, very dark, very fair,
Very pale in the face, or florid ;
Nay, I've known a man loved to the verge
of despair
For being surpassingly horrid.

And the women are right, as always they
are,
Dear creatures! for where is the pleasure
Or profit of making a life-guiding star
Of a mortal of mere standard measure?

In politics, too, your "very" 's the sound
That charms a whole herd to follow ;

Though inattentive to measure, our correspondent speaks sensibly, especially in the last line.

Very great is the Duke, Peel very profound,
And the Whigs very little and hollow.

Thus all that is great, good, wise in the
land
Flocks round the Conservative stan-
dard ;
While all that is stamped with iniquity's
brand
To Whiggery's humbug has pandered.

In both we have "very" the leader of
 men ;
 And in the republic of letters
 'Tis "very" denotes the remarkable pen
 To which dull-men or wits are the
 debtors.

Very light is the prose, very heavy the
rhyme
Of the writers of poems and novels ;
Excepting the few who are very sublime,
Very vilely each nondescript grovels.

But the very great triumph of "very"
itself,
Which the veriest cur can't gainsay, air,
Is, when all other magazines laid on the
shelf,
Old England is fondling her *Fraser* !

SONNETS FOR MAY, 1837.

t being the Month in which the Princess Victoria arrives at her Majority, the latter Sonnet is dedicated to Her Royal Highness, without the permission of Sir John Conroy,

BY SIR MORGAN O'DOHERTY, BART.

I.

It is the time for "babbling of green fields"
 (So Capell and the Shakespeare-noting tribe
 Read in Dame Quickly's speech:* whether the scribe,
 Who mourned o'er Falstaff's death so wrote, it yields
 Matter of question; but the sonnet shields
 My readers, by its structure complicate,
 From danger of being bored by such debate),—
 For May, much sung by every bard who wields
 The plume poetic, enters; and the sun,
 Which seemed determined to have spent the year
 In foreign travel, hath at last begun,
 And what Leigh Hunt calls "greenery" will appear
 In spots not hymned by Cockney or by Laker,—
 For e'en th' Old Bailey sports its own Greenacre.

II.

Oh! that Jack Keats were living now! I think
 The *Quarterly* barbarian should be hung
 Who snuffed out by an article† him who sung—
 "Oh for a fountain of eternal drink,
 Pouring for ever from the heaven's brink!"‡
 It is a distich to create a thirst
 Even in the ribs of death! For such a burst
 Of liquor now I pray. That of our pink,
 Our posy, of our bright consummate flower,
 Our own old merry England's blooming rose,
 I should in heavenly tap the health propose,
 Wishing her blessings in abundant shower.
 But, as the gods pour down no nectar, here,
 Fair Princess, here's your health in toddy as sincere.

M. O'D.

Thatched House Tavern, Thursday.

NOTES.

* *Hen. V.*, act ii. sc. 3. Quickly, in the original edition, is made to say, "his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a table of green fields;" altered by Capell to, "and a' babbled of green fields." A tolerable

guess, but I think the true reading after all.

† *Vide* Byron's lament over Keats.

‡ *Bona fide*, from "*Endymion*."

LONDON:

JAMES MOYES, CASTLE STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE.

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VOL. XV.

ROMAN CATHOLIC COLLEGE OF MAYNOOTH.

THE amazing tenderness displayed by the Whigs, the Radicals, and the Dissenters, to every Popish institution, and their unsparing severity toward every Protestant one, would be regarded as a striking phenomenon, if the systematic frequency of these partialities did not forbid it. Bills are framed for hampering and unchristianising the universities of Britain, but the Popish educational institutions of the sister island are fostered. Commissions, the most expensive and burdensome, are got up for the purpose of ransacking parishes and cathedrals to ascertain if there can be advanced any plausible pretext for withholding additional grants to Protestantism; and when at length moral force will extort a few pounds for the advancement of truth, they are wrung from men now in power as drops of life-blood; while liberality, and "no bigotry," and many a flimsy reason, dictate instant compliance with the supplication of the Popish hierarchy. This cannot be owing altogether to the Big Beggarman's influence. He is a sturdy dog, and deserves much of the "brutal and bloody" Whigs for his "disinterested" support, but he cannot be the cause of a political preference of Popery and a coextensive persecution of Protestantism so consistent throughout. It must arise from the natural alliance existing between kindred characters. Popery, Infidelity, Radicalism, and Voluntarism, the four forces that drag in turn the Melbourne cabinet, are, in

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fact, homogeneous principles. They help forward each other; and this is the explication of the seeming contradiction that the same political party that patronise the London University College, will also, in the face of the most solemn reasons to the contrary, continue the national grant to Maynooth. All corrupting elements do well to putrefy together. We are of opinion, from a careful circumspection of the whole horizon, that the prediction of Canning is about to be fulfilled, that the latter half of the nineteenth century would be marked by a "war of opinions and principles." Sound men are beginning to extend their observations more closely to the principles out of which national practices emanate; and if, on thorough inquiry, it come to be demonstrated that Popery is a system of disaffection and divided allegiance, and Maynooth, with other similar establishments, only so many foci through which its tendencies come concentrated, and yet more embittered, it will then be seen how far this country will put up with men and measures in its very bosom that poison society and rack the nation with a perpetual feverishness.

I.—HISTORY OF MAYNOOTH.

In order to furnish our readers with some idea of the origin and workings of Maynooth, we shall briefly glance at its history. Dr. Troy, and Dr. O'Reilly, and other Roman Catholic bishops, applied to Mr. Pitt for endowments to

support a home seminary for the Romish priesthood. The *ostensible plea* they used was, that the institution of such a seminary would prevent the Irish priests from going to the Continent, and there imbibing anti-British sentiments; while the *real reason* was, that the priests educated on the Continent were of families too respectable, and habits, arising from their foreign education, too refined and orderly, to submit to the command of their bishops, to envenom the minds and exasperate the feelings of the Irish peasantry against every thing British and Protestant. It may be said we are uncharitable in affixing the latter and discarding the former pretext; but facts bear us out, and upwards of forty years' experience of the fruits of Maynooth confirms our conclusions. It will be observed that Drs. Troy and O'Reilly begged for the endowment of Maynooth on the avowed grounds that it would make the priests less republican, and more attached to the British constitution. This was the manifesto put into the hands of Mr. Pitt; and the manifesto that dazzled, by its plausibilities, the eyes of that accomplished statesman, and extorted from him a grant, which we shall prove to be a bonus on treason, disloyalty, and immorality. Now, let it be observed, that during that very year in which these Papal bishops put forward such professions of loyalty, they were in secret correspondence with the committee of Roman Catholics sitting in Dublin, the members of which were open republicans, and the *bona fide* though secret rulers of six millions of the Irish population. Their leader, Mr. Wolf Tone, declares in his Journal that the members of this committee, with whom Drs. Troy and O'Reilly, and other Popish bishops, were in constant communication, and by whose united endeavours the system of education at Maynooth was devised, were all of them the advocates of "republicanism and separation from England;" that it was their object "to subvert the tyranny of England, and form a free republic;" and that they, and all the Roman Catholics, "were trained in an hereditary hatred and abhorrence of the English name." Now, what are we to understand by this? The Roman Catholic bishops declared *in public* their loyalty and their anxiety to conciliate every priest and peasant to the British government; while, *in private*, they

carried on the most active plans for the dismemberment of the empire, the ascendancy of Popery, and the weakening, if not utter suppression, of Protestantism in Ireland; loyalty was on their lips, and foul treachery in their hearts; their words were full of meekness, but their intentions were at once deceitful and murderous. In order that

laynooth was sought to be endowed may be still more patent, we have to add, that Dr. Hussey, who encouraged the unions then formed, whether Whiteboy defenders, or Ribbonmen, and who called upon the Popish clergy to come forward with their support and countenance to these anti-social combinations, was appointed the first President of the College of MAYNOOTH. These things were not seen during the time of their occurrence; and, accordingly, fresh petitions for additional grants to Maynooth were sent up by the priests, and, unhappily, too quietly responded to. Mr. Colquhoun, who has drawn up a statistical account of this subject, in the form of a speech, containing much curious research, observes,

"It is curious to turn to the debate which took place that year on the subject of the grant to Maynooth, which the Whig party wished Mr. Perceval's government to increase. After the exposure of their real designs, it is most ludicrous to turn to the views of gentlemen in parliament. Sir J. Newport says, 'To reduce the grant would be to make the priesthood hostile; would place parishes under the direction of uneducated men, who would instil into their parishioners abhorrence of England.' Mr. Ponsonby says, 'Considering the influence which the priests had over the people, it was wise in statesmen to keep them in good humour.' Mr. Grattan says, 'If the priests went abroad, they would bring with them foreign connexions and obligations: every means should be taken to give them an education, with native habits and feelings.' Persuading themselves, forsooth, that the increase of a few thousand pounds to the college at Maynooth would secure to England the attachment of that priesthood, whom I have just shewn to be deep in all the plots and conspiracies against her."

Such were the transparent expediences by which Britain was trepanned into a disastrous concession of her strength, and disgraceful compromise of her principles; impressing strongly on our minds a lesson we

need to learn well in the present day, that safety can only be secured by stern adherence to principles; and that evils, which we try to avert by mere expediency, will be perpetuated and increased, rather than destroyed. Maynooth was endowed at the beck of expediency, in order to produce greater loyalty among the Papist priesthood of Ireland, and it has been proved to be the very breast from which they drink in most copiously the principles of antipathy to England, and persecution of Protestantism. The writer we have last quoted makes the following remarks on the influence of Maynooth during the latter years of its history :

" In 1823 the Roman Catholic Association began. We are all familiar with its proceedings. What part the priests bore in them I will tell you in the words of Mr. Wyse : ' The clergy, too, sent in their adhesion from time to time. Maynooth began to be felt. Irishmen who had never left Ireland were the priests whom it sent forth. A great many of the clergy still retained their former fears — were too much affected by a sense of the decencies of their order; but the new class of the clergy were roused — they stepped out, beyond the modesty of their habitual functions, into the activity of public life. The priesthood no longer refused co-operation : they joined every meeting; seconded every proposition; lent their aid to every project : they became interested in the voluntary levies; grew champions in the cause of the Association, and the principal channels by which its influence was communicated.' Dr. Kelly, Bishop of Waterford, of whom Mr. Wyse says that he had the same spirit as Dr. Hussey, a republican, set the example; and, in fine, two thousand six hundred priests, and almost all the bishops, became enrolled members of the Association. The next thing was to join vigorously in the political elections. This began in Waterford in 1824: it was followed by Clare, and became the habitual practice. The priests, as Mr. Croly says, turned their chapels into political club-houses; and the priest, arm-in-arm with the Agitator, delivered political philippics from the altar. Messrs. Sheil and Lawless were to be found canvassing with Fathers Murphy and Macguire. The priests drove the electors to the booths, and presided at the poll. Then came emancipation, extorted by the terrors of rebellion. Reform opened new fields for the influence of the priests. In 1831, they raised again the cry for repeal. Mr. Mullen, county Meath, a repealer, tells

us that of his club several priests were members, and the object of this club was repeal. In 1832 arose the anti-tithe agitation. Of this the priests were the leaders. Mr. Singleton says, there was not one anti-tithe meeting which the priests did not attend. We come to the last general election. The mask is now entirely abandoned. Bishops M'Hale, Nolan, and Abraham, address their clergy, exciting them to take a part in the elections: the clergy are not slow to follow. In county Kerry, in every chapel except three, the priests make violent political addresses, and denounce every course against those who would not vote for the Catholic candidate; but they did not confine themselves to addresses in that county alone. Twenty-three priests head mobs, use personal violence, attack and abuse the refractory; nor was there a species of outrage which was not inflicted. But this was not confined to county Kerry; it extended over Carlow, Queen's County, Wexford, and Tipperary. In fact, such was the terror, that no man's life was safe who did not act according to the will of the priest. And when one witness is asked whether a person then in London could state facts which he knew, which implicated the priest, and return to Ireland, he says he could not — ' his life would not be safe; he would be assassinated in twenty-four hours.' "

Such is an outline of the origin and progress of this institution. It was founded in deceit, and upheld by a false expediency, and is now employed to ends fatal to the prosperity of Ireland and to the peace of England; and so strongly are these facts beginning at length to be felt, that the Conservative Associations of the country are awakened to a consideration of the subject, and parliament at present called upon to investigate it.

II.—GENERAL OPINIONS OF MAYNOOTH.

We wish to call attention to these, as many individuals of conflicting political parties have, from a dispassionate examination of the workings of Maynooth, expressed almost the same sentiments; and as we have also before us the evidence of individuals educated at Maynooth, and conversant alike with its arcana and its attitude.

The first we shall quote is from the work of a gentleman who holds what are called liberal opinions. Mr. Inglis says, in his work on Ireland :

" I entertain no doubt that the disor-

ders which originate in hatred of Protestantism have been increased by the Maynooth education of the Roman Catholic priesthood. It is the Maynooth priest who is the agitating priest: and if the foreign-educated priest be a more liberal-minded man, less a zealot, and less a hater of Protestantism, than is consistent with the present spirit of Catholicism in Ireland, straightway an assistant red-hot from Maynooth is appointed to the parish."

The Rev. James Page, in his little work on Ireland, observes:

"I pass by the fact, that events have proved that the policy of those who first supported the grant to Maynooth was miserably short-sighted. I pass by the seditious and destructive doctrines found in its works of theology. I rest all upon this, that its priests are pledged to oppose the circulation of the Bible; and that on this, if on no other ground, should the grant be withdrawn, in order to prepare the way for the regeneration of the country, by taking up all stumbling blocks out of the way of the people, by removing the greatest possible hinderance to the free course of God's word. Let Protestant Britain be at length relieved from the sin of supporting this great impediment in the way of Ireland's happiness."—P. 168.

A writer in the *Protestant Journal* for 1833 passes the following verdict on Maynooth, obviously from intimate acquaintance with its character:

"The gross ignorance and extreme narrow-mindedness from whence such mischievous absurdities emanate are easily accounted for, when we consider that a youth, who has once entered Maynooth college, is thenceforth entirely immured within its walls, is jealously debarred from all intercourse with the world, and his mind and body subjugated to a moral tyranny and a series of personal privations, which would appear incredible, if they were not distinctly laid down in the disciplinary laws of the college, and deposed to on oath in the evidence taken before the commissioners of Education (*Vide Eighth Report on Education passim*). The candidates for holy orders are in fact trained to be slaves, in order that they may know how, in their turn, to exercise the tyranny of despots over their unhappy people. Their attainments, as it was observed before, amount to small Latin and less Greek."

Crotty, a converted priest, makes the following statement to the Roman Catholic archbishop, Dr. Murray, December 1835:

"You have charged me with having opposed, when a student in Maynooth, the authorities of that house. Yes, I denounced, in terms of honest indignation, the vicious, narrow, and ruinous system of education pursued in that house, which is the hot-bed of bigotry, intolerance, and superstition. I publicly and openly declare the College of Maynooth has never yet produced a gentleman or a scholar,* and that there never was an establishment that stands in more need of a speedy reformation than that house, where four hundred priests are fed and educated by the liberality of a Protestant government, and who are let loose upon the world to disseminate the unchristian and anti-social doctrines and principles of bigotry and intolerance which they are taught in that house. To these (Maynooth) priests, who are the active agents of O'Connell, may be attributed the pernicious system of agitation, and the other numberless calamities that now distract our unfortunate country."

Even Dr. Whately, the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, has condensed a world of disapprobation into three words on the character of this college. When Mr. Nolan, who was educated at Maynooth, presented himself to the archbishop as a convert from Popery, to be examined for admission into the established church, it appears that his grace found him disqualified by ignorance of Greek and Scripture; and, in order to signify his sense of the bad workings of Maynooth, he lifted up his eyes, and exclaimed, "Oh, Maynooth, Maynooth!" Yet his grace is one of the advocates of the annual grant. Perhaps he acts on a distinction that has been occasionally put forward: he condemns the institution as an archbishop, but supports it as a legislator. Well, be it so; but we must ask, when the devil takes the legislator, what will become of the archbishop?

We come to another witness on the character and tendencies of Maynooth; open, indeed, to suspicion; but not to be overlooked. Eugene O'Beirne, the author of *An Impartial View of the Internal Economy and Discipline of Maynooth College*, was a student at Maynooth, and, as appears, expelled

from it, owing to his breaches of its discipline. We candidly admit that there is much personal and private resentment in the statement of O'Beirne—much overcharged and irritated language. This part of his work is therefore useless. But the plain outline of the discipline, the close surveillance to which the students are subjected, the details and facts, are in all respects identical with the testimony of those who deposed on oath before the government commissioners, and were established also by other and independent evidence. It is natural to expect strong language from O'Beirne: he was victimised. The following is in substance the verdict of every investigator:

"It has neither secured to the Roman Catholic priesthood a *better* education, nor a larger share of loyalty. I trust I shall be able amply to demonstrate both parts of this proposition in the course of my succeeding observations. I shall endeavour to shew that, while the education is by no means better in point of quality, the character of the priesthood has been lowered by the admission, in consequence of the facilities presented by government, of a less respectable class of persons into the college, than those who formerly entered into the sacerdotal state. Of their *increased loyalty*, I need scarcely become their eulogist; but I will demonstrate that a system of tyrannical misrule exists within the walls of the college, which, while it tends to debase and degrade the minds of the students, and to render them in after life the ready tools of any agitator who chooses to put an easy system of terrorism into practice, sets the government of the country at defiance, and renders most of its measures nugatory, in spite of the hundreds of thousands of pounds which it has improvidently lavished upon that institution."

The next extract is a summary of the principles and tendencies of Maynooth, not the least overcharged.

"I therefore denounce the system pursued in Maynooth, both as it regards mental instruction and moral discipline. I denounce it as at variance with the best interests of the state. I denounce it as directly opposed to the constitution of the British empire, upon the inborn and secured rights of a portion of whose subjects it is a never-ceasing infringement. I denounce it as the perpetuator of monkish prejudices, and monkish hostility to tolerant and philanthropic views. I denounce it as the fomentor of bigotry, as an enemy to the diffusion of light,

as a drag-chain upon the intellectual movement. I denounce its internal governors as the contemners of the code of laws originally agreed upon between the trustees and government for the regulation of the establishment—as having invented and acted upon a set of arbitrary and cruel regulations, unsanctioned by the legislature—as the inflictors of capricious punishment—as the violators of the common constitution of Great Britain and Ireland, by which a fair trial is secured, and the accuser is confronted with the accused; and as the setters up in its stead of a Dagon, the work of their own hands—an inquisitorial tribunal in the heart of a free country. I denounce them as not only conniving at, but encouraging, the infamous trade of the *spy* and the *informer*; and selecting, by preference, from those who have sustained such a character, the most persevering and most unprincipled, as the worthiest members of the priesthood, and the most befitting guardians of the people's morals. I denounce them as incompetent, some of them from sheer lack of intellect, and others from a total absence of all dignity of character and enlightenment of views, to hold the reins of government in an institution of such vast importance, and preside over the education of the future Roman Catholic clergy and hierarchy of Ireland.

"This is strong language, but it is no more than the simple and unvarnished truth. The breast of every man who has received his education in Maynooth College will, when he reads this statement, beat responsively to the feeling of indignation which I have attempted to convey. If he look back to the period of leaving the walls of that institution—his *Sera*, not his *Alma Mater*—whether he left it bearing his credentials as a Roman Catholic priest or as a layman, he will recollect with a shudder the tyranny from whose jaws he then escaped; and while he reflects upon that moment, and confesses it to have been the happiest of his life, he will acknowledge the accuracy of the picture which I have attempted to draw."—Pp. 10-17.

The distinction to be observed in adducing the evidence of O'Beirne is simple, but important. We must pause when he speaks of *persons*, but may follow with the utmost safety when he describes the details of the system. We have had *personal interviews* with this ex-Maynoothian, and have so thoroughly expiscated his evidence, that we can speak with decision on the subject.

It will be seen, by the following evidence, that it is the lowest peasantry

that enter Maynooth, for the sake of the gratuitous education there to be procured; and this renders the priests educated at Maynooth, in almost every case, the most servile executioners of the mandates of the bishops, as well as the most intolerable tyrants when they rise to the dignity of the mitre.

"Among the baneful effects produced by the ill-placed liberality of the government, which yielded a portion of the public money to the support of this institution, perhaps the most pernicious is the facility afforded to persons of the humblest rank to enter the Roman Catholic priesthood. Before the College of Maynooth was founded, it was comparatively a rare occurrence for individuals starting from the lowest classes in society to provide the means of investing themselves with the sacerdotal dignity. To secure the then indispensable advantage of a continental education, it was necessary to be able to muster something not much short of 100*l.*, in order to defray the expenses of transport, and entrance at the foreign colleges. Such a sum would be quite out of the reach of the average class from which the 'Loggartheens' are now selected. Collections at the parish chapels were the only means by which pauper candidates for the priesthood could then by possibility push themselves forward; and, mulcted as the people were under the 'Voluntary system' for the support of their pastors, collections of this description were not set on foot without considerable difficulty; and they were rarely made, except in favour of those who had acquired a certain degree of popularity in the parish, and who were supposed to be possessed of extraordinary merit. Now, however, the rudest ploughboy, the veriest hind, if he have but managed to obtain the interest of his parish priest (which three or four dinners of bacon and fowl, with a tolerable sprinkling of pottheen whisky, provided by the candidate's father, will always secure), is infallibly certain of having the way smoothed for him at the mock examination, preparatory to the entrance into Maynooth College. Will any man have the audacity to deny, that the vast majority of the Maynooth students for twenty years past, has been composed of the very offscourings from the lowest grades of society? Instances have, to be sure, occasionally occurred (through the pious solicitude of maternal zeal) young men of respectable families have mingled in the brutally vulgar throng which storms the gates of Maynooth College at the latter end of the month of August, the period at which the students enter. But as persons of

this description are usually too high-minded and independent to brook the official insolence of the narrow-minded and bigoted slaves who are invested with academical power, and who can rarely boast of possessing a single idea beyond that of enforcing the rigid monastic rule, with the superintendence of which they are intrusted, they usually leave the college in a short period after entrance, either voluntarily removing themselves, or made the miserable victims of vindictive animosity. Instances of young men of good family entering Maynooth are becoming rarer and rarer every day. The treatment which they experience there from the Gothic governors of the institution, in whose rude and unpollished minds there does not exist a spark of sympathy for the finer feelings by which well-bred and honourable young men are actuated: the consequential vulgarity, the overweening arrogance, and the flippant ignorance, which are the universal characteristics of the Catholic priests in Ireland, can produce in the mind of such a young man no feeling but one of deep disgust. Hence, in the larger towns and cities, such as Limerick, Cork, and Dublin, where there are considerable numbers of wealthy and respectable Catholics, it is a matter of the rarest possible occurrence to see an aspirant for the priestly station presenting himself from any class but that of the lowest grade of tradesmen and small shopkeepers."

So invariable is the low origin of the Maynoothian priests, that there is, perhaps, a collection of the meanest and most repulsive physiognomies within the sacred walls, matched, perhaps, by no other in the Emerald isle,—a fact that tells of their parentage to the most superficial observer, the *race* Milesian breed not being remarkable for personal charms. These statistics of Maynooth sufficiently account for the immense difference observable between the genuine home-breed of this institution, and the remnant of old gentlemanly continental priests still spared in Ireland.

The Rev. David O'Croly, a priest of the Church of Rome, and author of the essay on ecclesiastical finance, observes, that the "suppression of Maynooth is necessary for the purity of religion and the preservation of civil liberty."

Mr. O'Sullivan remarks.

"That if our rulers continue much longer to patronise this establishment, they will deserve the worst evils which

could befall them. The experiment has now been tried for more than a quarter of a century, and the results have completely falsified the predictions of those by whose advice it was made. A political mischief of this kind is, we know, much more easily prevented than remedied. When the cancer has once struck its roots, its extirpation cannot be effected without much pain and some danger; but the certain consequences of suffering it to remain are worse than the very worst that could happen from attempting to remove it: and, when an operation of this kind is to be performed, the sooner it is undertaken the better."

We have good authority for the correctness of the following statement of Cardinal Prefect Franzoni, no mean authority at Rome, "that Maynooth is a nursery of Gallicism and republicanism."

Our next commentator on the character of Maynooth is Dr. Mulholland, whose case is now before the public, and about to be examined before the House. This gentleman was educated on the continent; and on this account alone—for his very persecutors were forced to testify to the blamelessness of his character—is the object of the hatred and persecution of those two genuine sprigs of Maynooth, Dr. Mac-Hale, the *soi-disant* "John Yuam," and Dr. Crolly, Roman Catholic archbishop of Armagh. Such has been the brutal treatment this gentleman has received from the Maynooth bishops, on account of his non-interference with politics and abhorrence of all agitation, that he has been driven to seek protection from the parliament of Britain. Mulholland attributes the worst disorders of Ireland to Maynooth; and states that the most despotic bishops are the products of this hot-bed of disaffection. These last find the continental priests too learned, too retired, and too independent in their habits, for their nefarious purposes; and for this reason are conspiring to extirpate or expatriate them quickly and quietly. It also appears that the Romish chapels of England are supplied with priests from Maynooth; and the control of the sacerdotal despots of the crosier is rendered thereby at once more thorough and easy. As a proof of this, we have the fact, that as soon as Crolly, the Romish primate in Ireland, could correspond with Griffiths, the vicar apostolic in London, a sentence of excommunication was fulminated against Dr.

Mulholland, and recorded in the *Laitie's Directory*; and the poor priest, conscientiously attached to the doctrines of the Church of Rome, was consigned to starvation. A more powerful proof of the tyranny wielded by the pupils of Maynooth, when translated from the cabin and the last, to the mitre, cannot be found than that supplied by the case of Dr. Mulholland. His petition, condemned as it has been by O'Connell, the paid agent of Popery, will not fall to the ground in a British parliament.

.III.—EVIDENCE ON MAYNOOTH.

We now turn to another field of illustration, for fresh insight into St. Patrick's Royal College. The following is the evidence of the Rev. J. W. Dixon, educated at Maynooth, before the Lords, on May 20, 1825:

"You stated that you were educated as a priest at Maynooth, and were actually an officiating priest in Ireland?—I did.

"What are the feelings the students of Maynooth are taught to entertain towards Protestants?—They are instructed to consider them as separated from the pale of the church by their heresy, and, consequently, as no sharers in the blessings which they are taught religion has brought into the world.

"Among the doctrines of that church, is the means being justified by the end, or the object proposed—one, for example, that bad measures may be taken to effect good objects?—I recollect it is an axiom, laid down in the principle of education connected with the pursuit of ethics, that the end justifies the means."

The Archbishop of Dublin, in his evidence before the Lords, May 15, 1825, makes the following reply to the question, whether a foreign or domestic education of the priests is the more desirable?

"A foreign education is preferable to that of Maynooth. The description of Roman Catholic clergy likely to be had, and which was procured in former times from a foreign education, is superior to that produced by the domestic education at Maynooth. In Maynooth, the student still breathes, if I may so say, the atmosphere of inflammation. There is too much reason to believe that in Maynooth a feeling hostile to cordiality is fostered. It is generally among the young priests who have been educated at Maynooth, as far as I have been informed, that the forwardness to intermix spiritual with political concerns principally prevails."

The evidence of the Rev. Mortimer O'Sullivan on the same occasion is as follows :

"Are not the priests who have been educated at the College of Maynooth more intolerant and violent in their conduct, than those who have received their education on the continent?—I think so.

"What circumstances have tended to produce that effect?—I think in part the system of education at Maynooth. I believe it to be of a more intolerant nature than the system adopted on the continent. The students of Maynooth do not mingle in general intercourse so much as they would if they had been on the continent, where it is probable, also, that the affairs of Ireland were thought of so little, that there was nothing to keep alive political rancour in the mind. Roman Catholics have regretted to me very much the state of education at Maynooth."

We give the following striking facts from the evidence of the Rev. W. Phelan, on the same occasion :

"Do you find any authority in that book for the decline of the universal jurisdiction of the Church of Rome, even over those who do not belong to her communion?—Yes, I find a passage strongly applying to that subject in chap. viii. *De Membris* of the *Tractatus de Theologia* for the use of the Maynooth students, by Dr. Delahogue, 2d edition, Dublin, 1793, p. 404 : 'The church retains its power over all heretics, apostates, and schismatics, though they may no longer belong to its body, as a general may have a right to inflict punishment on a deserter, though his name is no longer on the muster-roll of the army.' A similar declaration is found in the catechism of the Council of Trent. One of the propositions contained in the Maynooth class-book is as follows : 'The church cannot err in dogmatical facts—that is, in its judgment concerning the doctrinal propositions which are extracted from any book.' This proposition is applied to a great many examples, of which the sixth is that of the Council of Constance. Of this council the class-book states thus : 'In its last session it drew up a form of interrogatory, to be proposed to all who were suspected of favouring the errors of Wyckliffe or Huss. The form was as follows : Whether they believed that the condemnations of Wyckliffe, Huss, and Jerome of Prague, passed by the holy General Council of Constance upon their persons, their books, and their doctrines, were legally and duly passed, and to be believed and firmly maintained as such by all Catholics? Thus the council or-

dered, that if a man wished to be called a Catholic, he should condemn the books and the doctrines of heretics—ay, and their persons too—lest, under the pretext of excusing persons so notoriously heretical, their errors should be defended.' Such is the comment of the class-book." —P. 222.

After introducing to our readers these grave and simultaneous testimonies to the injurious tendencies of Maynooth—after adducing the fruits of that institution, as gathered by Protestant and Papist, priest and people, we do firmly submit that the parliament of Great Britain is called upon to review its conduct in reference to this institution, and cancel the annual grant it has desecrated to the vilest of political and moral ends. But we are not near done with our portrait of Maynooth. There lie yet unfolded on our table the class-books used in that college; and to the contents of these we must now address ourselves.

IV.—CLASS-BOOKS OF MAYNOOTH.

We must refer to these for some of the lessons which are instilled into the minds of the young priests of Ireland; and should we make good our position, that these contain almost every anti-social and sanguinary dogma that has ever been laid to the charge of the Church of Rome, we shall most certainly have brought out reasons satisfactory enough for our government desisting from maintaining Maynooth any longer. At the request of the Rev. Robert McGhee, the Rev. Thomas Kingston wrote to the most Rev. Dr. Murray, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, and President of Maynooth, for information what were the class-books used at Maynooth. Dr. Murray wrote, in reply, that one of these was, and is at this moment, Bellarmine. This is satisfactory. Let us now ascertain what are the sentiments of Bellarmine on that very tenet, the persecution of heretics, so strongly disclaimed by Roman Catholics when party purposes demand the disclaimer. In the *third book of chapter thirty-first*, edit. 1628, of Bellarmine, the following words occur :

"It is proved, lastly, by natural reason, first, heretics can justly be excommunicated, as all confess, and, therefore, be put to death; the consequence is proved, because excommunication is greater punishment than temporal death. Augus-

tino, book i., against the adversaries of the laws and prophets, chapter 17, says, It is more horrible to be delivered over to Satan by excommunication, than to be put to death by the sword, or burned in flames, or delivered over to be devoured by wild beasts. Secondly, experience teaches that there is no other remedy, for the church has progressed and tried every other remedy: first, she excommunicated only; next, added a fine in money; then, exile; and, lastly, compelled them to yield to death for heresies, despite excommunication, as they say it is but a frigid thunderbolt—if you threaten a fine in money, they neither fear God nor reverence men. Knowing that fools will not be wanting who may believe them, and by whom they may be supported—if you confine them in prison, or send them into exile, they corrupt the neighbourhood by their speeches and books: *therefore, the only remedy is to send them forthwith to their own place.* Thirdly, by the judgment of all, he deserves death who is guilty of forgery, and heretics are forgers of the word of God. Fourthly, Augustine, chapter 150, says, It is grievous not to preserve faithful men to God, as the wife is preserved faithful to her husband; but violation of the latter is punished with death, and why not the violation of the former? Fifthly, there are three causes on account of which reason teaches that men may be put to death, which Galen beautifully describes in his book, entitled, ‘The morals of the mind follow the temper of the body.’ The first cause he mentions about the conclusion of his book, is lest the evil may injure the good, and the innocent be oppressed by the guilty: hence, by the most just judgment, homicides, adulterers, and robbers, are put to death. The second is, that by the punishment of a few many are corrected; and thus those who are unwilling to profit the state by living, may do so by their death. The third is, it is often useful to the men themselves who are put to death to die, when it is evident that they always become worse; nor is it probable that they will ever be restored to a sane mind. *ALL THESE REASONS PERSUADE US THAT HERETICS OUGHT TO BE PUT TO DEATH.* Finally, it is beneficial to obstinate heretics that they are cut off for this life; for, should they live any longer, they would devise more errors, pervert many, and obtain greater damnation to themselves.”

Such are the sentiments our Protestant government pays the professors of Maynooth to teach their pupils. We pay for the instruction of the

priests of Ireland in the principles and practice of tenets fraught with bloodshed, and savouring purely of the Inquisition. Let our assertions be examined—let our evidence in this paper be thoroughly expiscated—and if these tenets are not contained in the class-books of Maynooth, let us be branded as calumniators; but if they are taught in that institution, let the voice of mercy and philanthropy be heard pleading for the withdrawal of all national grants to such an Acceldama. Dens is not taught at Maynooth, but his principles are. The reason is very obvious: Maynooth is too open to public inspection, owing to its connexion with the government; but Dens is used in all the other seminaries of Ireland in which priests are manufactured. This was proved by a discovery made by Robert McGhee. That indefatigable Protestant found the following advertisement in Coyne’s catalogue, which subsequent inquiry fully corroborated: “Dens’ complete body of theology, in seven volumes. This comprehensive work is now read in the colleges of Carlow, Waterford, Leinster, Cork, and Cove.” The polluting, filthy, anti-social doctrines of Dens are too gross to be put in print in a periodical open to mixed perusal; but if Dr. Murray will consent to read a page which we shall select out of that book he recommends to his clergy, and sets up in their colleges, in the presence of twenty females, ten Roman Catholic and ten Protestant, we will supplicate his holiness to give the archbishop an indulgence *in infinitum*; and we ourselves will undertake to praise Dr. Murray, in all time coming, as the most marvellous specimen of brazen insensibility to delicacy and modesty yet recorded in the annals of his race.

After this sample of the persecuting spirit of the instructors and models of the youths of Maynooth, it may be interesting to present an abstract of the names and dignities the readers of Bellarmine are taught to appropriate to the pope. These are, “*Papa pater patrum, Christianorum pontifex, summus sacerdos, princeps sacerdotum, vicarius Christi, caput corporis ecclesiæ, pater et doctor omnium fidelium, spousus ecclesiæ, episcopus universalis.*” It was evidently under the inspiration of this catalogue of *aliases* that the Roman Catholic bishops and priests drank the two following toasts at a public dinner in Cork: first,

"The father of the Christian world, the representative of the majesty of God, the centre of peace and unity upon earth, the great effectual promoter of religion and civilisation among men, the pope!" and next, in the descending scale of compliments, there followed, "The king, the first and highest servant of the people!"

But we have seen enough of this class-book: let us turn to another. In a petition got up against Maynooth, at a meeting of gentlemen in the Protestant Association committee-room, Exeter Hall, there occurs the following clause:

"That your petitioners are unwilling to enumerate a long list of books, but of many select one, entitled, *The Secunda Secundæ of Thomas Aquinas*, and make the selection because this treatise has been praised beyond all others by the professor of ethics in the College of Maynooth, and especially recommended to his pupils. Your petitioners aver that the work thus recommended avows and defends the doctrine, that all baptised persons who will not submit their judgments to the authority of the Church of Rome are justly punishable with death, and that the subjects of an excommunicated prince are released from all oaths of allegiance, and prohibited from rendering to their sovereign any act of duty."

In the evidence of the Rev. Charles M'Nally, the Maynooth professor of ethics, vol. viii. p. 144, this work of Thomas Aquinas is declared to be one of the standard books of the students of that college; and, accordingly, for teaching and impressing the sentiments of this writer on the minds of his pupils, the said Rev. Chas. M'Nally derives a salary from the British government. Let us hear Thomas Aquinas in *Quest. XI. art. iii. p. 93*: "*Utrum hæretici sint tolerandi ad tertium sic proceditur*," &c. We translate:

"We thus proceed to the third point. It appears that heretics are to be tolerated; for the apostle says, 2 Tim. c. ii. that the servant must be gentle, in meekness correcting those that resist the truth; if God, peradventure, will give them repentance to the acknowledging of the truth, and that they may recover themselves out of the snare of the devil. But if heretics are not to be tolerated, but are consigned to death, the possibility of repentance is taken away from them. This, therefore, appears to be repugnant to the precept of the apostle.

Besides, whatever is necessary in the church must be tolerated: but heretics are necessary in the church; for the apostle says, in his first epistle to the Corinthians, 'For there must be also heresies among you, that they which are approved may be made manifest among you.' But what the apostle says to Titus is opposed to this: 'Avoid a heretic, after the first and second reproof, knowing that a person of this sort is perverse.' *Conclusion.* Although heresies are not to be tolerated by reason of their delinquency, they are to be waited for until the second reproof, in order that they may return to the sound faith of the church; but those who continue obstinate in their error, after the second reproof, are not only to be consigned to the sentence of excommunication, but also to the secular princes to be exterminated (*sed etiam secularibus principibus exterminandi, tradendi sunt*)."

The same work of Aquinas, from which the young priests at Maynooth are imbibing, at our peril as well as expense, the elements of the dismemberment of the empire, the overthrow of the Protestant church, and of all the disorders that devastate Ireland, proceeds with its casuistry in the following words:

"Two things are to be considered respecting heretics; one, indeed, on their part, the other on the part of the church. On their part, truly, it is a sin by which they have merited, not only to be separated from the church, but also to be excluded by death from the world. For it is a much more serious offence to corrupt the faith, in which consists the life of the soul, than to falsify money, by which we provide for our temporal life. Hence, if the falsifiers of money, or other malefactors, are justly consigned to immediate death by secular princes, much more do heretics, immediately after they are convicted of heresy, deserve, not only to be excommunicated, but also justly to be killed. But on the part of the church there is meekness, for the conversion of those in error; and, therefore, she does not immediately condemn, but after the first and second reproof, as the apostle teaches. After this, however, if he is still found to be contumacious, the church, despairing of his conversion, provides for the safety of others, by separating him from the church by the sentence of excommunication; and, besides, she leaves him with the secular judgment, to be exterminated by death from the world (*et veterius relinquit eum judicio seculari a mundo exterminandum per mortem*)."

This same sanguinary doctor and guide of Maynooth states, in *Quæst. XI.* art. iv.: "Although heretics who return are always to be received to repentance, as often as they relapse, *they are not always to be received and to be restored to the enjoyment of the good things of this life;*" i. e. their property, withheld and confiscated by the church, is not to be given back.

Knowing this fact, that the *Secunda Secundæ* of Aquinas is one of the text-books of Maynooth, it was scarcely worth while in McGhee to bring forward Dens. This notorious Peter Dens scarcely adduces a single dogma which he does not clinch by an appeal to St. Thomas. Thus, in the treatise *De Virtutibus*, vol. ii. p. 88 (Dr. Murray's edition), Dens brings forward his most sanguinary code, and confirms it by the authority of the Maynooth class-book.

"The temporal goods of heretics are confiscated. Finally, they are also *justly* afflicted with other corporal punishments, as with exile, imprisonment, &c. Are heretics justly punished with death? St. Thomas, *quæst. ii.* art. 3, in cap. 'Yes, because forgers of money, or other disturbers of the state, are justly punished with death. This is confirmed, because God in the Old Testament ordered the false prophets to be slain. The same is proved from the condemnation of the fourteenth article of John Huss, in the Council of Constance."

Not only is Thomas Aquinas the guide of the young priests at Maynooth, but, that his atrocious maxims may be thoroughly riveted on their memories, the Roman breviary, of which every priest must read a portion daily, contains the following idolatrous prayer to him, p. 573: "O most excellent doctor, light of the holy church, blessed Thomas, thou lover of the divine law, intercede for us with the Son of God!"

We have selected the extracts from the canonized and angelic Aquinas, that Protestants may see that they do not pay upwards of 10,000*l.* per annum from the national funds for nothing. We pay men to inculcate persecution and bloodshed. We uphold an institution in which a conclave of priests is concocting plans of exterminating Protestantism. Well may we address our cabinet in the language addressed to a celebrated type of their present master, "*Quousque abutere patientiâ nostrâ?*"

We now call attention to the *Trac-*

tatus Theologiæ, auctore Ludovico Bailly, S.Y.P., also a class-book at Maynooth, as stated by Dr. Crotty, the president of the college, to the commissioners. In the second volume of *Moral Theology*, which contains the treatise concerning the precepts of the decalogue, and in chap. vii. p. 232, the question is proposed,

"How great must be the quantity of the thing stolen, in order to constitute the theft a mortal sin?"

"*Answer.* The quantity cannot easily be determined, since nothing has been decided on this point, either in natural, divine, or human law. Some are of opinion that a quantity necessary for the maintenance of an individual for one day, in a manner suitable to his station in the world, is sufficient to make the theft a mortal sin. Others think that it requires a quantity which, every thing considered, inflicts a grievous injury on our neighbour, and deprives him of something particularly useful. A loss, however, which in respect of a rich man is slight, in respect of a poor man is considered heavy. The same quantity in all thefts cannot, therefore, be assigned as constituting the subject matter a mortal sin."—BAILLY'S *Moral Theology*.

Thus the priests are themselves taught to estimate the morality or immorality of an act, not by its prohibition in the word of God, but according to a scale their theologians have laid down, of the most metaphysical and yet unphilosophical character. The peasantry of Ireland are, in turn, taught that, up to a certain amount, they may steal with impunity, and lose neither the friendship of God nor the favour of the church,—as we shall see still more distinctly, in the following extracts from the same class book and guide of the priests of Maynooth, in the Treatise on the Precepts of the Decalogue, vol. ii. p. 232.

"Hence, theologians are accustomed to distinguish men into four ranks. The first rank consists of the illustrious, who live in splendour. The second, of those who live on their own estates, but not so splendidly; such as are moderately rich. The third, of artificers, who support themselves by their own labour and handicraft. The fourth, of the poor who provide for themselves by begging. It is generally laid down, and it may be laid down as determined, that in order to a theft's being a mortal sin when committed on persons of the first rank, FIFTY or SIXTY PENCE are sufficient. In fact,

this appears to be a sufficient sum in reference to all men, even princes, because this sum of money is considerable in itself, and might be of service to princes, since it would be sufficient for the pay of several soldiers for one day; with respect to persons of the second rank, FORTY PENCE are enough; with respect to persons of the third rank, TEN PENCE: to persons of the fourth rank (*i.e.* paupers), FOUR PENCE, or even one penny, if they have nothing else to live on."

After these learned verdicts on "the comparative morality of divers acts of thieving and dishonesty, on which it is evident our radical rulers have piously acted—especially have they studied the plan of "small thefts committed at different times," inasmuch, as on this principle alone, can we account for their many robberies of the church—a morsel here and a morsel there, always keeping within the range of venial, and clear of mortal sins. It is as transparent as daylight, that some of these said cabinet constituents have not only studied politics in the school of O'Connell, but learned morality in the college of Maynooth. This is digressional; we go, therefore, to a subject, certainly not popular in Downing Street,—restitution.

"That any property of *considerable value*, obtained by means of small thefts, ought to be restored as soon as may be, under the pain of mortal sin, otherwise, considerable property would be unjustly retained, and a great injury, which had been unjustly inflicted, would be prolonged. But every one is bound under pain of only venial sin, to make restitution for a trifling injury committed by himself on an individual or on several persons. Restitution, if this be possible, ought to be made to the persons injured; for example, by giving larger measure afterwards in selling, or by diminishing the price." P. 236.

How execrable the morality of these instructions! The great standard of righteousness is wholly excluded, and the wretched sophistry of the schools occupies its place. Is it to be wondered that petty thefts prevail to a fearful extent among the Irish? But what follows ought to bring a verdict of "receivers of stolen property on the Roman Catholic Priests of Ireland." Most certainly the schools in London for training up juvenile thieves, could not adopt a better class-book than that of Maynooth, or turn converts to a more convenient creed than that of

Rome. The priests of Ireland are thus farther instructed in the following tenets:—

"But if restitution cannot be made specifically to each individual, either because those individuals are ignorant of the theft, or because the doing of this is more difficult, or because there is a risk of disgrace, then the plundered property ought to be restored (either through the priests, or in some other way,) to the poor of the injured community, or disposed of in other good works. For this would appear to be agreeable to the wishes of the injured parties.

"Whether wives commit a mortal sin of theft, if, contrary to the reasonable wishes of their husbands, they secretly take any thing considerable from the property which is under the power of their husbands?"

"It is answered, 'that they commit a mortal sin of theft, because they greatly injure the just right of the husband. But what quantity ought to be accounted *considerable* in these thefts, cannot easily be determined!! This one thing is certain, that a *greater quantity* is required in thefts committed by a wife or a son, than in thefts committed by strangers; because a husband or the father of a family, is more unwilling that money should be taken by strangers than by a wife or a son.

"It is not a theft if a wife secretly abstracts from their common property as much as is necessary to support an indigent father, or mother, or children by a former marriage; and even, according to some doctors, for a brother and sister; leave, however, being first asked from the husband, which, if he shall have withheld, she can and ought to assist them out of her own dowry. For it is a natural obligation which a husband cannot obstruct. Nevertheless, whatever the wife has given away to them, she is bound to account for, and reckon as part of her dowry when she comes to a division of the property with the heirs.

"What is to be thought of servants who pilfer any thing from their masters?"

"Answer.—'That they sin mortally if they pilfer a *considerable quantity*, venially, if a small quantity. But if they steal money, furniture, or such things, the same quantity is required to constitute a mortal sin, as if they were strangers—nay, rather, their crime is more detestable, as well because they violate the trust reposed in them by their master, as because their masters are often more displeased than if a stranger stole from them.

"But if servants should plunder any thing to eat, they do not always sin—

that is to say, if it be some food which their masters would readily permit them to use if leave were asked from them. Or, at least, they sin more venially, and a greater quantity is required to make a mortal sin than with respect to strangers, because it would be generally less contrary to the wishes of the master. They sin mortally, however, if they plunder for the purpose of carousing, or in order to sell or give away to others, or if they should make use of dainties and choice wines which the master wishes to reserve for himself, and which are not usually allowed to servants.'—Pp. 239, 240.

Let every Christian ruler of this great country estimate dispassionately the morality of this class-book of Maynooth, and then put it to his conscience if he can stand up and plead for the continuance of the grant to Maynooth. The priests of that institution are directed to teach these six millions of benighted victims that, within certain limits, theft may be practised with the utmost impunity, and thereby the express commandments of God broken and pared away to an extent, by these "traditions of men," that they become of none effect. Should the objection be urged against our conclusions, that all the thefts are still regarded as sins, though some of them as venial only, we shall reply to it by quoting the opinion of Dr. Doyle, in the catechism almost universally taught the children of the Irish Roman Catholics, in which he declares the meaning of a venial sin, or the precise amount of delinquency involved in stealing four shillings and elevenpence three farthings from the first, or most opulent, class. At chap. viii., in the *Abridgement of Christian Doctrine*, the question is asked,—

"By what sins are the commandments broken?"

"Answer. By mortal sins only; for venial sins are not, strictly speaking, contrary to the end of the commandment, which is charity.

"How declare you that?"

"Ans. Because a venial sin, for example, a vain word, an officious or jesting lie, which hurts nobody; the theft of a pin or an apple is not of weight enough to break charity betwixt man and man, much less betwixt God and man."

To steal one farthing less than the four sums regarded as mortal sins, when stolen from the classes to which they are respectively appended, is only a venial sin; and a venial sin does not

break God's commandments. And, in order to facilitate the commission of such thefts, should conscience smite the thief at any subsequent period, or should the probability of detection present itself to his mind, he has only to make use of the always available interposition of the priest, who will settle the matter in a quiet and canonical way. The necessary consequence of such instructions must be, that Roman Catholic servants are utterly dangerous as domestics, and that Protestants can place no confidence in their honesty. Where and what is the consistency of supporting from the national funds an institution expressly for the purpose of encouraging theft, and teaching the best way of escape? Cannot our legislators see that there is no healing measure for Ireland, as long as such tenets are incorporated with her moral constitution, and taught from her chapel altars. We repeat our well-weighed and deliberate conviction: *the withdrawal of the public grant to Maynooth will be one of the most important steps to the tranquillisation of Ireland.*

We now proceed to another of the class-books of Maynooth, that by Bailly, and do so with some difficulty and regret, as the passages are of so polluted a character, that they cannot be removed from the veil of Latinity in which they are written, lest the minds of British females should be tainted by the very perusal of them. But we are performing a great moral and public duty, and on this ground we must present the nation with a faint specimen of those sentiments we pay the professors of Maynooth to inculcate.

We subjoin, accordingly, a few extracts from the directions given to confessors, when they examine on the seventh commandment, which is the sixth according to the arrangement of Roman Catholics.

"Since the confessor acts the part both of a judge and physician, he ought to become acquainted with the diseases and offences of the penitent, in order that he may be able to apply suitable remedies, and impose due penance; and, lest a sin that is mortal should be accounted venial, or the foul viper lurking in the deep recesses of the heart should not venture to put itself forth to view, he ought, therefore, sometimes, to question the penitents on the subject of the seventh commandment. A prudent con-

fessor will, as far as is in his power, by kindness of language, increase the confidence of his penitents; will advance from more general statements to more particular,—from the less shameful to those that are more so; nor will he begin from the external acts, but from the thoughts. Has not the penitent revolved some improper thoughts in his or her mind? What kind of desire was it? Has he or she felt unlawful passions? But if the penitent shall answer that he, or she, has had improper thoughts or irregular desires, the confessor shall ask whether any improper actions followed? But if the penitent shall confess this, the confessor shall ask again, what were those actions?

"If the penitent be a girl, she should be asked whether she has adorned herself in order to please the men? Whether for this purpose she has used paint, or stripped her arms, shoulders, or neck? Whether she has frequented the churches, that she might show herself in the vestibule or window, so as to attract observation? Whether she has spoken, or read, or sung any thing immodest? Whether she is not attached to somebody with a more peculiar affection? Whether she has not permitted him to take some liberty with her? Whether she has not allowed herself to be kissed? But if occasion should be given for ulterior inquiries, the confessor will fulfil his duty, but very prudently and circumspectly."—Vol. ii. p. 228, 229.

"The parish priest, either himself in the tribunal of penance, or at least by means of some pious matron (and this will sometimes be a more prudent plan) ought to instruct married persons, and especially married women, what they are to observe in this respect.—And since women not unfrequently conceal offences with reference to this, in the sacrament of confession, through modesty or ignorance, it is expedient sometimes to interrogate them on the subject, but cautiously and prudently, not abruptly: for example, it may be asked whether there have been any disagreements between her and her husband?—what were the causes of them?—what were the effects of them?—whether she has in consequence? &c.—an propterea marito denegaverit quod ex conjugii legibus ei debetur."

We must desist from translating more of this class-book of Maynooth, and present one or two of the least gross extracts. From constant contact with the prescriptions of the confessional, we affirm that every Maynooth priest (and there are at least four thousand of these in Ireland, England, and Scotland) must of ne-

cessity have a polluted and unchaste mind; and that no husband can allow his wife, and no father his daughter, to enter a confessional where such abominable questions must be put.

"*Obligatio Servandæ Fidei Conjugalis*,
p. 482.

"*Quæres 1º. an teneantur conjuges reddere debitum?*

"*R. teneri utramque conjugem sub mortali injustitiæ peccato comparti reddere debitum, dum vel expresse vel tacite exigitur, nisi legitima causa denegandi intervenerit. Id constat ex S. Paulo 1 Corinth. 7.*

"*Dixi autem 1º. utrumque conjugem teneri; in eo enim pares sunt ambo conjuges, ut patet ex verbis Apostoli.*

"*Dixi 2º. eos teneri sub peccato mortali, quia res est per se gravis, cum inde nascentur rixæ, odia, dissensiones, parsque debito fraudata incontinentiæ periculo exponatur: quod letale est. Hinc Parochus aut per se in Tribunali Penitentiae, aut saltem, et quidem aliquando prudentius piæ matris ministerio, elocere debet sponsos et præsertim sponsas, quid in hac parte observandum sit. Cum vero mulieres ejusmodi peccata in Confessione sacramentali præ pudore aut ignorantia non raro retineant expedit aliquando de his illas interrogare, sed caute et prudenter, non ex abrupto: v. g. inquiri potest an disidia fuerint inter eam et conjugem, quæ eorum causæ, qui effectus, an propterea marito denegaverit quod ex conjugii legibus ei debetur.*

"*Dixi 3º. dum vel expresse vel tacite exigitur quia nihil refert, at S. Thomas an petatur verbis vel signis. Unde si conjux cognoscat alterum conjugem tacite petere vel esse in periculo incontinentiæ, tenetur illum prævenire.*

"*Dixi 4º. nisi legitima causa denegandi intervenerit, quia fatentibus omnibus, obligatio reddendi debitum conjugale cessare potest propter nonnullas rationabiles causas modo exponendas.*

"*Quæres 2º. quibusnam de causis a reddendo vel petendo debito conjugali impediuntur conjuges vel excusentur?—P. 483.*

"*Quæres 3º. an frequentes abortus a redditione debiti mulierem eximent?*

"*Quæres 4º. an temporibus menstrui fluxus, puerperii, et gravitatis, debitum licite peti aut saltem reddi possit?*

"*Quæres 5º. an justa sit debitum denegandi causa, quod proles a muliere ab lactetur?*

"*Quæres 6º. an fides matrimonialis postulet ut debitum conjugale soli conjugi reddatur?*

"*Quæres 7º. an per solum adulterium peccetur contra obligationem reddendi debitum soli conjugi?—Pp. 486-9.*

"*Quæres 8º. quid sentiendum sit de tactibus obscenis inter conjuges ?*"

"*R. Sambovius ea de re consultus reposuit 1º. tactus inhonestos, si exercentur cum periculo pollutionis, esse peccata lethalia. 2º. Eos nullatenus esse peccata, si absque pollutionis periculo adhibeantur ut necessarii ad usum matrimonii, nec pravo fine fiant, quia conjuges tendunt ad aliquid honestum. Si tamen perverso motivo, v. g. propter voluptatem exercentur, sunt culpæ veniales, etiamsi ad matrimonium ordinentur. 3º. Si non adhibeantur in ordine ad usum matrimonii, nec adsit pollutionis periculum, sunt culpæ veniales, juxta eundem Doctorem, quem sequuntur alii Theologi, qui tamen confitentur esse quosdam tactus adeo turpes et infames ut a mortali excusari nequeant, sive ad matrimonium referantur, sive non."*

In regard to all these subjects, the recital of which we would not give, did we not feel it an imperious duty, we find Dr. Delahogue, another of the guides of Maynooth, has the following directions:—

"*Tractatus de Penitentia, p. 164.*

"That the very great bashfulness with which a penitent may be suffused from the confession of certain sins, and the fear lest he, or she, may suffer greatly in the estimation of his or her confessor, are not sufficient causes to excuse a person from making an entire confession; because, if this would be admitted, the command enjoining confession would quite lose its power. This modesty is to be overcome: whenever it can be done, another priest may be applied to; but if another cannot be had, and there be a necessity for making confession, that confession would be sacrilegious which was cut short from a motive so vain."

The following hypothetical case is examined:—

"A woman or a girl, overpowered by such great modesty that she is unable to overcome it so as to confess certain sins *vivâ voce*, hands to the confessor sitting in the tribunal a paper to read, in which they are written down, saying with her voice — 'I accuse myself as being guilty of all the sins which you may read written in this paper.' An author worthy of credit has asserted that this is not a fictitious case; and it may occur again. Many theologians, even in this case, pronounce that a confession made in writing is null, as they are of opinion that this modesty is altogether an *earthly thing* (*prorsus humanum*); and, however great it may be, is to be overcome by the penitent; and that absolution is

to be denied to any one who is unwilling to overcome it. On the contrary, others, following Melchior Cano, a man certainly of acute judgment, and of the greatest prudence, think that, taking into account the weakness of the sex, this modesty may be so vivid in some women, or girls, that they cannot be induced to overcome it; and, what is more, they observe that this modesty may at times be excited to this great degree by reason of the more vivid perception which they have of the baseness and wickedness of their offence. Whence they infer that these persons, who are truly deserving of pity, may in this case not be considered guilty at least of a great sin; and, therefore, in such difficulties it may be allowed them as an indulgence to declare those sins in *writing*, which it appears to them so grievous, so burdensome, and almost impossible to express *vivâ voce*.

"We are of opinion that every thing may be safely managed by adopting this middle plan,—namely, that the confessor should receive the written declaration of sins, read it, and afterwards prudently question the penitent concerning them, whose answer, in the words *yes*, or *no*, should be received as a true accusation of herself made *vivâ voce*; as indeed is the case in common confessions, when the priest questions the penitent whether she has committed certain sins. Doubtless it is not to be credited that a woman or girl, however *modest* she may be supposed, would not accede to this condition, which the confessor will make as easy as he can by the dexterity of his questions. But if the penitent shall refuse, after she has been warned of the danger to her salvation of confessing in any other manner, it does not appear how she can be considered not to be guilty of perverse obstinacy, which renders her unworthy of the benefit of absolution."

Such are, indeed, long and painful, but necessary, extracts of the doctrines taught at Maynooth, at our pecuniary expense, and, what is worse, at the fearful expenditure of national virtue, social confidence, and domestic chastity. Violated chastity demands the withdrawal of all support to Maynooth, if not its actual removal, as a great Irish nuisance. The calendars of Ireland, the demoralisation of its people, the disorders and the disaffections of whole counties, the contaminating principles and practices of the priests, demand the retraction of the grant to Maynooth. Tom Moore's poetry is based on the lessons contained in the class-books of Maynooth: that

coarse assailant of the Protestant clergy, and pensioned derider of holy martyrs, shews in his writings that the abominations of the class-books of Maynooth are not new to his mind.

So insensible, from the inveteracy of habit, are the professors of Maynooth to the foul thoughts embodied in their class-books, and instilled from their lectures, or so anxious are they to conceal from a liberal government the lessons they teach, that, in their address to Lord Mulgrave, in December 1835, they make use of the following language, as descriptive of their college:—

“An institution which may be justly regarded as one of the principal recourses from which private morality and public order flow upon the land. Strong in conscious integrity of purpose, a stranger alike to the acrimony of religious and political strife, its sole ambition has been to train up learned and zealous pastors, who might teach the people the great duties of piety to God, allegiance to their sovereign, peace and concord among men.”!!!

And so willing is Lord Mulgrave to be gulled by the daring assumptions of the learned professors of Maynooth, and so anxious, moreover, to secure the strong influences of the Popish priesthood in favour of what are called, like *lucus a non lucendo*, the friends of the people, that he returns the congratulatory compliment:—

“In preparing your pupils for the sacred functions they have to discharge, you at the same time enjoin on all, as inviolable duties which they are both to preach and practise, unqualified loyalty to your sovereign, and universal good-will towards men.”

V.—THE FRUITS OF MAYNOOTH.

We have traced the disloyal and anti-social principles of the *Royal College of St. Patrick, Maynooth*. We must now turn the attention of our readers to a few samples of the sort of conduct which these are so well fitted to develope. Let us look at a Maynoothian raised to the mitre, and ascertain the fruits of early habits. Dr. McHale was formerly a professor and president of Maynooth; and, notwithstanding his solemn oath that he would introduce no politics within the precincts of that academy, he published and circulated, says Mr. Colquhoun, a political work of the most violent and inflammatory character. But this is

scarce worthy of notice, as Papists' oaths are now estimated at their worth. We extract from the letter of the Rev. Edward Nangle, addressed to Lord John Russell, the following language, directed from the altar to the Roman Catholics of Achil, by their archbishop, Dr. McHale:—

“Shew no kindness to those who differ from you in their religious opinions,—withhold from them the commonest courtesies of life. They are accursed of God and his church, and they should be abhorred by you; put them in Coventry—shame them into a profession of Popery,—and, if that will not do, starve them into a hypocritical conformity.”

Again, in consecrating a churchyard, the same archbishop, called by O'Connell “the meekest of men,” made use of the following language, in the hearing of hundreds ready to attest it on oath:—

“‘Congregation,’ said he, ‘I have two reasons for consecrating this place; first, when ye come here to bury the dead, ye won't have need for a priest to consecrate the grave,—for, after this, it will be for ever sanctified; and the next reason is, lest any one PROTESTANT has been interred here since the place was first consecrated,—for, as a spoonful of poison would spoil a churnful of milk, so would a small dust of PROTESTANT clay poison the entire grave-yard.’”

Such are the sentiments gathered at Maynooth, and such the vaunted liberalities of those whose Shiel pronounces the “best and purest Christian clergy.” The moral and spiritual deportment of the Maynooth priests is akin to the other parts of their character. Evidently actuated by none of the lofty motives of Christianity, they strain every nerve to aggrandise the apostasy to which they belong, and to enrich themselves and their hungry relatives. Hence the spectacles of grinding avarice they frequently display in dealing with their flocks are of the most disgusting stamp. Croly, to whom we have had occasion to allude in this paper, gives the following account of these ghostly fathers:—

“‘At absolution, at baptism, at marriages, at mass, at the cradle of the infant, at the bed of the dying, nothing is done by them without money, and money exacted from them without shame. All the statutes of the church, respecting the amount of dues, are a mere dead letter. The priest drives us hard a bargain as he

can, and strives to make the most of the occasion. Marriages are sometimes broken off in consequence of the exorbitance of his demands. Demands of money are made upon those present at a marriage,—they refuse; the clergyman, after begging and entreating for some time to little purpose, gets at length into a rage, utters the most bitter invectives against individuals, abuses the whole company, and is abused in turn, until the whole house becomes one frightful scene of confusion and uproar.' 'At baptism, the money is often demanded previous to the administration of the rite, and, if not paid, scenes of abuse and recrimination ensue, similar to those at marriages.' In extreme unction, 'a rite administered often amid sickness, destitution, and want, money is demanded; and instances occur of money being pocketed by the priest which had been given as alms for the relief of the dying. Often, when it is not to be had, bitter words take place in the very hearing and presence of the poor dying person. Masses, too, are priced; in spite of the prohibition of his church, the priest labours to get employment in saying mass in private houses.' 'And he and the friars compete with each other in this branch of gain. Thus, when they have wrung forth their dues, they endeavour to overreach and undermine one another. Every man looks to his own private emolument, regardless of all agreements. The curate does not make a fair return to the parish priest, nor the priest to the curate, nor the curates to one another. He must make some return of his receipts, but it is an arbitrary return; every man striving to seize upon a large share for himself. Common honesty is out of the question—nothing but lies, schemes, duplicity, false returns."

But the spiritual part of the Irish "fathers'" conduct is not that with which we have primarily to do. It is not their unclear and superstitious dogmas we would chiefly reprobate,—it is their anti-social political principles and conduct openly manifested on almost every occasion with which we have to do, and on account of teaching which Maynooth must be reprobated, and placed in schedule A by a British parliament. The following address of Father Kehoe, in his chapel at Leighlinbridge, was taken down by Carter Hall, Esq., an English gentleman, and deposited on oath:—

"Address of Father Kehoe to his Congregation, from the altar of the Chapel at Leighlinbridge, on Sunday, June 14th:

"Is there any one here who will bat-

ter his soul for his landlord? There is one wretch that has done so. Do you know whom I mean? I mean Pat Neil, the hypocritical apostate lickspittle Pat Neil, and his brother. (At these words there was great laughter, and some groans.) I say, Pat Neil, you are a detestable, hypocritical, apostate lickspittle, a ruffian, and a miscreant, to be held up by the finger to scorn, and detestation, and contempt; and what are you the richer than any honest freeholder, after all, when your debts are paid? (Here there were bursts of laughter.) I say, told that two Conservative brats, sons of this Alexander, are now at the Cross below, terrifying the freeholders as they are coming to mass; but I will teach these chaps not to terrify honest freeholders. Good people, you must swear at the election that you vote for 'fit and discreet men to represent the county of Carlow in parliament.' Is Bruen a discreet man? What Bruen? Orange Bruen! He who always opposed Catholic emancipation, till it was extorted from the government, and his opposition could be no longer any injury to you? Why, this Bruen always supported tithes, blood-guilty tithes—tithes that have murdered and bayoneted you—that have dragged you out of your quiet and peaceful beds, and have torn the very sheets and blankets from under you! that have bayoneted you, as they did at Rathcormac and Newtonbarry! But I tell you, if you gain this election, before the end of this year there will be no such thing as tithes; and even now a bill for the total extinction of tithes has passed the second reading of the House of Commons,—it only requires a third reading to become the law of the land."

Mr. C. O'Connor deposed to the following language, used by another son of Maynooth:—

"Father John O'Sullivan said at the altar, before the election, that any person that would vote for that renegade the Knight of Kerry, he would not prepare him for death, but he would let him die like a beast; neither would he baptise his children, and that they deserved to be pelted as they went along, any person that voted for the Knight of Kerry.

"In what chapel did this take place?—In Dingle chapel.

"Did you hear it?—I did.

"Are you a Roman Catholic yourself?—I am.

"Were you attending the chapel in performance of your religious duties?—Yes.

"You are sure you heard those expressions?—Yes, I did.

"More than once, or only one day?

—Several days; two or three Sundays previous to the election, and after the canvassing.

“You are positive that on the Sunday previous to the election you heard Father John O’Sullivan use the language you have deposed to?—Yes, I heard it.”

The following is from the evidence of Mr. Carroll:—

“Are you aware whether many of the Catholic clergy are in the habit of raising contributions for the purpose of elections, or for paying the expenses of individuals, who, in consequence of their acts at the elections, are liable to penalties for infringing the law?—I am aware of that, and will state what I know on the subject. I have been told by several farmers who complained to me of the great grievance of being obliged to pay rent, and all taxations, direct and indirect, that they should have another tax to pay for contested elections; and they complained to me bitterly that the clergy used to read their names out from the altar, attaching sometimes 2d. an acre, 3d. an acre, or 4d. an acre on each man, which he should pay. On one occasion Cummins refused paying that tax so affixed to him, and for daring to refuse compliance with the priest’s mandate, his name was read out from the altar.

“Is Cummins the man whose five horses were burnt?—Yes!

“Denounced for not paying the tax?—Yes; and I have spoken to several persons besides, who have sent me communications without their names, and I published the fact that the clergy were levying contributions. I never published the name of any man who sent me the information.

“Then these sums levied by the priests are not paid cheerfully by the people?—Quite the contrary: they complain of it very much to me, but they are afraid not to pay it. Indeed, I think there is no county in Ireland circumstanced like Carlow, it is so completely under spiritual control and vassalage.

“Now, on this occasion (election of 1835) who marched in the electors—who took a prominent part to lead them to the hustings?—The Roman Catholic clergy of each parish brought in the freeholders in procession.

“Do you mean to say that the priests of each parish marched at the head of the electors, or at the tail of the electors, of their respective parishes?—I saw a great many parish priests. I saw Father Walsh lead them in in person. He walked first, and all the persons followed him. I have seen Father Walsh, sen., march at the head of them on foot.

“Did you see any others?—I saw

Father Doyle march in at the head of another body. I believe I stated in my last examination that I saw the Rev. Mr. Kehoe march in at the head of another body, or rather at the end of the procession; and many others that I cannot exactly remember.

“Were Mr. Alexander’s tenantry so marched in, and was Mr. Kehoe at the head or tail of the procession?—He was at the tail of the procession—he was the last person; he drove in in a gig, and the procession was on before him; I know a great many of Mr. Alexander’s tenantry.

“Now, during the first three days of the election in June last, what was the state of the town?—It was as much as any person’s life was worth to appear at all in the streets; I have seen several respectable men knocked down coming in to vote; I have seen them taken into hospitals; I have seen windows broken; I have seen a magistrate come in, and his horse and carriage stopped; I saw him attacked by two fellows in the crowd; they were subsequently arrested, but afterwards rescued.”

We must give another extract of the voluminous evidence submitted to the committee of parliament on the subject of intimidation at elections, and leave the documents to testify of themselves what are the consequences of a Maynooth education,—for we restrict ourselves to these worthies.

“Did Father Maher go round from house to house to canvass?—He was the leader, and he was accompanied by a great multitude of persons of the lower classes of the town and county.

“What should you say were the numbers that accompanied him?—I should suppose there could not be less than one hundred.

“One hundred persons of the lower orders, with the priest at their head, went round from house to house to canvass the voters for the borough?—They did; I accompanied them; there are a great many of my friends who are Roman Catholics, and they were very independent men, and I was determined to proceed after Father Maher, lest my friends should be intimidated, who I knew were in the interest of Mr. Francis Bruen; he came to a man, named James Butler’s house,—that was the first house I came up to with the party. Mr. Maher entered, and asked him for whom he voted; his wife made answer, for Mr. Francis Bruen,—that he could not break his word, and should not.

“Is Mr. Butler a Roman Catholic? A Roman Catholic, and keeps a woollen-drepper’s shop. I was on one side of the

party at the time Mr. Maher stood at one counter, and I near the door; he turned round to the people, who were all surrounding the door, waiting to hear the announcement of the priest as to what the answer of Mr. Butler was; and he said,—*Mark this house; the grass will grow at his doors; he says he will vote against his country.*"

In addition to these illustrations, we cannot do better than adduce the following short epitome of the political exploits of these disciples of Bailly and Delahogue, from a pamphlet of J. C. Colquhoun, Esq., entitled *Popery and Priestcraft* :—

" Priest Milner wrote a pamphlet, advising the people to pull down the church. At Loughlin Bridge, the priest gave orders to the people not to pay tithes. At Bagnalstown, the priests harangued the people against them. The priests in Carlow put themselves at the head of the vast assemblages of people who met to hurl out tithes; so they did in county Kilkenny, so at Castlecomer and Ballyragget. Every altar was occupied by priests denouncing tithes,—Dr. Doyle's letter was publicly read,—anti-tithe placards were put up by priests,—over every county in the south of Ireland the priests were the active agents, and, in a few cases where the parish priests declined to interfere, violent priests came from a distance. 'There was not,' says Mr. Singleton, 'one great anti-tithe meeting which the priests have not attended.' 'Political and factious harangues,' says Mr. Croly, 'were made from their altars at the celebration of divine worship, and their churches were surrendered to be used as political club-houses. 'In 1828,' says Mr. Wyse, 'on the same day, and at the same hour, meetings were held at the suggestion of the agitators, in upwards of 1500 Catholic churches.' In the elections, even before Catholic Emancipation, the priests had begun to take a decided part, and openly to canvass the electors. They commenced this in 1824, in the Waterford election, when Bishop Kelly headed the priests of his diocese in an active canvass. They shewed it more clearly in the Clare election, when Fathers Murphy and Maguire canvassed with Mr. Shiel and Mr. Lawless, and priests drove their own flocks to the polling booths. Then, first, might be seen the novel exhibition of the priest and the agitator walking arm-in-arm to the chapel, and Mr. O'Connell, Mr. Shiel, or Mr. Lawless, haranguing the people from those altars which professed to be the altars of God; but which then rung with fierce

curses against men. With the solemnities of religion were mixed the passions of polltices, and anathemas, not against crimes, but against those who did not vote for the popular candidate. But these things, which were at first rare, became frequent; and at every election, and at every political meeting, priests were to be found. We see what occurred at the anti-tithe meetings. The Rev. Mr. Burke says that he attended political meetings in his own county of Westmeath, and in Meath; that he gloried in being the leader of the people, and in addressing to them political harangues. At Bagnalstown the priests addressed the people in most violent speeches, 'and took in every grievance which they thought would inflame them.' Mr. Napper, at Loughcrew, says that the priests have taken an active part in politics, and have contributed materially to the excitement. Mr. Burke abetted the feelings against the Duke of Buckingham, abused the Duke of Buckingham's agent in the chapel, and ordered the tenants to pay no more rent to him. (Evidence, 1832.) The language which, in various places, the priests used towards the gentry and the magistracy was of the most violent character."

Colonel Bruen stated :

" One priest threatened that the very moment a freeman, who voted for me, returned home, he would clap a pair of horns on his head. Another protested that, if he had not forgotten his crucifix and breviary, he would on the spot turn his rebellious parishioners into flaggers. A third gravely told them that the food should melt in their hands; whilst a fourth swore that, if they went against him, he would turn them into four-footed beasts, and put them on their bellies for the rest of their lives!"

These are specimens, few in comparison of the multitude that might be adduced, of the political character of the home-manufactured priest. It may be asked, Is there a marked distinction between the conduct of the continental and that of the Maynooth priests? All the evidence we have gathered establishes a complete distinction. Mr. Inglis, to whose work we have already referred, makes a statement on this head, which the facts and the experience of every year abundantly confirms :

" I entertain no doubt that the disorders, which originate in hatred of Protestantism, have been increased by the Maynooth education of the Catholic priesthood. It is the Maynooth priest

who is the agitating priest: and if the foreign-educated priest be a more liberal-minded man, less a zealot, and less a hater of Protestantism than is consistent with the present spirit of Catholicism in Ireland, straightway an assistant, red-hot from Maynooth, is appointed to the parish. In no country in Europe—no, not even in Spain—is the spirit of Popery so intensely anti-Protestant as in Ireland.' And yet it is this spirit which is burning hot as fire through all the parishes of this wretched country, and to this hot fire are all unhappy Protestants subjected."

We find a very extensive conspiracy prevailing among the Roman Catholic bishops in Ireland, either connected with or educated at Maynooth, to expatriate the old continental clergy, whose learning and gentlemanly manners lead them to discourage the political agitation of many of their brethren. Dr. Mulholland, as we have already stated, has been deprived of his cure, excommunicated, and set adrift, for no other reason than this, that he is no political agitator, but a conscientious, peaceable priest. We have seen the doctor, and have derived important information from him on this very subject. He expresses it to be his conviction, and that of almost all the continental priests, that every effort should be made to prevent the national establishment even of their own church, and every plan pursued, on the other hand, to preserve the ascendancy of *tolerant* Protestantism.

Another specimen of the persecution indirectly visited on the continental priests, has recently occurred in the case of O'Finan, Roman Catholic bishop of Killala, *versus* the Hon. F. Cavendish, the proprietor and editor of a Radical paper, called the *Mayo Telegraph*. It is evident, from the whole case, that Dr. M'Hale, the former Bishop of Killala, and, as before stated, a Maynooth man, is the real libeller of O'Finan, who is one of the old continental priests, now rarely advanced to the episcopacy. We give the case as detailed in the Irish and London papers.

"An action of damages, of rather a novel description, was tried at the Sligo assizes, some days back. In this case the Right Rev. Dr. O'Finan, Roman Catholic Bishop of Killala, was plaintiff, and the Hon. F. Cavendish, proprietor and editor of an extreme Radical paper, the *Mayo Telegraph*, defendant. The action was brought in consequence of

certain defamatory articles against Dr. O'Finan, which appeared in the *Telegraph*, and for which damages were claimed to the amount of 3000*l.* In the course of the trial, this affair was shewn to have a very intimate connexion with that of Dean Lyons, to which we directed the attention of our readers a short time past. In the present case, Dr. O'Finan obtained a verdict, and very considerable damages;—thus establishing, in the opinion of the jury, the innocence of the right rev. doctor with regard to the accusations advanced against him in the libels, and, by inference, the malice of the libeller, who, though presented with an opportunity of proving the truth of the allegations, failed in inflicting any stain on Dr. O'Finan's reputation. But who was the actual libeller—or, at least, one of them? It was admitted that the author of one of the most virulent of the articles complained of was one of Bishop O'Finan's parish priests!

"The libels were of the most daring and defamatory nature, when we take into account the relative stations of the parties. This, however—though an important fact to those who would duly estimate the nature and prospects of Irish Popery at the present momentous crisis—sinks into insignificance, when compared with the obvious motives for singling out Dr. O'Finan for persecution. These motives we shall endeavour to place before the reader as briefly as we can, consistently with perspicuity. It seems that Dr. O'Finan, who succeeded the celebrated Dr. M'Hale as titular Bishop of Killala, and who had been unanimously elected to that office, had set his face against the efforts made to plunge Ireland into anarchy and civil war. He had cautioned the clergy of his diocese against exchanging their functions, as ministers of peace and religion, for those of political demagogues and incendiaries. 'He advised them to abstain from embroiling themselves about elections.' He strengthened, or endeavoured to strengthen, his admonitions, by reference to the hypocritical resolutions of others of the Romish hierarchy of Ireland, published at a time when Popery thought it had something to gain by the affectation of loyalty; and in which the mitred resolutionists admonished their clergy 'not to use their chapels for any public meeting, except in the cause of charity; to refrain from any political clubs,' &c. In short, Dr. O'Finan was not one of the Maynooth school. He also encouraged education in his diocese—was taking measures to repair the dilapidated school-houses, which his predecessors had suffered to fall into disuse and ruin. His

object seemed to be the promotion of peace and civilisation, rather than the 'justice-for-Ireland' system, as understood by his *coadjutors* in the ministry. Dr. Lyons seems to have been identified with his diocesan in this attempt to ameliorate the condition of the country. For this beneficent attempt, these two ecclesiastics became obnoxious to a fierce and unrelenting persecution. No means were left untried to effect their ruin, and thereby to remove a barrier against sedition and vice. The part which Drs. O'Crolly and M'Hale are said to have taken in this shameful business, we have already shewn in the article before adverted to."

In consequence of the intimidation universally exercised by these Maynooth priests, all order and law are placed in continual jeopardy. There is carried on in Ireland, not merely a systematic opposition against Protestantism, but against decorum and piety, in church and in chapel. To be a peaceful Papist is the next crime to being a loyal Protestant; the difference in the punishment being this, that the former is excommunicated and the latter is shot. A painful proof of the danger in which the Protestants, especially the Protestant clergy, are now placed, is the following extract from a letter of January last. It seems the Rev. R. B. Eyre, of Eyrecourt, wished to insure his glebe-house, offices, &c. to the value of 1000*l*. He received this reply from the Assurance Company :

"Alliance Insurance Office,
Parsonstown, Jan. 28, 1837.

"Dear Sir,—The Alliance Fire Assurance Company are unwilling to entertain assurances on property belonging to clergymen, in the present state of Ireland. I am directed, therefore, to request you to receive back the amount of your premium and duty.

"Believe me, &c.

"RICHARD HARRIS,
Agent to the Company.

"Rev. R. B. Eyre."

It was only very lately that the mitred despot of Braganza, Bishop Nolan, addressed his priests in the following language: "If you don't move heaven and earth for Vigors, I will move you." And knowing well that submission unqualified, and despotism of the severest kind, are the two principal lessons of Maynooth, we can easily believe that Heaven was besieged with masses, and the Irish pea-

santry belaboured with cudgels, in favour of Vigors. Now, however, that the M.P. appendage is to be subtracted from the hon. gentleman, we expect that the diocess of his lordship of Braganza will either be sent to heavy penances, or visited with an interdict. It would be endless to enumerate the savage crimes that have been perpetrated by the altar—the inflammatory harangues which have been fulminated by its priests—and all the blight left on an otherwise green island, by those locusts that have swarmed from Maynooth. No Radicalism can blind an honest man to the enormity of the mischief, and the growing nature of its influence. It is true that the only way to make Ireland happy would be, according to a proposition in the last *Quarterly*, "to convert it." But this is to be done, not by a word, or the lifting up of some conjuror's rod, but by "instalments;" one of the first of which must be the suppression of Maynooth, on account of its being a hotbed of treason, immorality, and disaffection. We repeat our words: Maynooth must be left to voluntarism, its appropriate nurse; and this Protestant country must no longer compromise its principles, and carry on a suicidal process, by endowing and supporting it.

VI.—PRINCIPLE SACRIFICED IN SUPPORTING MAYNOOTH.

This is our best, though, to the popular view, not our most plausible stronghold. We have long been prominent among the advocates of our national church, and, on the most sacred principles, vindicated alike its excellence and its power. If it be the duty of a government to establish and endow the Church of Christ, and all serious and able men think so, it never can become its duty to endow a system the very antipodes of Christianity. It is the duty of the state to support, not the church of the majority, but the Church of Christ; and if it were to come to pass that nine-tenths of our population were to be conscientious members of the Church of Rome, and the remaining tenth only to belong to the Protestant communion, it would, nevertheless, be the duty of the state to tolerate the former, and to establish and endow the latter. Either there is no revelation from Heaven, or there is a system of truth cognisable to man.

Majorities and minorities do not affect the question. Truth is not metamorphosed into error, when millions are against it; and error is not changed into truth, when whole nations are its adherents. Because, therefore, it is the duty of Britain to patronise and endow the church of the Bible, it is not her duty to countenance in any way the church of the Council of Trent. To establish the former is her glory, and the best rampart around her constitution; whereas to tamper in any way with the latter is to blazon on her brow the brand of infamy, and to foster in her bosom the viper that will sting her to the heart. This principle shews at once the light in which we are to regard the annual grant to Maynooth. It is the compromise of a great principle, not the concession of a prejudice. To endow the whole of the priests of Ireland would not be worse in principle, though perhaps more detrimental in the results. We cannot, moreover, understand the strange and mysterious policy, which clamours for endowments to Popish ecclesiastics in Canada and Popish colleges in Ireland, and at the same time protests against additional endowments to the Protestant church. Is it that Liberalism and Popery coalesce and co-operate in these odd times? Is it that Pilate and Herod can agree when truth is to be extinguished, and the organs of its utterance removed? Or is it some awful eclipse that has fallen upon our land, and blinded men's eyes to the distinctions that subsist between truth and error—or, rather, so jaundiced them, that error has come to be beautiful, and truth odious, according to their perceptions? Such is the coalition now formed between Infidel liberalism and Papal superstition, that if it were put to the vote to-morrow that the Vatican should be substituted for Lambeth, the missal for the prayer-book, and *sweet Popery* for *bitter and bigoted Protestantism*, the tellers in the House of Commons would announce that the "Ayes" have it, and the newspaper reporters would add, in brackets [*Cheers from Hume, Wakley, Rice, Russell, and all the Liberal members*]. This is, indeed, a serious pass. Even twenty-three of a majority on such a subject, innocuous from its results, would yet be ominous as a sign of the times.

On the principles of voluntarism, the grant to Maynooth cannot

be defended. The partisans of this new-fangled absurdity assert, that government ought to have nothing to do with truth or error, Protestantism or Popery; and, of course, that the grant to this fountain-head of politico-papal influence is wholly unwarranted. The two antagonist parties, in reference to religion, are, therefore, agreed in this, that all support in the present case should be withdrawn. Certainly there is one peculiarity in the case, that while churchmen have to a man stood forward in opposition to the endowment of St. Patrick's College at Maynooth, scarcely a solitary remonstrance has come from any of the dissenting sections. The former have made the table of St. Stephen's groan under the load of their earnest supplications against this prostitution of the public purse; but the latter have maintained either an inglorious neutrality, or positively sent in their acquiescence. It does strike us as an extraordinary phenomenon of these extraordinary times, that while the peace of society is stirred by the agitation of dissent against the few rates required for the maintenance of a scriptural church, so little should be said against an iniquitous endowment of a persecuting, anti-Christian system. But so it is; and the explanation lies with those who present, in their conduct, this contradictory feature. This only we must observe, that Dissenters, according to their creed, are bound equally with ourselves to protest against all concessions on the part of our country toward the maintenance of that abomination that maketh desolate. We rightly believe that the granting of what was called Roman Catholic emancipation, the endowment of a Popish bishop at Quebec, and the grant to Maynooth, are the three un-English, un-Protestant, and unconstitutional deeds, which will be as millstones around the neck of this great country. How long these shall be continued, is another question we do not profess ourselves competent to settle; but, in our conscience, we believe that the day is not far distant when these three points will be thoroughly investigated. We see a feeling actuating the community that will not be suppressed. We observe associations, Conservative and Protestant, calling attention to these points, and met by the cordial response of large assemblies of intelligent freemen. At

a meeting held lately in Lambeth, to form a South Protestant Conservative Association, for restoring and promoting the politics of the Revolution, the statement of that staunch Conservative and Protestant, J. E. Gordon, that the "rogues must be turned out," or something to that effect, the meaning of which was intelligible enough to all, met with a demonstration from the auditors which proved the strong feelings entertained on this head. We fear that as long as the tail remains in the House of Commons, and its members are so unanimously adverse to every thing Protestant, and so regardless of every sacred obligation, no hope can be entertained of redeeming our character with regard to Maynooth for some years yet. If argument and evidence of the most cogent kind could have effect—if results flowing from the maintenance of Maynooth, polluting and disastrous, could have weight—if the real peace of Ireland were to be regarded as desirable, and its growing miseries as worthy to be deprecated, the first act of "justice to Ireland," the first instalment of a long withheld demand, would be the resignation of Maynooth to the purgatorial regards of the voluntary system, and the nursing care of the most reverend patron of *Dominus Dens*. Were Maynooth left to the tender sympathies of these Popish bishops and priests, who depend upon the spread of its anti-social tenets for the continuance of their despotism, and on the teaching of its contaminating immoralities for the filling of their coffers with the wages of unrighteousness, the 18,000*l.* a-year which they and their victims raise for the maintenance of O'Connell would be required for the maintenance of Maynooth. It may, indeed, be a question whether Maynooth or O'Connell be the greatest nuisance; but, without entering into this difficult question,

we insist on our government leaving both to the voluntary system. Both are plague-spots upon Ireland—both are extending their noxious influence into this country, the one making an assault on our Protestant faith, and the other on our unrivalled constitution. The priests of Maynooth, labouring under Anglicised names,* the coverts of their Maynooth origin, to sap the foundations of our Christianity, our domestic chastity, and national uprightness; and the firebrand of Derrynane labouring, amid the ruins of broken oaths and the disregard of fearful perjuries, to break down those ramparts by which the blessings of British hearth and the securities of British freedom have been, in the good Providence of our God, so long and so successfully secured.

Our readers need not be informed how steadily, for upwards of seven years, we have advocated our constitution in church and state; nor do they need to be informed, that of late our perilled Protestantism has been especially the object of our tenderest solicitude and most uncompromising defence. So strongly do we feel on this point, that, in the present crisis, we have not unfrequently postponed our most humorous effusions, to make room for those Protestant articles which have secured us so much credit, and gained for us, by way of emphatic distinction, the name of the leading Protestant Magazine. This will account for the length of our present article. Its importance none will dispute. The awful disclosures of Maynooth theology, unsuspected by most people, will startle the most indifferent; and the result may be the awakening of an attention to this point, which will terminate in what must be the abandonment or suppression of that normal school of agitation, immorality, and treason.

* Perhaps the priests of the Romish chapel at Moorfields could throw a little light upon this metamorphosis of Irish into English names, as, *e. g.* of O'Leary into Woods.

THE WHITEBOY.

IN a miserable turf-walled cabin, in the most desolate part of a remote mountain-district of the south of Ireland, lived Honor Kavanagh and her son, Maurice. Honor was a tall, gaunt woman, somewhat upwards of fifty years of age; but the singular wildness of her looks and attire, and the deep furrows worn in her hollow cheeks by long suffering, mental or bodily, had given her the appearance of being many years more advanced in life. A dark kerchief, wrapped in the peculiar fashion of the country, around her head, but so negligently that her gray hairs, escaping from beneath it, hung in wild disorder about her face; and a tattered blue cloak, that scantily covered the squalor of her under-garments, formed her costume. Such was Honor Kavanagh; a being who enjoyed the unenviable distinction of being regarded by her ignorant neighbours as something that it was better not to "meddle or make with." It is true that she cared little whether her pursuits led her abroad in the sunlight or in the pale moonshine, her perfect knowledge of the intricate mountain paths, and her utter contempt of danger, made all hours alike to her; and when the startled peasant beheld her tall form dilated through the gray haze of early morning, striding with fearless step along the ledge of some perilous precipice, he would cross himself devoutly, and mutter pious ejaculations for protection against the evil things that walk this earth. Shunned by the world—or that little portion of it which constituted *her* world—Honor Kavanagh became a solitary being, loathing and despising her fellow-worms with a bitterness of feeling which the remembrance of past wrongs rendered deep and lasting; the current of sympathy had been dried to its source in her bosom. One well-spring of human affection alone bubbled there pure and fresh, the fresher for the arid desert amidst which it sprang; and one chord of natural love, the strongest and most enduring in the maternal breast, still remained unbroken. She loved her son—loved him the more intensely that she hated every

other earthly being; and, in proportion as she felt herself repelled by society, she clung to him with the strength of an undivided attachment. Yet, in former days, Honor Kavanagh had been the pride of her native village. No step was lighter than hers in the dance, nor no voice so sweetly touching in the wild melodies of her native land. The numerous broken heads amongst the rustic beaux of the neighbourhood, proved the influence of her charms amongst the bachelors; and the anxiety of the country girls to appear at mass in a cap of the same pattern, and ribands of the same colour, as Honor's, decided the supremacy of her taste amongst her own sex. None who remembered her as she then was—five-and-twenty years prior to the time of which we are speaking—in the heyday of her youth and beauty, her dark glossy hair falling in natural ringlets upon her exquisitely turned neck and rounded shoulders, her buoyant step, her laughing blue eye, and her innocent smile, could trace in the haggard look of the sorrow-blighted woman even a faded resemblance of her former self. A dark and cruel destiny had been hers.

In the same village with Honor Kavanagh lived a young man, named Brian O'Keeffe—a thoughtless, devil-may-care sort of a fellow, the best wrestler and hunter in the country, the life of a fair and pattern (every one of which, within twenty miles of his father's residence, was invariably enlivened by his presence), the prime mover of fun at all the wakes and weddings in the barony, and, as female gossip had it, "the dickens' own rogue after the *caillceens*."* With all these accomplishments, it will hardly be wondered at if Brian's attentions operated sensibly on the heart of Honor, who possessed that due proportion of the vanity ascribed to feminie: indeed, the girl must have been endowed with more than a moderate degree of insensibility that could resist the impression which a good figure, a pair of dark, laughter-loving eyes, a clear complexion, and a mouth enriched by an indescribable smile of arch humour,

and a set of white, regular teeth, seldom failed to produce amongst the unmarried females, when he made his appearance at the chapel on Sundays.

Let the reader picture to himself a good-looking fellow such as we have described, arrayed in an ample blue cloth coat, on which a double tier of broad gilt buttons glistened defiance in front; while behind, a couple of stern-chasers, of similar dimensions, flamed between his hips; a gaudy, striped waistcoat; and breeches of snow-white corduroy, fastened at the knees with bright *tooth an' egg** buttons, the riband-ties being left loose to give an air of fashionable negligence; bright blue yarn stockings; well-greased brogues; a carelessly tied crimson silk neck-handkerchief; and a small *carline*† hat set jauntily on one side of his head, and he will have the portrait of Brian O'Keeffe—or, as he was familiarly called, "*Brian the Rattler*."

It had been observed by the village-gossips, that Brian devoted more constant attention to Honor Kavanagh than to any of the other girls that from time to time had attracted his roving fancy; and many were the opinions formed as to the results of this growing attachment. Andy Rorke the tailor, the wiscacre of the village, always shook his head when the subject was brought on the carpet. "Hut-tut!" said he, one evening that a group of talkers had mustered at Tim Doyle's *shebeen*, "no good can come of Norah Kavanagh's company-keeping with that clip of the devil, Brian the Rattler. Mind, I tell ye, she'll rue the day that ever she listened to his *slowtherin*‡ tongue."

The women, who were all staunch advocates for Brian, defended him stoutly. Nancy Doyle, who was usually the spokeswoman on these occasions, retorted sharply:

"Sarra be with me now, Andy, but you're as bad to meet as a red-haired woman in the morning! It's always professin' bad fortin' you are! What is there uncommon in the Rattler? Poor Brian is a wild *bouchal*, surely; but hadn't we all our tarin' days, an' more luck to us? But, with God's help, he'll mind yet; an' when he gets that purty cailleen over him, an',

av coorse, has a flure full of childer, the crathurs! I'll be bail he'll be as mild as a mouse—or yourself, Andy *asthorc*."

Andy, against whom the un-Irish reproach of non-paternity existed, always beat a retreat on any allusion being made to "family matters." Unable to stand Nancy's raillery, he grasped his staff, and, amidst the half-suppressed jeers of the company, bustled off, muttering, "Well, ye, ye, ye will see. I say again, no good will come of it. I've a little job to finish upon Father Finnerty's sickond best coat to-night: God be with you, Mrs. Doyle! Sow! 'twould be better for a man to lie next the wall all his days, than to be harashed by such a *bor-shaugh*§ as you!"

A general roar of laughter followed Mary's triumph and the cynical tailor's flight: the sequel, however, proved that his predictions were but too correct.

In a few months, the neighbours began to wonder at the strange alteration in Honor Kavanagh's health and spirits. Instead of joining, as she had formerly done, in the dances and pastimes of her young companions, she would wander the whole length of a summer evening through the most sequestered places; her step had become slow, and the traces of tears were frequently visible in her red and swollen eyes. Her parents, alarmed at the declining health of their favourite child, endeavoured by every means in their power to draw from her the secret of her melancholy: a forced smile, or a look of unutterable misery, was her only reply. Sometimes, when pressed by her mother with affectionate urgency to confide to her the cause of her distress, she would fling her wasted arms around her neck, and, laying her burning cheek upon the maternal bosom, shed a torrent of tears; but as no entreaty could induce her to assign any reason for her grief, the *natural* conclusion of her friends was, that the unfortunate girl was sinking under the malignant effects of a *faury blast*.

Whatever this corroding sorrow was, poor Honor resolved to confide it to her own bosom; and, in order to avoid as much as possible the importunities

* A kind of white metal button, formerly in general use.

† A beaver hat is called "*a carline*" in some parts of Ireland.

‡ Coaxing.

§ A scolding woman.

or unavailing sympathies of her relatives, her solitary wanderings became more frequent and protracted. Her favourite walk was to a circular field-fort, about a mile from the village; one of those relics of Danish warfare which are still found thickly scattered over the kingdom, known by the name of *raths*. This monument of ancient days, long regarded with the habitual reverence of the Irish peasantry for every thing bearing traces of early civilization, had, by an easy transition in the minds of an imaginative people, become an object of their superstitious awe. The ancient pine-trees, that waved their dark branches like funeral plumes around the lonely mound, had never felt the devastating axe of the wood-cutter; and few, even of the boldest of the villagers, would venture in open day to enter alone the grassy circle appropriated, as they believed, to the moonlight festivities of the *shingues*.*

To this spot Honor every evening bent her steps, for she knew that there no prying eye would intrude on her privacy. One fine afternoon she took her accustomed stroll to the *rath*, at an earlier hour than usual; a greater attention than she had latterly bestowed upon her person was observable in the arrangement of her dark ringlets, and of the simple kerchief that covered her fair neck. Seated on the green slope of the *rath*, her eyes, though glistening through fast-coming tears, were turned with an expression of awakened hope towards the path leading from the high road; her hands were pressed against her bosom, as if to restrain its tumultuous throbbings; and her cheeks, at every gust of the wind through the pine-branches, flushed suddenly, and as quickly paled to the lily's hue. At last, an exclamation of joy burst from her lips;—a person had entered the field, and was coming with hasty steps towards the *rath*. The eye of love is quick:—it was Brian O'Keefe. The next moment he was at her side. Honor attempted to rise, but agitation rendered her powerless and she sank back, unable to move.

The young man, without speaking, seated himself by her on the bank.

"Brian *achurra*," said the afflicted girl, struggling with suffocating emotion, "I was afraid you would not come to-night; and when I saw you crossing the stile, my heart leaped to my mouth, and this weakness came over me."

"The boys," replied Brian, "wor makin' up a hurling-match at Dinny Doyle's below, an' I was forced to wait till it was settled afore I could quit them: there will be great sport at it. Sure, they've made Peggy Maher the *cailleen a voiragh*;† an' it's she that's proud of her dignity."

Honor recollected, that a few months before she had herself shone as the unrivalled queen of these sports, and a cold pang shot through her heart at the unfeeling levity of her lover in alluding to them.

"Brian," said she, in a reproachful tone, "it can never again matter to me who is made the *cailleen a voiragh*—my day is past: but, Brian-dear, you wouldn't see ruin and disgrace come upon me through my love for you. It's for *that* I asked you to meet me here this evening; *here*, where, in the sight of Heaven, you so often called the holy mother of God herself to witness your oaths; here—here, where, in the fondness of my woman's heart, I believed you, trusted you, and—*and*—Brian! Brian! you will not—*you* cannot—deceive your own Nora!"

Brian's countenance gradually fell during this simply eloquent appeal; he cast his eyes down, and began plucking the *trawneens*‡ that grew at his feet.

"Will you not speak to me, Brian?" exclaimed the agitated girl.

"What in the wide world am I to say?" he replied, in an embarrassed voice.

"Say, Brian? Say what you said a thousand times over, that shame shall not fall to me. Yet it is not for myself I care so much—I think I could meet disgrace and contempt, ay, and sin itself almost, for your love—but, Brian, how will I face them at

* Fairies.

† The girl, or lady, of the hurling-match; a rustie mark of distinction, usually conferred upon the prettiest girl in the parish, in the same way that the May-queen is chosen.

‡ Long slender grass-stalks.

home? Think of my poor mother's breaking heart, and the terrible anger of my father and brothers!—the thought of that is killing me."

"I don't see, Norah, how we could conveniently marry now, an' I in the way I am, without a decent means of beginnin' the world," remarked Brian.

"Brian, you are as well off now as when you gave me your hand-promise."

"True for you, Norah *ma chree ghul!*" he replied, in a wheedling voice. "Still an' all there's many a thing wanting yet: it's best not to be in a hurry. But look: by them five crasses—an' that's as good as if I kissed the vestment on it—I'll marry you next Aysther, plase God, if times mend."

On hearing this coldly evasive answer, the weeping girl threw herself at her seducer's feet. "Oh, Brian!" she sobbed, "do not talk to *me* in this way; either give me back my innocence, or make me your wife at once. I'll work, I'll do any thing for you; an' sure you may follow your divar-sions the same as ever, without mindin' me. I won't be jealous—indeed I won't, Brian! All I ask is, that you'll let me love you without the curse of sin upon my unfortunet head. Won't you, Brian *acushla?*"*

"It is impossible, Norah," replied Brian, unmovedly.

"Do not say that cruel word, Brian," said she, clasping his knees vehemently. "If you have pity in your heart, do not say it! Kill me! kill me here at your feet, like a worm, rather than that! No, no, no, you will not cast me off! You will not desert your unborn child!"

"I cannot marry you, Norah," said the unrelenting villain.

Honor Kavanagh, at these words, sprang from her humiliating posture, and, wiping with her apron the blinding tears from her eyes, stood calmly confronting her false lover.

"You will not, then, marry me, Brian O'Keefe?" she asked, in piercing accents.

"I will not," returned the fellow, doggedly.

"Then," said she, "we part here, never to meet again on this earth.

But there is a God who sees us; He will revenge my wrong; and the curse, the heavy and bitter curse of a broken heart, will light down upon you. It will! it will! Brian O'Keefe, you have darkened my bright morning; mind that the cloud of sorrow don't overtake *your* evening."

Having, in the figurative language which bursts spontaneously from the Irish peasant's lips, when under the excitement of strong passion, uttered this prophetic denunciation, she hurried from the place, leaving her remorseless destroyer—the rude counterpart of the more polished seducer of high life—to revel in the contemplation of his successful villany.

Honor Kavanagh, after this interview, never returned to the paternal roof; a relative, who lived in an adjoining parish, offered her an asylum. But the knowledge of her shame could not be long concealed; and the sorrow with which the intelligence overwhelmed a happy and virtuous family may be more easily imagined than described. Her brothers, burning with indignation, vowed dreadful vengeance on the destroyer of their sister's innocence; and, though the skull of "Brian the Rattler" possessed as much Hibernian insensibility to a blow from a cudgel or an *alpeen*† as any boy's in the barony, he did not deem it sufficiently *seasoned* to resist the entrance of leaden bullets; one of which happened to pass through the crown of his *caubeen*‡ one fine moonlight night, on his return from the fair of Ballicknummery. This singular circumstance, and a dark hint which reached him that there was a brogue full of similar messengers, designed for special practice on his body, made him determine to quit so unpleasant a neighbourhood, and to remove himself secretly, no one knew whither, from his native parish. The general opinion was that he had emigrated to America; some insisted that he had taken the king's bounty, and had gone to fight the French, and other nagurs: but, after the lapse of a few years, conjecture ceased to busy itself about him, and "Brian the Rattler" was only remembered when the misfortunes of his victim became the subject of conversation amongst the old people.

* My life.

† A long cudgel, to which both hands are applied to wield it, commonly called 'a two-handed wattle.'

‡ An old hat.

Soon after Brian's disappearance, Honor Kavanagh gave birth to a son, with whom she retired to a small cabin, situated in a remote mountain valley. In this desolate spot, despite the entreaties of her family, who would again have received the repentant sinner into their bosom, she lived, supporting herself by spinning wool, and devoting her entire care to bringing up her child; who, in a few years, grew wild and vigorous as the goats he pursued in boyish sport over the mountain. But the early lessons of his mother were less calculated to benefit his mind than the mountain breezes were to invigorate his frame. A ceaseless brooding over her wrongs, and a keen consciousness of her own degradation working on a proud spirit, made her first shun, and then hate, mankind. In the overflowing bitterness of her heart, she poured forth her revilings against herself, her seducer, and the whole world; and the young Maurice, accustomed to hear these complainings, and beholding in his parent a wronged and insulted woman, in time began to view all mankind as oppressors and villains. It must not, however, be supposed that the transformation of a gentle village girl into a stern, half savage dweller in a mountain hut, was so sudden as our sketch of her previous life might seem to intimate: the change was gradual, — for each successive year, instead of bringing consolation, served but to corrode her heart still deeper. The absence of education had also contributed materially to pervert a disposition naturally ardent and generous. Thrown, by her first fault, upon the resources of her own mind, she found them feeble and inadequate to relieve the pangs of remorse she endured, while the false lights of her imperfect education glimmering through the mists of error and prejudice, served but to lead her further from the path of repentance, by which she could alone hope to retrace her steps to the virtuous eminence she had abandoned. Thus, at the end of five and twenty years, Honor Kavanagh had become a miserable recluse, burying her shame in solitude, and flying from a world that she hated in the same ratio that she felt herself an object for its cold scorn. Trained in such a school, can it be wondered that the mind of Maurice Kavanagh (for his mother would not suffer him to assume his unnatural father's name) should

have been marked by some of the dark traits that belonged to his erring parent's character. He felt not like *her* the self abasement of guilt; but a spirit of wrathful jealousy and of proud defiance distinguished all his actions. The stain of his birth, and the contumely attached to his mother's name, pressed heavily on his young spirit, and made him shun society; but, whenever he chanced to mingle in the pastimes and assemblages of the neighbouring peasantry, there was a quick fire in his eye, and a haughty coolness in his manner, that made the loud taunts of insolence dwindle into the whispers of fear.

Ireland, at the time of which we are writing, was the theatre of much civil disturbance, and predial outrage (as, alas! when has it been otherwise?). Her people, buried in slavish superstition, and pressed down by want and misery, murmured; and there were not wanting men of desperate fortunes, and restless demagogues, to take advantage of their discontent, and to goad them, by a pretended sympathy with their sufferings, to atrocities, from the contemplation of which the mind shrinks with horror. Thus, in a country the most abundant on the face of the earth, and amongst a people kind, generous, and ardent, wretchedness and sedition walked hand in hand; and numerous treasonable associations were formed, in which the riband system in Ulster and whiteboyism in the southern provinces were the parent stems. No means, whether by persuasion or intimidation, were left untried to induce the discontented peasantry to enrol themselves as members of these dangerous societies; and their vigilant agents soon fixed on Maurice Kavanagh as a person peculiarly fitted for their views. It required but little solicitation on the part of the Whiteboy emissaries to decoy Maurice into their toils. His daring courage, and a keen consciousness of his own and his mother's degraded state, made him listen eagerly to the false reasoning of his seducers. The miseries under which his country groaned, — the want of trade and wealth in her cities, and of industry and comfort in her cottages, were ascribed to the jealous tyranny of the sister country, and the dominancy of an antagonist religion. This was the broad foreground of the picture; but the crafty designers took care, also, to fill up the

distance with a glowing prospect of "Ireland as she ought to be" in her regenerated state—"great, glorious, and free,"—her fields teeming with abundance, and her children happy and independent. These delusive arguments, working on the quick temperament of Maurice, made him, like thousands more of his infatuated countrymen, throw himself blindly into the ranks of sedition, without reflecting, until too late for retreat, that the course they had taken to remedy the evils which oppressed their country, was, in reality, the most effectual means they could have devised for perpetuating them; and that, instead of becoming invested with the dignity of *patriots*, they were in fact, only midnight incendiaries and assassins—senseless tools in the hands of men who used them to attain their own selfish ends.

Maurice, having once become a sworn Whiteboy, was not of a disposition to remain an inactive member of the Association; his house was the grand rendezvous of the agents from the Whiteboy committees in distant parts of the country, with whom a constant correspondence was maintained. Their treasonable meetings were held, and their future plans of action discussed and concocted, beneath his roof. Although Honor Kavanagh was not formally acquainted with the business of these secret assemblages, she was perfectly aware of their nature, and internally rejoiced that her son had arrayed himself against those whom she, in her unregulated mind, looked upon as tyrants and oppressors.

One evening, some months after Maurice had joined the Whiteboys, his mother was sitting alone in her wretched cabin, rocking herself to and fro in a crouching posture over the smouldering embers of a turf fire, and crooning the plaintive old Irish ditty called "*Shule agra*h," in a voice which, though broken and irregular, still retained its wild and touching sweetness. The words were in English, as follows:—

" ' I wish I was, as I have been,
A *cailleén* on the village green,
I would not envy Ireland's queen,—
*Shule, shule agra*h.' "

Ay!" she muttered, "they were the days of my joy. But its quare—so it is, to think of them times; I *was* the beauty then; the blume was on my cheek like a rose in June." She then broke into another popular Irish ballad:

" ' One morning very early—one morning
in the spring,
I wandered out at break of day, to hear
the wild birds sing;
My cheek was like the new blown rose.' "

Curp an' diaoul!—the villain! Whisht! Was that Maurice's foot? Oh, but he has the light foot, and the bright eye,—his father's bright eye,—*ma boughal dhas* you wor. Oh! that's a wild blast down the mountain—Maurice *mavourneen*. Hish! I'm could—could." Resuming the song she had commenced with, she began—

" ' I wish I was on yonder hill,
It's there I'd sit and cry my fill;
And sure my tears would turn a mill,—
*Shule, shule agra*h.' "

Wissha! I wonder will I ever cry again. I think it would take this weight off my heart; but laughing is better nor crying. Ha! ha! ha! ha!"

The cottage rang with her shrill laughter. "Well!" said she, as if addressing some person; "well! but I'm a pleasant crather, an' light-hearted; an' I sitting in my grandeur here. Maurice, avick, I'll sing you a song. She then commenced in a lively strain,—

" ' Curra dha cush, ma Norah Creina;
Rinka dhas, ma Norah Creina:
Norieen, Norieen, thurrun pogeon,—
Iss thusa masthoreen, Norah Creina.' "

Hut tut. I disremember any more of that; but I'll sing you another that's better *aroon*."

The progress of her minstrelsy was, however, interrupted by the entrance of Maurice, who, casting a hasty glance

* These are a portion of the original words of the song "*Norah Creina*," which Mr. Moore has preserved in his *Irish Melodies*. The literal translation of the above stanza is as follows:—

Move your foot, my Norah Creina;
Gracefully dance, my Norah Creina:
Noreen, Noreen, give me a little kiss;
For you are my darling, Norah Creina.

around the cheerless cabin, said, in an undertone,—

“Mother, the boys are to be here to-night. This place looks could and comfortless; may be you could ready it up for us. I’ll sweep the hearth myself, while you’re putting down a fresh *bresnagh*.”*

“To be sure, *avick machree*,—I’ll do any thing; but will they soon come?” she inquired, as she bustled about to execute her son’s wishes.

“Immediately; there’s to be extraordinary business on hands to night.”

“Is there? Well; my blessing upon the work, and them that has a hand in it. But, Maurice, my heart thrimbles within me for you. *Acushla machree*, don’t be too venturesome. *A wurrak deelish*!† what ’ud become of me, if any thing came wrong to you?”

“Mother, don’t be uneasy about me; my life is in the hands of Him that’s above; and, sure, he sees I’m only doin’ what’s right.”

“He does—he does; and ’tis he and the blessed Mother of Glory will look down upon us with pity and contrition, and ’ill help us to extirminate them villains that grinds and tramples upon us now. I’ll fetch down the *furm* from the room,—for I suppose there ’ll be a great gathering of yees to-night.”

“Do, mother; and God bless you. Give the table a rub of your praskeen,‡ to clane it; and fix two or three sods of turf under the stool. I’m threatnin’ to put a leg in it since last Aysther; but I’ll do it afore I’m much oulder, plaze God.”

“An’, Maurice, *asthore*, I’ll bring down the bottle from the corner be-yant; and I’ll lave a *paudhiogue*§ on the hob, that you can light; it ’ll look dacent afore the boys. *Huisth! huisth amuck!* This baste of a pig won’t stir for me. *Huisth! amuck gō mogth*.|| Won’t you move, you stupid crathur, an’ let me get at the lickier.”

After much expostulation, and some persuasive blows, Honor succeeded in ejecting the grunter from his bed; and, having extracted from a concealed nook a bottle of genuine *sthal rinka*,¶ she placed it on the table. Her work

being then complete, she bestowed an affectionate blessing on her son, and retired to her humble bed, in a little room divided from the principal apartment by a hurdle partition, daubed with a kind of plastic yellow clay. It was a singular trait in the character of the unfortunate woman, that her preying griefs never interfered in the discharge of her domestic duties; while thus engaged, she was rational and attentive; and it was only when her household cares were laid aside, and in the solitary indulgence of her sorrows, that she exhibited symptoms of a wandering intellect, or that the anguish of her mind vented itself in bitter execrations against her destroyer, herself, and the whole world, except her son, for whom she ever felt the most ardent affection.

Soon after Honor Kavanagh had withdrawn, the members of the White-boy select committee began to assemble. No hearty greeting or friendly salutation was exchanged as they entered; no friendly *Gud dhemir than thu!* welcomed the visitant: a low, peculiar knock announced each comer, who, as he cautiously crossed the threshold, gave the secret sign, and muttered the pass-word to the sentinel in charge of the door. This night, as Maurice had said, was one on which important business was to be transacted. A delegate from the committee of a parish in a distant county had arrived, to demand the assistance of the brotherhood in this. Round a small deal table, on which lay a few written and a number of printed papers, sat a group of men,—the majority of them fellows whose ferocious countenances shewed they had been long habituated to crime,—while the eager enthusiasm that sparkled in the eyes of the younger persons of the party told that they were equally prepared for desperate deeds. A deep silence, broken only by occasional whispers, had prevailed for some time; at length a thick-set, dark-featured man rose to address the members.

“Brothers!” said he, in low voice, “I’m comè among ye, by *orders* from them you know, to demand your help in a case of immirginacy. Every

* *Bresnagh*, a bundle of sticks, or brushwood, intended for fuel.

† *Sweet Savour*.

‡ Apron.

§ A strip of twisted rag dipped in grease, which is sometimes used as a candle.

|| Get out, pig.

¶ Whisky. Literally, “dancing-water.”

one of you perceives the heart-scaldings and the miseries that has come upon us, by rason of landlords driving poor tenants out of their farms upon the wide world, and then littin' the laud again, over their heads, to some nager that wouldn't give the rightful shoulder of it a praytie-skin, if they were dyin' of hunger across their thrasholds. We are sworn, and bound, brothers, to put an end to this work ; an', plaze God, will do it."

"Diaoul, if we don't !" muttered his listeners vehemently.

"Well ; there's an honest poor man—an' one of us, too—that has been put out of his farm by the murderin' thief of an agent ; and its tuck over him by one Darby Hanratty, a strong farmer, that has full and plenty, without being obligated to begrudge the poor the bit they ate. He has tuck the farm, I say, and he still holds it, though we have noticed him to quit."

"*Dher monnim*, why don't you put a bullet through the *bodagh*?"⁴ asked one of the members.

"We mane to do that same ; but it's dangerous for any of the boys in the neighbourhood to take the job, for fear'd of being known agin. The general committee have ordherd the business to be done by a stranger. It's for that I'm sent here,—to call upon you, by the oath ye have all taken, to send a man from this parish that will do the biddin' of them we must obey. There's no marcy for Darby Hanratty."

"Sowl !" exclaimed a savage-looking fellow, starting up ; "I'll go. He'll never mark the ground afther I take his measure."

Two or three others followed his example.

"Be asy, boys !" said the first speaker, motioning the men to resume their seats ; "we must proceed regular, according to our instructions. Ned Murray, lend us a loan of your *cuabean*,—we'll cast lots. Is each mimber satisfied, and ready to go through with this business like a man, if it falls to him ?"

"We are—we are !" was the unanimous reply.

The delegate then proceeded to write the names of those present on slips of paper ; and, having hustled them together in the hat, Maurice, as being

the youngest member present, was appointed to draw the lots.

With beating heart, he permitted a handkerchief to be bound over his eyes, and, thrusting his hand into the hat, drew forth a scroll, and flung it on the table. The chairman unfolded it, and slowly read the inscription—"MAURICE KAVANAGH."

"The task is mine !" said the young man, coming forward ; and, though I never thought to raise my hand agin a living soul, barrin' in anger, I'll not flinch."

"Success, Maurice, *ma boughal* ! it's you that has the spirit in you. Never be daunted, man ; sure it's all for the glory of ould Ireland, an' the blessed Mother of Heaven. More power to you, my boy !"

These, and a variety of other encouraging encomiums, were bestowed on Kavanagh by his associates ; who, now that the business of the night was concluded, betook themselves to the pot-teen bottle, which, in a short time, owing to their united endeavours, began to exhibit symptoms of rapid consumption. But the enticing noggin continued to perform its circuit of the table, untouched by Maurice, who looked thoughtfully on, unable to join the boisterous mirth of his companions, who continued drinking until a late hour. When they were gone, he threw himself, without undressing, on his great coat, across the hearth, and sought in sleep a relief from the emotions that disturbed his mind.

The following morning was the time appointed for Maurice to set out on his deadly mission. At an early hour he started from his hard couch, and was making some preparations for his journey, when he was surprised at seeing his mother enter from the inner apartment.

"Maurice," said she, "Maurice, you're goin'—I know you are, so you need not keep it from me ; that was what ye war settlin' last night. But, oh, Mother of Glory ! if it be of any bad arrand they'd be sendin' you, what would I do ? Maurice—*deetish nachree* ! † I don't know how it is, but I feel that if you go you'll never darken your poor mother's door again. Stay, *avounneen* ! and don't lave a could hearth and green threshold behind you. Don't lave me, *sultish*

machree!"* and clasping him in her arms, the big tears rolled down her withered cheeks. "Look at those tears, Maurice; they're the first that fell from my ould eyes this many a day—don't make little of thim, *agrah!*"

"I don't make little of thim, mother; but you know the oath I have taken, and there's them that would have my life if I was to go agin it now."

"Oh! *wirrah, wirrah!* I didn't think of *that*. Och, but this is a heavy thrial—sweet Saviour, give me strength and contrition to bear it. Any way, Maurice, *ahuger*, take this blessed scapular along with you; an' offer up a pather an' avé to the Holy Mother an' St. Joseph, an' they'll be your protection."

Ignorant and superstitious as Maurice was, he shrank from the mockery of seeking heavenly assistance, in an action which his reason told him was abhorrent to the laws of God and man. Pushing the proffered amulet from him, he said, hurriedly, "No, no; the one I have will do. God be with you, mother! I'll not be over a week away: so don't be frettin' an' breakin' your heart afther me." He was moving towards the door; but, stopping suddenly, he added, solemnly, "Mother, dear, I'd like to get your blessin' afore I go: God sees I need it this minute."

"*Bannaght lagth, cead mille bannaght lagth, avick machree!*"† exclaimed the weeping mother, in the expressive language of her country, as with a burst of pathetic affection she again strained her son to her bosom.

Maurice drew the sleeve of his coat across his eyes; and replacing his hat, which, with the filial reverence of the Irish peasant, he had removed while the maternal benediction was being pronounced, departed without uttering another word. His mother stood at the door watching him, until an angle of the road hid him from her view; and then, turning into her desolate cabin, poured forth her sorrow in wild lamentations.

We must now inform the reader that Honor Kavanagh, during the foregoing night, had overheard, from her little chamber, a great portion of the proceedings of the committee. She did not discover the precise duty which

the sanguinary tribunal had imposed upon her son, for, when alluding to it, they spoke in suppressed whispers; but she knew that some act of lawless violence was to be committed, in which Maurice was to take a prominent part, and that the place named for its execution was a village about fifty miles off, in another county. Possessed of so much of the secret, she resolved, without acquainting her son, to follow and keep near him, in order, if any danger befel him in the perilous business he had engaged in, that she might be at hand to afford him succour or advice. With this intent, so soon as she knew that Maurice had got a few miles on his journey, she set out by a different road for the village to which he was bound.

In a ditch on the field-side of a furze-grown hedge, on the high road near the village of Bally—, a party of men were lying closely crouched at the still hour of midnight—not a star twinkled in the sky—a canopy of thick darkness seemed to overhang the earth, relieved only by a line of dull light streaking the far horizon. A few impatient whispers were occasionally interchanged by the night-watchers: "Mogue," growled one of the fellows to the man nearest him, "have you any thing left in the bottle? The vinom of the wind is in my bones."

"The sarra much, Paudruig; but what's in it your as welcome to as the flowers of May," replied Mogue, handing him a bottle, from which he took a full tithe.

"Soh!—Sowl, Mogue, but that's the rale stuff to fasten the life in a man! Maurice, take a pull of it, a *boughal*—it 'll put *misnagh*‡ into you, for what's afore you."

"I'm on the gospel not to touch it till this is over," replied Maurice; whose appearance here, we need hardly inform our readers, was in obedience to the mandate he had received at the meeting.

"Isn't it mighty quare, though, that he isn't come up afore this. I think nobody has warned him of us," said the first speaker.

"Hut, man, it's takin' his *dóch m'dhorrish*§ at Briney Ryan's sheebear; he is, afther the market—he'll be up by an' by."

"True for you, Paudruig," said

* Light of my heart.

† A hundred thousand blessings on you, son of my heart!

‡ Courage.

§ The stirrup-cup, or last glass taken at the door.

another of the gang; "it is his *doch an dhorrish*, for it's the last dhrop 'ill ever cross Darby Hanratty's lips in this world."

The conversation was here interrupted by the approach of a man, running, or rather creeping, under the cover of the ditch. "He is coming, captain," said the scout, addressing the leader of the party.

"Alone?"

"Perfectly."

"Lie down then—silence there! Maurice Kavanagh, are you ready?"

"I am," he replied, making a violent effort to appear composed.

"Look to your priming, and get out on the road. When he comes up, I'll whistle—then put the contents of your carbine through the rascal's heart."

Maurice, during the delivery of these brief instructions, trembled from head to foot. Hitherto he had viewed assassination only in the abstract light of a meritorious action in the cause of liberty; but now that he found himself on the verge of shedding the blood of a fellow-creature who had never harmed him, his heart recoiled from the sanguinary task.

"What do you wait for?" muttered the captain, with a savage growl: "get over the ditch at once; and mind," he added, in a half whisper, "if you don't make a clane job of it, there'll be six bullets through your own carcass. Remember your oath."

Stupified and irresolute, Maurice crossed the ditch, and, screened by a projecting furze-bush, awaited his victim, whom he heard advancing along the narrow footpath, singing, in the hilarious jollity produced by his evening potations, a rude drinking chorus. Every approaching footstep of the devoted wretch, as they sounded nearer and more distinctly, fell with increasing heaviness upon Maurice's heart. He looked eagerly around him, in the sudden resolution of escaping; but a moment's reflection told him how useless would be the attempt. The very hopelessness of his situation wound him up to desperation; and when his victim stood within a few yards of him, he felt his nerves strung to perform his bloody work. The captain's low whistle rose from behind the ditch. The traveller stopped—his song suddenly ceased; "God be about us!" said he, devoutly signing the cross upon his brow. Maurice rushed for-

ward, and levelled his carbine at his head.

"Mercy, mercy!" shrieked the unfortunate man, flinging himself upon his knees before his assassin: "mercy, in the name and for the love of Him who died for us all! Spare my life, and I'll quit the country for ever—I'll swear it here on my bended knees. Spare me—don't send a poor ould man out the world, without priest or prayer for his sinful soul."

The beseeching creature's hat had fallen from his head, and Maurice could see in the dim light his long white hair floating around a face pale as marble, but distorted with terror and agony. The muzzle of his carbine was close to the breast of the trembling man—his finger was on the trigger, but he wanted resolution to draw it.

"*Homm an diaoul!* why but you give it to him!" hissed a fellow from the ditch. Maurice still hesitated.

"To hell with the cowardly thrasher!—he hasn't the heart of a chicken," growled a voice which Maurice knew to be the captain's; and the quick-jarring cock of a gun smote his ear.

"If you have the heart of a Christian, don't, for Jesus' sweet sake, give me an unprovided death!" entreated the still kneeling wretch: "don't, don't, by your father's name and your mother's honour!"

"My mother's honour!" shouted Maurice, furiously, his eyes flashing with sudden rage; "let that blasted word be your last!" He fired, and his victim fell a bleeding corpse at his feet.

His first impulse, after the horrid act had been committed, was to fling the deadly weapon from his hand, and to raise the mangled body of the murdered man in his arms. But his companions in guilt, who had gathered round him, having first ascertained that their infernal purpose had been accomplished, compelled him to resume his arms, and to accompany two of their party in their flight to a lonely cabin, which stood in the centre of an extensive bog.

The following morning, the news of Hanratty's murder filled the neighbourhood with consternation. The body of the deceased had been conveyed from the place where it was discovered to the barn of an adjoining farm-house, until the coroner's inquest should be held upon it. Meantime, great num-

bers of the peasantry, attracted either by curiosity or feelings of a worse nature, began to arrive, and forming themselves into detached groups in and about the farm-house, spoke with undisguised triumph of the spread of terrorism throughout the country.

"We'll soon have things our own way, Denis," said a brutal-looking fellow, to a man who had just quitted the barn, with a significant wink.

"You may say that, Mick; or, if we don't, there will be more of them left like him that's within."

"Has any of his people come yet?"

"No, he's a stranger in these parts. It's better nor four-and-twenty years since he came to settle here. Some says he was banished from his own parish for one thing, and more says for another; but, any how, he has neither kith nor kin hereabouts."

The approach of a strong party of dragoons, accompanied by two magistrates and the coroner, who had been out scouring the country in pursuit of Hanratty's murderers, put a stop to this colloquy. They had succeeded, after a wearisome chase through the bog, in apprehending four suspicious characters; and, as they rode into the farm-yard, the athletic figure of Maurice Kavanagh, covered with blood and mud, appeared conspicuously amongst his fellow-prisoners. Immediate preparations were made for holding the inquest, and taking the depositions of any witnesses that could be procured; but it was determined, in the first instance, to cause the prisoners to be separately brought in to view the corpse. The body of the murdered man was stretched upon some straw spread upon the floor; his long silver hair dabbled in a plash of blood, that flowed from a ghastly wound in the side of the head.

One by one the first three prisoners were conducted into the barn, and ordered to look upon the body: they did so with that dogged resolution that often gives to guilt the seeming firmness of innocence. Last of all, Maurice Kavanagh was led in between two policemen. His step was unsteady; and there was an uneasy restlessness in his eye as he looked round on the assembled persons. On reaching the verge of the circle formed by those immediately surrounding the corpse, he became rooted to the earth—large drops of perspiration poured down his cheeks upon his broad chest—and it required

the united efforts of his conductors to push him forward. A convulsive shudder ran through his frame, as the ghastly spectacle of his mangled victim met his view,—gasping for breath, he was obliged to lean on a policeman for support. At this instant, while every eye was fixed on the conscience-stricken murderer, a scream of agony rung to the roof-tree of the building, and Honor Kavanagh, rushing by the prisoner, gazed for a moment on the features of the corpse; then tossing her arms wildly towards her son, shrieked in a heart-piercing voice, "It is *he*! it is Brian O'Keefe! Boy, you have murdered your father!"

Hardly had these words reached the ears of the wretched parricide, than, dashing his guards aside, he rushed forward, seized his surviving parent by the arm, and, while his dilated eyeballs seemed starting from their sockets, and the dark veins of his forehead swelled almost to bursting, he slowly repeated the word "Father?" A wild wail from the distracted woman was the thrilling reply. In an instant, all energy of mind and body seemed to forsake him—his arms dropped listlessly by his side—the strong man wavered like a reed in the blast—his knees tottered beneath him—and he fell senseless across the body of his murdered father.

After the consternation produced on the spectators by this frightful *dénouement* had partly subsided, the unfortunate mother and son were removed in custody of the police.

The circumstances which led to the fatal event were soon elucidated. The deceased was the identical Brian O'Keefe, the seducer of Honor Kavanagh, who, to avoid the vengeance of her relatives, had changed his name and removed to a distant county; where he in time became a peaceable and industrious character, and, consequently, obnoxious to the vipers who feed on men's evil passions, and whose very existence depends on the extent of misery which devastates their country.

We will not distress our readers by dwelling on the concluding scenes of this sad tragedy. Maurice Kavanagh paid by his forfeit life the awful penalty of the outraged laws. The unfortunate Honor still wanders through the country a miserable lunatic, a living monument of the desolating effects of Whiteboy legislation in Ireland.

A RADICAL SUMMONS.

Rouse up, ye Radicals! Come, rough and ready, boys!

Haste to the aid of your Whig-drooping friends!

Tories are triumphing,—try to be steady, boys:

Vote with us now, and we'll make you amends.

Think of the joys of our blessed commissioners,

Roaming and feasting all over the land;

Armed with authority, flouting petitioners;

Sure such temptations ye cannot withstand!

Deem not our patronage likely to fail us, boys;

Prime reformatations we've yet to arrange.

With places and pensions for those who will tail us, boys,

Trust to our love of destruction and change.

For as long as a bit of the old constitution—

That work of our stupid forefathers—remains

To be rummaged and ransacked, some fresh contributions,

Pretending inquiry, you'll grab for your pains.

Then rally, ye Radicals! come to the gathering!

Papists, Socinians, and Atheists, come!

Bully Conservatives, give them a lathering:

Yell, threat, and crow, till ye strike them all dumb.

They're lifting their heads now, so don't be particular;

Swear "that black 's white," and the green isle 's in peace;

That the Duke's only fit to retire like Agricola,*

And Lyndhurst, Peel, Stanley, and Egerton, geese.

Swear that big begging Dan is the friend of the needy;

That absolute wisdom 's in Russell and Rice;

That there isn't a joint in the tail that is seedy,

Though committees all love and commissions would slice.

Come, Bowring, and scratch your "unlimited knowledge" box;

Grub out some scheme for our yet unfed pack:

And you, our professing-divinity college fox!

Shew how the Church we may safest attack.

Brush up your intellects, member for Middlesex!

Twopenny-halfpenny-ax-about Hume!

Can't you with some queer sum-tottle-ing riddle vex

Prigs, who our places would dare to assume?

Smiles deck the face of each dauntless Conservative—

Rally, then, Radicals—come to our aid!

Find for our places some reckless preservative—

This is no time to find fault or upbraid.

Suppose we've not gone quite so fast as you wished us,

'Twas only because that Conservative strength

Kept pulling us back, and has now almost dished us:

Oh, stick by us now, and we'll—go any length!

Hard is our fate!—there's Burdett turns his back on us—

Evans is "gaining his living" in Spain—

Stanley and Peel are hallooing their pack on us:

Stand by us now, or our efforts are vain.

Then rally, ye Radicals!—come to the gathering!

Papists, Socinians, and Atheists, come!

Bully Conservatives—give them a lathering—

Yell, threat, and lie, till ye strike them all dumb!

* I don't defend this rhyme—I know 'tis bad,
Though used by Mulgrave, Morpeth, and all that squad.

GERMAN PHILOSOPHY.*

[WE give insertion to the following paper from an able correspondent, because, Kantism being assumed throughout the whole of Coleridge's works as a system previously understood, any clear account of the Königsberg scheme must, at this time, be of public moment. But, as to Kantism itself, we must repeat what we have often asserted, that it is but one half of Transcendentalism; and, therefore, since it claims to be a whole, is schismatic and heretical. In a word, it indicates only, not thoroughly investigates, the philosophy of morals. Still, as Coleridge asserts, it is useful, perhaps indispensable, as a scaffolding, which, when your house is erected, you may safely remove and forget.]

O. Y.

THE fate of "transcendental philosophy" in this country, has, indeed, been remarkable. Considering the reputation which its founder, Immanuel Kant, obtained in his life-time (not to speak of his merits), it might have been expected that the system among us would have been allowed a fair chance in its way, and been analysed by competent judges. But it has not been so. Animal magnetism and craniology have had their day; but Kantian philosophy is known scarcely by name to the public, and to the learned (with few exceptions) by name only. Whilst his discoveries were in their zenith of popularity on the Continent, Dugald Stewart publicly declared, that he had used his best efforts to comprehend the system, and could make nothing of it. He also declared his unacquaintance with German, and complained of difficulties thrown in his way, by the intolerable crampness and obscurity of the Latin translator. This opinion, however, had great weight, and metaphysics being then somewhat in fashion, it spread enormously. People who would otherwise have considered themselves bound to understand or applaud the renowned German professor, now thought it no disgrace, but rather creditable, to adopt the same conclusion with a British metaphysician so eminent. Divers *literati* declared, like Dugald Stewart, though, perhaps, not with equal truth, that they had *tried* in vain. The productions of Immanuel Kant were held to be quite as mystical, though not so entertaining as those of Jacob Behmen; and we, at length, came to an unanimous decision, that they were not *worth* the labour

requisite to comprehend, far less to translate or expound them.

Whether any *important* exceptions to the statement now given are to be found in the English literary world, we do not at present remember. Instances, certainly, have occurred of persons afflicted with the *cacochæthes scribendi*, who, having tried in vain to interest readers *intelligibly*, changed their aim, and sought to acquire reputation as *soi-disant* philosophers of the "German school," exulting in the character of being transcendently *obscure*. Among such entertaining companions, the abominable jargon produced by the adoption of German idioms and compound words, passes not only for good translation, but for a model of an entirely new style in English, which ought, forsooth, to be admired and imitated. Simplicity and clearness are among the last attainments *they* would consider worthy of cultivation, and if such amiable persons were able to give a clear abridgement of the Kantian or any other philosophy, they would much prefer the honourable distinction of profound mysticism to being classed with the *ignobile pecus* (among whom, however, old Immanuel Kant certainly must be reckoned) who, in composition, strive after "lucid order," and the most clear and unambiguous mode of expressing their conceptions.

The number of such transcendental mystics, however, has been very limited, and, of course, most of them have perished; some being found dead in garrets or cellars with the "Treatise of Pure Reason" and an empty flask on the table. Others survive as harmless *monomaniacs*, whose tediousness would

* Divarication of the New Testament. By Thomas Wirgman, Esq. London, Simpkin and Marshall. 1835.

be insufferable in society. But it is odd enough, that, out of the enormous mass of Kant's writings, the result of a long and industrious life, not one volume has, through the medium of translation, obtained a place in the London booksellers' catalogue. Several attempts at translation or abridgement appeared: among the rest, one by Dr. Willich (who had the honour of being Sir Walter Scott's German preceptor); but all of them seem to have dropped still-born from the press.

Every finite rule, however, has its exception; and, for about forty years, Mr. Thomas Wirgman, not known as an author in any other department, has, in this country, stood alone as a fervent disciple of the Kantian school, exerting himself to the utmost for the promulgation of its doctrines. To the astonishment of his first publishers (who could not deny him the praise of laborious industry and perseverance), one quarto treatise in ponderous double columns rolled out after another, till they amounted to five volumes, each containing hard reading enough almost for a month, although each, we believe, was intended for a concise and clear summary. Moreover, in these volumes were such multitudinous divisions and subdivisions, such complicated illustrations drawn *à tort et à travers* from every science under the sun, and requiring such perpetual *version* of the pages backwards and forwards to connect one section with another, that those who before imagined they saw daylight to a certain extent, now declared that the regular mystification "came with the *clearing*," and all aspirants thought themselves obliged to *give in*. Sometimes the sensual (or sensitive) faculty was likened symbolically to a punch-bowl, with a smaller one inside, the larger vessel being perforated with minute holes at the bottom (funnel-wise), whilst the smaller bowl is solid,—this last representing the mould of *Space*—the former that of *Time*. Again, those very elements were likened to pure water in a punch-bowl, which is pellucid and motionless till you let fall into it a drop of ink or arquebusade, which gradually expanding into clouds, will produce a representation of both time and space. Anon, the whole human mind was compared to the internal machinery of a wind-mill—the "hopper and shoe" standing for re-

ceptivities or moulds of sensation, the mill-stones answering to the twelve categories of understanding, and the "sifter" representing reason. Such illustrations were novel and ingenious; they are not to be found in Kant, but their propriety was as clear to Mr. Wirgman, as that two and two make four. After all, it must in candour be admitted, that a twentieth part of that labour which a Cambridge student is necessitated to bestow on the mere elements of geometry, might at least have rendered Mr. Wirgman's *meaning* intelligible to his readers; but the very aspect of his quarto pages was too formidable: people were not inclined for the task, and in vain did he transmit these volumes for the consideration of Mr. Dugald Stewart and other metaphysicians. His English, apparently, was reckoned as hard to understand as the original German, if not more so; and accordingly the *docti* as well as *indocti* of our land, remained quite contented with their *old* authorities, from John Locke to Thomas Reid, and never mentioned the Kantian philosophy, except as a facetious *synonyme* for the mystic, the nonsensical, and incomprehensible.

The era of Mr. Wirgman's quartos was in the *Roxburgh* days of 1812, 13, and 14. Henceforward, till the year 1832, there was nearly a cessation of public proceedings on his part. But then appeared a thin octavo, ostentatiously printed, and dedicated to the king, entitled "*Principles of Kant's Philosophy*," which were quite as much over-abbreviated, as the quartos had been over-expanded. No one durst dispute its accuracy, for no one, unless previously initiated, could discover the drift of its contents, which might as well have been set down in Sanscrit. Yet this book (of fourteen pages) was by its author denominated the "*British Euclid*," and, in 1834, he followed it up with an octavo volume, entitled "*Divarication of the New Testament*," introduced by a new treatise, in 400 closely printed pages, quite as unintelligible to the generality of readers as his previous quartos. The "*mystification*" still "*augmented in the clearing*." His work was printed in three prismatic colours; the author, perhaps, taking it for granted, that every one would, in red, blue, and yellow, recognise the universal *triad* out of which is composed light, and would, more-

over, acknowledge the propriety of making yellow the distinguishing livery of eternal; red, of intellectual; and blue, of sensual or physical existence. This, also, was dedicated to the king; but, as if that was not enough, separate addresses were prefixed to Earl Grey, Lord Brougham, the Society for Diffusing Christian Knowledge, University Committees, &c. In this work he, all of a sudden, insisted that people must not only change their notions of metaphysical science, renouncing and despising every former system, but must read their Bibles, reckon with their consciences, and judge of the Christian religion solely by the light of that philosophy, respecting which, be it observed, the public and even the learned in this country, knew no more than they did about politics in the moon, or the present state of science and art in Laputa.

The red, blue, and yellow book did, no doubt, excite some curiosity, and a second edition appeared; however, as most readers pronounced it incomprehensible, the author was pronounced crazy, and few people chose to pay a guinea even for a handsome volume which they could not understand. Perceiving this, the author commenced bringing out the same work in sixpenny numbers, and with precisely that result which any rational observer could have predicted. John Bull did not wish for any "divarication" of the Scriptures, not he. Nor did he particularly admire hard words and foreign systems. But, on discovering that, in these tracts, the historical records and traditions which he had been taught to regard with veneration, were treated with downright contempt, and that ground, hitherto considered almost too sacred for angels, was, by this *soi-disant* Kantian philosopher, invaded with reckless effrontery, his indignation was thoroughly roused. An English reader could perceive clearly enough the impropriety of such conduct, without having any adequate conception of its cause. He could not comprehend the fact, that one who for forty years had studied transcendental philosophy and nothing else, might, in the exuberance of his delight at the supposed *ne plus ultra* of scientific demonstration and moral conviction which it affords, rush out into the streets, exclaiming *Eureka! Eureka!* jostling and overturning every body

and every thing that came in his way. Consequently, though the opinions on Mr. Wirgman's exploits were somewhat varied, they proved almost always unfavourable. In some quarters he passed for a dangerous and wicked infidel, in others, for a crack-brained enthusiast, unconscious of the mischief which, if listened to, he might accomplish. Among the few remaining *mystics* who triumph in their own intelligibility, he was, of course, stigmatised as an interloper, an illiterate charlatan, who only pretended to understand the author; but, for the most part, he was set down as a mere madman unworthy of serious notice.

One might suppose that, after forty years' incessant labour, a result like this would have been sufficient to damp the courage of any combatant in the literary arena, and induce an author to lay down his pen in apathetic weariness or in sovereign contempt for a public which neither could nor would receive instruction. But the effects were exceedingly different on Mr. Wirgman. No sooner had he become aware that vituperative attacks had been made upon him, and that two or three *savants* had complained of his obscurity, than he redoubled all his former efforts, and insisted, not merely that the Kantian system was orthodox, but comprehensible even by children. Forthwith he printed and distributed various little horn-books of transcendental philosophy, applied himself to teaching in every public school where the master would allow him admittance; composed songs about *Time, Space*, and the *Categories*, adapted to the tunes of "Cawdor Fair" and the "Highland Laddie;" finally petitioned king, lords, and commons, in behalf of his system; and we have been told, is indefatigable in his negotiations through the home secretary, for the interference of government in order to the establishment of "royal normal schools," where the plan of tuition is, of course, to be strictly Kantian. Yet, though Mr. Wirgman has shewn such unconquerable perseverance, it may be doubted whether the clouds which enveloped transcendental philosophy in the time of Dugald Stewart, have been in any considerable degree lessened up to the present hour. Enthusiasm, unless when its object is of the most indisputable and glaring utility, is almost always laughed at, and the proverbial

character of obscurity attached to German metaphysics, forms a bar scarcely to be got over.

Here we cannot avoid remarking, by way of *intermezzo*, how unaccountable it appears, that the very extraordinary life, character, and habits of Immanuel Kant, considered apart from his philosophy, should never have been made the subject of a popular volume in England. The various memoirs published in Germany afforded ample materials; and, without either adopting or disputing his metaphysics, we certainly might admire his unprecedented exertions, and be amused by his eccentricities. Like Mendelsohn, Kant raised himself by his own wonderful talents, from the lowest and most obscure rank in life, having been taught to read and write at a charity school, whence, at the expense of his maternal uncle (a shoemaker), he was removed to the college Fredericianum. By means of this respectable artisan,—who was the great man of the family—he was afterwards matriculated at the university, where his industry and desire for knowledge were, from the first, most remarkable. Having concluded the usual course of mathematical studies, he very easily obtained a situation as tutor in a clergyman's family, near Königsberg, which he afterwards exchanged for a similar one at Armsdorf, and, lastly, in the family of Count Kaiserlingk. In these humble departments he saved money, with which he returned to live creditably and comfortably at Königsberg as long as it lasted, or on what he could gain as a private teacher. In the year 1746, when twenty years of age, he began his literary career, with *Thoughts on the Estimation of the Animal Powers, and Strictures on the Opinions advanced by Leibnitz and Others on this Point*. In 1755, he published an examination of the prize question of the Berlin society, viz. *Whether the Earth, in Turning Round its Axis, had Undergone any Material Change since its Origin?* In these tracts, he at least proved the great progress he had made in natural philosophy and mathematics, and paved the way for his attainment of the degree of M.A. But the previous years that he had spent at the university as a private tutor, had been laboriously and almost unremittingly devoted to his favourite study of metaphysics, to which he made natural

philosophy and mathematics subservient. He learned the French and English languages for the sole purpose of reading metaphysical authors, in whom he was grievously disappointed. This, however, instead of disheartening only “roused him,” as he expresses it, “from his dogmatical lethargy,” and confirmed him in his determination to become an eminent metaphysician. Meanwhile, however, as a graduate of the university, he commenced a public course of lectures on pure and practical mathematics, which attracted crowded audiences and great applause.

Such was the humble commencement of Kant's unprecedented career. But, from the year 1755 to 1798, when his faculties began to decline, the number and range of his publications were such, that it would occupy a page of our journal to give even a catalogue. About the year 1765, he was complimented by Frederic the Great with the choice of a professor's chair, at Erlau, or Mittau, or Halle, to which was to be added the rank of privy councillor; but no temptation would induce him to leave his native town of Königsberg, where, in 1770, he obtained the long-wished-for chair of metaphysics or moral philosophy. At the very outset of his career, in his inaugural dissertation, he published the rudiments of those doctrines by which he afterwards obtained so much fame. It was entitled, *On the Form and Principles of the Intellectual and Sensible World*.

Perhaps no mortal was ever so extravagantly honoured in his own country, and elsewhere so much neglected, as Immanuel Kant. In Germany, divers lives and memoirs have been published, describing his various eccentricities and peculiarities, in regard to which, the following passage (quoted long ago in *Blackwood's Magazine*) is, perhaps, unique:—

“For fear of obstructing the circulation, he would not wear garters; but, finding it difficult to keep up his stockings without them, he had invented for himself an elaborate substitute, which I shall describe. In a little pocket,—somewhat less than a watch-pocket, but occupying pretty nearly the same situation as a watch-pocket—on each side, there was placed a small box, something like a watch-case, but smaller. Into this box was introduced a watch-spring in a wheel, round about which wheel was carried

an elastic cord, for regulating the force of which, there was a separate contrivance. To the two ends of this cord were attached hooks, which hooks were carried through a small aperture in the pockets, and so, passing down the outer and inner side of the thigh, caught hold of two loops which were fixed at the off and near side of each stocking. As might be expected, so complex an apparatus was liable, — like the Ptolemaic system of the Heavens — to occasional derangements; however, by good luck, I was able to supply an easy remedy to these disorders, which sometimes threatened to disturb the comfort and even serenity of the great man."

It might be supposed that nothing could exceed this anecdote in ludicrous absurdity, yet there are passages in the same work still more *outré*. The professor was as restless as Frederic the Great or Bonaparte, and naturally as irritable, though, till advanced age, his reasoning powers kept that irritability in abeyance. In summer he was always up at four, and in winter at five o'clock, and his rule being to take but one meal a day, he had, of course, no breakfast, but, "in lieu thereof," precisely as the clock struck five, he had always an enormous pot of tea, from which he drank seven or eight basons-full, with a proportionable quantity of buttered toast. Thereafter he smoked a pipe, and betook himself to his writing desk. At the convenient and fashionable hour of seven in the morning he lectured, after which he used pedestrian exercise or returned to his studies. Precisely at one o'clock he dined, having always company, and prolonging the pleasures of the festive board with animated conversation *till five*. The daily banquet, of course, closed with coffee (*liqueurs*, whether Dantzic or Curaçon, are not mentioned), and by six he was always re-seated at his writing-desk, whence, in the summer evenings he commanded a view of the old church towers at Lubeneck, which were so essential to his trains of thought and happiness, that when, in process of time, certain poplar trees shot up and intercepted the prospect, he was obliged to apply to the public authorities to have them cut down or lopped, complaining that, if this were not done, it would be impossible for him to continue the literary undertakings that he had begun, or prosecute his investigations. He had a thousand other eccentricities. Imagining that it

was salubrious for his lungs to breathe only through his nostrils, he would walk for hours together with his mouth firmly closed, and whoever addressed him was answered only by a shake of the head and a frown. He was excessively particular about going in a quiet state to sleep, and about wearing a night dress in which he could start up and appear becomingly at a moment's notice. There is a description of about a page in length, of the manner in which he went to bed and rolled himself up "by a succession of *tours d'adresse*" among the bed-clothes. He has often been laughed at for eating large quantities of mustard in order to improve his memory. In short, Kant had an ample share of those eccentricities from which our own eminent philosophers, with Newton at their head, have not been free, and which need not be wondered at, if we admit that genius in this world is like a plant of exotic growth, which requires extraordinary means and precaution in order to its being duly fostered.

In regard to health and longevity, he often spoke of himself under the guise of a gymnastic artist, who had continued for nearly fourscore years to support his balance on the slack-rope of life, without ever swerving to the right or left. In spite of every illness to which his constitutional tendencies exposed him, he still kept his place triumphant. Such were the oddities of Immanuel Kant; but let it not be supposed that, in mentioning them, we have any wish to depreciate his character, far less his philosophical system, which, whatever be its defects or errors in the opinion of other metaphysicians, affords one of the most acutely ingenious, and beautifully consistent theories of the human mind, that have ever been devised. Yet it is a remarkable fact, that his great work, the *Critique of Pure Reason*, first published in 1781, remained for six years as lumber on the booksellers' shelves, without being understood or appreciated. The proprietor was about to sell it for waste paper, when all of a sudden, such a demand arose, as not merely to clear off the existing copies, but to warrant the publication of three successive editions, which were all exhausted.

After this rather long introduction, let us try whether it be not possible, without filling a quarto volume, and

without the aid of painting and diagrams, to render some outlines, at least, of the Kantian philosophy comprehensible. Let it be remembered, that its founder insisted he had advanced no proposition that did not either admit of absolute demonstration, or, carry with it entire moral conviction. But we must, nevertheless, set down every clause with due caution, lest it should be contested; although the subject may be supposed familiar to most of our readers, not merely from the pages of Locke's essay, but from old family manuals not yet exploded, such as the metaphysical essays of Dr. Isaac Watts, Bishop Beveridge's *Private Thoughts*, and other productions, of which the orthodoxy, at all events, will not be disputed.

Surely, there cannot be any thing very startling or incomprehensible in the primary division of the mind into *three sections*—namely, *sense* or the sensitive faculty, which passively receives impressions from the outward world, and presents the *matter* of our immediate knowledge; *secondly*, understanding, which actively gives *form* to this matter, and arranges it into distinct objects; *thirdly*, reason, which enables us to draw conclusions regarding these objects, and presents us with *ideas* of spiritual existences not perceptible through the medium of our five senses, and which we cannot at present actually know. Let it be observed, these remarks are only by way of preface, and we do not now wish to say one word respecting Kant's peculiar doctrines. Our immediate purpose is only to explain somewhat of his *nomenclature* and mode of arranging the mental faculties into a *triad* (subdivided, of course,) and this we shall take the liberty of repeating two or three times, till it becomes familiar. For example:

1. The faculty of "*sense*"* is passive, but when *impinged* or acted on from without, it produces "*intuitions*," which are the *matter* of our knowledge. By the word intuition (*anschauung*), the Kantian means any object immediately *present* in time and space, and, therefore, directly perceptible through the medium of the senses; for instance,

that square snuff-box which occupies a portion of *space*, and is on the table at this moment of *time*. The faculty of sense is two-fold, as will afterwards be explained; for our sensations must either be *successive* or *extended*; in other words, must belong either to space or time. Besides, the objects produced must either be *outward* or *inward*; the latter (a *sound*, for example,) being always in motion, and destitute of coexisting and cohering parts; the former (as the snuff-box) exhibiting that union of parts indispensable to space, and capable, as we now perceive, of motionless rest.

2. Thus, matter (or the *materiel* of knowledge) is supplied to us, and is already moulded according to the *forms* of time and space. But, in order to the construction of any distinct object, the *immediate* operation of another very different faculty is indispensable—namely, understanding; and to this faculty, Kant assigns *twelve* laws or "*categories*." The various intuitions of sense are like building materials afforded in abundance, but which are altogether confused, until the architectural or plastic power of understanding arranges them symmetrically. The snuff-box has no existence as an intelligible and complete object till it is subjected to the laws of quantity, quality, and relation to surrounding objects. By this means alone, can it acquire objective unity. But the distinguishing characteristic of *understanding*, as contrasted with *sense*, is its power of producing *conceptions* of what is *absent* in time and space, therefore, no longer perceptible through the sensual medium. Take the box from the table, and fling it out of the window. It is no longer an *intuition*, for it cannot be felt nor seen, yet, in the "*mind's eye*," as a *conception*, it exists as vividly as before. Thus, also, we can conceive the existence of other objects, which never did and never will exist; but let it be observed, that according to Kantian doctrine and definitions, the conceptions of understanding, however vast or contracted, are all rigidly subjected to the laws and limitations of time and space.

3. And within these limits the range

* We are quite conscious of the ridicule which may be incurred by using ordinary words in a new acceptation. But, as the reader proceeds, any complaint of *obscurity* on that score will be completely obviated, and we, therefore, see no good reason why Kant's *nomenclature* should be rejected.

and extent of objects which we can actually *know* (and reduce to any scientific form), of course, *terminates*. The productions of sense and understanding are all susceptible of *measurement*; by the second of these powers, we have the *indefinite*, it is true, but never the *infinite* or *absolute*. The human mind, however, is a *triad*, and, without the co-operation of a third faculty—namely, reason, which directs and regulates all the rest, man would be incapable of an act of consciousness; he could draw no conclusion respecting the existence of any object, or even respecting his own. In this faint outline, we have indicated the acquisition of *matter* (or *material* of knowledge) subjected to *form*. But the triad must be completed by *spiritual connexion*. Understanding derives its materials from the sensual faculty, and subjects them to mathematical laws of *quantity* and *quality*. On the contrary, the peculiar province of reason, is to *originate* ideas of existing objects, which we never can actually know, which we cannot touch nor behold, and which we cannot subject to any laws of material and mutable nature. In drawing conclusions, these objects are made by reason to *supersede* intuitions; for, symbolically speaking, reason must have its materials, and *these*, also, must have their *form*—namely, that of the invisible and mathematically inconceivable *absolute* or *infinite*. By admitting his own identity and individuality as a *conscious* being, separate from *all possible* objects of thought, man virtually admits the existence of the soul, which baffles all rules of mensuration, and to which he can as little assign beginning, middle, and end, as he can reduce it into the shape of a *square*, a *circle*, or a *parallelogram*. A sword is an object which we can measure geometrically; so is the wound which it inflicts; and both objects are *mutable* in time, like words written in water. But has not the *MOTIVE* with which the wound was inflicted an equally real existence, though without length or breadth; nay, a far more important existence, because, instead of changing into dust like the sword or wounded limb, it remains to all eternity among immutable principles of good and evil? The child's wooden hoop is a circle immediately perceptible and tangible through the medium of our senses. But has this *tangible* hoop

an existence more decided and real than the conception of the *pure* mathematical circle, which no mortal finger can touch, nor eye ever behold? On the contrary, the *tangible* hoop is but a material and perishable imitation,—a symbol, of which the existence is unknown, except to the cooper who made it and the child who plays with it—whereas, the pure conception of the circle is a universal and intellectual *principle*; this being the *real* substance, whereof the wooden hoop is but a shadow.

To reason, Immanuel Kant has assigned *six ideas*, which, added to the two forms of sense, and the *twelve* categories, make in all *TWENTY* elements of mind. These ideas of reason, all relate to the existence of a spiritual world, which, of course, we cannot know; yet, of the reality of which, we obtain a moral conviction even surpassing knowledge, and supported by unconquerable syllogisms. Every idea presented by reason, offers, of course, the most decided contrast to the objects moulded by the sensitive faculty, and by understanding. These last are always finite and mutable, being subjected to laws of material life; but ideas of reason relate to existences infinite and immutable, to which the laws of time and space cannot apply. Within the sphere of sense and understanding, one material cause precedes another, and effect follows cause, precisely like moments of time, both being perceptible through the medium of our senses and conceptions. But reason presents us with the violently contrasting idea of a *first* cause, totally excluding every notion of priority, and of a sphere or mode of existence wherein every thing, instead of being finite, compound, and mutable, is absolute, perfect, and eternal. Hence, reason is enabled to regulate our desires by laws and principles which are imperishable, unalterable, and universal; for, although our *actions* are finite and their result is uncertain, yet, over our *motives*, which are infinite, we have entire controul. That is to say, we have unquestionably a free choice betwixt acting in obedience to the mere propulsion of sensual appetite or instinct, which is the law of animated *matter*, thus limiting our desires to our own personal and immediate happiness; or, on the contrary, acting in such manner, that whilst immediate gratification is less

sented, our motives are acknowledged by our own conscience, as worthy of universal approbation and adoption.

In the above paragraphs, we are not aware of having set down aught that is impenetrably obscure; indeed, it would be somewhat strange if we had, for except as regards *nomenclature* and the marked *distinctions* betwixt different faculties, we have said nothing that is not in *keeping* with the tone of Isaac Watts's metaphysical essays and other orthodox productions, which in our younger days, used to be on every school-room table. Be this as it may, *so much*, at least, is *clearly* intelligible, that the philosopher of Königsberg chooses to divide the human mind into three sections or faculties, the *sensual*, *intellectual*, and *rational*. The first is comparatively passive, and is occupied with mere impressions or perceptions of what is immediately *present* in time and space. The second is altogether active; it gives unity, form, and other properties, to our perceptions; and, also, produces *conceptions* of objects *not* immediately present in time and space. Here the sphere of all knowledge ends, and all that we commonly call nature is exhausted. A *third* faculty, however, produces *ideas* of existences, not reconcilable to the laws of time and space, but, on the contrary, unconditioned or infinite; and by this faculty, as already observed, we are endowed with a free choice betwixt acting solely in obedience to the laws of material instinct, or being guided by motives not originating in mere sense, but in reason, which is a direct emanation from the deity. *At one and the same moment, therefore, we exist as beings material and spiritual, finite and infinite.*

If what we have said in these paragraphs be obscure, then once more let example be tried. Take the square snuff-box, or take rather a large square wooden board, and, having provided chalk and a lecturer's pair of compasses, draw upon it a circle. Call up your house-dog or lap-dog. *To all appearance*, he as well as his master will have a sensual and empirical intuition of the board. By mere instinct he is warned that though he may overturn he cannot walk through the solid barrier, and that if it is thrown about the room he must keep out of the way. So much for mere sensual impressions. As to the circle, however, *that* is wholly

beyond the reach of his faculties; it is duly reflected in the retina of his eye, but he perceives it not; he neither knows nor cares about it, and without the assistance of both the other mental faculties,—understanding and reason—we should be quite as much at a loss as he. But these faculties are altogether active, and, in order to constitute an intelligible and distinct object, understanding instantly forms the circle, according to those universal and eternal laws of *quantity*, *quality*, and *relation*, which, as will afterwards be shewn (*more Kantianly*), are not the empirical result of experience, but innate and original elements of the human mind. Firstly, understanding constitutes the figure we have drawn into one solitary circle, which, of course, could not be done without reference to the conception of other numbers; secondly, establishes its quality as a real object, by *negating* the board on which it is drawn, and placing the *pure* mathematical line of *limitation* and separation between them; thirdly, determines that the figure is a substance,—that is to say, a collection of properties liable to change in time (as, for example, the chalk can be rubbed off or washed away); fourthly, that the circle did not make itself, but must have had a material cause; *lastly*, that the chalk acts on the board by adhering to its surface, whilst the board reacts on the chalk by abrading its surface, and then retaining the particles. Such are the constitutive powers of understanding, in describing which, we have accidentally anticipated part of the Kantian exposition of the twelve categories (though a pupil of the old school at Königsberg might smile at our want of precision in language). Moreover, take board and circle out of the room; they are vanished, but the understanding can still present a clear conception of both. We can behold in the “mind's eye,” the chalk-drawn symbol of the mathematical circle and the wooden board, which is a material symbol of the mathematical square, quite as decidedly when they are absent as when present; also, in the said “mind's eye,” we can form other squares and other circles of numberless dimensions and materials, conceptions being *indefinite* as intuitions are *finite*. •

Thus we have by example indicated the formation of a world of *sensations* and *conceptions*, subjected to the laws

of time and space; also, to laws of number, of mathematical limitation, of action and reaction. But though time and space with the principles of *quantity*, *quality*, and *relation*, are changeless and universal, yet, all the material nature on which they operate, is mutable and contingent. Therefore, without the immediate *surveillance* and co-operation of some other and very different mental power, we are utterly destitute of any permanent law or principles applicable to the regulation of our motives and conduct. In fact, there would in that case be no moral world, and no other law for our guidance but that of mere instinct, which exists in animated nature as the law of gravitation accompanies inanimate matter. Nay, more than this, be it always remembered, that without the co-operation of reason, we remain as destitute of conviction that the box exists and we ourselves along with it, as the dog in whose eye the same image is accurately reflected though he does not perceive it. In other words, without a virtual, if not verbal confession and acknowledgment of mind, as essentially differing from matter, we are utterly unable to form any decisive conclusion with respect to the existence of any object. But in these prefatory remarks, which were by no means intended to exhibit Kant's peculiar system, it would be premature to attempt any analysis of this pre-eminent faculty, the base of the grand triad (or to speak symbolically, *triangle*) of the mind. It ought not, however, to be left unobserved, that reason is, according to its application, *twofold*. As understanding exerts itself to give unity to our sensations, which otherwise would be confused, so reason is employed in giving unity to our desires. By Kantian nomenclature, reason becomes *speculative* when directed to the attainment of immediate worldly happiness and gratification, and is pure and *practical* when directed towards attaining the greatest degree of *moral* rectitude or virtue. This nomenclature seems very correct, because mere temporal advantages and enjoyments are always changing and evanescent, besides, even differ in value according to the *peculiar* feelings of different individuals, or of the same individual differently affected; whereas, the happiness which consists in moral rectitude, is supported on principles changeless,

indestructible, and universal. But we have inadvertently gone too far for a mere introduction.

Returning to the wooden board and chalk-drawn circle, be it observed, *en passant*, that reason may select for its object the conception of the pure mathematical circle, which no living eye has ever beheld, yet, which exists as an eternal and immutable principle, and must have had an eternal and omnipotent *cause*. Beware, however, of confounding "conceptions" with "ideas." Strain the powers of understanding to the utmost, form the conception of a circle billions and trillions of leagues in diameter, still you are bound by the laws of time and space; contract it to a mathematical point—the result is the same. Coleridge very properly said, that when people talk of the infinite, they in reality mean only the indefinite. But to all this, reason opposes the violently contrasting idea of infinite quantity; in other words, of an *absolute whole*, or *infinite first cause*, which, being spiritual, must, of course, be quite irreconcilable to laws of material existence. To deny the validity and *necessity* of this idea, would, in Kant's opinion, be altogether absurd, and numberless syllogisms may be woven to support it. The finite has its original cause or contrasting infinite, as decidedly as every shadow on the wall has its contrasting substance; in other words, every PHENOMENON has its contrasting NOUMENON, although the latter never can be felt by our senses or conceived by our understanding, for it exists as an idea only, or undeniable principle, wholly independent of the laws of organic life.

That the preceding paragraphs are somewhat vague we are quite aware, because we abstained as much as possible from transcendental doctrines; but if their contents should not have appeared direfully abstruse, neither can we perceive any enormous or insurmountable difficulty in explaining those points on which Kant, as a metaphysician, differed from *all* his precursors. Luckily for the patience of our readers, we cannot allot room enough to investigate any of the numerous other systems of the mind which have been devised. But let the following memoranda be especially observed at commencement. Kant's leading principle throughout, depended on his conviction that knowledge (if we may be allowed

the term) of the human mind must be sought in or through the mind itself, which is composed of elements innate, original, universal, and eternal. He was thoroughly convinced, notwithstanding all the stress which very erudite persons have laid on the mysterious properties of matter, that mind not only differs from organic nature, but, during this our finite career, proves its entirely contrasting character, and its existence independent of the body. Moreover, he was unalterably persuaded, that the above-mentioned innate and original elements of mind ought to be classed as *twenty* in number, which exist *a priori*, as decidedly as the machinery of a corn-mill exists, although, supposing that no grist were ever poured into the hopper, the said machinery, of course, never could manifest its powers. Now, really there is in all this so little of the startling and obscure, that, to some readers, whatever we have said in the above three sentences (excepting as to the *twenty* elements), might appear little better than a truism paraded with needless effort: but, alas! those reasonable convictions have proved a *pons asinorum* in metaphysics, which other philosophers of immense repute never could get over. Instead of being a truism, it certainly would appear somewhat new, if, when stationed near the falls of Niagara, a philosopher were heard to exclaim—"What a glorious row the twelve constitutive categories of understanding, with the help of external and internal sense, are kicking up here!" Or, if turning to a fair friend who required guidance and support, he addressed her in the following terms:—"O, you dear phenomenon!—you bewitching intuition!—you pretended substance!—you beautiful bundle of properties!"

This language is certainly not usual among philosophers nor men of the world, nor can we assert that it is either elegant or poetical; but, before the reader condemns it as altogether senseless and absurd, we would humbly request him to define what is a real object; or, in simpler terms, what is *matter*? Of, course, the mere synonymes of a dictionary cannot be accepted as definition, nor will the wretched witticism about a "cat in a passion" excite a smile, because it has been too often played off already. Should our question appear in any

degree puzzling, perhaps he will bear with our expositions for a few more pages, and take it into his consideration whether the following assertions and questions are or are not clearly intelligible, and for the most part indisputable?

Section I.—1. In the first place, it is assumed as an undisputed proposition, that our five senses are the indispensable *media* or conductors through which are obtained the *materials* of our knowledge.

2. The proposition is scarcely questionable, because by knowledge is here implied *experience of facts* addressed to the senses in opposition to moral conviction, which is otherwise supported, and admits of no such proof. But our object is not controversy. The reader may at his leisure grant or deny the proposition as he pleases. We shall not build a single syllogism to constrain his assent. But *if* it be granted that the materials of our knowledge are obtained through the medium of the five senses, then an answer to the question, "what is matter?" follows instantly, for we cannot by any possibility avoid the deduction that *matter is sensation*.

3. Among all philosophers it is unanimously agreed, that *matter* cannot exist without *form*, and, according to the contents of the above two paragraphs, which, for shortness' sake, we shall suppose agreed to, this is directly exemplified; for matter being sensation, it is quite obvious that our sensations inevitably assume two forms; namely, those of extension and succession.

4. It is altogether impracticable for Kant's opponents to deny him this vantage ground. By the ear, tongue, and nose, we obtain sensations which are always successive, never extended, —which belong to time and never to space. *Smell, sound, and taste*, are inward objects perpetually in motion, and never affording parts which cohere together so as to be capable of measurement by rule or balance, consequently are cast in the mould of time. On the contrary, through the *media* or conductorship of the hand and eye, we obtain sensations which are not necessarily successive, but are felt all at once, and afford parts cohering which admit of simultaneous geometrical measurement; consequently, are cast in the mould of space.

5. We believe that even in these

four paragraphs, considerable evidence has already been adduced in support of the doctrine, that time and space are nothing else but innate and universal elements of the human mind ;—*quod erat demonstrandum*. But to proceed : as it is quite impossible to deny that we possess material nature, unless we also deny our own existence, it follows, that not having ourselves created the material nature, we must possess it as a *gift*.

6. If so, there cannot be a *donec* without a *donor*. The technical form of syllogism is superfluous, to prove that the *gift* of necessity implies a *giver*, also, that we are framed with a receptivity or receptivities to contain it, otherwise there would be contradiction and downright absurdity at the very outset.

7. Where, then, are the required receptivities to be sought? In plainer terms, where is it that the gift of material nature, of which we acknowledge the possession, has its existence? Not surely in our five senses, which are themselves only material instruments, for matter neither knows nor acknowledges any thing, and the senses have aptly been compared to Dr. Franklin's divided electrical conductors, receiving impressions which make a leap to mind in order to be converted into sensation.*

8. In the human mind, therefore, must exist the indispensable receptivities, for, certainly, by no stretch of ingenuity which philosophers have ever evinced, could they be found any where else! But all disputants have agreed that material nature cannot exist except in time and space; consequently, *these* must be component parts and inherent faculties of the human mind, otherwise it could not afford a receptivity for that material nature of which we declare ourselves possessed.

9. Moreover, by all philosophers who have ever written or lectured, it is allowed that matter consists of parts, and those parts must either be in a state of motion or rest. Let water be taken as an example of matter in general.

It cannot be regarded except as a triad; it must flow, as in a river, or be stationary, as in a pond.

10. It is quite obvious that parts in motion are an exact representation of what, in common parlance, we call time, and that parts in a state of rest are an exact representation of what is colloquially termed space.

11. These forms, however, though intensely different, are yet inseparably connected, and one cannot subsist without the other. Parts in space must also exist in time, and are liable to its mutations; but parts in time, strictly contemplated as such, cannot belong to space, because time never has two parts joined together.

12. To indicate space, we must have two or more parts coalescing, one external to the other; but time, as already said, never exhibits two parts together, but is always self-contained in the one existing moment.

13. We have already observed that parts in space must also exist in time, and are liable to its mutations. Let flowing water, then, be regarded as an exact representation of what we usually call time. Yet, contemplated as part of a landscape, it is an extended and fixed object. Grasp at a handful of water from the stream, you will obtain, perhaps, a myriad of drops of water which exist in space, but, to continue the metaphor, you arrest not even one individual moment of time.

14. *In itself*, time, which we usually suppose to be always in motion, is, on the contrary, always stationary, for it is nothing else but an original mould or faculty of the human mind, though to what use this mould may be applied after the body is destroyed, we of course can scarcely conjecture. With ideas of eternity, all conceptions of matter and its movements are, of course, vehemently contrasted. Time and space are both in themselves mere empty moulds, which, when material impressions are conveyed to them, then generate the forms of extension and succession.

15. Space cannot be measured or

* A soldier in the heat of battle may receive a severe wound without immediately feeling pain, his mind being completely pre-occupied; and a man absorbed in thought, will stare an acquaintance in the face without recognising him. The savage of Aveyron seemed scarcely to notice the report of a pistol fired close to his ear, but, by the slightest noise of turning the key in the lock of his door, was greatly excited. In short, an impression is no more than the print which a seal can make on the finger of a wax doll, until, by the mind, it is made into sensation.

exist without time, and time cannot be measured without space. In order to measure time, it is absolutely requisite to have somewhat that rests in space. The horseman moves and the milestone rests. In like manner, space can only be measured by somewhat that moves in time; for, to measure space, we require time to do so. We have the sensation of space all at once, but we cannot all at once apply the riband, compasses, or carpenter's rule.

16. From the preceding brief paragraphs, we trust it must have become quite intelligible, that as our knowledge is derived through the *media* of the five senses, the *matter* of our knowledge must be sensation, which inevitably and universally assumes two distinct and yet inseparably connected forms. Moreover, that these forms are original and innate elements or principles of the human mind, without which it could not exist, and they are the indispensable receptivities for material nature. Nor do they merely receive impressions, but, when acted on from without, these two faculties become active (though not spontaneously), and bestow form on these impressions. The mental element *time* actually generates *succession*, and that of *space* generates *extension*, this being the mould in which all plastic nature is cast.

17. These are primary moulds, or "form-givers," which existed in the mind, *a priori*, and before it received any impressions for them to fashion. They are moulds, wherein the mind passively receives impressions conveyed by the senses, from that which, in colloquial language, is termed external nature, or, in other words, from the world of *Noumena*, of which, beyond the said impressions and sensations, we know nothing.

18. It is evident, moreover, that the faculties of time and space are as different from nature or sensation as the mill from the flour which it grinds. As the hopper of the mill receives the grain to be converted into flour, so the mind receives impressions through the five "feelers" or senses, to be converted into sensation.

19. Time and space are faculties *a priori*, necessary, and universal, whilst the *matter* given to the mind is contingent, and *a posteriori*. Every thing which is not mind is *a posteriori*, but all the mental elements are *a priori*.

20. Unless it be possible to dispute

and set aside these nineteen paragraphs as erroneous, and unworthy of serious notice, it must unavoidably be inferred and granted, that, as material nature can only exist in *time* and *space*, and as *these* are nothing else but innate and original elements of the human mind, consequently, we are not at liberty to assert that what we colloquially call external nature has any existence in itself. On the contrary, external nature and sensation must of necessity be synonymous. For example, the indispensable characteristic of space is coexisting and cohering parts. Thus, a sensation in extension must fill up a portion of space, that is, occupy the parts A, B, C. But, both space and sensation being in the mind, what we denominate the *object* must evidently be a cluster of sensations which can only exist in the sentient mind.

21. From all this, it might appear, to a superficial reader, that the German philosopher principally wished to revive the very ingenious system of Berkeley, which that author left incomplete,—a downright puzzle, which neither he nor his successors could unravel! But, whilst Berkeley denies the *reality* of outward objects, the Kantian philosopher most decidedly admits their reality and validity, without which, in truth, he might as well deny his own existence. Yet, as our only *materiel* of knowledge consists in sensation, *how* it is practicable to decide what those objects are *in themselves*, and in what forms they exist, *independently* of the mind, we humbly conceive it to be beyond all efforts of ingenuity to explain! The vain confidence of man,—his "ignorance conceited of knowledge," can alone account for such rashness; and it may be well to remark here, *en passant*, that Kant's philosophy is, comparatively speaking, the first and only system of metaphysics which tends directly to illustrate the doctrines of revealed religion, and to repress fantastic and presumptuous theories.

22. A world of *phenomena* is around us, and this world we *do* know; that is to say, we know the sensations thence derived, but, as will afterwards be shewn, reason affords us irrefragable conviction (surpassing all evidence depending on intuitions), that every *phenomenon* has its *noumenon*, or spiritual cause, of which last we *know* nothing. In vain confidence, disregarding the

dictates or conclusions of reason, we now assert that the grass and trees *in themselves* are green; but, supposing a Claude Lorraine glass were invariably placed before each eye, should we not, with equal pertinacity, assert that the grass and trees are red? Let gold-fishes, in a vessel full of clear water, represent a company of philosophers, and let a drop of arquebusade, or tincture of myrrh, fall into the water. The sub-aqueous philosophers behold the expanding cloud, which occupies space, and moves in time, and they reason as well as they are able on this phenomenon. But of the unseen *noumenon*, that is, of the superior agency, typified by the human hand and phial, which produced such an effect, these philosophers know precisely as much as we, in our wisdom, know of the spiritual and eternal cause of all the objects around us; that is to say, *nothing!*

23. In short, sensations which, when completed by understanding and reason, are intuitions, present the *matter* of our knowledge, but we never can know their *cause*, which must always be out of the mind. If the cause of sensation entered the mind, it would be sensation itself, which involves an utter absurdity.

24. It has been customary to say that the mind exists in the body. But the *reverse* would be more correct, for all we know of the body is in the mind, and matter knows nothing. Let the five *feelers* be destroyed, or converted into other matter. This affords neither proof nor evidence that the mental elements, time and space, which are spiritual, will not exist as before. They are here receptivities, or moulds of matter, which is finite, mutable, and compounded. After the body's dissolution, the mould of space or extension remains, and also the mould of time or succession; but, as to the query what sort of objects they will frame, or, in other words, "what new species of grist will be poured into the mill," it may be answered about as easily and accurately as the question whether the *soul* be tall or dwarfish, round or square! •

25. Finally, matter and sensation being, in philosophical language, synonymous, and matter being liable to perpetual mutations, it is, consequently, to the innate elements of mind alone, as a direct emanation from the Deity, that we must look for principles immutable and eternal. So much for the first section.

Section II.—1. In the preceding chapter we have divided sensation into two classes, and described the two primary moulds or forms in which the mind passively receives impressions conveyed to it by the five material feelers or senses.

2. But the perceptions, or, as Kant calls them, intuitions, thus produced, would be utterly confused and indistinct without the operation of other and very different powers. As already said, in our preliminary remarks, the productions of the sensual or sensitive faculty may be compared to a confused mass of building materials which hodmen lay down, and which the architect immediately proceeds to convert into a symmetrical building. Without the powers of understanding we cannot form a distinct object; without the guidance of reason we cannot draw any moral conclusions respecting it. But, without the united operation of all three faculties—sense, understanding, and reason, we are not even conscious of its existence; for, suppose any portion of the mind's eternal triad to be removed, and the whole fabric is instantly destroyed, as completely as a triangle is destroyed by the removal of any one line. (To the uninitiated some difficulties may occur here, which will be amply cleared up in the third section.)

3. As we trust it has, in the previous chapter, been clearly explained that time and space are innate faculties, existing in the mind *a priori*, we believe it will soon become equally intelligible, that there are *twelve original and innate principles* (powers) of understanding, which operate on the *matériel* or matter derived from the faculty of sense, so as to form distinct objects. We believe it will soon become obvious that the twelve categories of understanding are necessary, immutable, and indestructible; whereas the *matter* on which they operate is contingent, mutable, and evanescent.

4. In this country, whilst Immanuel Kant has been almost utterly neglected, David Hume, not merely for his history, but his metaphysics, has been wondered at and extolled. Because the Scotch philosopher found himself quite foiled in his endeavours to deduce the universal notion of cause and effect from experience, he became a confirmed sceptic. But is there any good reason why he should have perplexed himself so exclusively on this one point? He

was constrained to admit that the notion of cause and effect is universal, and, instead of concluding it to be an original and indispensable law of the mind, he declared it to be an unaccountable prejudice! Having gone this length, for what assignable reason, we ask, should he not also have declared the universal notions that two and two make four, that the *radii* of a circle are equal, or that a mountain is not a soap-bubble, to be unaccountable prejudices? The unphilosophical reader will answer, that we know these things from tuition and experience, and certainly we do so, as we also know that red-hot iron will burn the fingers; but, were it not for innate faculties of mind, which afford the elementary conceptions of number, of the geometrical line, and of substance, the numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, the figure of a circle, or the soap-bubble, would be quite as effectually placed before a calf's head as before that of David Hume, or any man. The retina of the calf's eye will reflect the objects quite as well as they are impinged on the eye of any philosopher! Also the mechanism of

the calf's ear is quite as well adapted for hearing a lecture. According to Kantian doctrine, the truth is, that principles of arithmetical number, of geometrical lines, of substance and accident, cause and effect, action and reaction, are indestructible laws of the human mind, which, according to the will of Almighty Power, it applies to and impresses on material nature. In these principles, all that we *colloquially* call nature has its only existence. These principles are immutable, whilst the materials on which they operate are perpetually changing. The one is necessary and indestructible, the other contingent and evanescent.

5. But this has been a digression, though not *mal-à-propos*. It is now requisite to exhibit the "twelve original categories," with their mode of operating for the construction of a distinct object out of the materials afforded by the sensual or sensitive faculty; for intuitions are blind until perfected by understanding and reason. The categories are arranged and denominated as follows:—

I.—QUANTITY.	II.—QUALITY.	III.—RELATION.	IV.—MODALITY.
1. Unity.	1. Reality.	1. Substance and accident.	1. Possibility.
2. Multitude.	2. Negation.	2. Cause and effect.	2. Existence
3. Totality.	3. Limitation.	3. Action and reaction.	3. Necessity

6. In the first place, if a distinct object is to be constructed, it must be subjected to the universal laws of *quantity*. It must either be *one*, *many*, or *all*, and by this law, though not without simultaneous exertion of other categories, we make the object under our consideration into one solitary snuff-box, and this, of course, could not be done without the innate conception of other numbers—of *many* (or a *multitude*) and *all*.

7. Secondly, and in conformity to the first category of the second triad, the box must be proved to be in *quality* a *real* box, but in order to do this, it is requisite that, fixing our attention thereon, we should, by means of the box, *negate* every thing else. It is not a table, nor an inkstand, nor a floor-carpet. For this operation, the innate and universal principle of the mathematical line is indispensable, which

exists *à priori* in the mind, and applies itself to *demarcate* the box from the table on which it rests. Thus, the object is rendered distinct by *limitation*, and fills up a certain portion in space.

8. Thirdly, and in conformity to the categories of the third triad, our object, in order to be complete, must be subjected to the laws of relation to other objects. If real, it must be a substance, but what we term substance is merely a collection of properties, liable to be disorganised by other substances, and to *change in time*. To use personification, it is "an object painted by the limner Time upon the canvass of space." To grasp a *perfect substance*, in other words, an *essence*, imperturbable and unsusceptible of change, is about as practicable as to behold a pure mathematical line or point! Both exist as elementary principles in *conception*, but of course neither can become an

intuition. So far as the question depends on *experience*, the notion of substance might, according to Hume's example, be set down for another *prejudice*. All matter is changeable; every (so-styled) substance has its accidents or changeable properties. The snuff-box is here, but it is only a collection of properties susceptible of mutation, and so is the hardest rock of the Alpine mountains.

9. Moreover, according to the second law of the third triad, the box must have had a maker. We have repeatedly adverted to Hume's perplexity respecting cause and effect, which was acknowledged also by Dugald Stewart and divers others. They remind us of St. Augustin's dilemma respecting *time*. "If no one inquires what it is," says he, "I know well enough; but if any one asks, I know not." Hume's doubts only tended to excite Immanuel Kant's perseverance, and the latter became convinced that, as decidedly as we are compelled by the mental laws of time and space to divide our sensations into successive and extended, so we are led by an *inherent* law of the understanding (reason of course co-operating), to decide that the box did not make itself, and further, that the maker's hands and tools, being also material, did not make themselves. Through all varieties of material nature, there is constant and reciprocal cause and effect. An acorn causes an oak, but the oak also causes the acorn. *Precisely as one moment of time, that is to say, as one particle of matter in motion is always preceded by another, so must every event in our finite sphere be preceded by its cause.* It is quite obvious that this constructive category of cause and effect acts in strict accordance with the mental element time, and the one is as decidedly innate, necessary, and universal as the other.

10. Lastly, the third category of this triad presents us with that intellectual law by which all material nature is supported and held together, namely, the principle of action and reaction. The snuff-box acts on the table by its weight, and the table reacts by sustaining it. The reader who has never studied Kantian doctrines, whilst he admits this to be a law of external nature, will say, that *in the mind* it is an effect of tuition and experience. But he forgets that this law is an eternal and unvarying *principle*, which would

exist in full force if the whole fabric, which we *now* call external nature, were annihilated, and that if the said principle did not exist *a priori* in the mind, all the impressions afforded by sun, moon, and stars, earth, and ocean (of which, *in themselves*, we know nothing), would have been as utterly incomprehensible by Newton, Copernicus, and Galileo, as by the beasts in the field, who come into the world and go out of it as we do, and have the material instruments of sense even more perfect than we.

11. Already we have adverted to the objections made to the Kantian system by those who assert that it is contrary to common sense. But the Kantian philosopher no more denies the existence of external nature, than the most dogmatical logician would dispute that of St. Paul's church, or the Bank of England. The philosopher admits the existence of both; but he maintains that the stone and lime which compose St. Paul's church, and the symmetrical building itself, together with sun, moon, and stars, Alps and Pyrenees, though known as *phenomena*, are yet also to be contemplated as *noumena*, which he cannot actually know, inasmuch as the *matter* of his knowledge consists only in his own sensations, and the *form* in the categories of his understanding. On like principle, the astronomer will grant you, in common parlance, that the sun rises and sets, although, all the while, he is thoroughly convinced that it has never moved one inch.

12. In this exposition of nine constitutive categories, we are not aware of having advanced any assertion which is not perfectly comprehensible by every sane mind. Without these nine elementary powers, it is impossible that any object could be constructed or conceived. Nor, philosophically speaking, could the object exist without the exertion of these active faculties. A tree is not a tree any more than it is a serpent or a snuff-box, till, by means of the categories, it becomes one. With the *phenomenon* of the tree, that is, our intuition and conception, we are well acquainted, but the *noumenon*, or cause, is utterly beyond the reach of our finite knowledge.

13. By the nine categories already specified, all the constitutive or constructive powers of understanding are exhausted, and, moreover, all plastic nature is exhausted, but there is one

accessory yet indispensable triad left to be mentioned, which consists of the categories of *modality*. Every object has a *possible*, however improbable mode of existence, contrasted with its real one. For example, the snuff-box before us may, one day or another, be used by an inhabitant of the moon. But the box we now contemplate has no connexion with supposed inhabitants of the moon, and is an immediately *existing* box, for, if we denied this, we must also deny our own existence, which would be absurd. And herein is an ample illustration of the last category; viz. *necessity*, because there is no power in heaven or on earth which can make an object exist and not exist at the same moment,—the distinct conception of necessity being “that of which the contrary is impossible.”

14. From the preceding memoranda, it must be apparent that the active faculty of understanding is exercised in two very different modes; firstly, when it is occupied with an *intuition*, for example, the square snuff-box, or the seal-ring now resting on the table; and, secondly, when occupied with the mere conceptions of those objects when removed from actual sight, or, with conceptions of the pure mathematical square or circle, which, except in the “mind’s eye,” never can be seen. In this place it might be an agreeable task to follow out the various applications of understanding, under the direction of reason, as evinced by the scientific inventor or demonstrator, the logician, poet, philosopher, and historian, but the limits of this article scarcely admit of our giving complete outlines, far less of going into details.

15. To conclude, it must be admitted as quite impossible that any object can exist in nature, which has neither quantity nor quality, and which does not stand in relationship to surrounding objects. But quantity, quality, and relation, like time and space, are elementary and immutable principles of the human mind; consequently, the mind actually generates all the *forms* of matter which, in colloquial phrase, are called external nature. So much for outlines of the *second* section.

Section III.—1. In the first of these two preceding divisions, we endeavoured to shew that time and space are indispensable *innate* elements of the human mind, and that these are the primary moulds or form-givers of sensation. In the second chapter (supposing the propositions in our first to be granted), it has been with equal clearness evinced, that, by means of the twelve categories of understanding, we give objective unity to our sensations, and are thus enabled accurately to distinguish and arrange the matter of our knowledge.

2. *Here*, that is to say, with time, space, and the categories, the sphere of material nature ends. But, as mere intuitions of sense are imperfect until brought into form by conceptions of understanding, so both would be worthless, that is to say, would leave us the mere passive slaves of instinct, and we neither could possess consciousness, frame a thought, nor originate a motive without the supreme and regulative faculty of reason. In deciding that we have the snuff-box on the table, or five fingers on each hand, we *indirectly* declare and acknowledge our own spiritual existence, which is not subjected to laws of material life, for the mind cannot act or subsist except as a triad. At one and the same moment man exists to himself as a PHENOMENON and NOUMENON.* He can measure and weigh his own *body*, as he can measure and weigh the snuff-box, but the rules of geometry, arithmetic, action and reaction, are utterly set aside and baffled when applied to *mind*.

3. All the varieties and objects of material nature necessarily bear the stamp of time and space. All that we are able to conceive and arrange under the categories of understanding, must be reducible to these laws. Stretch, for example, the notion of time to billions and trillions of centuries. Still, it is but matter in motion, and, of the spiritual element time (though symbolically it has been termed a *mould*), we, of course, can have no conception. We arrive at the *indefinite* but not the *infinite*. Material nature, as we have shewn, has, indeed, its governing and universal laws or principles, which alone are unchangeable, whilst matter itself

* It is hoped that the reader will not impute it to carelessness if, in this chapter, we admit some repetitions, which seemed essentially requisite, in order to connect one section with another.

undergoes perpetual mutations. As *inanimate* bodies are governed by the law of action and reaction; for example, as water formed on the top of a mountain will flow to the bottom, and if there confined, in ascending pipes, will rise again to its original level, so are all *animated* beings endowed with and propelled by instinct. In this predicament, and under this law, man is the mere slave of sense and instinct, to the utter exclusion of pure moral principles and free will.

4. It is, therefore, clear that, in order to form permanent laws for our conduct, or draw immutable conclusions from our knowledge, the faculties of sense and understanding are inadequate. Be it once more repeated, that the latter of these faculties, regulates and arranges into distinct objects, the various materials supplied by the senses, and, as every intuition is accompanied either by desire or indifference, instinct, after its own manner, will excite to action.

5. But, in the third section of mind, in reason alone will be found the power of regulating our desires, and originating *motives*, which exist as infinite and *indestructible* principles, whereas, on the contrary, *actions* are evanescent and mutable, like figures traced on the sea-sand, to be effaced by the next tide. As long as reason exists uninjured in the mind, no power in heaven or on earth can destroy the freedom of man to *choose* betwixt obedience to the impulses of sense and instinct for his own immediate gratification and advantage *merely*, and obedience to the dictates of reason, which instruct him to act on motives such as, independently of limited and personal benefit, deserve universal approval and adoption. Consequently, man exists in a perpetual state of *antagonism*. Instinct propels, reason admonishes, and the latter, when *speculatively* perverted, may exert itself in attempts to justify or palliate even the most atrocious crimes. Moreover, both principles existing together as component parts of the mind, man exists, at the same moment, as a being material and spiritual, finite and indestructible.

6. But the powers of instinct are less obvious in man than in other animals. The regulatorship of reason is indispensable for purposes of individual and temporary advantage, as well as for the establishment of absolute principles; and, as already mentioned, this faculty,

according to its application, is divided into speculative and practical. As understanding gives *objective* unity to our sensations, reason gives unity to our desires. It is *speculative* when applied to desires and pursuits temporary and evanescent, and *practical* when directed to objects eternal and immutable. Thus, reason may direct the fabrication of a finely tempered sword, and, when the weapon is completed, the same faculty affords to its possessor the free choice betwixt using it, as a cowardly assassin, in order to deprive another of life, and obtain his purse, or to raise it only against a murderer, and in defence of the innocent, even though his own life is risked in the encounter. Sense presents the *matter*, and understanding supplies the *form* of the sword: the duty of reason is to *originate* the *motives* with which the weapon is to be wielded.

7. We use the word "*originate*" for the sake of more marked distinction. Moreover, the powers of sense and understanding are called into action by impressions derived from external *noumena* of material and mutable nature, but the powers of reason have no similar incentives or impingement, but are a more direct emanation from the Deity.

8. By the faculties of time, space, and the twelve categories, as we have endeavoured to explain, all the varied objects in nature, in other words, the *forms* of nature, are actually generated. We do not possess material nature except through the *medium* of the senses, nor has that material nature its forms except through the categories of understanding. By means of these faculties we accomplish the construction of a sensual and intellectual, a physical and mathematical world, but the moral and spiritual world remains yet to be constructed; and for this operation we must look to pure practical reason.

9. As already shewn, the *matter* on which the active faculty of understanding operates, is merely our own sensations, out of which it constitutes all the intelligible objects of nature. Practical reason being a purely active faculty, must, also, have objects to work upon, and, rejecting all the varieties of organic nature or sensation which are *mutable* and *evanescent*, it selects for the subject of its operations the twelve categories, which are in themselves *spiritual* and *eternal*.

10. Take all the mental elements we have analysed, and it will be

found, on reflection, that contrasting with the material and mutable objects of sense and understanding, we possess indestructible *ideas* of the *spiritual* and *absolute*. Such ideas, refer to objects beyond the reach of our knowledge, which never can be *present* as intuitions or reducible to forms or conceptions. Yet, by syllogisms of reason, a moral conviction of their existence is established, such as even excels all demonstration addressed to the senses. With syllogisms, any more than diagram, we shall not trouble the reader. But take another example. The student sees a candle burning on his table. The sensual or sensitive faculty is impinged, and he has the sensation of luminous space; understanding forms the candle, and here ends the sphere of actual knowledge. Reason alone establishes consciousness of his own existence as a moral and responsible being, existing separately from every possible object of his thoughts, also establishing the conviction, that every material object, has not only a material but a spiritual cause, which cannot be perceptible through the medium of any sense. Setting all artificial *formula* of logic aside, this conclusion of reason is equally universal and indestructible in the human mind, with the conception of a pure mathematical figure.

11. It is impossible that the mind can exist and operate except as an unalterable *triad*, the whole powers of which must be exemplified in every judgment, whether the object be finite or infinite, spiritual or corporeal. There must always be matter, form, and spiritual connexion. But, as finite beings, we are often necessitated to use, in regard to spiritual objects, the language of symbols and personification. In order to have an intuition, we require *matter*, that is to say, immediate sensation, of which the *form* is time and space. In order to have a conception, we require, also, *matter*, and we take intuitions (or somewhat that is within the *possible* scope of intuitions), of which the *form* consists in the twelve categories. To have an idea, we require matter also (here the *symbolical language* is intentionally adopted), and we take for matter, the pure conceptions, the mere principles of the cate-

gories, whereof the *form* (as impressed by laws of reason) is absoluteness or infinity.* And, in every one of these operations, the spiritual connexion completing the triad, is obviously indispensable, for the soul taking itself for the matter or subject of thought, must yet always acknowledge its own separate existence, thus at once acknowledging a form or mode of being which is unconditioned and absolute.

12. Underneath the four triads of the* intellectual categories, Kant has placed his six ideas of reason, thus completing his *twenty* principles of mind. The six ideas are arranged and denominated as follows:—1. Absolute totality; 2. absolute limitation; 3. absolute substance; 4. absolute cause; 5. absolute concurrence; 6. absolute necessity.

13. With the conception of quantity, as indicated in the first triad of categories, is contrasted an idea of absolute totality, this being the result of an irrefragable judgment of reason. All quantity that exists in material nature is *conditioned*; there is no whole, however vast or contracted, of which we can predicate that it is unchangeable self-sustained, indivisible, necessary, unsuccessive, and unextended. But it has been already agreed that this material nature is a gift, and that there cannot be a gift without a giver; consequently, reason by deliberative judgment, originates the idea of an absolute whole or infinite first cause, which, to repeat once more a favourite illustration, exists in idea, as decidedly as a pure triangle or circle exists in conception. That the best powers of practical reason may be dormant or obtuse in most human beings, cannot be wondered at. So far from the senses affording it support, they are always in a state of warfare and opposition. Yet it may be observed, that no race is so savage and brutalised by sense, as to be wholly without indication of this faculty. With this first idea of reason, originating the idea of the universe or world of *noumena*, is intimately woven the great moral principle already mentioned, viz. "Let the motive of your action be such, that it deserves to constitute a universal law for all reasonable beings." Motives in the sphere

* Without symbol or metaphor, be it observed, that reason, in choosing its object, supersedes material nature by spiritual nature.

of the infinite correspond to actions in the sphere of the finite.

14. We now proceed to the second triad of categories, under the title quality. To that limitation which belongs to all objects of our knowledge, reason opposes the contrasting idea of infinite or absolute limitation, which no powers of sense or understanding can grasp. Yet, without such an idea, we must hold the separate existence of spirits to be impossible, inasmuch as by no earthly means can we assign to them any boundaries for distinction. All that we know or can conceive is successive or extended. But will any sane mortal maintain that his mind, like his body, is successive and extended? Will he undertake to specify its figure, dimensions, or duration? Yet, the idea of unconditioned limitation exists in the mind, as decidedly as the principle of the pure mathematical line. An unphilosophical reader will say, that the pure conceptive line is but a reflection or shade of the symbolical one, consequently, both are the result of tuition and experience. But the abstract principle must exist *a priori* in the mind. It is universal and necessary, whereas the symbol is limited and contingent.

15. To proceed: from the first category of the third triad—namely, substance and accident, reason instantly originates the contrasting idea of a perfect substance, which admits not of accident,—that is to say, which is not made up of changeable properties, but is immutable and indivisible in eternity; namely, the indestructible mind or soul. Time is the mould of mutability, the element in which exist objects or beings finite, compounded, and mutable. Eternity can only be defined as an element wherein exist objects pure, indivisible, uncompounded, necessary, and imperishable,—the very opposite of all finite and earthly phenomena.

16. With regard to the second category of this third triad, it must be recollected, that through the whole material world, the chain of causes and effects is rendered evident to sense, or conceivable by understanding; but to this, reason immediately opposes the violent contrast of a power free from all the restrictions of time, having its full force only in eternity,—in other words, of an absolute and first cause, where every thing originates in itself. Out of the idea of an absolute cause

(being speculatively perverted in its application), arose the once favourite system of the *animus mundi*.

17. The third category under the triad, entitled relation, exhibits that universally acknowledged and indispensable principle of action and reaction, which pervades and sustains all nature. But within our finite sphere, we possess visibly and palpably the symbols of this balance, which are all liable to change, whereas, the law itself remains unchangeable. To this material balance—namely, the action of matter on matter, which we perfectly know, reason opposes the *unknowable* contrast of infinite or absolute concurrence, thus at once originating the idea of a God. Without these laws of action and reaction, nature could not subsist, and, as we have already more than once asked, how could there be laws without a law-giver?

18. But all the three principles above-mentioned, must concur in establishing the complete idea of the divinity, who must firstly be a substance, perfect, indivisible, necessary, and immutable; secondly, must be the original cause, excluding all notions of priority; thirdly, must be regulator and preserver of the universe.

19. In like manner, the three categories of understanding, under the head modality, viz. possibility, existence, and necessity, though limited in their range when applied to the matter of our experience, yet, when freed from time and space, and carried by reason to the infinite, afford materials, if we may be allowed the expression, for the contrasting idea of infinite or absolute necessity. As elsewhere observed, necessity may briefly be defined, that of which the contrary is impossible.

20. Thus we have gone through the *twenty elements*. We have roughly and hastily dissected Kant's map of the mind, and must leave the reader to put it together as he best can. Pope says, that every man's reason differs from another's, which is merely saying in other words, what we have admitted, that the *perverted applications* of reason are numberless. The poet further observes, that a good man is often indolent, whilst a rogue exhibits an extreme degree of industry and activity. But, according to Kant's system, there can be no possible doubt as to the clear distinctions betwixt moral good and evil. No doubts can exist whether

a *motive* be selfish, instinctive, the effect of mere sensual propulsion, or a motive which conscience, in other words, reason or free will, originates and decides upon as worthy of universal approval. Man considered as a part of material nature, is a mere phenomenon, and belongs to time and space. But, considered as a rational and moral being, he is entirely *out of* time and space, and must, also, be out of material nature, that is to say, he is an *absolute* substance, and not a mere compound of changeable properties. He is a *noumenon*, or being of superior order, who exercises judgment and authority over his *material shadow*, over his *soi-disant* and pretended self, as an *inferior* phenomenon. And if Pope's caustic remark be true, that reason accommodates itself to the passions of each individual, the Kantian teacher may fortify his pupils against this danger by the doctrines of revealed religion, with which his system is in the strictest accordance.

This has turned out a long article; but room must be left for a brief *addendum*, which we think indispensably important. In endeavouring to make Kantism comprehensible, to a certain extent, for all readers, we have, *pro*

tempore, assumed the tone of *advocacy* and *partisanship*, which, before winding up, must be utterly disclaimed. With certain improvements, no doubt (which the views of the original author will bear out and sanction), the system may be rendered one of the most accurately coherent and ingenious theories that have ever been devised. But we have here endeavoured only to compress and arrange the materials afforded by Mr. Wiegman and other commentators—to give the philosophy as it exists, not as it *might be*. The principal defect in our opinion is, that so much attention being devoted to *distinctions* betwixt the mental faculties, their *connexion* is injuriously thrown into shade. Verbose eloquence is bestowed on *reason*, whilst the *sensitive* faculty is unjustly depreciated. Enough is not said of their mutual dependence on each other, their action and reaction, nor is sufficient respect shewn to time and space, which are eternal elements. *Verbum sapienti*. The metaphysical reader will immediately perceive the drift of these brief hints, and this paper, however imperfect in itself, may lead to others in a style at once bolder and more scientifically guarded.

REVOLUTIONARY PARALLELS BETWEEN 1685-9 AND 1833-7.

No. III.

1. PROGRESS THROUGH THE COUNTIES.
2. COMMISSIONS OF THE PEACE TO BE REFORMED.
3. CONFERENCES RESORTED TO.
4. KING DE JURE AND KING DE FACTO.
5. AFFAIRS IN IRELAND.
6. TYRCONNEL AND O'CONNELL.
7. IRISH CORPORATIONS.
8. ARMED FORCE REMODELLED.
9. INCREASE OF POPEY.
10. IRISH CHURCH.
11. CONDUCT OF PEERS.
12. CONCLUSION.

JAMES II. appears to have experienced from the country party the chief opposition to his designs to subvert Protestantism, and introduce Popery: he was, therefore, like our present ministers, obliged to resort to more delicate methods of conversion and seduction than those which he had employed in the cities and towns, before he ventured to call a new parliament. We shall now proceed to shew some of the artifices used at that period, as at the present, for the same purpose of securing elections.

Roger North, having described some pieces of the policy of King James's cabinet, in 1687, says, "the next work was to make fair weather with a new parliament." "The methods were partly local and partly personal; the local part was to be executed by regulating, or, rather, *corrupting* corporations, that had right of election, by putting out and in mayors, recorders, burgesses, &c." This local method of corruption in 1836 has been already exposed. "As to the counties," says R. North, "they were too big to be thus tampered with." They, therefore, tried another scheme with them. Somerville, a Whig author, tells us (p. 164) that the information derived from "various channels of inquiry was intended for the direction of the lords' regulators, a new denomination of commissioners appointed to inquire into the legal qualifications of voters, and the political sentiments which they held; though the first was the professed object of their jurisdiction, yet it was well understood that the last was the true object, and the secret spring of all their decisions."

By the reform-act of Earl Grey's

administration, commissioners called revising barristers were named, whose duty comprised only the *first* part of that of the regulators in 1686; and for the sake of perfect impartiality, and for the security of justice, their appointment was placed in the hands of the king's judges, who were supposed to be free from political bias, and acquainted with the practitioners at the bar.

But the *last* part of the duty of the regulators in 1686 being the *true* object of the present government, they introduced, during the last session of parliament, the "Registration of Voters Bill," to divest the impartial judges of this important piece of patronage, and to place the appointment of the revising barristers in their own hands, whereby they might grant the office, with its emoluments, to such persons only as would be political partisans, and thereby pollute the streams of justice, for the purpose of maintaining themselves in power. The house of lords exposed and defeated this fraudulent design.

1. We may apply to the ministers of the present day the words used by Mr. Rapin, in reference to James II.,—"it would be tedious and difficult to relate all the king's secret methods,—the emissaries he sent into the counties and corporations,—the instructions he gave them to gain the people, the arguments, promises, and menaces they used: all that can be said in general is, that nothing was forgot which he thought would contribute to the procuring a favourable parliament. With this view, he made a progress through several towns, and stopped at the cities and great towns to caress and intimidate the people" (p. 760). Our Whig-Radical government knew that their

"chief strength lay in the great towns;" and, therefore, last autumn, various ministers travelled through different parts of the country, endeavouring to gain the people by "arguments, promises, and menaces," stopping at the cities and great towns, caressing the people, by vaunting what they had done, or intended to do, for them, and intimidating them, by the dangers which they assured them would ensue, if a Conservative government returned to power. With this view, the chancellor of the exchequer went to Limerick, and at a public meeting "vindicated the events of last session," saying, "that it did not suffer by the contrast with the last Tory session, of which so much praise was heard;" but he omitted to say that Lord John Russell and himself, in conjunction with Mr. O'Connell, had, by a factious division, cut short that Tory session, before Sir Robert Peel's government were able to introduce their measures.

The Earl of Minto proceeded to Hawick, where he more modestly said, that "the last session of parliament was not absolutely barren of improvement, and some good laws were passed," with that assistance which he gratefully acknowledged, saying that he did *greatly* "value the support given to the government by Mr. O'Connell," and did not consider it "dishonourable" to the government. For the purpose of casting odium upon the Conservatives, he said there was a "long list of wholesome measures rejected in the mere wantonness of Toryism;" whereas, in fact, of twelve principal measures promised or introduced by government during the last session, nine were abandoned by ministers on account of their own supporters, and three on account of the amendments of their opponents.*

The attorney-general, for the same purpose, visited Cupar, where he told the inhabitants that "the people were the source of all power." He visited Edinburgh, where he took credit to government for measures which had

not originated with ministers,—vehemently abused the Conservatives for the loss of bills, for whose abandonment they were not responsible,—rejoiced in the alliance with Mr. O'Connell, saying of his support, "that he, for one, was very glad of it;" and ended by making no hidden allusion to a reform of the House of Lords. It might, he said, "be necessary to consider what measure should be resorted to for the purpose."

Sir Henry Parnell, journeying for the purpose of popularity, addressed his constituents at Dundee, and said, "With regard to any plan of peerage reform, I have only to put you in mind that several plans have been proposed, and that the advocates of the measure have not agreed on any of those plans; and, therefore, it would be premature, and quite impossible, in me to speak of any plan for the accomplishment of this purpose."

Another minister, one of the Lords of the Treasury, for the like purpose of gaining popularity, said, on the same subject, "I shrink not from giving my opinion. We have had organic changes, and, if it should be necessary, we can have recourse to them again;" and boasted that "the last session was fraught with some great results to the country."

Lord Glencg uttered similar sentiments at Inverness; in short, "nothing was forgot which" they "thought would contribute to the procuring a favourable parliament."

Lord John Russell was aware that the counties could not be tampered with; he knew that the agricultural interest was opposed to the government, and he therefore resolved to adopt another and more delicate scheme to destroy the influence of the proprietors. The recent Poor-law Bill was one, though not a very successful part, of such a plan. It was too odious a measure for government thereby to secure to themselves much good-will. But if the act possessed not that positive advantage, it conferred on them

* The nine are,—the bills for Church-rates, Irish Poor-law, English Poor-law Amendment, Stamp Duties, Church Discipline, Ecclesiastical Courts, Factories Amendment, Benefices Pluralities, and Registration of Voters. The only bill which can be disputed as not belonging to this list is the last; and as the peers restored the bill to the original form in which ministers framed it, by expunging the Radical alterations, the Radicals were the true cause of the loss of that measure. The three are,—the Irish Tithe-bill, Irish Municipal Reform-bill, and English Municipal Reform Amendment-bill.

the negative benefit of rendering the country gentlemen, who might form the board of guardians, disliked by the poorer orders with whom they are placed in immediate contact. Thus the guardians sustain the odium of an oppressive law, while ministers derive the benefit of a vast amount of patronage.

2. North (230) tells us, in 1687, that "*the commissions of the peace and lieutenancy were to be reformed*. So, also, in our days of professed liberty and practised tyranny, we are to have our rural police bills and our local courts bill, for the same purpose of superseding the resident nobility and country gentlemen. The system proposed by these two measures is of so un-English and dangerous a tendency, that it requires one word at our hands in developing a parallel between the two most unconstitutional and arbitrary periods of British history.

The system is one of general centralisation; it places all patronage in the hands of ministers,—it brings all matters under the immediate inspection of the executive,—it intrudes government officers into every village, hamlet, and district,—it will fully establish an inquisitorial system of espionage,—and its main object is to deprive country gentlemen of all power in the local government and administration of justice in their own neighbourhood, and to render them devoid of consequence or respect. These bills for a rural police and for local courts would take from the gentry habits of judicial business, would leave them ignorant of the law, deprive them of the regard of their inferiors, and incapacitate them for the discharge of public duties; at length their independence would be broken down, and the servile partisans of government substituted in their places. Finally, these measures would disgust the aristocracy residing on their properties, and induce them to repair to the capital, and become, like the old French and present Spanish nobility, titled serfs and liveried lackeys of the government; powerless and de-praved wearers of coronets and stars—badges rather of slavery than of honour.

The establishment of a rural police would be the appointment of a French gendarmerie throughout the twelve thousand villages of England and Wales; the finger of government would be in the concerns of every one, as is

now the case under the despotic administration of that *ultra-Liberal* Louis Philippe, in France.

This project is at the present time put forth by government as a feeler, to try the temper and disposition of the country gentlemen, as a means of intimidating the magistracy, and inducing them to go along with the government, by suspending yet worse measures over their heads,—

"Pretending public good, to serve their own."

The local courts bill is alike in character, and has a like object. The amount of patronage which this measure would place at the disposal of the crown is inconceivable, and imminently dangerous to the liberty of the subject. A writer in favour of the bill, and, therefore, not likely to exaggerate, computes the number of new places, with salaries and other emoluments, at between six hundred and seven hundred. He says, "We are satisfied that the whole establishment would not cost more than 150,000*l.* per annum. For 128,000*l.* per annum two appellate judges might receive 2,500*l.* per annum, each; 60 local judges, 800*l.* each; 150 registrars, 250*l.* each; 250 clerks, 100*l.* each; and 300 messengers, 75*l.* each, leaving a considerable surplus for the extra travelling expenses of the local judges, registrars, &c."

A nice amount of crown patronage for hungry lawyers and others, and a good round sum of money, with which an economical government might tax the country, in order to give *themselves* the benefit of a stipendiary over an unpaid magistracy; the machinery of the rural police force would be infinitely more extensive; but let it only equal the above, and the boasted liberty of Englishmen under the free constitution, confirmed at the revolution of 1688, will become a mere matter of history—a tale of other days.

In 1686, Clarendon said, "We have forty abstracts of the commission." In 1836, we had abstracts of forty commissions, which, issued by a Whig government, exhibited their ambitious love of place, patronage, and corruption.

In 1688, the patriotic Sir Patrick Hume, then an exile for the cause of liberty, wrote from Utrecht that the crown of England attempted to get over the barrier of the laws "by edicts

of a French cut,"—France, being then under the sceptre of Louis XIV., the most ambitious and absolute monarch in Europe. These commissions, whereby power and responsibility are taken from the constituted authorities, and, contrary to the forms of the constitution, are vested in the executive, whereby legislation is taken from parliament, and placed in the hands of the king in council, is a superseding of the laws "by edicts of a French cut."

This system of centralisation, as it is called in France, or, of throwing all power into the hands of government, is the same as was brought to perfection by a sovereign avowedly aiming at universal empire, more despotic, far more inimical to civil freedom, than Louis XIV. It was by means of a system similar to that which the false friends of liberty are pursuing, that Napoleon Buonaparte concentrated all power in his own person, and enslaved the people.

Every measure which the present ministers introduce for the ostensible purpose of civil or religious liberty contains, though undetected in its composition, the ingredients of centralisation, and seeds of ministerial power; and, if examined, will be found incompatible with the whole spirit of the constitution of this country.

The new London University affords a most striking example of what has been advanced. Our plausible, popularity-hunting ministers, warned by the instances of independence recently exhibited at Oxford and Glasgow, where the members, having opportunities of giving expression to public opinion, exhibited it in their indignation at the appointment of Dr. Hampden as divinity professor, by their election of the Duke of Wellington as chancellor, and the glorious triumph of Sir R. Peel over the attorney-general. Thus warned, they resolved, while abolishing certain and defined forms of Christian faith, to abolish all forms of popular election also, to render the university a mere dependency on the crown, a fief of the executive; and, while conferring "the distinctions justly due to proficiency in literature, science, or art," to "impose a test (not of religious, but) of political opinions, and in the nineteenth century to bind in the fetters" of ministerial subserviency "the talent and the merit of the present enlightened age."

As Edmund Burke in 1796 said of

the Duke of Bedford, so may we, forty years later, say of the son of the Duke of Bedford, "Let him 'take care how he endangers the safety of the constitution which secures his own utility or his own insignificance.'"

3. Another practice, which has lately been resorted to with the greatest success, has also been borrowed from King James II., who employed it for the purpose of having a parliament "entirely at his devotion." The practice we allude to is that of conferences where "men were closeted to engage them in the king's measures" (Rapin, 760). Hume (262) says that James knew that the "sanction of parliament was necessary for the completion of his designs in favour of the Catholics;" he had employed, therefore, with the members of parliament many private conferences, which were then called closetings; and he used every expedient of reasons, menaces, and promises, to break their obstinacy in this particular."

It is to the conference at Litchfield House, St. James's, that we are indebted for the late "violent measures for the establishment of Popery in Ireland," the determination to despoil the Protestant church,—it is to that conference that Mr. O'Connell owes his present power and influence, and ministers owe thereto not only the partial success of their revolutionary designs, but their very political existence.

Other conferences likewise took place in Downing Street, with the hope of producing union among the supporters of the government; but, if report speak true, ministers, at some of these meetings, as James did on similar occasions, met both with "coldness and reluctance" to their "designs."

4. Before we turn again to the affairs of Ireland, one remark, though not strictly within the limits of a parallel, is yet too deserving of notice to be omitted. The fact to which we allude is, that the present ministers have not only most faithfully copied the acts of that administration which preceded and produced the revolution of 1688, but they have, moreover, in one respect, gone beyond the intention and object of that government,—they have anticipated the result of those measures which overthrew the monarchy, and have adopted the only lamentable consequence of that glorious Revolution.

Ministers nominally serve our gra-

cious master, William IV., as king *de jure*, they are in reality the slaves of a tyrant whom they have set over themselves as king *de facto*: their measures affect to be those of the cabinet of St. James's; they are, in fact, those dictated by the parliament of the Dublin Corn Exchange.

So completely is this the case, that almost all our ministers have abandoned the principles which at one time or another they entertained upon the various questions now occupying public attention, in order to obey the commands of Daniel O'Connell.

If any one doubts this, let him bear in mind that, three years since, the government denounced Mr. O'Connell as a rebellious disturber of the peace; that Lord Melbourne was a member of that government; that his lordship first took office as Irish secretary in 1827, under Mr. Canning, and continued such under the Duke of Wellington. That Lord Glenelg first held the same office in 1818, and was twelve years a Tory. That Lord Palmerston was twenty-three years a member of Tory governments, which certainly did not give encouragement to Mr. O'Connell. That Lord Mulgrave's father for very many years held a high office in the same administrations, and resigned, in order to make room for the entrance of the Duke of Wellington into the cabinet. That the present Earl of Mulgrave, then Lord Normanby, applied for office from the same government; and that the refusal he then met with is the commonly-believed cause for his turning round, and changing his politics. He, therefore, did not enter public life with any great partiality for Mr. O'Connell. The present Whig-Radical Chancellor of Ireland, who now assists Mr. O'Connell to despoil the church, was formerly Tory attorney-general for Ireland, and as such gave the following opinion upon the liability of church property,—“that on the same principle the property of every man in the kingdom was equally liable. He maintained that the property of the church was as sacred as any other; if they began with the church, let the landholder look to himself.”

These facts cannot be laid too often before the public; and surely they show the immense sacrifice of character which our rulers have made, in order to serve the lawless king *de facto* whom they have themselves created.

5. Having related some of the principal points of resemblance between the revolutionary policy of the years 1686-7 and 1836-7, as regards England, we will again direct our attention to Ireland, where precisely similar proceedings have been going on at the two periods.

And the narrative of the events at either epoch cannot be better introduced to notice than by prefixing the following extracts from Dr. Douglas's edition of Lord Clarendon's Correspondence, which was published in 1763.

In reference to the letters to the Earl of Rochester, from his brother, the Earl of Clarendon, while lord-lieutenant of Ireland, viz., during 1686 and 1687, it is said,—

“In the letters from Ireland a scene is disclosed which unavoidably commands the attention of every one who would be glad to see the Revolution fully justified, by a most authentic account of the whole plan of the encroachments meditated by King James on the Protestant establishment in Ireland; a prelude to what his English subjects were to expect in due time. Transactions unattended by circumstances that are striking in their own nature may become more interesting and important when considered as the cause of great public revolutions that afterwards happened. In this view, therefore, the various particulars which occur in Lord Clarendon's despatches,—the encouragement given to the Popish bishop, unknown to the Protestant governor of Ireland, to hold public assemblies, and to wear their habits in Dublin,—the keeping vacant the church preferments, that the revenues appropriated by law for the maintenance of a Protestant establishment might furnish a fund for subsisting the Popish clergy,—the orders repeatedly sent to make Papists members of corporations, justices of the peace, sheriffs, privy counsellors, and judges, in defiance of law,—the arbitrary reversals of outlawries, and (what was a principal object of the attention of the court) the infamous remodelling of the army.”

“All that we boast of as Englishmen we owe to the Revolution. While we enjoy the valuable blessings of civil and religious liberty, we shall read here with satisfaction the most authentic account of the strange attempts of James to establish lawless despotism, and to introduce odious superstition, which has yet appeared. And while we have the fullest view of the dangers escaped, it will be no small addition to the value of the pre-

sent collection, that it confirms many important facts which throw light on the conduct of those patriots who had the honesty to resist a tyrant, and happily succeeded in their glorious attempt."

How do these sentiments come home to our breasts at the present time! Every historian of the reign of James II. appears merely to be recounting the arbitrary and Papistical proceedings of the present administration. Here are mentioned the public assemblies of the Catholics of the present day,—the vestments in which they appear in public,—"*the revenues appropriated by law for the maintenance of a Protestant establishment*" sought to be diverted to other purposes,—the promotion of Roman Catholics in the various civil departments of the state in preference to Protestants,—the infamous remodelling of an armed force, which has been lately effected by means of the "Irish Constabulary Force Bill," and many other measures, are copied from the same original.

But we turn to the author of the *Memoirs of Great Britain and Ireland*, Dalrymple, who, having mentioned the events in Great Britain during the year 1686, proceeds (p. 96) to say,—

"While James was in this manner alternately encouraged or disappointed in his projects in favour of Popery by his British subjects, his successes in Ireland, a country already full of Catholics, and long subjected to the government of England, gave him hopes unalloyed with any uneasiness. The surest marks of the spirit of a government are to be found in the administration of its provinces."

"All corporations and offices of every kind, from the highest to the lowest, were thrown open to Roman Catholics, and some branches of government were engrossed almost entirely by them. The general language of office was to speak with contempt of all Protestants. In order to maintain a superiority in the privy-council, the Roman Catholic puisne judges, and even some private practising lawyers, were introduced into it,—honours which they themselves were ashamed of, because they were conscious that men of their order had never enjoyed them before. A regular Popish hierarchy was established: the bishops received orders to wear the habits of their order in public."

This description, taken from the page of Dalrymple, does with an ominous degree of accuracy narrate the

proceedings in Ireland during the past year. The attempts on the corporations are the same; the discredit thrown upon Protestantism is the same. Mr. O'Connell is, indeed, not a privy councillor,—it would damage his purpose if he were so; but Catholics are raised to the bench. One of the highest legal officers of the crown is a Catholic; the nephews, cousins, and numerous dependants of Mr. O'Connell, are crowded into the assistant barristerships, and all the places of emolument and trust. Twenty-seven titular prelates form the Popish hierarchy. Last August, in "the habits of their order," with much pomp and ceremony, they consecrated the cathedral of Tuam. The present lord-lieutenant is indeed a Protestant,—that makes the parallel so much the closer. So it was in 1686; but neither the present lord-lieutenant nor his Protestant predecessor have any real power. Rapin writes, "though the lord-lieutenant was a Protestant, his credit and authority were insufficient to put a stop to the acts of injustice committed against those of his religion." The present destitute condition of the Protestant clergy, the frequent murders and outrages in which Protestants are the victims, prove the justness of this remark, and exhibit the impotence and imbecility of Lord Mulgrave's administration.

6. The real government of Ireland was, in 1686, carried on by a Roman Catholic, who shortly afterwards supplanted the Protestant lord-lieutenant. His name was (not O', but) Tyrconnel. This man was chiefly remarkable, as we learn from Lord Clarendon's Correspondence, for his insolent and imperious behaviour (i. 542), the violence of his temper, and the inconsistency of his conduct (541), and for his intemperate language about the people of Ireland dictating to the king (ii. 125). In one of Lord Clarendon's Letters from Dublin, dated 1686, in allusion to Tyrconnel's terrible conduct, he writes "Whether he 'will continue to be so terrible as he is at present, nothing but time will determine; at present, nothing can more dissatisfy honest men than the ranting, swaggering way he is in, and the abominable, insolent language he treats them with.' He has had very good counsel given him by some Roman Catholics, whom he cursed to ten thousand devils for their pains."

It is a task replete not only with interest, but also with instruction, though it may be somewhat disgusting, to record some of the abominable, insolent language, of him, who, as far as regards the possession of real power, occupies the place which the ranting swaggerer attained in 1687: for, though there is now, as there was in 1686, a "lord-lieutenant" who is "a Protestant," his credit and authority are "equally" insufficient to put a stop to the acts of injustice committed against those of his religion.

Mr. O'Connell has said of the English nation, "so dishonest and besotted a people as the English never lived." As a nation "they are the most profligate, and quite lost in folly." "They are ready to sanction every crime." "Those dullest of all malignant bigots."—*Vide* aggregate meeting at Dublin, June 1813. He has called the English "Sassenachs," "strangers and foreigners," "oppressors;" and declares, that unless they do his bidding he must write them "enemies."—27th August, 1836.

He has slandered the English women as unchaste, stating, that "nineteen out of twenty were mothers a month after marriage."—Cork, 9th Sept. 1834.

He has foully libelled the royal family.

He says, the Protestant Established Church was "begotten in plunder and nursed in blood"—"nurtured in blood and spoliation;" and adds, in reference to that church, "*Delenda est Carthago*."

The peers he has termed "miscreants," "despots," "enemies of the people." "The lords (he says) have scandalously, insultingly, basely violated their pledge, and broken their contract:" they are "a many-headed monster;" "the name of this tyrant is Legion." "Break up the legion," "reform the House of Lords!"

The House of Commons he has denominated "six hundred scoundrels." The maintenance of national faith with the fundholder he has exclaimed against, as "cant" and humbug.

The Whig ministers he has denounced as authors of a "brutal and bloody measure," of "atrocious proceedings;" men "to be treated with scorn;" "men whose orders with brutal perseverance were written in blood;" "a ministry backed in its injustice by an unscrupulous majority."

Tyrconnel, by his imperious con-

duct, with the assistance of a Jesuit, "supplanted the Earl of Clarendon, and got himself appointed lord-lieutenant of Ireland."—RAPIN.

O'Connell nominally has not as yet arrived at that dignity, though he is invested with all the substantial powers attached to the viceroyalty.

The return which ministers make to Mr. O'Connell for all the abuse which he has heaped upon them is this: they,

"Bending low, and in a bondsman's key,
With 'bated breath, and whispering
humbleness,

Say this: Fair sir, you spit on me on
Wednesday last—

You spurned me such a day; another
time

You called me dog: and, for these cour-
tesies,

I'll lend you thus much monies."

We are totally indifferent as to the value which ministers may place upon the courtesies of Mr. O'Connell, or the requital which they may choose to make him—as regards themselves, we care not whether "the insult be worse than the injury" or not—but the power with which they have invested this rebellious man is of the most dangerous consequence to the nation. What are the measures whereby he seeks to overturn the constitution, and to rise upon anarchy and confusion? They are nothing but the exact counterpart of those projected by Tyrconnel, under the prime-minister of that day, "who changed sides, with little regard either to religion or to the interests of his country;"—Catholic corporations in Ireland; destruction of the Protestant church in that country; Catholic ascendancy, whereby to consolidate his own power; repeal of the Act of Union now, as of the Act of Settlement then; and, lastly, complete dismemberment of the empire.

Tyrconnel first turned his attention to the courts of law: so did O'Connell. Catholics were then raised to the bench: the same is done now. Tyrconnel next directed his notice to the charters of corporations, "which secured the nomination of members of parliament:" O'Connell does the same.

Clarendon, we have seen, wrote from Dublin, that the "contest here is not about religion, but between English and Irish."

O'Connell makes it the same now, as "a point of honour."

Tyrconnel sought to "raise the Irish to a decided superiority over the English interest."—LINGARD.

O'Connell strives to effect the same at present.

Tyrconnel "had a further and more national object in view, to render his native country independent of England, if the king should die without male issue."—LING. xiv. 136.

O'Connell has the same object in view now.

Tyrconnel's "actions squared not with his promises."—RAPIN.

O'Connell is far more false than he. Witness his conduct to Mr. Littleton, to Mr. Raphael, and on the factory question, &c. &c.

It was said of Tyrconnel, that he "was madman enough to ruin ten kingdoms."

O'Connell has worse, but equally effectual, qualifications for the same purpose.

By Tyrconnel the Catholics were "*invested with the whole power of the kingdom.*"

O'Connell, by the aid of ministers, has nearly accomplished the same.

"The Act of Settlement was the only obstacle to their enjoying the whole property; and Tyrconnel had formed a scheme for calling a parliament to reverse that act, and empower the king to bestow all the lands on his Catholic subjects."

O'Connell and the priests have formed the like scheme.

Clarendon at this time mentions a work, which was handed about for the advancement of Catholicism, and entitled *Parliamentum Pacificum*.

The edict lately published by the Corn Exchange parliament, for the appointment of *pacificators* throughout Ireland, has the same object in view.

In 1687 "the repeal was not adopted. Motives of policy, and some apprehensions of too sudden a shock to the feelings of the Protestants in Great Britain, retarded the final adoption of this measure."—MACKINTOSH, p. 126.

O'Connell will find the same to be true now.

When King James "learned from his English counsellors the probable consequences of such an act, in the dismemberment of Ireland from the English crown, he refused his assent, and seemed to lend a favourable ear to those who advised the removal of the lord-deputy."

The announcement of a like resolution on the part of his present majesty will be hailed by all who love their king and their country, their religion and their liberties, as

"*Auspicium melioris Aevi.*"

But the king alone is not of sufficient power to secure to us our liberties, unless we are willing and ready to assist. The house of peers is not sufficient, unless we co-operate. It is now the bounden duty of every Protestant and loyal Catholic subject of these realms, who writes himself man, and boasts himself free, to be up and stirring, to appreciate the character of him who libels the royal family—who abuses the nation—who slanders the fair fame of English women—who braves the laws—who desecrates the church—who threatens the house of lords—who belies the commons, and marshals every bad passion and angry feeling against all that is good, virtuous, sacred, or just. This is the more imperative when we see this man, invested with power such as no subject has ever had since the Revolution in 1688, calling himself the voice of Ireland, "the representative of seven millions of people," and dictating to government measures which tend to subvert the constitution in church and state as established at that revolution.

7. For the purpose of identifying the policy of the present government with that of Lord Sunderland, the following has been extracted from Hume, page 258 :

"In order to make them masters of the parliament, the same violence was exercised that had been practised in England. The charters of Dublin, and of all the corporations, were annulled; and new charters were granted, subjecting the corporations to the will of the sovereign. The Protestant *freemen* were expelled; Catholics introduced; and the latter sect, as they always were the majority in number, were now invested with the whole power of the kingdom."

The enemies of the Protestant religion knew that these Protestant corporations were the strongest safeguards of that reformed religion; that many had been established for the sole purpose of protecting that religion; and felt, that the surest mode of overthrowing the reformed religion was by turning the corporations against the object for whose protection they were insti-

tuted. For the same purpose the Whigs sent commissioners to 117 corporate towns, and out of this number chose 54, which, from being exclusively Protestant, might become as exclusively Catholic: in these, annual elections were to take place, and corporate officers to be appointed. And, though it was powerfully objected (by Sir William Follett) that in a country where the majority of the people were Roman Catholics, and the great majority of the proprietors Protestants, and the bulk of the population arrayed against the property, it was not likely that the peace or the tranquillity of Ireland would be promoted by having these annual elections, yet ministers persisted in the measure for the professed purpose of peace and tranquillity, but evidently for the real purpose of placing a greater amount of political power in the hands of Mr. O'Connell and the Roman Catholics. They admitted that his power "was almost without check or control,"* yet strove to increase that power by giving him fifty-four "normal schools for teaching the science of political agitation," as Mr. O'Connell himself expressed it.

8. Rapin informs us, that James next "came to a resolution of having a standing army of Papists in Ireland, and of disarming the Protestants." Our present rulers resorted to a similar and equally efficacious, but more ingenious and crafty, method of arriving at the same result. By an act which passed at the Revolution of 1688, the army is continued only from year to year, and the supplies for its maintenance must be asked from parliament every year: moreover, the name is obnoxious. From these considerations, our ministers determined to create a permanent body beyond the control of parliament; an army which, under the mild name of a "constabulary force," should excite neither fear nor suspicion, and should place a body of men, at least amounting to five thousand, at the absolute disposal of the executive.

King James began to disarm the Protestants, by writing to the lords-justices that "it was not safe to have the arms of the militia dispersed abroad."—RAPIN, 54.

The Whig-Radical government in like manner disbanded the militia in Ireland, in order to supply its place

by a force more completely at the disposal of the crown.

9. In 1686, "the Papists set up every where in the kingdom the free and open exercise of their religion. The Jesuits erected colleges and seminaries in all the considerable towns."—RAPIN.

It might not be necessary to do more than mention Maynooth, or Lancashire, where the Jesuits have at present so large an establishment. But, in order to shew the rapid strides which Popery is now making in these realms, in consequence of the encouragement it receives, it should be told that, in England alone, according to the British Reformation Society's statistics, the Popish schools have, during the last twenty-five years, increased from 41 to 106; chapels, from 58 to 504; and in Scotland, from 8 or 10 to 76, as appears from returns which have been made: which, however, are so imperfect, that in one county (Sussex), where the return mentions only one Catholic chapel, there are known to be six or seven others not returned.

10. But the similarity of events affecting the Irish church in the reign of James, and during the present times, is no less striking. Lords Halifax, Clarendon, and Rochester, left the administration of the Earl of Sunderland, because they were too ardently attached to the Protestant religion to take part in the Popish proceedings of the cabinet. In like manner did their affection for the reformed faith induce Lord Stanley and Sir James Graham to quit the government; and when they retired, O'Connell gained an ascendancy in the Irish councils, such as Tyrconnel had done in the seventeenth century.

"Revenues were then assigned" by James to the Catholic clergy (says Dalrymple, p. 97) from "the rents of the Protestant bishoprics, which for these purposes were kept vacant."

Our present ministers have not yet kept the bishoprics vacant to support Catholicism, but for the same purpose they first reduced the number of Protestant bishops; and, having done so, they next endeavoured to reduce the property of the church by despoiling it of its possessions, in order to bestow the funds of the church upon the Roman Catholic priesthood, under the pretext of supporting national education.

* Lord Howick, 8th of March.

Another remarkable instance of resemblance between the two periods may be found in R. North's *Life of Lord Guilford*. He says, that with ministers "*the canker was Lord North's unmoved constancy and fidelity to the church and monarchy settled by law*; both of which the Earl of Sunderland wrought to overturn. And he could not bear such an obstacle in his way without attempting to remove it."

Now, Lord North had at that time, like Lord Lyndhurst in our own, held the great seal of England under the preceding administration; and the hostility which Lord North experienced from the prime-minister of that day, could not possibly be more bitter than that which the late chancellor has met with from Lord Melbourne, and those who along with him have "wrought to overturn" "*the church and monarchy settled by law.*" Lingard tells us (xiv. 88), that in the house of lords "the ministers, with the exception of Jeffries, offered but a faint and doubtful resistance;" and Hume (viii. 253), that "he was soon taught to know his place; and he proved by his behaviour that insolence, when checked, naturally sinks into meanness and cowardice." The Jeffries of the present day has either become tired of public business, or, to use his own favourite word, "*peradventure*" he *has learnt* his place, and has of late been either silent or absent; on which account the ministers have offered a still more "faint and doubtful resistance" in the upper house: nevertheless, they have not forgotten the policy of their prototypes in King James's time. Sir James Mackintosh says that Lord Sunderland, "Not content with the ordinary means of seduction, and with the natural progress of desertion, meditated a plan for seducing the *obstinacy* of the upper house, by the creation of the requisite number of new peers devoted to his majesty's measures."—P. 200. The Whigs have put the Earl of Sunderland's plan into execution; they have, during their brief official career, increased the peerage by the addition or elevation of fifty names. •

11. At one period of that unhappy reign, which in its encroachments on civil and religious liberty bears so fearful a resemblance to the present, we find the upper and lower houses pursuing nearly the same course as at the present day. Members of the

house of commons, "instead of guarding their liberties now exposed to manifest peril," "contributed to increase those dangers with which they had so much reason to be alarmed;" while we observe the "house of peers" and the "bench of bishops" resisting and "prevailing" against the unconstitutional measures of the government.

And again, at a somewhat later and more critical moment (1688), when a series of unprincipled measures had driven the ill-fated monarch from the throne, we find the peers again standing boldly forward in defence of constitutional freedom. By the vacancy of the throne the populace were masters; and, during the anarchy which ensued, there was no disorder which might not be dreaded from their extravagance. The tranquillity of the country was endangered, and its exertions paralysed. "In this extremity, the bishops and peers who were in town" "thought proper to assemble, and to interpose for the preservation of the community." "They gave directions to the mayor and aldermen for keeping the peace of the city."

It is to the firmness of the peers on this important occasion that we owe those terms on which our freedom was established, and by which the powers of the crown were so justly limited and defined, that, up to the period when our present rulers came into power, nothing had been able to alter or displace them.

On the approach of William III., such was the joy and gratitude of the people, that they were ready to cast their privileges and liberties unconditionally at the feet of their deliverer. The deputies from the common-council and the city went forth to welcome him, and beg "of him to hasten his march to the capital, for the completion of the great work which he had so gloriously begun." This address met with a most gracious reception. The peers, with more caution and consideration (says Lingard, 270), "published and sent to the prince a declaration of their adhesion to him, in his endeavour to uphold the *religion* and *liberties* of the country by *procuring a free parliament*: a declaration which, as it did not come up to his expectations, was received by him with evident marks of dissatisfaction."

The debt which the country has lately incurred to the peers, for their

efforts in the same cause, imposes nearly as deep an obligation as the services which they performed at the former revolution. If they continue fearlessly to pursue the same course — if they persevere to act with the same integrity and independence, wisdom and patriotism, honesty and firmness, there is little fear that the returning good sense of the nation will not, ere long, ably second them in their struggles to preserve our liberties; and that a vote of the house of commons, similar to that which on the 1st of February, 1689, “Resolved, *nemine contradicente*, that the thanks of this house be given to the clergy of the Church of England who have preached and written against Popery, and have opposed the illegal Ecclesiastical Commission,” may soon again grace the order-book, and indicate the gratitude of the nation.

If Britons only do their duty at the ensuing crisis, and resist popery and tyranny as manfully as they did at the great Revolution, Ireland need not despair of seeing such a letter as that in which Father Con, the Jesuit, on the 10th of December, 1688, vented his grief and indignation. “There is now an end,” said he, “of all the pleasing hopes of seeing our holy religion make a progress in this country. It looks as if heaven and earth had conspired against us. But this is not all; the great evil comes from ourselves: our own *imprudence, avarice, and ambition*, have brought all this upon us. The *good king* has made use of *fools, knaves, and blockheads*; and the great *minister* that you sent here has contributed also his share. Instead of a moderate, discreet, and sagacious minister, you sent a mere boy; a *fine showy jop, to make love to the ladies*.

‘High praises, mighty trophies you have won!’

But enough on this head, my dear friend: THE WHOLE AFFAIR IS OVER. The prospect was fair, if the business had been in the hands of men of sense; but, to our disgrace, THE HELM WAS HELD BY ROGUES.”—CLAR. *Corr.*

12. Here the parallel ceases. We have completed an impartial comparison between the chief persons who have conducted affairs, and the principal events which have occurred at two of the most important eras in British his-

tory; and, having exhibited the striking resemblance between the measures of government, it is just that we should notice the equally remarkable contrast which exists between the private characters of the two sovereigns occupying the throne at the respective periods:

James II. was haughty, reserved, and bigoted; William IV. is affable, condescending, and liberal.

James was relentless, intolerant, and despotic; William is forgiving, indulgent, and popular.

James had inherited all the arbitrary notions respecting the divine right of kings and passive obedience of subjects entertained by the house of Stuart, and he attempted to alter the national religion, and to dispense with laws, by the exercise of his “royal prerogative.” William IV. has not forgotten that he is a sovereign in a limited monarchy. In 1834 he declared his constitutional sentiments, and thus alluded to the events which placed his family on the throne:—“These events,” said his majesty, “were consummated in a *revolution which was rendered necessary, and was effected not merely for the sake of the temporal liberties of the people, but for the preservation of their religion*. It was for the defence of the religion of the country that was made that settlement of the crown which has placed me in the situation that I now fill; and that religion, and the Church of England and Ireland, it is my fixed purpose, determination, and resolution, to maintain.”

James II. considered the prerogative of the crown paramount to the constitution, and higher than the rights and liberties of the people. William IV., in reply to the amended address in 1835, said, “I never have exercised, and I never will exercise, any of the prerogatives which I hold, excepting for the single purpose of promoting the great end for which they were intrusted to me—the *public good*.”

The natural conclusion at which we arrive from the foregoing observations is, that the present condition of parties in this country, produced by six years of Whig-Radical mal-administration, renders the individual character of the monarch of less importance than at any previous period of our history.

So unfortunate is the position of this country at the present crisis, that, in defiance of the king’s acknowledged opinions and avowed sentiments, a

cabinet has been forced upon his majesty, so destitute of all principle or of love of their country, as to be willing—if they obtain the power—to destroy the established religion, to subvert the constitution, and to enslave the people, in order to gratify their own extravagant ambition. The danger to religion and the constitution from the designs of these ministers, is greater now than it was at the time of King James; inasmuch as our present rulers more artfully conceal the hollowness of their faith.

When James and his ministers endeavoured to introduce popery, they themselves openly professed it; and, therefore, failed. When the royal advisers recommended James to favour the Dissenters, the suspicion of the

people was awakened, and their jealousy aroused, by the suspension of the laws affecting religion by “sovereign authority, prerogative royal, and absolute power, which all subjects were to obey without reserve.”

Now, the constitution is overturned according to law; Protestantism is discouraged, and civil liberty infringed, under the dangerous because popular pretexts of religion and patriotism, professed by those who affect to be the friends of the people rather than the servants of the crown.

The present ministry is as unprincipled and unconstitutional as that of James the Second; and more mischievous, because its designs are concealed with greater art and dissimulation.

THE MYSTERIOUS BACHELOR.

CHAP. I.

THE small town of Magglewell consists of one irregular street, with three or four insignificant lanes branching therefrom at right angles, and its population is about fifteen hundred; but the old folks aver that it formerly contained double that number, and was a place of considerable traffic. Among the evidences of former prosperity was a family mansion, called Lark Hall, situated at the outskirts of the upper side of the town, between it and the London road; which latter formerly passed through the main street, but now runs by, at the distance of half-a-mile, in order to save “a down-hill” and “an up-hill” to the increased number of coaches.

The principal inn was near the bottom of the principal street, and distinguished by a swingeing, swinging, creaking, rampant white horse, with flowing mane and tail, all so magnificently displayed upon a black-ground as to cause him sometimes to be taken for the monarch of quadrupeds. Over the door was to be seen, in moderate letters, the name of mine host—“Jeremiah Brown, licensed,” &c. &c.; and there was a huge, old-fashioned bow-window, thrown forward on either side: that on the right appertaining to a room called “the house,” for the use of the commoner sort of people; while that on the left, being decked

with green canvass-blinds, denoted the “club-room.”

This latter was furnished with arm-chairs, and small and large tables, and decorated with glazed prints representing Lord Nelson’s funeral-car, the battle of Trafalgar, the Babes in the wood, the Princess Charlotte, Prince Blucher, Sterne’s Maria, Christian and Christiana going up the hill Difficulty, and the Duke of Wellington.

It was Saturday evening, or club-night. A large table stood in the centre of the room, the floor was nicely sanded, and the magnates of Magglewell began, as they termed it, to “tumble in.” Dr. Smith, the apothecary, &c., took his seat at one side of the fire-place; and Mr. Simkins, the lawyer, at the other. Then came Mr. Jones, the mason and bricklayer; Mr. Williams, the schoolmaster and parish-clerk; and Mr. Humphries, the exciseman.

“So, Lark Hall is either let or sold, at last: which is it?” inquired the doctor.

“Sold, I believe, at the Auction-mart in London,” replied the lawyer.

“To some rich citizen, I hope,” said the bricklayer, rubbing his hands. “It’s shockingly out of repair. But, here comes neighbour Spriggs; I dare say he can tell us all about it.”

Now, Mr. Titus Spriggs was the “general shop” keeper; and, though in point of gentility he might not rank

equal with the lawyer and doctor, he was understood to be the "warmest," and, consequently, was the most influential person in the place. Some twenty years before, he had married an old-fashioned farmer's daughter, with plain domestic habits and the "wherewithal to make the pot boil;" and ever since he had gone on steadily, keeping his business together for the benefit of his increasing family. He was a smart little man, with a smile always on his face, and a pig-tail whisking behind. He was neat in his dress, obliging, talkative, and somewhat facetious behind the counter, and a "dear lover of news"—that is to say, the news of Magglewell: for of politics, since the termination of the war, he took no heed; but left them, as he said, "to those who could understand them."

Scarcely had he taken his seat in the club-room, ere he was asked if he had heard any thing of the buyer or lessee of Lark Hall? "Yes," said he, jerking back his pigtail with the right forefinger, and raising himself upright in his chair, while he held a pipe in his left hand, after the fashion of a yard-measure; "Yes—ahem! A capital thing for the town, I expect. Thank you for the tobacco, Master Humphries. It's sold out and out—money down—land and all—right up to the London road—six thousand, six hundred, and fifty pounds—dirt cheap! If I hadn't had such a family——. Well, well, as one makes one's bed one must lie on it. However, the main thing is ——"

Here he stopped, and began to fill his pipe, while he cast a jokish glance round at each of his neighbours, evincing clearly the enjoyment he felt at their impatience.

"Well, what is the main thing?" inquired the doctor.

"Ahem!" said Mr. Titus Spriggs, "the main thing is—bring me a pint of ale, Betsey!—the main thing is that" (here he went through the process of lighting his pipe, as he continued)—"the main thing is—puff, puff—that—puff—he—puff—is—puff—well, I won't—puff—keep you in—puff, puff—in suspense; but he is—puff—rich—eh?—puff—what do you think of that? and—puff—he is—puff, puff—coming down to—puff—live here. Ay, to live here! What do you think of that, my merry men all? Ay, you

may well stare; but it's as true as Gospel: for I had it from his own man-servant, who is come down to-night to sleep in the house, and was at my shop just now."

This one most interesting topic occupied the attention of all. There was much wondering about what sort of man the new-comer was, and each of the company privately built for himself a castle in the air.

"The old servant is a shy chap," continued Mr. Titus Spriggs. "All I could get out of him was, that his master and he had been abroad together; and when I asked him if there would be many in family he laughed, and said, 'You'll soon see that when once we get fairly in.' And so he avoided answering my questions; till I thought to myself that I should have plenty of other opportunities, and so it wasn't worth while to run the risk of setting his back up at first going off. He seems a queer, dry old chap; but I shall soon find out his ways, I'll warrant."

Here Mr. John Slade, the butcher, "tumbled in;" and, being a plain-spoken, rough, laughing fellow, who had contrived to put money in his purse, saluted the club with a "How are ye?" and then said, bluntly, "I've just had a new customer—the servant from Lark Hall. Confounded particular! Knows what good meat is, though—an old soldier, I guess! Going to sleep in the house alone to-night. Asked him if he'd heard it was haunted? and he laughed, and said, With all his heart, as he understood ghosts always brought sheets with them; and a pair would be very convenient, as he'd forgotten to bring any. Egad! I hope the place will be inhabited now. It's pretty nigh a dozen years since the ladies' school was broken up, and all on account of the ghost, as far as I can make out."

"Ay, ay," observed Mr. Titus Spriggs, drily, "ghosts enough, I'll be bound! Came in the shape of long Christmas bills. Well for you that it was just before you went into business, or you'd know more about it! I sent in one, I know; and a precious rumpus there was about it—wanted to persuade me that they hadn't had half the things. Bad management! Poor things!—very sorry for 'em. Up to the piansy, and your foreign French lingo, and cutting capers, and all that, dare say."

but no notion of housekeeping. All left to servants; and that won't do, we all know."

"They were clever ladies, though," observed the schoolmaster and parish-clerk. "I was sorry when they went, for they were always very agreeable when I used to go to give their young ladies lessons in writing. As for the house being haunted, I won't take upon me to speak positive; but this I will say, that no Christian as believes his Bible dare to say that it is impossible: and what I've heard from good authority a'n't to be accounted for on any rational principles whatever."

Hereupon the lawyer professed himself to be a stout unbeliever; then the doctor shook his head, and averred, that though he could not credit many of the tales he had heard, yet certainly others had come under his observation in which, after making every allowance for optical delusion, mental hallucination, &c., enough remained to bewilder him exceedingly.

The question of supernatural appearances being once started, it became the subject of the evening's debate. Divers goblin legends and tales of witchcraft were related, as usual on such occasions, and with the usual result of leaving the minds of the hearers more unsettled than before, and with an additional momentary tendency toward superstition. And with such feelings the clubbists separated for the night, to go home and relate what they had heard to their wives and families; for the proceedings of that select meeting generally gave a colour to the conversation of Magglewell during the following week.

Thus it happened that the purchaser of Lark Hall, and the various ghost stories appertaining to his mansion, were spoken of at every fire-side; and there was much wondering and guessing whether he would really come and reside there, and be able to stand his ground.

The first question was soon resolved, by the arrival of two waggon-loads of furniture from London. Then came paper-hangers and other artists, who, of course, visited the White Horse; but none of them knew any thing more of the gentleman they were working for than that his name was Bamwell.

Thus matters went on for three weeks, and then Jones, the bricklayer

and mason, was summoned, one Saturday evening, to the Hall, to speak to the master thereof, who had just arrived from town by one of the coaches, and had made his way across his own ground to the house, thereby escaping the notice of the townsfolk.

The club assembled as usual, and waited with anxiety for the return of their architectural member, who did not make his appearance till the unusually late hour of nine.

"Well, what sort of man is he?" "So, he's come at last!" "Given you a good job, I hope!" "Come, tell us all about it," were uttered in various directions.

"He's coming to live here, that's plain enough," replied the mason. "A pint of ale, Betsey! And, if he goes on as he begins, it will be no bad thing for the parish. I'm to build him a new wall along the north-side of the kitchen-garden, and am to look over the roof of the house and make out an estimate; and when that's done, he says, he shall see how he likes my work, and have plenty more for me to do."

"But what sort of man is he?" inquired one of the company.

"Why," replied Jones, "he's a —"

Here the club-room door was burst open, and the butcher's boy rushed in, out of breath, to tell his master that he was sent for, and must go directly, to Lark Hall, to the new squire; and thereupon the butcher swallowed the remainder of his pint and withdrew, promising to return again, if not detained too long.

"Now, Mr. Jones," said the doctor, "you were going to tell us what kind of man he was."

"Why, as for that," replied the mason, "there is nothing *very* particular about him. He an't a bad-looking man—not very tall, nor very short. I should think, a bit on the wrong side thirty, but not much. He's dressed in the fashion, I suppose, with one of your longish half-and-half things, that's neither a great coat nor a little un. Howsoever, he talked very sensible about business, and said as I might have money as I wanted it."

"Well, well," observed the lawyer, "I'm glad to find he's a sensible man. If that's the case, he'll only laugh about the house being haunted."

"That will not depend altogether on the strength of his mind," said the

doctor. "In cases of hypochondria, I have known —. By the by, I hope he seems in good health?"

"As for that," replied the mason, "I'm no great judge, particular by candle-light; but it seemed to me as he was rather sallowish."

"Ay, hem," muttered the doctor; "some trifling affection of the liver, perhaps. His old servant talked of their having been abroad."

"That's a queer old file, that servant of his," observed Mr. Titus Spriggs. "I've pumped him in all sorts of ways, but can't get any thing out of him: no more can the landlord here, nor any body else."

"Can't I?" exclaimed Jeremiah Brown, who had just entered the room. "Ay, but I can though! He was here last night, and I got out of him that he'd been an old soldier, and served in the Peninsular; and so has his master too. What d'ye say to that?"

Both the professional gentlemen were well pleased at this intelligence; and Mr. Spriggs expressed his wonder that any gentleman, who had got plenty of money, should be so foolish as to go abroad to be shot at.

"I almost suspected as much," said the mason; "he's got that commanding sort of way with him, and stood so upright, with his hands behind him, while we were talking. But I must be off and get to bed, as I mean to take one of the first coaches to-morrow, to run up to town and have a little chat with a friend in my line in London, about the estimates."

Mr. Jones had not been gone long when Mr. Slade, the butcher, returned to the club-room, rubbing his hands in high glee. "Egad!" cried he; "the new squire's one o' the right sort! Mutton-chops for supper to-night, and a sirloin of beef for dinner to-morrow; a leg for soup, and a round for salting, and steaks for breakfast!"

"Ay, ay," said Mr. Simkins, the lawyer, "your military men know what good living is."

"Military!" exclaimed Slade, laughing; "he'd cut a rum figure for a soldier! He's more like a bishop, or an alderman, with his jolly red nose."

"Red nose!" cried the doctor. "Why, Jones said he was sallowish!"

"I don't know what he may call sallowish," replied the butcher; "but the squire's got more red in his face than all of us put together."

"Very strange!" "That's very odd!" said two voices at the same time.

"Not a bit!" continued Slade: "it's the genuine beef and port-wine colour. He's brought down a great hamper with him, and an old cook, who is as deaf as a post."

"Humph!" ejaculated the lawyer. "My good friend Slade, there is a singular discrepancy between your evidence and that of our friend Jones. Will you allow me to ask about what age you suppose the new squire to be?"

"Why, as for that," said the butcher, "as near as I can guess, I shouldn't think he could be much short of fifty. But I can't say exactly, because he's got such a famous corporation of his own, and such a way of stooping and letting his head fall between his shoulders, that mayhap he looks older than he is. What are you all staring about so? Isn't that plain enough?"

The smokers looked at each other in silent amazement for a minute, and then the exciseman observed that it was a rum go, and that it was beyond his art to gauge it.

"Worse than one of Euclid's problems!" said Williams, the school-master.

"'Twould puzzle any judge and jury!" exclaimed Mr. Simkins, the lawyer.

"Talk of chalk being like cheese!" cried Mr. Titus Spriggs. "Why, one of our friends must have seen the ghost, and t'other the squire!"

"It is impossible to amalgamate or extract any satisfactory result from such heterogeneous and conflicting materials," observed Mr. Smith, the apothecary.

"Well," said the butcher, somewhat testily, "I don't know what rig you're all up to; but you'll not persuade me that I've seen a ghost, I can tell you that."

"Don't be offended, my good fellow!" said the doctor. "You shall hear, and then judge for yourself, whether our surprise is not natural." And forthwith he repeated what had been told them by the bricklayer.

The butcher stared, shrugged up his shoulders, and made up his mind that his neighbour Jones had planned some sort of hoax. So he contented himself with saying that time would shew who was right; and, shortly after, the club broke up.

On the following morning, the church of Magglewell was unusually well attended; but the squire's pew was empty. This disappointed all, and excited a prejudice against him in the minds of many. He became, consequently, the topic of conversation at every early dinner-table; and, in their afternoon walks, the natives gave a preference that day to going up-hill, and so passed in front of Lark Hall. But the owner thereof was not visible, though his presence was clearly indicated by the smoke cheerfully ascending from the kitchen-chimneys.

CHAP. II.

Spring, summer, and autumn, had passed away, and still the mystery attending the purchaser of Lark Hall remained unravelled. Great alterations, however, had been made in and about the place itself. A high wall was built along the road-side, making the garden quite private. A gate had been erected at the extremity of the estate in the high London road, from whence a footpath, with trees planted on either side, was constructed to the home pleasure-ground. Jones, the mason, had sent in his estimate for repairing the roof, &c.; and his contract was agreed to by a letter sent to the old man-servant, who also paid the money, and took a receipt when the work was finished. The gardens and pleasure-grounds also were put into perfect order, under the superintendence of a Scotch gardener, who took up his residence in a small adjoining cottage.

During these operations many of the poor were employed, and, of course, the parish derived considerable benefit. Then the arrival of sundry pipes of wine gave promise of good house-keeping at some future day; and perhaps the Magglewellites ought to have been content to wait the event, without troubling their heads about the age, stature, and complexion, of the new squire. But the spirit of inquiry had gone forth among them, and the mystery of his different appearance to Messrs. Jones and Slade had been talked over and over and over, both in private circles and at the club, but in vain. They were both positive, and once were on the point of rationally settling the question by fighting it out with their fists, but were prevented by their wives; who were both convinced

that there was "something more than natural in the business."

This belief was spreading rapidly among the natives, when Jeremiah Brown, the landlord of the White Horse, one day contrived to get old Ned Stiff, the old soldier, into an unusually communicative mood. They had been talking of the various improvements about the Hall, and the old man at last said,

"Well, I hope master 'll enjoy himself when he comes down again."

"Now or never," thought mine host. "I've asked the Scotch gardener, but he never saw his master; and the old woman can't hear a word: so, here goes!" And he said, in an off-hand way, "He's a very good-looking man, I understand—as tall as you are, and looks like an officer?"

Now, Ned Stiff stood five feet ten inches in his shoes, and had served in the light-company, and was yet as upright as a halbert. There was nothing indicative of age about him but his face, which was weather-beaten, and shrivelled about the mouth after a whimsical fashion; for the aperture being naturally small, and placed under a nose of formidable prominence, it was very difficult to ascertain when his risible muscles were in action.

"As for what my master looks like," said he, "I'm no great judge; but I can tell you this, that he's a good bit taller sometimes than he is at others."

These words were uttered slowly and seriously, as if expressing nothing uncommon.

"What do you mean? How can that be?" exclaimed the landlord.

"It's a way he has," observed the veteran, calmly. "Indeed, he changes so much every now and then, that I shouldn't know him, if he didn't tell me who he was."

"Come, come, that won't do!" said the landlord; "that's what I call coming the old soldier, and cramming one with a vengeance!"

"Well, you'll see," replied Stiff, lighting his pipe demurely.

"Let me once catch sight of him," said Boniface, "and if I don't know him again, I'm a Dutchman, that's all!"

"I'll bet you a pot of beer you'll be bothered as well as the rest," said the old soldier.

"Done!" cried the taker; and "Done!" cried the bettor. And then,

as other customers came in, the conversation was changed; and then Ned Stiff threw down his halfpence and walked off, stately and slowly, as if going to parade.

"What the old chap can mean, I can't think," soliloquised mine host. "However, I'll keep it to myself till next club-night, and then, just as they're breaking up, I'll pop in; and the dickens is in it if it won't bring glasses, or pints, all round."

This tradesmanlike resolution was duly carried into effect, to the extreme bewilderment of the clubbites; who, after an unusually long sitting, unanimously agreed that there must be something very extraordinary about the new squire.

Thus, the mystification at Magglewell continued to increase, and curiosity had attained to a painful height, when Ned Stiff's purchases and orders to the butcher, baker, &c., indicated that his master might be hourly expected.

The days were now short, and candles were just lighted in the general shop of Mr. Titus Spriggs, when a stranger entered somewhat hastily, and asked, "Sell tea, here—eh?" He was apparently about thirty years of age, very thin, quick and jerking in his manner, and, as he spake, cast his eyes round in all directions, as though marvelling at the variety of articles exposed for sale.

Mr. Titus Spriggs answered his question in the affirmative, produced his canisters, and began to expatiate on the qualities of his tea.

"Ay, ay," said the stranger, briskly, "dare say 't's very good! Proof of pudding in eating though. Don't know me, suppose? How should you? Lark Hall. Know one another better soon. Send up a pound of green. Stupid fellow, Stiff! forgot that. Don't like black. Your name, Spriggs, eh?"

"Yes, sir," said Titus, speaking somewhat nervously, and opening his eyes wider than usual; for he was greatly disconcerted at finding the squire so very different from either of the descriptions given by his neighbours.

"Well, well," continued the stranger, "dare say shall want some more o' your things. Just arrived—no time to look about me yet. Step up between eight and nine, will ye? There—thats all. Good by!" And, making

a sort of pirouette, he whisked out of the shop.

"A military man! an alderman!" muttered the shopkeeper. "More like a mountebank, to my thinking!" And then, after weighing off the pound of tea, he went to report what had occurred to his spouse; with whom he was yet chatting when Mr. Smith, the apothecary, made his appearance, in high spirits.

"Well, doctor, how are you? Glad to see you," said Titus. "I was just thinking about you. We've had the new squire here, and I can't think what Jones or Slade could be thinking about——"

"Nor I neither!" exclaimed the apothecary; "for he has but just left me. Bless my heart! why he's a nice, little, compact, rosy-faced fellow, as ever I'd wish to see!"

"Not so little, neither!" said Spriggs. "And as for rosy, I can't say as that struck me. But what a way he has of jerking himself about! Did ye mind that? Egad! he quite danced himself out of the shop."

"That's strange!" observed the doctor. "There is certainly something affected—I could almost say, effeminate—in his manners; but as for dancing, I really should not have suspected him of that, particularly as he fancies himself an invalid. He complained of weakness, and want of spirits, and so on: but it's all nervous fancy. However, if people will be physicked, what *can* one do? I shall send him a draught or two that can't do him any harm, but the contrary. Indeed, most people would have better health if they took a gentle aperient now and then, when they fancy themselves quite well, instead of waiting till the system becomes clogged, and violent remedies are absolutely necessary."

"Physic! nervous! humph! Effeminate!" murmured Titus Spriggs. "Can't make head nor tail of it! Humph! How was he dressed?"

"In black," replied the apothecary. "Black!" cried the shopkeeper. "Why, then it's somebody else! He had on a lightish, fawn-coloured coat, when he was here, not half an hour ago."

"That's impossible!" exclaimed Mr. Smith; "for he left me only this moment at your door, and walked on to the Hall."

Other points of comparison were equally unsatisfactory. It seemed that they could not both have seen the real squire; nor was the visitor of either at all like the persons described by Jones or Slade. Poor Mrs. Spriggs had recourse to her smelling-bottle, and insisted upon it that Titus should not go to the Hall till daylight.

The parlour in which they were sitting was at the back of the shop, and scarcely had she uttered this interdict when her eldest boy, who had been sent to carry the tea home, rushed in, pale and trembling.

"What's the matter, Titus?" cried his mother.

"Oh, Lor'! oh, Lor'! What shall I do?" blubbered the youth; and, for some minutes, nothing more satisfactory could be extracted from him. At length it came out, that, after delivering the tea to the old deaf cook, he was returning through the court, and saw a tall figure in white glide from a dark corner toward the back of the house.

"The pure effect of imagination!" observed the doctor.

"Ay, ay," said the draper; "nothing more. This comes of talking about ghosts till you think you see 'em."

Mrs. Spriggs, however, shook her head, and proceeded to comfort young Titus with a glass of her home-made.

As their conversation could not well be resumed before the terrified boy, the two friends agreed to go and call upon neighbour Jones, the bricklayer, to compare notes.

They were received in the usual neighbourly way; but had scarcely taken their seats, when their host informed them that he had received a summons to wait upon the new squire, at eight o'clock. "Another good job, I hope," he added, rubbing his hands. "Good pay, too: that I know by experience; and that's the main thing, no matter whether a man's sallow or red-faced then. But, however, now he is come you'll soon see I was right."

The two guests, after a few humphs, each proceeded to tell his own tale, to the especial wonder of their host; and then, though with small hopes of elucidating the subject, they sent for neighbour Slade, the butcher, who came forthwith; and, as he entered the room, cried exultingly,

"Well, he's come down at last! We shall see who's right now. Lots

of meat I've sent in this last week! Am to go up to the Hall at quarter-past eight, to be paid, I suppose. He's sent for Williams, too. I wonder what he can want with him!"

"Under these circumstances," observed the doctor, demurely, "I do not think it is worth while to go on with our discussion, as every thing must be cleared up so soon. You will all see the squire again, and I shall call upon him to-morrow morning, to inquire how he is in health."

"Ay, ay," said their masonic host, "no use bothering ourselves about such nonsense. The money's the thing after all, and he's good pay. So, come, I think you'll have no call to find fault with my tap. That's right, Sally! Come, gentlemen." And forthwith he proceeded to the exercise of his hospitable duties; and nothing more was said of the mysterious squire till the clock struck eight, when the little party broke up.

"I must just step home first," said Titus Spriggs. And off he walked, to consult with his spouse about the propriety of keeping his appointment; while Jones and Slade proceeded direct to the Hall.

There they were ushered by old Ned Stiff into a parlour, where they found mine host of the White Horse, Williams, the parish-clerk and schoolmaster, and Humphries, the exciseman, already in waiting.

"Master won't keep you waiting long, I dare say," said the old soldier; "though I a'n't quite certain, for he's got Mr. Simkins with him, and your lawyers are desperate long-winded sometimes. But he'll get rid of him as soon as he can, and told me to take care of you. So, there, help yourselves. There's a bottle of gin, and sugar, and cold water; and that kettle's full on the fire. But I must go, as we've no other servant yet but me and old Nanny; and so I've plenty to do." And forthwith he left them.

"Come," exclaimed mine host of the White Horse, "the squire isn't quite a skinflint, at any rate; so I'll just drink his good health." And he began "brewing," as he termed mixing a glass of grog. His neighbours speedily followed so laudable an example, and sate enjoying themselves as well as they could under their anxiety at being about to be introduced into the presence of one concerning whom

they had heard such contradictory accounts.

We must now shift the scene to another parlour, to which they were successively conducted by old Ned Stiff; who, on opening the door to each, said, "You'll find master there."

CHAP. III.

The parlour into which our Maggellites were successively introduced was a small, well-furnished room, connected with a larger by folding-doors; against which was placed a lofty screen, to keep off the draught of air. A table was drawn near the fire, and covered with a dessert, wines, spirit-flasks, and glasses of various dimensions; and, facing each other, sate Mr. Simkins, the lawyer, and a gentleman about thirty years of age, neither tall nor short, of an agreeable countenance and manner, and withal of a somewhat military air.

"Therefore, sir," said he, referring to their previous conversation, which it is not necessary to detail; "therefore, my good sir, as you were the professional gentleman employed when the money was borrowed on the estate by its late possessors, it appears to me that you are the fittest person to wait upon your own clients again, and tell them that I wish to pay off the mortgage, and I don't care how soon; for, to tell you a secret—" here he smiled, as he continued: "the fact is, my good sir, I am anxious to have the little property clear of every incumbrance; though, perhaps, you will think I am taking an odd way of doing so, when I tell you that I am going to be married."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Simkins. "I am most happy to hear it. Our poor town has long wanted a respectable, influential, resident family. I wish you and your amiable lady many years of happiness, sir!"

"Thank you," Mr. Simkins; "thank you!" replied the prospective bridegroom. "I've no doubt we shall do very well when once we get settled, but, at present, I'm sadly hurried. So many people to see! There are six or seven waiting now, I understand."

At this hint the lawyer prepared to withdraw.

"I do not like the idea of thus driving you away," said his host, gaily rising; "but we shall see more of each other soon, I trust;" and he rang the

bell. And thereupon Ned Stiff made his appearance, and Mr. Simkins was shewn out at the front-door with due respect.

"It is your turn now," Master Jones, said the veteran, a few minutes after, to the bricklayer; and forthwith Master Jones rose up, and was conducted to the parlour, where he found a short stout gentleman, about forty years of age, and half as many stone weight, sitting alone at the well-garnished table.

"Sorry I kept you waiting, neighbour," said he: "lawyers' business always tedious, though. Sit down, will you? Our affair's soon settled. Perfectly satisfied with what you've done. Been paid, haven't you? What are you gaping about the room for? Don't see any thing wanting in your line here, do ye?"

"No, sir," stammered the bewildered mason; "but I thought—I thought the squire was here."

"What squire?" asked the stout gentleman, with a look of surprise. "Who could you expect to see here but me, when I sent for you?"

"You, sir!" exclaimed Jones.

"Yes. Who else could you expect to see in my house? Why, you look as if you were dreaming! But, come, to business!—I've no time to lose. Here's the plan of a lodge, which I mean to have built on the side of the London road. Look it over carefully, and make your own calculations; and then let me know what you can complete it for. There, put it in your pocket—that's all I have to say. Ever so many people to talk to to-night!" And he pulled the bell-rope for Stiff, who stalked gravely in, and stood erect waiting for orders. "Shew this good man out," said the stout gentleman, "and then send up one of the others. Good night, Master Jones. Let me have your estimate, all fairly written—same as last time—any day within the next fortnight. Good night."

"Who is that gentleman?" stammered Jones to his conductor, as they went along the passage. "He can't be the father of 'other—he a'n't old enough."

"I thought you'd seen master before," observed Stiff, demurely, as he was opening the front-door.

"They can't be both masters!" said Jones.

"Both!" exclaimed Stiff. "Bah!

I suppose you've been taking a glass too much, and see double; for there was nobody else in the room. But, however, you heard what he said; so I must shew up the butcher, and can't stand talking here." And he shut the door hastily.

Slade, the butcher, was the next person that entered the parlour; and, being prepared to see his former rubicund customer, felt greatly surprised to find himself in the presence of a rakish-looking youth, dressed in the extreme of the fashion, who accosted him in a drawling tone.

"We—ell, ho—onest ma—an! Oh, ah! the bu—u—utcher, I sec. Sha—an't detain ye; meat ve—e—ery good. Old Ned pays ye—eh? All reg'lar, hope. To—old him to be so. Hark ye, my fine fellow! shall wa—ant a pro—digious lot o' beef at Christmas. You may pu—ut me by a—a ha—a—alf ox, at least. The—ere, that's all I have to—o say. You ma—ay go. Oh, ah! stop—forgot the bell." And he pulled the rope without rising, and again in came old Ned. "Le—et the bu—utcher out, Stiff, will ye," yawned the youth.

"Suppose that's the son," said Slade. "Eh? Master Stiff?"

"He's the son of his father, I suppose," replied the old soldier; "but who his father is, is more than I can tell, for I never saw him: I'm sure of that."

"Why, who was the old gentleman, then, that I saw with the jolly red—?"

"Bah!" cried Stiff; "you're enough to drive one crazy, all of you! Can't you be content to take your orders and get your money? Here was Jones, just now, wanted me to stop gossiping at the door, too. I can't think what's come to ye all! But I've no time now, and you know I haven't; so be off, will ye?" And again he closed the front-door.

The next scene in the parlour was between Williams, the parish-clerk and schoolmaster, and a very serious-looking, pale-faced gentleman, dressed in black, who sat at the table, erect in his chair, and, in a hollow voice, spake slowly to the following effect.

"Ahem! You are the parish-clerk, my man tells me."

Here Williams stammered an affirmative, but was checked by a solemn waving of the hand on the part of

the previous speaker, who thus continued:

"I am a man of few words, my friend—very few: the fewer the better. Hem! I know your character: indeed I have made it my business to inquire into the character of all the parishioners. Ahem! You are a responsible and trustworthy individual, I know; and so, ahem! as it is my intention to give certain musical instruments for your singing-gallery, I think you will be the fittest person to have the custody thereof. Hem! Don't reply: I don't like to be interrupted. Hem! But there is one thing in which you must excuse me. I understand that Humphries, the exciseman, is your principal singer; therefore I shall entrust certain books of church-music to his keeping, and I trust that you will not be offended thereat, but both unite your endeavours, so that the choral part of the service (to which both I and my intended wife are particularly partial) may be hereafter conducted with efficiency and proper solemnity. I look upon the office of parish-clerk to be one of considerable importance. Hem! The church-prayers, which I hope I esteem as I ought, are but things of yesterday when compared with the Psalms; and it appears to me, that as they are so ancient, and were, moreover, written by a king, it is our bounden duty when we do introduce them to do so in an effective style. Be that your task, my good friend. I am sorry to say"—here he shook his head dolefully—"very sorry to say, that I have heard them sung ere now in a most inharmonious and even ludicrous fashion. Pr'ythee, let us not suffer such profanation in Magglewell."

"No fear of that, your honour," said the delighted Williams. "There isn't a set of singers within twenty miles can match us as it is, though we've only got a bass-viol, a serpent, and a violin." And then he went on to describe, with some prolixity, their triumphant performance of the "Hallelujah Chorus," and divers of Handel's and other well-known pieces.

To all this the serious-looking gentleman "did seriously incline" for some minutes; and then, observing that he had yet several persons to see on business, dismissed the gratified clerk; with an intimation that he would shortly take an opportunity of hearing the singers, and perhaps join them in a

chorus. Stiff was then summoned as before, and ordered to shew in the exciseman.

"Well," said Williams, in his way to the front-door, "we've got something like a squire now! The Newtown chaps will be ready to bite their tongues off when they hear of this! I wonder what instruments he'll give us! Do you know? I'd a great mind to ask him; only he's got such a serious way with him, and says he doesn't like talking."

"No more do I," said Ned Stiff, holding the front-door open; "at least, not now, when I've so much to do. So, brush, will ye! You heard what he said."

Humphries, the exciseman, now entered the parlour, where he found a very thin gentleman, about thirty years of age, with a cast of drollery in his small-featured countenance. He was dressed in a blue coat with yellow buttons, a scarlet waistcoat edged with fur, and light drab pantaloons; and, while speaking, his legs, arms, head, and body, were in constant motion.

"Ha, ha!" cried he, as the gauger entered; "it's you, is it, Master Humphries? So, you are one of the psalm-smitters, eh? Not a tub-erator, I hope, eh? Like the inside of that best, eh? Ha, ha! So do I. Suppose you can sing a good rattling song, as well as shew the white of your eyes, eh?"

Now the exciseman, having been shifted from place to place in the exercise of his calling, had, as he conceived, "seen the world," and, consequently, prided himself on his knowledge of mankind. So, to use his own expression, he "saw, with half an eye," what sort of person he had to deal with, and resolved to fall in with his humour. Accordingly he replied, that they sometimes got up a catch at each other's houses, and at the club.

"Oho!" exclaimed the gentleman in blue; "a club, eh! That's your sort! Merry men all, I hope! How are you off for pretty girls? Get up a dance now and then, I hope!" And, without waiting for a reply, he jumped out of his chair, and began to caper about the room.

"Why no, sir," said the astounded exciseman, "I can't say as we does much in that line; but, perhaps, your honour would give us a lift, and put us in the way."

"That's what I will, my buck!" cried the caperer. "Come, give us your hand!" And, suiting the action to the word, he seized upon the bewildered gauger, and led him in a dance round the room, crying, "Hold up your head! Jump! Caper! Higher! Do you call that dancing? Do as I do!" &c. &c., till his somewhat corpulent pupil was brought to "a stand-still" for want of breath. "Ay, ay," he then said; "see you're not used to it—that's plain enough. Why, I could go on so all night! However, bless me! I'd almost forgotten what I sent for you about. But that's always the way when I once begin chattering. Never could be steady, and stick to one thing!—Never shall! I'm going to send you some musical instruments—must try and make up something like a band. You and old Square-toes, the psalm-singer, consult together, and let me know what you want. I spoke to him about it just now. You may twiddle and snuffle away with 'em at church, if you like; but that's out of my way quite. All I want of you is to get yourselves perfect in country-dances and a set of quadrilles, that I'll send you; and then, when Christmas comes, Lal, lal, de ral" (here he recommenced his capers), "Lal, lal, fal de riddle la! We'll see what you are made of, and shew you a thing or two. Yes, yes, my boy! I mean to astonish the natives." And he concluded with a somerset, head over heels, which brought him close to his visitor; before whom he stood erect, exclaiming, "What do you think of that?"

The exciseman was too much amazed to find a ready reply, and began rubbing his eyes, as though doubtful of their evidence.

"Well," resumed his entertainer, "you dance off now, for I've ever so many more people to see;" and he pulled the bell for Stiff, at whose appearance he dismissed his visitor, with half-a-dozen profound bows and fantastical grimaces; which, if possible, increased his bewilderment.

"Your master's a rum un," quoth Humphries to Ned, in the passage.

"Ay, and so am I, as they say," replied Stiff. "Like master, like man."

"Is he always in this way?" asked the exciseman.

"No," said Ned, drily; "he a'n't

in this way now: for this is the way out, you see; and; there—the door's open; so march, will you, for I can't be bothered with questions now." And again, in a Cerberus-like fashion, he closed the front-door.

While these interviews were in progress, mine host of the White Horse had been "making himself at home," according to old Ned's instructions; and, as he had not been unusually abstemious during the earlier part of the day, was waxing merry when he received his summons to attend the squire.

On entering the parlour, he saw at the table a tall, stout, athletic, elderly gentleman, dressed in an immense blue military frock, embellished with a multitude of black silk frogs, tassels, &c.

"He's an officer, sure enough!" thought the landlord. "My eyes! what a face! It's like a full moon, only for the colour."

"Come, Master Boniface, be seated, will you!" cried the gentleman. "I want to see what you're like. Help yourself, will ye!" and he pushed a decanter across the table. "There, that's a clean glass. Come, come, none of your confounded ceremony! Leave that to your tea-drinkers. Come, what are you gaping about? One would think you were the old one, and I'd offered you a bottle of holy-water."

"Thank your honour, you're very kind," stammered Jeremiah Brown. "But, you see, I've just been taking a glass of grog, as old Stiff—"

"Oh! you prefer spirits, eh?" observed his host. "Very well, here they are of all sorts. Mix for yourself, and I'll take a tumbler with you as soon as I've finished this bottle, for I don't like heel-taps."

"Humph!" thought Brown, "this'll be a longish job, then; for the decanter isn't half out." So he "brewed," as he was desired, muttering, at the same time, something about being sorry to give so much trouble.

"Bah!" exclaimed the great man; "one would think you were a boarding-school miss, instead of a landlord. That isn't half a glass! Fill it up with brandy, unless you mean to have a fit of the mulligrubs. Zounds! I'll have no milk-and-water ways here! Pass me one of those tumblers, will ye! There, that's better. I bate these little

thimble-glasses—one can't taste the wine. Well, here's luck to you and your ramping, flying dragon, lion, or horse, or whatever you call it!" And, having filled the tumbler to the brim, he tossed it off at a draught.

"Well," thought Boniface, "if he can stand that, he can stand any thing! But, howsomever, I must do the genteel thing, I suppose." So he got upon his legs, and "returned thanks for the honour done him" and the White Horse, and finished by wishing the squire health and happiness for many years; and then, warmed by the trepidation of speaking in such august presence, and excited by example, he manfully tossed off his rummer likewise, as the most approved method of doing "the genteel thing."

When he had recovered from a fit of coughing, he was much surprised to find that his host had again helped himself, and the remnant in the decanter looked exceedingly small.

"Brew again, quick!" said the gigantic wine-bibber: "or take a glass of short. Something stuck in your throat, that's all. I shall join you in a few minutes, for I'm very partial to a friendly glass of grog. Brandy and water settles the wine, and agrees with me better than any thing else. Besides, this"—and he emptied the remainder into his tumbler—"this is only the second bottle I've had to-day, for I never reckon the white wash; so I really begin to want something."

"Humph!" thought Boniface, "he's a good un, at any rate; though I don't exactly take that for Gospel. Howsomever, when he begins to go to brandy and water, it'll be rum if I can't stand that longest." But all that he ventured to observe was that brandy was "a very good thing, and couldn't do no harm to nobody."

So presently they set to, "toe to toe, in real earnest," drinking the said spirit, with a modicum of water. Their conversation under such circumstances was, of course, not worth relating; and it terminated by an effort on the part of Jeremiah Brown at making a second speech in honour of his hospitable entertainer: but, instead of rising on his legs, he sank upon the floor; from which he was picked up by old Ned Stiff, and finally trundled home in a wheelbarrow.

CHAP. IV.

On the morning following the interviews related in the last chapter, Mr. Titus Spriggs tied his pigtail in a new black riband; and made other preparations for going up to Lark Hall, according to the invitation, which his spouse would not permit him to attend to on the preceding evening. At the door of his shop he was, however, met by the exciseman, who, after the usual morning salutations, spake of the extraordinary dancing scene between the squire and himself. "Bless my heart!" exclaimed Titus; "only think of that! It was just the same with him here. Hop, skip, and jump—out o' the shop like a Merryandrew! Well, well—it's an ill wind that blows nobody good. If he has dances, and such like, there must be ladies to make 'em up—and they all like cakes, and sweatmeats, and such like—and they take sugar—and then there will be lots of tea-drinking—and so— But here comes the clerk. I wonder what he'll think of such doings. Let us keep our own counsel, and hear what he's got to say of his own accord."

As the projected encouragement of psalm-singing had excited strange presentiments of coming triumph in the mind of Williams, and thereby greatly disturbed his usually quiet slumbers, he was not long in coming to the point. His auditors listened for awhile in silent astonishment; but when he talked of the squire's extreme gravity, the exciseman gave way to a loud fit of laughter, and exclaimed, "Well, I'm blest if he isn't a proper run 'un! To think of his being up to such a rig as that!—make you believe he was serious!—ha, ha, ha! Why, he got hold o' me by both hands, and made me dance round the room with him, like a young kitten, whether I would or no. Oh, my sides! Why, he's regularly bamboozled you, my hearty! Only ask neighbour Spriggs here how he capered away in his shop last night."

An unbidden flush now glowed on the cheeks of the parish-clerk, who felt convinced that whatever "rig or bamboozlement" he might be the subject of, was got up by his neighbours, and not by the squire. So he expressed that opinion somewhat wrathfully and roundly; and, telling them that they

might find somebody else to make a fool of, was about to depart, when Slade, the butcher, rode up, on horseback, saying that he was going to a neighbouring town, to see after another fat beast for Christmas, as the squire would want lots of meat, and he expected there'd be rare doings.

"Well, what do you think of him?" asked the exciseman.

"What, the young 'un, you mean?" said the butcher: "hang me if I know. He's got a queer girlish way of talking; but, mayhap, that's the last fashion. Howsomever, if they goes on to pay their way as they've begun, that's all as I care about. I suppose they must be uncle and nephew, as old Ned says he never saw the young un's father. But, drat it! he talked as if he was master toby, with his yaw, yaw. But, however, give me the old un for choice, with his jolly red nose. Well, can I do any thing for you in my way at market? I must be off."

"Just tell us first," said Mr. Titus Spriggs, "what the squire said to you, and what sort of a man he appeared to you to be; for we have a sort of difference of opinion. Did he seem to you to be a serious kind of man, or fond of joking? And about what age do you think him?"

"As for his age, I should think he wasn't much more than twenty," replied the butcher; "and as for joking and being serious, he wasn't either one or t'other, but talked mimminy pimminy like, as if he'd got his mouth full o' sugar-plums. But what are you gaping about, like so many stuck pigs? You've all seen him, haven't you, as well as me? However, I can't stop to argufy the matter now, or I shall lose my market. So, good luck to you!" And, putting spurs to his horse, he was presently out of sight.

"Come, neighbours," said Mr. Titus Spriggs, "don't let us go to fall out. You see there are *two* squires—that's very plain. So you, neighbour Williams, must have seen one, and Humphries and I the other."

"That won't do, neither," said the clerk, doggedly; "make me believe a man of upwards of thirty is no more than twenty! And then a red nose!—why, it was quite the contrary. Nonsense! I'll tell you what, Master Titus Spriggs, I'm quite ashamed of you. A man of your time of life! I shouldn't have expected it of you.

As for Humphries here, he's always running his rigs upon somebody; but I'll thank him to find somebody else."

"As for that," said the exciseman, "if there's any rig in the case, it's either with you or the squire himself. But, drat it! what can the butcher be thinking of? I can't make head nor tail of it."

After some further ineffectual attempts to unravel the mystery, the trio agreed to adjourn to Jones, the brick-layer's, whom they found busily engaged in calculating his estimate for the lodge. In reply to their inquiries, he affirmed that the short, stout gentleman, whom he had seen, was certainly not less than forty; and that his nose was by no means red. "I guess," he added, "that he must be the uncle of t'other that was down here before, though Ned Stiff would have it that he was the same. But that's all nonsense. I suppose the old chap forgot which I saw."

This account made matters worse. Any thing like reasoning upon such contradictory evidence was out of the question; and the more they talked, the more inexplicable became the mystery. At length it was proposed, and carried *nem. con.*, that they should all go to the White Horse, and, each keeping his own tale to himself, hear what mine host had to say about the squire.

They were ushered into the well-known room by the jolly landlady herself, who wiped down the table with her apron, and then, with a significant smile, said, "Ay, I know what weighs you all here at this time o' day. Well, he's just getting up, and will be down directly. I suppose you'll none of you be the worse for a drop of summut comfortable this morning; for you was all up at the hall, I understand, though my poor Jerry came home the latest. Well, I can't think how gentlemen can do such things. I never knew Jerry lose count o' the number o' glasses he drank but three times before. Once was the day we were married, and—but here he comes, I declare."

"Here I am, my boys!" cried mine host, rolling into the room, and yet under the influence of his last night's potations. "Dash my wig, if the squire an't a reg'lar buck o' trumps! I thought I could stand it pretty well; but, bless your heart, I'd no more

chance than my granny. He's famous company, though—quite free and easy—and says he'll make one of our club. Not a bit of pride nor nonsense about him. There's nothing else stands in the way of that but your sanctified rule about swearing, neighbour Williams. I thought, when you proposed it, as it would be in the way of genteel company. You've caught *me* out sometimes even—but the squire! my eyes, he swears like a trooper! And, talking of that, I think he *is* one, for I took notice that he had on a pair of whapping spurs, besides his great blue military coat, with such a lot of finery about it. Egad, he's a strapper! I should think there's cloth enough in that there concern as he wears to make me a reg'lar suit, and leave plenty of cabbage for the tailor. I don't believe he's a bit under six feet three or four; and such a pair of shoulders! But, however, you've all seen him, as well as me."

The amazement of his visitors is not to be described. Each vainly endeavoured to reconcile what he heard with what he had witnessed; and then they stared at each other, like children at a puppet-show, wondering what would come next.

"Why, you all seem dumbfounded this morning," resumed the landlord. "Come, there's no great miracle in a country squire's joining such a respectable club, after all; though, to be sure, it's a bit of a feather in our caps. However, let us get rid of that cursed rule against dam—Hullo! I'd almost put my foot in it. Come, there's enough members here to begin and propose it, any how. So I vote for its being expugned. You'll second me, won't you, Master Spriggs?"

"Ahem, my good fellow," said the shopkeeper, "there must be some mistake. You said that you had been taking a drop too much last night, and I can't help fancying that you have mistaken your dreams for what happened before. I remember once myself, when my first boy was christened"—

Here mine host interrupted the speaker, by breaking the objectionable club-rule in no equivocal manner; and then repeated his account of the brandy-drinking, swearing, military colossus, with additions.

"There's some precious bamboozling somewhere," observed the exciseman.

"Here's Master Williams says as he was just like a Methodist parson, and talked of nothing but prayers and psalm-singing; and I'll take my davy that I should have taken him for a dancing-master, or such like, and so would Master Spriggs—and so we're two to one, any how."

"Ha, ha, ha! a psalm-singer!" roared Boniface; "Ha, ha! Come, that is a good un, any how.—Ha, ha, ha!" But, in the height of his laughter, he stopped short, looked suddenly grave, and rubbed his forehead. "Humph!" he then continued, "there's something unnatural in this concern. I remember now what old Ned told me. Humph! I've lost the pot, any how, for I'm bothered, sure enough. Hang me if I like the looks of it. Egad—cugh! I feel a little qualmish. I must go and get a drop o' short." And, leaving his neighbours, he went to the bar to help himself.

Now, as any thing like a regular detail of the subsequent consultations of the Magglewellites would be far too voluminous, we must be content to state, briefly, that the lawyer and doctor were called in to assist; and when it appeared evident that no light could be thrown upon the mystery by talking, they proceeded in a body to the hall.

After knocking and ringing at the iron gate for nearly half an hour, they were about to go away in despair, when the deaf old cook was seen coming out of the house toward them. On reaching the gate, she looked somewhat surprised at the sight of so many persons; but being utterly incognisant of their inquiries, merely shook her head, and said, "Master's gone back to town, and taken Ned with him. Nobody at home but me. No use waiting. Don't know when'll come back. Didn't say."

In vain the mystified people exerted their lungs to the utmost. She shook her head at all their interrogatories, and replied, "Can't hear a word;" and having repeated that unsatisfactory assertion several times, she shrugged up her shoulders and toddled off into the house, leaving the inquirers outside of the gate.

Our party next had an interview with the Scotch gardener, who, it seemed, had never yet seen his master, having been absent, on the preceding day, to make certain purchases for the shrubbery and hot-house. All that he knew of the family affairs was, that he

had orders to sleep at the Hall till old Ned's return, and that he had a good place, and so never "fashed" himself about other folk's concerns.

On that night there was holden, at the White Horse, an extraordinary meeting of the club, at which every member repeated his own story, and most of them with a somewhat stronger colouring than at first; some, perhaps, in consequence of the unexpected interest attached thereto, some from the unconquerable habit of embellishing, and others to increase their own importance.

These recitals, of course, spread through the town and the vicinity on the morrow, and, of course, lost nothing by repetition. The swearing toper, with whom the landlord got drunk, was said, during their sitting, to have grown from seven to eight, nine, ten, and twelve feet high; and was, by certain novel-reading spiusters, supposed to be akin to the spectre of Otranto, who continued to magnify himself till the castle was unable to contain him. The exciseman's dancing-master was reported to have flown about the room like a bird; and the gentleman in black was thought to be one too well known as an amateur of dark habits. The former ghost stories appertaining to the haunted house were naturally revived, and dilated so as to match with recent events; and, by the influence of the whole united, the town of Magglewell was kept in a state of fearful agitation till the return of old Ned Stiff, who, in reply to all inquiries, demurely said, "Ah, I told you how it would be—I knew master would bother you. 'Tis never seems twice alike, somehow. It's a way he has. But, pshaw! that's nothing to what I have seen abroad." It is now time to explain the mystification.

CHAP. V.

Captain George Bamwell was one of those fortunate fellows who, at the close of the peninsular war, cared little about half pay. Certain family events, not needful to be recounted, had placed him in possession of a handsome fortune; and being, moreover, blest by nature with high health and an abundant flow of spirits, he resolved to enjoy himself. So he hunted pleasure for awhile; and, in due course, arrived at the conviction, that the perfection thereof was not attainable, save by

uniting himself with a certain fair lady. Therefore he wooed her, and became "a thriving wooer;" and then, not being provided with a house, purchased Lark Hall, a place which the said lady well knew, having received the earlier part of her education at the "seminary" formerly there established.

On his first visit, he was accompanied by a well-known improver of grounds, to whom he transferred the task of giving orders to the butcher, carelessly observing, "You are more used to these things than I am, so do as you would at your own house; and as the man does not know me, he'll take you for the master, I daresay." "Very well," said the jolly red-nosed amateur of the picturesque; and he acted accordingly, little dreaming of the confusion which he should thereby create. But when old Ned Stiff, in his dry humorous way, afterwards related the particulars thereof, his master thought the joke too good a thing to be dropped. So, on his return to London, he mentioned it to certain of his waggish friends; and it was finally arranged that a party should be made, to go down to the Hall and give the Magglewellites what some called "a benefit," and others "a poser."

The performance of this whimsical expedition was deferred only till the arrival of long nights; on one of which the fun-loving set entered the premises, unperceived, by the gate in the London road, and, in about an hour after, sat down to a plain, but substantial dinner, in a room separated only by folding-doors from that in which their victims were to be successively introduced. Two of the party, however, one an actor, and the other a young law-student, being unable to wait till the regular performance of the farce, had previously paid separate visits to the apothecary and the shopkeeper, as before related.

The dinner went off in jovial anticipation of what was to follow; and nothing particular was observable, save that the tall, stout gentleman, who had been Squire Bamwell's colonel, scarcely sipped his wine, though he was reckoned by many to be a six-bottle man. "Never mind me," said he: "let the landlord come last. I'll bring up my lee-way then, as the sailors say, with a wet sail."

When all was prepared, and the townfolk were in waiting, old Ned

proceeded to unbolt the folding-doors communicating with the scene of action; and a screen being placed on the other side, they were left sufficiently open to enable the party to hear all that passed.

Then, one by one, each enacted his part, as before related; and there appeared no danger of discovery, save when the actor began to dance with the exciseman, and then the young law-student could not suppress a titter, which, however, was not noticed by the astonished gauger.

When all was over, the colonel returned, somewhat elevated, to the company, and declared mine host of the White Horse to be a positive sand-bag. "But I've saturated him at last," he added; "and so, now, let us begin to enjoy ourselves rationally. Upon my word, I hardly know whether such practical jokes are becoming to a person of my age and standing. It's all very well for you young fellows."

"Upon my honour, I'm half-ashamed of it too," said the short, stout gentleman, who had been mystifying the masor.

The younger part of the company, of course, highly enjoyed this semirepentance of their elders. The glass continued to circulate. Each gave a ludicrous description of the amazement evinced by the individual with whom he had just had an interview. Anticipations of the natives' astonishment, when they came to compare notes on the morrow, followed. And all went on merrily with the jokers till two o'clock in the morning, when old Ned came in and announced that their carriages were in waiting on the London road.

Then the party broke up and returned to town, taking the old fellow with them, to baffle all inquiry.

Something like compunction was felt by the young squire, when he subsequently learned the consternation into which the whole town was thrown by his frolic. But the love of fun rose uppermost; and, certainly, it was not compassion alone that induced him to give another invitation to the same set a few weeks after. "I can offer you beds now," said he; "and as the blockheads must soon know that I am no conjuror, we may as well have a little sport in undeceiving them, as to allow the truth to come out in the regular hum-drum way." He then related his plan; which was to go, in

a body, into the town, and to call upon and chat with the perplexed individuals, in broad daylight, each addressing himself to one by whom he had not been seen previously.

Accordingly, one unusually fine winter's morning, the town of Magglewell was all in commotion at the appearance of six well-dressed gentlemen, who came, lounging, laughing, and talking together, down the principal street.

Mr. Titus Spriggs, having caught sight of them at some distance, called hastily for his best coat, threw off his apron, and contrived to be at the door to receive the jerking, dancing squire, and his friends, who all forthwith entered the shop.

"Happy to see you down among us again, sir," stammered Titus to the actor; who instantly, looking at him with well-feigned astonishment, replied, "Egad, that's funny! See me *again*, eh? Don't remember ever seeing you *before*. Happy to make your acquaintance though."

Hereupon neighbour Spriggs's eyebrows were elevated, his chin dropped, and his lips parted, but spake not; and ere he could set them in motion, one of the party, dressed in black, and of a most demure aspect, addressed him, saying, "Last time I was here, Mr. Spriggs, you neglected to come up to the Hall, as I requested. It is impossible that you can have forgotten, or your memory must be very bad indeed. I ordered a pound of tea of you. Why do you stare so? I stood here at the time—just precisely on the spot where I stand now; and you were behind the counter."

Titus here cast a bewildered glance round him, and perceiving a smile on the countenance of one of his visitors, ventured to smile likewise, and, jerking back his pigtail, replied, "Ah, I see, sir—you're up to a bit of a joke; but you may depend upon't, sir, that I'll step up to the Hall whenever you please."

"You are grievously mistaken," said the gentleman in black, solemnly: "I am not given to jokes; nor can I imagine what you can see in me or my demeanour to hazard such an observation. Really, I am astonished. You will, however, now be pleased to send in your bill, in order that it may be duly examined and discharged. I wish you a good morning. Come, gentlemen, let us proceed towards the

church. I trust the clerk and the singers have not treated my exhortations as a joke;" and, bowing stiffly, he left the shop with an air of increased gravity, accompanied by his friends.

Then, leaving Titus to digest his poser as he might, they continued their progress, and next visited the butcher, with whom a similar scene was enacted, the short, stout, middle-aged gentleman referring to the order for meat given by the young law-student, who, in a drawling tone, averred that it was very strange how he could possibly be mistaken for a gentleman at least twice his weight.

Leaving the butcher's shop, our wags then encountered the bricklayer, who, on addressing the stout gentleman, was referred to the young lawyer, who inquired if the estimate for the lodge was yet completed, according to the plan which he had brought down and handed over, for that purpose, on his last visit. "I beg your pardon, sir," stammered poor Jones, "but I have no other plan, except what this gentleman gave me;" and he turned to the short, stout man, who laughingly replied, "I give you an order for a lodge! Ha, ha, ha! Why, the man's crazed. A lodge to my chambers in the Temple! Capital!"

"These Magglewellites are the funniest fellows in the world!" exclaimed the actor. "This beats the shopkeeper's swearing that I gave him an order for tea."

"Well, well, neighbour Jones," said the young lawyer, "you will recollect yourself presently. This is not the first transaction we have had together, and so I shall overlook your having overshot the mark at your lunch this morning; though I hope it does not happen often. You will please to step up to the Hall after you have taken a nap."

"Alas," cried the gentleman in black, "I fear, my good friend, Bamwell, that you have taken up your domicile in a neighbourhood which is sadly demoralised. Pry'thee, let us proceed to the church; for the aspect of a fellow-creature thus disguised is a grief unto my spirit."

"Not another word *now*," said the young man authoritatively to Jones; and forthwith the party moved on.

As this last conversation had taken place in the middle of the street, not more than twenty yards above the White Horse, it was observed, though

unheard, by mine host, who, therefore, hastily prepared himself for a visit from the jovial gigantic squire, whose head stood conspicuous above his companions.

"There he is, large as life!" cried Jeremiah, "and a lot of company with him,—all good fellows, I'll be bound, though one looks deucedly like a parson. Egad, they're coming this way! I must go out to receive him, I suppose;" and forthwith he bustled to the door.

As the party were advancing slowly, the actor stepped nimbly forward from the rest, and, with a hop, skip, and jump, brought himself in contact with Boniface, whose hand he seized, exclaiming, "Well, how are you, my hearty? Got the better of our last bout, I hope? Come, come! none of your sheepishness—I hate all that sort of nonsense. Before dinner or after, you'll always find me the same man."

"No doubt, no doubt," stammered Jeremiah Brown: "you're fond of a joke, sir, I see; but I must speak to the squire, if you please;" and advancing, hat in hand, to the colonel, he continued, "Glad to see your honour down among us once more. Hope you've had your health, sir. Hope you've come to stay now for good and all."

"What does the man mean?" exclaimed the colonel, drawing himself up to his full height. "See me again? Come to stay?"

"How now, my hearty?" cried the actor: "you don't know that gentleman, do you?"

"I think I ought," grumbled Boniface; "but, howsomever, I didn't mean no offence; and if so be as the squire wishes to forget, I'm not the man to rip up old grievances—and so, inum's the word."

"This is incomprehensible," exclaimed the colonel.

"I opine that the landlord hath lunched with the layer of bricks," groaned the gentleman in black.

"Why, my buck of trumps," exclaimed the actor, "you surely can't fancy that you saw that gentleman at Lark Hall, when you and I had a set-to at brandy and water? Ha, ha! I see you do though. Well, you were worse cent than I thought you then; for we had it all to ourselves."

"Come, Bamwell," said the colonel, stiffly, "let us move on to the church,

and not waste our time here—this is too ridiculous. I join you in drinking brandy, when I never take any thing stronger than soda-water!" And moving on, he was followed by all but the actor, who again took mine host's hand, slapped him on the shoulder, and called him a hearty fellow; but, as he left him, added, "You shouldn't pull quite so hard of a morning; I'm really quite sorry to see you in this state so soon."

Williams, the clerk, having been apprised by Stiff of the squire's intended visit to the church, stood ready, in the porch, to receive him, and welcomed the demure-looking gentleman most respectfully.

"I am not fond of talking," observed the latter; "and, if I were, methinks a church is not exactly the place for greetings. Besides, I know not why you should address yourself particularly to me, as we are utter strangers."

Williams stared; and thinking the squire was unnecessarily humble-minded, as well as devout and eccentric, endeavoured to divide his attention equally among the party, during the process of shewing the lions. But when that was completed, and they were again in the churchyard, he was surprised by the colonel, who inquired if he had yet received the trombone, which he had ordered to be sent from London.

"No, your honour," replied he, "I haven't heard of any yet; though I knew we should soon have something, because"——

"Of course," observed the colonel: "when I make a promise, I mean what I say. You remember the conversation we had together on the subject of psalm-singing, and, no doubt, have attended to the hints I then threw out. Indeed, I feel that I can place confidence in you. You are a sedate, steady person. I wish I could say as much for the rest of the townspeople; but, positively, all the people I have met this morning seem fuddled, and don't even know who I am."

"I'm sure I don't," thought Williams; and sidling up to the gentleman in black, he said, in a low tone, "I'm sure, sir, it's very kind of your friend to give us a trombone—it's what one couldn't have expected of a stranger; but it's all owing to your recommendation. I suppose he mistakes me for the curate though, as I'm sure I never saw him before. But

that's no matter. And when we get the instruments and music-books that you were so good as to promise"—

"I promise you instruments and music!" roared the demure-looking gentleman; "not for you nor all the psalm-smiting howlers in Christendom. No, no; I'll lend no hand in martyring good King David, not I!"

At this the astonished parish-clerk started back and stood aghast, and, unable to retain their gravity, some of the party retreated; but the colonel stood firm, and turning round, said seriously, "Do not mind what my friend says, Williams: he has no ear for music—that is his misfortune. Continue your practice steadily, and depend on me. I wish you a good morning; and thank you for your civility in shewing us the church, the state of which does you infinite credit, as I hope that of the singing-gallery will ere long." And, as he spake, he walked off, leaving the functionary to lock up his doors and wonder.

A few minutes after the exciseman was roused from one of his stock-taking calculations, by the entrance of a short, stout gentleman, who, with his hat on one side, and a smile on his countenance, came gaily tripping and dancing from the door to the mystically chalked table, with marvellous agility for a man of twenty stone. "Hah!" cried he to the astonished gauger, "you don't recollect me either, eh? Strange folks, you Magglewellites. Fal, lal, de ral!" Here he cut a somewhat awkward caper: "Fal de riddle! I'm out of wind a little this morning—ough, ough! Well, well, never mind! I told you I meant to astonish the natives."

"Egad, I think you will do that, sure enough, if you go on so," thought the exciseman; but I'll make myself scarce, at any rate. The fellow is stark, staring mad, that's clear enough!" and whisking nimbly round his corpulent visitor, he rushed out into the passage, where he was amazed to find himself in the presence of the dancing squire and his friends. His stammering apology, and useless claim of previous acquaintance with his capering singing-master, need not be recapitulated, on account of their similarity to what had previously occurred to his neighbours.

There remained now only the apothecary and the lawyer to be visited;

but the former was absent on his rounds, luckily for him, as, in the humour the party were in, he certainly would not have been spared, particularly as Captain Bamwell declined taking his part in attempting to mystify the lawyer. The reasons he gave were that it would be useless, and that, as he should have business of importance to transact with him, there might be some danger of having his character misunderstood.

So, after a consultation, it was agreed that Mr. Simkins should be invited to dinner, and made a participator in their amusement; and he came accordingly; and being a man of somewhat dry humour, and withal well disposed to keep on the best terms with the new squire, he entered into the frolic, and promised to keep up "the astonishment of the natives" to the hearts' content of all. And he subsequently kept his word, by listening awfully, at the club, to all his neighbours' tales, without presuming to make any comment; but, when directly appealed to, he shook his head, looked mysterious, and merely said that, after what he had witnessed at the Hall, he should not be surprised at any thing.

Thus, after this second visitation, Lark Hall was the subject of yet more general interest. The various characters that had appeared were discussed; and the great question was, "Which was the master?" The progress of inquiry, of course, split the town into factions; for, besides the mystics, who were numerous, and who attributed all to supernatural agency, there were the "dancing-squire-ites," the "psalmodians," the "short-stout-gentleman-ites," the "dandy-ites," and the "great-soldier-ites."

Even as in great nations, so was it in the town of Magglewell. Party spirit waxed violent—long and warm public debates ended in private quarrels—old established friendships were shaken—and at length matters arrived at such a pitch, that the club itself was about to be broken up.

At this critical period, however, the squire got married, and came down to reside at the Hall, bringing his wife with him; and from that period all discussion gradually ceased, as every body then easily discerned "which was the master."

THE IRISH TOURIST.

THIS is a work of no value, except as it serves to shew what is the folly of people who write conceitedly on subjects of which they know nothing. The writer is a well-meaning man, but without talent of any kind, and filled with commonplace absurdities, which he imagines to be marks of philosophy and liberalism. His own account of his book is as follows:—

“I have treated of the four great and peculiar divisions of Ireland separately, and have conducted the traveller through each in turn. With Connaught, as being the least known, and perhaps, on that account, the most awakening, I have commenced. Connaught has, till lately, had an ill name. It is, however, rapidly undergoing that process which will alike strip it of its romance and its dangers; of some of its vices, perhaps—but, perhaps, too, some of its virtues. Connaught, well governed, its people furnished with means and motives to industry, and its oppressions taken away, will not, perhaps, be less civilised a few years hence than Wales is now. But it is peculiarly hard to prophesy about Ireland. Who would believe, but through experience, that centuries of social neighbourhood should have left our sister island what she is, and has been through that long period? ‘Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth,’ the greenest, the gayest, the softest, at times the most majestic of countries,—there she still is, full of sorrow, starvation, and crime. Her widows and orphans die of want in the midst of abundance—her strong men spend their energies in contests with law and government—the ministers of religion fight for a maintenance, and point the weapons of worldly warfare at their own flocks—pitiable superstitions close the minds of the poor against purer doctrines—while a general sense of the injustice of a *system* steels their hearts against the kindest of individual counsellors.

“Such is Ireland’s state. Some dawning hope of better days is rising upon her; for even the wild Connaught man sees that he is in the hands of a government kindly disposed towards his country. Her condition is looked into, her people will be fed, her wastes will be cultivated, her worst grievances redressed. Such anticipations make Ireland once more a land of hope and promise. The book need not necessarily, we feel, be

dismal, which has that name stamped on its pages; and it is sent forth into the world not to ask for tears and sighs, but to gather up cheerful smiles and glad welcomes.”

Mulgrave ought to give the writer a place. The wild Connaught man and the wild Irishman in general must see the kindly dispositions of that illustrious governor, in his free and easy way of letting convicts out of gaol on the respectable recommendation of turnkeys. It is, however, not quite so plain that the Irish people will be fed under the administration of a deputy appointed by Mr. Daniel O’Connell, the main enemy of the poor-laws; and it is altogether certain, that the pitiable superstitions of which the writer complains will be upheld in full vigour, as long as a system the contrary of that which he condemns is allowed to tyrannise over the country.

The section of Connaught is sheer stupidity, and nothing else. The writer has cast his opinions and observations into the shape of a tale. A young Cunnemara man returns home, after a considerable absence in Mexico, accompanied by a young Mexican friend, named Vergos; and, of course, their adventures are the staple of the story. The author is under some delusion as to the present destiny of Mexico,—for one of the first remarks he makes is, that Vergos had been accustomed to see discomforts similar to those of Ireland “in Spain;” where, assuredly, no young Mexican has ever set foot, and, where, if he had, he would not have seen any thing like what exists in Cunnemara. In equal delusion is he as to the style of language used by that class of the Irish people with whom he makes his heroes converse. In his preface, he speaks with due respect of Mr. Crofton Croker’s Irish tales; and we leave it to Crofton, if the following, which is a fair sample of the whole, is the manner of conversation among the natives:—

“ ‘You do really think they would be friends with the rectors, if it were not for the tithes?’

“ ‘Sure I do! why would they not? Let ’em come and live quiet among us,

not axing for money or goods of them that don't belong to 'em, and why would ~~not~~ our hearts warm to 'em when we saw 'em warming to us? I don't say,' continued she, 'but that there must always be the differ between the Roman and the Protestant; but let them that send the rector pay him: 'tis murtherous work putting the poor cratur in here, and give 'em naught to live on but the bread they take from them that don't want 'em, any way.'

"'But then they say,' said Vergos, (taking the Protestant side, our readers must observe, by way of exercising the good woman's powers of arguing her own,) 'they say that your priests are ignorant, and keep you in ignorance: and that you will never look for better teaching for yourselves or children of your own accord, unless they provide it for you.'

"'It's all a crochet, yer honour—all a concate. Don't I tell you that I would fain send the childer to the new school? and what is it hinders me,' but that the Joyces won't be behoven to the clergy any way? And what makes 'em angry with the clergy but the tithes! But ye were asking just now about the rector. Troth, and I believe he is a mighty good man. 'Time he should—*maning* that the late one was an awful man for a minister. Did O'Ryan tell ye how he duped the bishop that had never been in Cunne-mara, and made him buy the bit of glebe by the sea, on purpose for him to be more convenient for the smuggled goods? Och, many a storehouse and barn did he build, and many a bale of ill-gotten things was hidden there. May be he thought 'twas kinder taking his living in this way than fighting with the people for the tithe. So there he built up his house, four miles out from the church, and looked after the potsheen, and the wine and things. And the poor young man that's come in his stead, who knows no more of potsheen than a babe, has to toil all the way, come the season what it will, to do his duties. They say he has larnt the Irish tongue, to be the plainer among the people, poor young gentlemán! It makes one's heart ache to see him living in a wild place, that nobody nor a free trader would take to.'

Very like the language of Cunne-mara, indeed. "It is murderous work, putting the poor creatures in here, and give them *naught*" [a word, we venture to say, never used in Galway] "to live on but the bread they take from them that do not want them any way." "It is all a *crochet*" [*crochet*! in Galway], "your honour—all a con-ceit. Don't I tell you that I would

fain send the children to the new school." "Did O'Ryan tell you how he *duped*" [*duped*!] the bishop that had never been in Cunne-mara," &c. Spelling creature *cratur*, and so forth, does not make this pass as the Irish dialect. Mrs. Joyce might as well be represented as talking in the idiom of Jeremy Bentham, with a word or two occasionally misspelt.

The author's political opinions are to be found in the mouth of a Mr. O'Ryan:—

"'If I were an Irishman, I think I should never wish to leave the land,' said Vergos; 'if only for *this*, that the field for virtuous exertion really seems boundless.'

"'There you are right, physically and morally: there is an immensity to be done; but the great difficulty to cope with here is the spirit of party. I am known not to be an active politician, and therefore I can do more than most; but were I either agitator or Orangeman, I might do nothing but attend party meetings, or help in serving processes and recovering tithes, none of which will I do. I wish to see the people follow their religious teachers unmolested; and though I always tell them what I think, when a fair opportunity arises, they never find me helping to prop up a system which I feel is not just. I support my own Protestant clergyman as far as I can; but I have no right to help him to take his means of support from those who have also to pay the ministers of a faith they themselves approve. I believe many Catholic gentlemen would contribute voluntarily towards the remuneration of a good clergyman, if they were left free; but they cannot support the present plan, and I cannot wish they should.'

"'Have you had any of those unfortunate tithe affrays, of which we often read, in this neighbourhood?' asked Vergos.

"'Alas! yes. Only last summer—I knew the clergyman well—a worthy, well-meaning man, whose misfortune it was to consider it his duty to uphold the system in its utmost strictness, for his successor's sake. For himself he would have relaxed, for he was not a mercenary man, and I believe he gave away a large proportion of his receipts among the people themselves; but nothing could persuade him to abate his claims. He served processes without mercy, and followed them up by seizing stock and goods; all the while arguing how unreasonable it was in the people to resist, when they knew how kind and liberal he was. Good man! he could not be made to perceive that making a good use

of money will not excuse its being ill-gotten—that it was the *principle* they objected to. Well, he went on, in defiance of the gathering murmurs. I heard of them; I knew they were gaining force every month, and all that entreaty could effect I did. I begged, at least, that he would never use fire-arms, or allow his process-servers to carry them; but I soon found that my caution was vain. The fact was, he took alarm at some appearance of resistance—persuaded himself the savages were thirsting for his blood—carried pistols always about him for his own defence, and armed his men also. They worked themselves into a perpetual panic; and in this state of mind no man can be trusted, for the most humane individual will commit merciless deeds. So it happened here. There was a family in my friend's parish, consisting of a father, who was a small landowner, his mother, and three children. His wife had died the year before, under circumstances peculiarly distressing, and the clergyman had been most kind and considerate towards them in their affliction; and therefore, I suppose, made very sure of receiving his dues without difficulty, especially as the man was not wretchedly poor. There, however, he was mistaken: whether from his own spontaneous impulse, or led on by his neighbours, Nolans refused to pay the proctor; and his clergyman was excessively irritated thereby. He waited some time, and then served him with a very vexatious notice. Nolans was surrounded at the moment of receiving it by some violent neighbours, and they set up a cry of abuse and indignation against the men whom my friend had deputed to deliver it. Nolans' children caught the sound, and began, unknown to their father, to throw stones at the proctor. One of the men, irritated, made a cut at the principal boy with his whip; this brought up men, women, and boys, and a regular battle ensued. Stones were thrown, and one of the men hurt: they were mounted on good horses, and might, I am well assured, have escaped with ease; but, in the panic, the proctor drew a loaded pistol from his side, fired at random, and shot one of Nolans' boys dead on the spot. Can you wonder at what ensued? The infuriated creatures pressed round the unhappy murderer, and never left him till they had revenged the deed, and till two victims lay side by side for the one who had been slain in the beginning of the fray!

“Dreadful! And the clergyman, how did he feel?”

“That is the worst part of the story. When men harden themselves in false views of duty, their feelings are seared

as with a hot iron. I believe the death of his own servants distressed him, but I doubt whether he felt for the loss poor Nolans had sustained; or, rather, I suspect he considered it as righteous retribution.”

“And does he go on in the same course?”

“No: happily he has been persuaded to resign his living, and return to England. But his power of doing mischief to Ireland is not at an end: the image of his daily and nightly fears still haunts him. He goes about detailing the horrors of a clergyman's life in Ireland; he is a frequent orator at public meetings; and, whenever our country is mentioned, way is made for him, by persons of like views, as a man particularly qualified to speak from experience of the bad effects of Roman Catholic principles, and the necessity of upholding the Irish Church Establishment. Thus it is that assemblies of individuals are deluded, and attachment to a dangerous, unjust, and inexpedient system, transmitted from father to son.”

“This is a good specimen of the way in which Irish stories are manufactured for the English market. The plain facts of the case, as here narrated, are that a man, having taken a farm, with a certain small annual sum due upon it, refuses to pay it to the person to whom he owes it. This is called the honest and patriotic fulfilment of a contract; and, it will be admitted, is quite in keeping with the mode of interpreting a parliamentary oath adopted by the Tail. The person to whom the debt is due issues a very vexatious notice. This need not be doubted,—for all legal notices demanding money are of a vexatious kind; but a notice demanding the clergyman's money is not one whit more vexatious than that demanding the landlord's. The process is resisted,—and then follows the peculiarly Irish part of the story. The “*children*,” of course “unknown to their father,” threw stones at the proctor. This was repaid by a cut a of whip,—one would think no very unexpected result. Men, women, and boys, stung by this act of injustice to Ireland, fell upon the agents of the law; one of the men is *hurt*, but still they might have escaped. Escaped! Is that the manner in which legal processes ought to be enforced? The proctor fired at random; and, in order that the story might be in keeping with other Irish narrative, shot the son of

the debtor; whereupon the multitude pressed upon the "murderer," and killed him. And then we are told of the barbarity of the clergyman, in regretting the death of his agent, and not wailing over the loss of young Mr. Nolans.

This, we repeat, has all the features of a stock Irish story, to excite the sorrows of the friends of humanity all over the globe.

1. The resistance is always made by *children*. In Ireland, hulking fellows of twenty-one are called *boys*; and the tender-hearted who deplore the sufferers from oppression as scarce breeched babies, little think that they are wasting their sympathies upon unbreeched ruffians, whose education would in other countries be entrusted to the galleys or the tread-mill.

2. The resistance is made unknown to the debtor. The conspiracy is known to be organised throughout Ireland, the projected details of the actual outrage are familiar in the parish, and a dozen parishes besides, but the martyr knows nothing about it. He alone sits in lamb-like innocence and ignorance, waiting for the slaughter.

3. The instruments of outrage are always stones,—of course mere pebbles are suggested. The fact is, that the stones are half as big as a man's head; and, thrown by the practised hands of the "boys," are quite capable of knocking out a man's brains.

4. The legal party offer some defence. If they did not, they would all be murdered at once. No matter how slight that defence may be, it is the pretext for an attack; the pretext only, for the attack would have been made in any case.

5. Pressed for their lives, in the midst of a horde of cowardly and sanguinary savages, the men resort to the protection of fire-arms. It is, in fact, their only chance. Sometimes they succeed in beating off the brutes by whom they are attacked, and then there rises, in all the dialects of the brogue, a loud halloo of "blood being shed in noon-day,"—flourished rhetorically in all the modes and figures of the lie, direct or indirect, from every quarter where sedition can be disseminated. If the contrary result should take place, the massacre of the police will be made a new argument for the necessity of conceding to public opinion expressed in a manner so temperate

and enlivened; and the culprits will escape the hands of justice, either by being screened altogether from arrest, or, if brought to trial by the perjury of priest-trained witnesses, by jurors, or threats of murder against all who dare give true evidence, or find according to it. There is, beside, a new chance now-a-days of a Mulgravising tour for the delivery of tithe-martyrs.

6. The person shot is always the son of the debtor; otherwise much pathos is lost. *Vide* the case of the widow Ryan. It would be positive injustice, not merely to Ireland in general, but to Shiel in particular, if so beautiful an incident were to be missing. If the police, or soldiery, or magistrates, or parsons, be killed, why they of course have no parents, or other relations, whose feelings are affected. They are considered to be, like the foundlings in Dick Millikin's song, "born without father or mother;" and perish without the friendly aid of trope or metaphor.

7. The man who *may* have escaped, but who knows very well that he *must* be massacred without mercy, and fires in self-defence, without any other motive whatever, is always, as here, set down, by a purely Irish process of reasoning, as "a murderer." And,

8. Those who do not think this mode of doing business the most civilised or Christian, are accused of deluding the people to whom they expose its practical consequences.

Suppose we change the scene a little—shift it but a couple of hundred miles eastward—shift it to any part of England; or let us, as it is more familiar, place it in London. Mr. Timothy Regan, of St. Giles's, a man of the purest morals and most unblemished character, owed to Mr. Thos. Johnson, of the same district, the sum of 2*l.* 2*s.* 3*d.*; that is to say, a ruthless and oppressive law declared him to be indebted in that sum. It was for a quarter's rent of a suite of apartments in Buckeridge Street. Regan maintained, with much eloquence, that it was fundamentally unjust to make such a demand. "What right," said he, "has this Johnson to ask it of me? Did he build the house? Has his labour been in any way employed upon it? Do not tell me of its being awarded to him by law. What have I to do with law? Hurrah for the repeal of all law! Justice for St. Giles's!"

Johnson, however, was unconvinced by arguments, and pursued his iniquitous claim. Finding Regan too firm in his principles to be shaken, he had the atrocity to apply for a writ from the Court of Requests, which court had the infamy to issue one. It is disgusting to dwell upon the sad details—to state how with fell fury, declaration, plea, judgment, execution, followed. In one word, Johnson obtained a *fi-fu*! A *fi-fu*! Yes; incredible as it may appear, Johnson obtained a *fi-fu*—not merely for the debt, but for the costs, which no persuasion could induce the ruthless attorney to forego.

This writ was placed in the hands of the chief proprietor of the Victoria Theatre. A Jew was let loose upon a Christian—a sheriff's officer upon an Irishman. This happened in the nineteenth century! The consequence may be anticipated. The patriotism of St. Giles's was aroused. All that was sacred in the human breast—all that was habitually venerated in that region—pleaded in favour of Regan. The great principle of paying no debt was awakened in all its truth and majesty,—so that when the manager of the Victoria made his appearance, he was remonstrated with by a slap with a twig by a poor little boy who had lately returned from beyond sea, which he had crossed at the recommendation of his country. The irritated Israelite clapped his hand upon his broken skull; which act of defiance naturally offended the congregated multitude, and a miscellaneous skirmish took place, during which the manager of the Victoria smote to the earth an interesting infant, the son of Mr. Regan. Can we wonder at what ensued? Parental feelings, so cruelly lacerated, were aroused; and Levy, with his men, were driven, mud-spattered, black-eyed, and broken-nosed, and broken-headed, to seek the shelter of Oxford Street. In Ireland, Regan would be considered an oppressed hero; in England, he would be locked up in a station-house in less than an hour, there to be taught a lesson he would not soon forget.

This is a caricature case. Take a real one, and the effect will be the same. Suppose that here in London the ministering officers of the law were seriously impeded in their duty—suppose that a bailiff on attempting to execute a writ, or a broker on appraising a property, were murdered, what would

be done? Would not all the authorities of London rise up to vindicate the law? and would not the man who shot the officer deservedly suffer the fate of Greenacre or Thurtell? It is mischievously absurd, or rather mischievously wicked, to confound the execution of a process issuing from a court of justice with the propriety or the wisdom of the law. Tithe may be impolitic—it may be annoying, but it cannot be oppressive. Of the persons who expose their lives to danger, and who attack the lives of others, scarcely one in a hundred pay tithes at all. In all cases it must be a small sum, and a sum the payment of which was a preliminary condition on taking the land. Abolish it to-morrow, and it will not benefit such persons as the Nolans of this story. Good care will be taken that the sum sinks into the landlord's pocket; and the peasant will be just as much screwed down and oppressed as ever. So far as the money is concerned, he will be ground down more sorely than before; for the plain reason that the landlord, unencumbered by making what is rendered an unpopular claim, will quietly add the amount of tithe to his rent, without any scruple of taking the whole stipulated sum, instead of a third of it, which, upon an average, is what under the Mulgravis'd government a clergyman receives. This is well understood in Ireland, in all sales and bargains where land tithe free is in question. The land free of tithe is sold at a price in a ratio beyond what is paid for land burdened with that impost, not of *ten*, but of *fifty* per cent. Would not the full value of the tithe be exacted in the case of its being drawn from the clergyman to the landlord? Those who know what is the character of Irish landlords—especially since the relaxation of the penal code has made a needy crew of beggarly usurers, in some parts of the country, successors of the class who were at all events gentlemen in their feelings, though slender enough in purse—will not answer in the negative. The “opulent” tanners, and pig-butchers, and pawn-brokers, and porter-brewers, and the rest who have obtained any claim on the land, will take care that the uttermost farthing they can squeeze from the tenantry must be paid up. The plunder of the clergy will not be transferred to the labouring class; on the contrary, they

will be exposed to a heavier demand, and deprived of a body of resident gentry, whose incomes in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred are spent upon the spots from which they are drawn, and whose presence is, in all cases where they are not exposed to malicious and organised persecution, the rally-point of civilisation in their respective districts. We sometimes see in the Irish papers notices of the proceedings of such persons as a Mr. Lalor, who was formerly in parliament, and whose chief claim to distinction consists of his determination not to pay tithes. We may ask these people what do they do with the money thus withheld from the clergy? In Mr. Lalor's case, it is said that his arrear amounts to a very considerable sum. To whom does it belong, if not to the tithe-owner? Mr. Lalor took his lands subject to this charge. His rent was lowered proportionably to the impost. As his landlord would unquestionably have fixed a higher rent on his land, Mr. Lalor's sense of justice is like a certain species of charity, which begins at home. If he ventures to apply the same principle in all his other pecuniary transactions, his conduct will deserve more credit for ingenuity than honesty; for it is clearly inconsistent with ordinary ideas of honesty to appropriate to a man's own use money which, whomsoever it may belong to, does not belong to him. Such, however, is the general character of what is called patriotism in Ireland. There is a sordid trace of money resting upon it in all its transactions.

The writer of this book knows nothing of this. He hears a howl set up every now and then, and is so confused by the clamour as to confound the victim with the murderer, the robber with the robbed. The paltry clap-traps—paltry in every sense, except in the mischief they occasion—of widows wailing over the light of their eyes, and the hope of their hearts stretched in death before them; of the green soil of Erin being stained with the blood of her sons; and the other fustian of the same kind, which infests the letters and speeches of the Irish agitators, have completely deceived him. If he had looked to the character and conduct of those persons, he might, at least, have doubted the sincerity of their bombastic sorrows. These men know very well that tithe

is a legal demand, and that, as the law stands, it cannot be successfully resisted in a court of justice. They know very well that the processes of the law must be executed, and that those who resist them, not those who put them in force, are answerable for the consequences. Yet, with this knowledge, they stimulate a horde of helpless wretches to the defiance of a power which they know must be wielded against them, even to death, if necessary. Has any effort been made by these men to ameliorate the condition of Ireland? Not one! We never hear of their giving aid or countenance to any great national undertaking, or of endeavouring to support any great national interest. They clamoured as loudly as they could against poor-laws, even in the face of the appalling fact—admitted by themselves—that nearly two millions and a half of people were in a state scarcely above that of starvation, in the country for which they profess such an affection. Mr. Shiel had the inhuman courage to declare, that the state of the registry on which his sitting as M.P. for Tipperary depends was of more consequence than the condition of his destitute countrymen. "Talk not to me," said the indignant orator, "of poor-laws: look to the registration!" And yet this selfish and unfeeling man will be hailed as a patriot by those who are taught to look upon Michael Thomas Sadler, or any body else who endeavours to raise them from their degraded position, as an enemy to Ireland. The Irish tourist himself has some benevolent crotchets in his head for the improvement of the country. If they were practicable, and as beneficent as his most sanguine wishes could anticipate, he would find that, if they interfered with the domination of the priesthood, or had the slightest tendency to rescue the peasant from the gripe of his ecclesiastical tyrant, he would be denounced as a Sassenach, without the slightest gratitude for his exertions. As he travelled through Clonmell, he ought to have made some inquiries as to the grateful treatment of the Quaker Malcolmson, the greatest benefactor the town ever possessed; a man so remarkable as to attract the especial notice of Inglis, in his tour, where he is held up as a guide and example to all who wish well to Ireland; and who, in return, was almost murdered in the streets of

Clonmell, by the hands of the very people he was feeding and clothing, because he would not vote for a bullying upstart of the name of Dominick Ronayne, a mutton-headed joint of the Tail.

The notices of the provinces of Leinster, Munster, and Connaught, are not of any importance. Like every other stranger, even the tourist is struck with the contrast between the Popish south and the Protestant north. Travelling in the county of Cork, he observes —

“ We were sorry to find, that the further south we travelled the poorer was the condition and appearance of the people. Bare feet, ragged cloaks, coats thrown on without making use of the sleeves, and fastened with any thing but the proper button; wretched hovels,—but you can hardly form an idea of the wretchedness of one of the worst of the Irish cabins, and I shrink from describing such a den of dirt and discomfort. Our own pigs are lodged in luxury compared with it.

“ While we were travelling along this road, I was alternately amused and pained by the importunacy with which a beggar accosted us at one of our halting-places; poor, ragged, and destitute, as he seemed to be, the good humour and wit of his repartees, as my fellow-travellers rebuffed him, was most striking. At last he extracted a few pence, and we saw him immediately go and lay it out on tobacco. Presently afterwards I met with him again, and said, ‘What good will this do you, my friend? surely you had better have bought a loaf, or a bit of bacon!’

“ ‘Och, then, ’tis plain yer honour doesn’t know the comfort of the *backy*! Sure, the only pleasure such as we have in the world is just to take a smoke! I would rather have a pinnyworth of tobacco than three eggs!’

“ This poor fellow was in tatters from head to foot. Of course, I could not tell whether his story was true or false; but I met in the course of my after-travels with numbers who, I ascertained, were driven to beggary by the nearest possible approach to starvation: but these generally remained quartered in their own particular locality—they were not vagrants, but only under (it is to be hoped) temporary distress. I will note down, however, what I found to be the state of the labourers who really *had* employment, and, as compared with others, might be said to be well off. Here is a man with a wife and four children; the farmer who employs him lets him live in a cabin, which he reckons worth 1*l.* 6*s.*

per annum. He has also some ready-measured ground, reckoned to be worth 5*l.* more; and he has grass for one sheep, 10*s.*: now, all this money (6*l.* 16*s.*) he has to pay for by his labour, his wages being reckoned at sixpence-halfpenny per day,—to make up the sum, he must give two hundred and fifty-one working days. When this has been punctually paid, and all the chances of sickness, unfavourable seasons, &c., are taken into the account, it may be well judged how little is left for food *not* reared from his own ground, or for clothes, and furniture, and firing. As to the clothing, how they come by even the rags they have, I cannot imagine. The poor children of the man above mentioned cannot go to school, though it is close by, for want of them. He said, ‘Poor cratures! they have so many wings and flutters about them, that, if they go out on a windy day, a smart blast would hoise them over the ditch!’ I was pleased with the feeling of this poor man. ‘It is a great relief if we can sometimes have an egg—it is a great strengthener; but I sent my hen’s eggs to be sold, and bought potatoes: because, if I ate the egg it would be all to myself, but a halfpenny-worth of potatoes can be divided.’

“ Half of them have no bedsteads, I found, but lie on straw spread on the ground; and ‘the ground’ is literal, for there is no flooring: it is simply the earth beat level—is often very damp in wet seasons, and sometimes even covered with water. I saw many cabins, certainly, with a pane or two of glass, to let in light; but many again with only a small square opening, which was stuffed with rags or straw at night. I saw, too, that most—nearly all—had chimneys; but they were very badly built up, and often full of smoke. Turf in this part of the country was tolerably plentiful, and cheap; but it is in some places very dear.”

In the north of Ireland we have a different picture:

“ I was struck on my arrival at Belfast with its un-Irish appearance. Here is a town scarce half a century old,—the commercial parts date at a later period even than that. Think that, seventy-eight years ago, this place had only 8000 inhabitants, and now behold it with a population of 65,000. Inquire about the rate of wages,—you find labour by no means superabundant, and eagerly paid for at the rate of one-and-threepence per day. On all sides are to be seen manufactories or mills, vying with the very best at Manchester. The linen trade, the calico trade, the muslin trade, all employ multitudes of hands: the rate

of pay varies in all these. Boys employed in the bleaching-grounds earn from three shillings to four shillings and sixpence a-week; girls in the flax-spinning mills from two shillings to four shillings; and the men who are employed as weavers, perhaps about eight shillings. These are low wages as compared with English, no doubt; but, compared with those of the Irish in general, are good. And it is to be observed that the labour of boys and girls is well paid: a large family is rather an addition to prosperity than a drawback. There are also very many women employed in working muslins for the English market; and the shipping, ship-building, &c., besides the business of the export, are constant sources of employment. Take into account, too, the number of masons, carpenters, &c., constantly busied in enlarging and building new houses, manufactories, &c., and it will be readily conceived that at Belfast there is no occasion for willing hands to be idle. Yet I see not what all this has to do with the religion of the people: they are, in a great degree, a different race; they are of modern Scotch descent; they have brought in the hardy, industrious, shrewd, calculating spirit of that people; they are farsighted and provident. The landlord does not gripe his tenants, for he feels the bad policy of such conduct. The tenant having scope allowed for improvement, does improve. The landlord in the north minds his business; he is close in his application, looks into the real state of his workman's affairs; while the merchant of Cork will only trouble himself so far with business as to earn the needful, and let the rest take its chance. I found no hunting parties at Belfast. There was no deep drinking, no carousals; but sober, brisk activity, good sense, and a shrewd attention to interest. I should have been better pleased to say truth with the inhabitants of Belfast, if they had not appeared to me to pique themselves on being as little like the native Irish as possible. I willingly concede that there is difference enough to give them very high advantages, if they use them with temperance. It is, however, painful, to see the native inhabitants of the soil often rejected as tenants merely because they are so. Distant landlords have no opportunities of investigating for themselves; and an English or Scotch agent, coming over with plenty of prejudice and partiality, is sure to give the preference to his own. This, no doubt, has, in some situations, occasioned a great degree of bitterness between the Irish and the Scotch and their descendants. When the Catholic looks from his barren bit of land, at the warm,

sheltered allotments of the Protestants and Presbyterians, he is naturally inclined to jealousy, even though he may own that his neighbour's thrifty character is deservedly held at a higher percentage."

We should have thought, that a writer who gives the men of Belfast credit for such shrewdness, sagacity, and attention to their own interests, would have looked for other reasons for the rejection of tenants besides that of their being natives of the soil. The Belfast men do not want to have their lands infested with the beggary, the laziness, the filth, the ferocity, and the superstition, which our tourist observes in the southern part of the island. He maintains, that the difference of religion has no effect in the marked distinction between Ulster and Munster. What, then, has? Cork possesses a magnificent harbour, admirably placed for all purposes of commerce or war; the climate is more genial than that of Belfast; the soil, in general, is fertile; the resources of its pasturage unbounded; it has at different times been fostered, in various ways, by the patronage of the state; and yet it is not much better than a pauper-warren. Belfast, inferior in all external advantages, is robbing it of its commercial importance; and, while squalor and misery infest the streets and roads of the south, prosperity, in all its features, smiles upon the north.

One fact, stated by himself, should have induced him to think that "Catholicism," as a most miserable sectarianism is termed, had something to do with this state of affairs. In Dublin,

"If you will accompany me to the Mendicity House," said Doctor —, "I think you will have seen a pretty large sample of our poverty; and, alas! it must be owned, that of all remarkable things in Ireland, nothing is so remarkable as this. Poverty in the many and ostentation in the few,—I believe this may be observed with truth to be the general condition of my country."

"To the Mendicity House they drove. What a scene presented itself! Hundreds and hundreds of poor creatures in filth, rags, and disense, lying about the court or on the steps of the buildings, waiting for their daily dole, for that 'once for all' portion, which they had found it a degree better policy to accept, rather than infest the streets, or take the chance of begging in the country. Numbers of children, too, were assembled for

the day, to be fed, and to receive some sort of instruction, after which they were consigned every evening to the care of their parents, sharing their miserable quarters wherever these might be, and bringing back their rags and wretchedness next morning to the Mendicity again. For some of these people employment was found; but the greater part were systematic beggars, whose claims it had been found more convenient to refer to this place, the richer inhabitants gladly subscribing to it, in order to be free from the constant nuisance of beggars. Let the reader imagine the effect of a procession of more than 2000 of these wretched objects through the streets,—a measure which has actually been adopted more than once, in order to excite the charity of the inhabitants. The Catholics, generally speaking, are not friendly to this mode of relieving the poor; for fifty pounds subscribed by Protestants they give scarce one pound. They have a feeling about almsgiving quite at variance with the calculating and reasoning mode of procedure which modern practice and precept seem likely more and more to sanction. 'To give to him that asketh' is a precept *literally* observed by them; and they do not seem to ask themselves the question, whether they may not, by their indiscriminate charity, be really violating the spirit of the commandment. If 'to give to him

that asketh us' does not mean that all we possess is to go to the first claimant, that claimant, perhaps, utterly incapable of using our bounty aright, it surely may mean that we should reserve to ourselves the power of directing the best appropriation of our alms; that we should 'have to give' to *him*, among all who ask, whom we regard as best fitted to improve the gift. It cannot surely mean that we should cease to be rational creatures as soon as our charitable propensities are to be put in action."

The "Catholics" have something else to do with their money, besides assisting their starving countrymen. What is wrong from itself for the support of one worthless and mischievous man, would render the procession of two thousand ragged and starving wretches through the metropolis of his native land unnecessary: but that is not the sort of justice which he or his brother-conspirators require for Ireland.

We said, at the beginning of this article, that the book was of no value. We must qualify the observation somewhat. Every book is of value which draws English attention to the starving condition of the Irish under the control of agitation, and the prosperity of those parts of the island not visited by that curse.

DISRAELI'S "VENETIA.*"

BYRON has said,—

"Of all the barbarous middle ages, that
Which is most barbarous is the middle
age
Of man."

Now, we by no means agree with his lordship on this point, which, by the way, is one of the few on which we feel entitled to speak with confidence. The middle age not less than the earlier, or the more advanced period, of life has advantages, as well as duties, of its own. And not the least of the advantages we take to be the clear, comprehensive, and impartial estimate which a ripened judgment is enabled to form of the contemporaneous mind. It is, we think, a task of enlivening interest, to trace the progress and the tendency of intellectual development in the generation in which our lot is cast; and

deep, indeed, is the gratification experienced by a thoughtful soul, when finding the most richly endowed natures of the time—those especially who are yet in the fulness of energy—devoting themselves, as by common consent, to the exaltation of the national character; while the "inferior kinds," in politics and literature, very naturally pursue the opposite course. We, some months back, took occasion to shew that those public journals which exercise the strongest influence on the popular mind are distinguished by devotion to the constitution in Church and State. We contended that the outcry raised by the Whig-Radicals against a journal of such ability and importance as the *Times* was but the howl of a baffled faction at the detection and denunciation of treasonable designs; and we added, that the

* *Venetia*. By the author of "*Vivian Grey*," and "*Henrietta Temple*." 3 vols. London, Colburn. 1837.

Times, in taking the step it did, was a faithful representative of the loyalty and nationality of England. Every thing that has since occurred has justified our statement. The public virtue, the wisdom, and the talents of England are associated in one and the same high cause; and scarcely a week passes without furnishing fresh proof of the irresistible nature of such a combination. We repeat, that it is deeply gratifying to every lover of his country to contemplate the daily and hourly corroborations of Lord Melbourne's complaint, that the nobility, clergy, and gentry, the universities, the educated classes, are all against him. To which we may add, as we have just intimated, that the intellectual and moral energy of the country is against him. Let any man look at the continually recurring evidences of this. In the House of Lords, in the House of Commons, at the bar, not less than in the public journals, we perceive a vigorous and accomplished mind animating the Conservative ranks; while their opponents are distinguished by a ferocious feebleness utterly contemptible. Nor is this less manifest in the productions of our lighter literature. There, also, we find the Conservative superiority incontestably established, notwithstanding the splutter and puffery by which the great *Unread* seek to decry their superiors, and exalt themselves. But it is plain enough that the "day of their destiny's over," or nearly so; and we "await the issue in repose."

These reflections on the comparative intellectual strength of the two parties—the Conservatives and the Destructives—have suggested themselves to us anew, on perusing a work just published by the younger Disraeli, and called *Venetia*. It is a work which must extend and strengthen the author's already wide and well-established fame; and we are rejoiced to find it pervaded by that healthy and manly spirit—in short, that truly *English* spirit—for which our recent escape from the fribble school has afforded so keen a relish in the public mind. We shall have much to say on this particular merit in Disraeli's writing. We regard it as a merit of the most praiseworthy and important character,

especially at this moment, when the frippery of what is called the "fashionable school," and the foppery of what is called the "philosophical school," have lost all charm for any but the revellers in that "*Sand-bag*"* sentimentalism which has latterly overlaid and festered the empty heart of Paris. Now, as we are convinced that, morally and politically speaking, the Conservatives have received, and are likely to continue to receive, good service from the younger Disraeli, we shall (something on the principle that gratitude is "a lively anticipation of future favours") express our sense of the career he has already run. It will furnish the best ground for estimating his probable "future." And in the spirit of fair play we shall drag another name into the discussion,—the name of one well known, and in high favour with our political opponents,—of one who, if he have not absolutely measured himself against the author of *Vivian Grey*, has very often formed the subject of comparison with him,—we allude to the author of *Pelham*. The two authors are of pretty much the same standing as to literary age. What they have respectively done is before the world,—what, judged by such recorded evidence, they may be yet likely to do, we shall presume to conjecture; and the result we confidently anticipate will be gratifying to the Conservative, and convincing to the Destructive reader.

It is not necessary that we should enumerate the works of either of these writers: suffice it to take their self-chosen designations,—the one the author of *Pelham*, the other the author of *Vivian Grey*. To begin with the former. *Pelham* is as generally thought to be the best of Mr. Bulwer's works, as the *Duchess de la Vallière* is admitted to be the worst. The former was, undoubtedly, a smart production. With many it was in the highest possible favour; with all it was, and it deserved to be, held in admiration, as a production of much promise by a youthful writer. The works which succeeded were less encouraging,—remarkable more than all else for the author's overweening self-esteem,—his corresponding shallowness,—his pre-

* One of the most prolific of the Parisian poison-mongers is an unfortunate woman, named Dudevenant, who publishes her pernicious fustian under the name of *George Sand*.

posterior philosophy,—his painfully-forced humour,—his false sentiment,—his growling Radicalism,—and, finally, his puerile prate about, or, rather, against, England and the English. Of course, we say nothing of such matters as the "Siamese Twins." We speak only of those works on which the friends of the author rest his claims to celebrity. After pursuing his labours in this way, stimulated by what certainly was notoriety, but as certainly was not fame,—after wincing and wrangling, and performing that grave practical joke on Mr. Colburn of making his gossiping magazine a political engine; after all this, Mr. Bulwer produced a play, which the whole world, excepting a certain weekly critic, admits to have been deservedly damned,—nay, to have been only heard to the end from pity to the writer. What more the member for Lincoln may propose, we know not. He appears to have declaimed something concerning *Athens*, which, after the manner of *Rienzi*, and the *Last Days of Pompeii*, may possibly suggest a subject for the dramatising skill of Mr. Buckstone. But we don't think the M. P. for Lincoln likely to advance the cause of Whig-Radicalism by his efforts in the house or out of it. Within the walls he has failed—an accident which has happened to many equally deserving men before him. Out of the house, in every way—in novels, reviews, and pamphlets—he has perpetrated his "ponderous levities" and stingless severities against the Conservatives, till at length the party so ruthlessly assailed is on the eve of returning to power. In short, it would appear that the author of *Pelham* has worked himself out. His vein, originally a small one, seems to be exhausted. Come we now to the author of *Vivian Grey*.

This writer furnishes a remarkable refutation of the theory as to precociousness. The production of such a work as *Vivian Grey* by a youth was, on all hands, admitted to be a "curiosity of literature;" but Mediocrity solaced its small spirit with the thought that "so wise so young they say do ne'er live long;" and it was complacently decided that the youngster could not last. Last, however, he did; but, instead of reposing under the laurels so early won, he set out on a sort of scamper over the face of the earth, and ever and anon we heard of him in

prose or verse, often wondering what the plague he would be at,—sometimes quizzing his eccentricities, but always acknowledging the untiring energy of his genius. He is constantly doing something, and that in right good earnest. It is but a few days back that, while he might have been supposed closeted with Colburn, in affectionate solicitude about the birth of his new novel, he was in the thickest of the election-fight, filling the *canvass* soul of Croucher himself with wonder. So is it ever with him,—now vindicating the constitution, now daring the whole tribe of the O'Connells to mortal combat,—now contesting an election, now shaking the poor creature of the *Globe* to shivers; but ever intent, with all his heart and soul, on the matter in hand, and bothering his antagonists beyond expression. This passionate enthusiasm, the true source of fame, has, from the first, been observable in his works of fiction; but in his last two productions, *Henrietta Temple* and *Venetia*, we think we see it

"Softened into feeling, soothed and tamed"

under the influence of "years that bring the philosophic mind." We trace this not only in the exquisite beauty and deep insight distinguishing his female portraiture; but also, and if possible still more, in the truth and delicacy with which he foreshadows the yet undeveloped characters of *Venetia* and Lord Cadurcis, through the medium of their childhood's conversation—so artless, yet so full of soul. We know of no writer amongst us who has at all approached Disraeli in this particular. The charm is not effected by description, or by any eloquence unborrowed from the simplest human heart. The children speak for themselves, as children of their age, dispositions, and circumstances, naturally would; and we, "children of a larger growth," need no description to assist our understanding and sympathising with the brooding spirit of the boy, or the profound heart of the gentle and trustful girl. With the true instinct of art, the author leaves the thoughts and feelings thus suggested to work their effect on the reader's mind; well knowing that, with one class of readers, this is all that could be required, while, with another, whole volumes of explanation would be thrown away. But we are

not yet considering the work itself. We merely made incidental mention of the fact just alluded to, as illustrative of our opinion, that the enthusiasm of this author, which, till now, has been thought somewhat too vehement and uncontrolled, has become subdued—that, with no diminution of his original energy,

" His master bias leans
To home-felt pleasures and to gentle
scenes."

We are confirmed in this opinion by the delicacy and purity with which he reconciles the seeming contrasts in certain of his female characters; but most of all, by the religious spirit which he wisely makes the basis of their happiness, and their steadfast stay in suffering and sorrow. This is most worthy of remark, and, we need hardly add, of the warmest eulogy. When we consider the sensitive and susceptible minds who, for the greater part, seek recreation in works of the class here spoken of, it is of the last importance to every father, husband, and brother in the kingdom, that such mental recreation should not only be harmless, but of a tendency to strengthen and confirm those principles of morality and religion which are essential to permanent happiness. It is, therefore, with strong approval that we observe, in Disraeli's last work, not only the refined humanity of which we have spoken, but the higher merit of religious trust and hope. This being so, were the author's politics unknown, we should unhesitatingly pronounce him a Conservative. Happily, however, there is no doubt on the point. In this work, as in his political essays and speeches, he strives for the diffusion of sound constitutional views with his characteristic zeal. And we wish those readers, who have been in the habit of receiving their impressions of the higher ranks from the writers of the "silver-fork" school, would attend particularly to the appearance presented by persons of high station in Disraeli's last work. They will be found there to look, and talk, and act, like human beings of good breeding, and, therefore, of natural manners. In what menagerie the animals represented by the "fashionable" novelists are kept tied up, we cannot say. Certain it is, we never came across one of them. We don't deny their

existence—we only say we are ignorant of any such; and "where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." But we have had the pleasure of meeting people such as those portrayed by Disraeli—dignified, courteous, intelligent, bountiful, and brave—in short, *English*; and they are just the people he describes them. If that portion of the reading world who reside at a distance from the metropolis, or who rarely visit it, wish to form a correct estimate of the classes in question, we recommend them by all means to disregard the statements concerning the aristocracy in *England and the English*, and to put their faith in Disraeli. By the simple process of telling the truth, he inspires a sentiment of respect for those to whom it is justly due and cheerfully paid; while Mr. Bulwer, by attempting to misrepresent the aristocracy, merely makes himself ridiculous, without carrying conviction to the mind of any but grovelling critics and the gaby congregations whom "*downward*" they direct." From this small fry of fame-dispensers, such a writer as Disraeli can only expect to meet with misrepresentation. He is beyond the grasp of their intellects; and they hate what they cannot comprehend. Indeed, it is an absurdity to suppose that any man who sincerely wished to do justice to such a work as *Venetia* would take it up, and, after a hasty perusal, pronounce a decision on its merits. Whatever be the degree of its worth or worthlessness, one thing is certain, that much thought (and that on the part of a man of acknowledged powers) must have been bestowed upon it. Surely, then, any lover of literature, any man who had a worthier object than personal pique to gratify, would not only give the work a careful perusal, but would, when pronouncing his decision, afford indication that he had so perused it, by the nature of his remarks upon it. But it is possible that this would be a grave inconvenience to hebdomadal journals. Then, we submit, their opinions are good for nothing, as criticisms; though they may, when favourable, be pleasing to a publisher, and, indirectly of course, useful to the author. But no further importance can or ought to be attached to them. For ourselves, we must say that, even relieved, as we are, from the necessity of so hurriedly preparing our articles for the public eye, it is not

without much diffidence that, when we have a genuine spirit to deal with, we decide on his claims to consideration. Possibly this is a weakness in us; but such is the fact. We don't pretend to judge the writings of a distinguished author by inspiration, intuition, steam, or impertinence, but by the humbler process of reading them. And in this instance, as in most others, labour meets with its reward. We must now introduce *Venetia*; for it were not ungallant alone, but absolutely barbarous, were we to keep so fair a creature longer waiting in a May like this, which seems to have inherited the worst qualities of her two preceding monthly magazines of misery.*

We shall first copy the dedication to Lord Lyndhurst. We think it perfect — manly, simple, affectionate, and sincere.

"To Lord Lyndhurst.

"In happier hours, when I first mentioned to you the idea of this work, it was my intention, while inscribing it with your name, to have entered into some details as to the principles which had guided me in its composition, and the feelings with which I had attempted to shadow forth, though as 'in a glass darkly,' two of the most renowned and refined spirits that have adorned these our latter days. But now I will only express a hope that the time may come when, in these pages, you may find some relaxation from the cares, and some distraction from the sorrows, of existence, and that you will then receive this dedication as a record of my respect and my affection."

The two "renowned and refined spirits" here spoken of are Byron and Shelley. It was, indeed, a high and noble aspiration to attempt the placing of two such characters in a just light before their countrymen. And, in our judgment, Disraeli has in both instances seen the "very pulse of the machine." Lord Cadurcis and his mother, and Herbert and Lady Annabel, are wretched, and the cause of wretchedness, because the son in the one case, and the husband in the other, are "*not understood*." In that first interview at Cherbury, wherein Mrs. Cadurcis and the little Lord Cadurcis (we may as well say Mrs. Byron and Lord Byron) are introduced to the

accomplished Lady Annabel, the author has admirably represented this. Between the boy and his mother one of those unseemly scenes of violence occurs, in the presence of Lady Annabel, in which Byron's boyhood abounded. Before the storm reaches its height, the following passage in the dialogue occurs. Lady Annabel is addressing the exasperated mother:

"My dear madam," said Lady Annabel, "I am sure that Lord Cadurcis has no other wish but to please you. Indeed, you have misunderstood him."

"Yes! she always misunderstands me," said Lord Cadurcis, in a softer tone, but with pouting lips and suffused eyes."

Could a volume give a clearer insight into the cause of continual difference between this fond mother and her affectionate child? For that he was of a truly affectionate disposition, his manner of receiving and acting on Lady Annabel's mild remonstrance clearly shews. The fact is, Lady Annabel in some degree *understood* the boy, which his mother did not. Yet this Lady Annabel herself — a woman as near perfection as can well be imagined — is the victim of a like incapacity for comprehending the wondrous character of the husband of her heart, the father of Venetia. On this account alone, she, in the pride of life, blest with all the accidents of high rank, beauty, and wealth, lives in the seclusion of Cherbury — self-divorced, and shunning the society she is so well qualified to adorn. Here she is entirely occupied with the education of her only child, Venetia; from whom she studiously conceals all circumstances connected with her father. These are known only to Mrs. Pauncefort, her ladyship's waiting-woman (a lifelike sketch from that ridiculous class), and Dr. Masham, a clergyman in the neighbourhood. The originals of this picture will at once suggest themselves. To return to the two "renowned spirits." If we have at all caught the author's meaning, we think we see through the whole work this single circumstance, viz. of their not being understood — accounting for all the misery so keenly felt and so unconsciously inflicted. When the boy, Cadurcis, runs away from home, and

* Since this was written, the wind has changed, and ministers have been left in a majority of five!

joins the gipsies*—thus fulfilling a threat that, if his mother struck him again, he would live with her no longer—it is because he is not understood by her. On his return, he finds her dead of a broken heart. In the blaze of his fame, amidst the admiration and the caresses of all classes, we find Lord Cadurcis yearning for that sympathy so rarely met with; while the only being from whom he could hope to find it, is drooping and dying beneath the inexorable will of a parent, who cannot understand that impulsive character, the early development of which she had watched with such affectionate solicitude. So also with Herbert, an exile ever indulging in dreams for the extension of human happiness—devoting his life now to what he believes to be the cause of rational freedom, now to speculations after the true and the beautiful, but ever dispensing consolation and joy around him with a "continual-giving hand," this man, so wise, so learned, so gentle, and single-hearted, wears out life an exile from his native land, and from all that is dear to him, because he has been misunderstood by those whom he wished to serve and cherish. If this be, indeed, what the author meant to shadow forth, we must say that he has wonderfully succeeded. We say wonderfully, for it required no ordinary reflection, sensibility, and discrimination, to enter so fully into the passionate fervour and proud defiance in which Byron sought solace under misconception, and, at the same time, into the all-enduring, ever-hoping philosophy of Shelley. We cannot find space for half that has been suggested by our author on this head. But we have thought it right to shew that, whether our estimate of the allusions to Byron and Shelley be correct or not, Disraeli's work in this respect is deserving of thoughtful study, and, at all events, stands far beyond the reach of Cockney criticism. What, for example, can be more ridiculous than the objection brought against the author that he has jumbled the histories of Byron and Shelley, because, in his work, Lady Annabel and Venetia are the wife and daughter of Herbert, and not of Lord

Cadurcis. Any man, who is not blinded by envy or native dullness, must see that there can be no jumbling of histories; for it is not pretended to give a history of either the one poet or the other. Such critics might as well reproach the author for having made Herbert a sharer in the American Revolution, seeing that Shelley could not have taken part in that event. The author himself says, that he intended "to shadow forth, 'as in a glass darkly,' two of the most renowned and refined spirits that have adorned these our latter days." He could have given no points of their personal history which are not well known to all the world. And if, as we have supposed, his object was by a dispassionate, and, if we may so say, suggestive analysis of two such minds, to inculcate the great moral lesson that, before we pass judgment on a man of genius, it is incumbent on us to endeavour to understand him—if this were the author's object, he had an undoubted right to deal with the historical materials of their lives as best suited his purpose. Another objection taken by this class of critics is, that the circumstances of Lord Byron's private life are paraded in *Venetia*. Lord Byron's private life!! Have these carping people read Medwin's book, or Leigh Hunt's book, or, in short, Moore's *Life of Byron*? and, having read all or any one of these, can they have the inconceivable stupidity to talk of Lord Byron's private life? From the publication of the "Fare thee well," down to the day of his death, his lordship took good care there should be no privacy; and, since his death, his friends have abundantly supplied any information that was wanting. But it is a waste of time to refute such miserable cavilling.

Venetia, considered only as a "love-story," is much superior to *Henrietta Temple*; with which latter all readers are by this time familiar. The characters, from the lofty Lady Annabel to the lowly Mrs. Pauncefort, are *felt* to be true. Descriptions of scenery, the most vividly beautiful, are scattered through the work, to "sere the eyes" of the croaking Cockneys, who characteristically sicken at the thought of

* * There is a scene with the gipsies, in which occurs some of the "family" language. But "Rookwood" has made that sort of thing his own. We are glad, by the way, to see that our old friend is coming out in an early number of the *Standard Novels*.

vegetation beyond that of their garret-gracing flower-pots. The language is eloquent, yet natural, and unaffected; and, what is an especial merit now-a-days, it is *English*. Many of the situations are, as we shall shew, of highly wrought interest, and the incidents always managed with masterly skill. With this we proceed to some extracts, which we think deserving of particular notice. Passing over what to us is far from the least interesting portion of the narrative, namely, the childhood of Venetia and Cadurcis, we shall commence at the period of the young lord's return from Eton, when Venetia is rising into womanhood. She has become acquainted with the secret of her father's existence during the absence of Cadurcis; and he, on the other hand, has heard her father's name traduced as that of a profligate and an unbeliever. Though only eighteen, our precocious youth fancies himself fit for matrimony, and proposes to Venetia accordingly. She puts off answering so sudden a request till the following morning, and then this scene takes place between the old playfellows:

"His first thought was of Venetia; he was impatient for the interview—the interview she promised, and even proposed. The fresh air was grateful to him; he bounded along to Cherbury, and brushed the dew in his progress from the tall grass and shrubs. In sight of the hall, he for a moment paused. He was before his accustomed hour, and yet he was always too soon. Not to-day, though, not to-day; suddenly he rushes forward, and springs down the green vista, for Venetia is on the terrace, and alone!"

"Always kind, this morning she greeted him with unusual affection: never had she seemed to him so exquisitely beautiful. Perhaps her countenance to-day was more pale than wont. There seemed a softness in her eyes, usually so brilliant, and even dazzling; the accents of her salutation were suppressed and tender.

"I thought you would be here early," she remarked, "and therefore I rose to meet you."

"Was he to infer from this artless confession that his image had haunted her in her dreams, or only that she would not delay the conversation on which his happiness depended? He could scarcely doubt which version to adopt when she took his arm and led him from the terrace, to walk where they could not be disturbed.

"'Dear Plantagenet,' she said—'for, indeed, you are very dear to me—I told you last night that I would speak to you to-day on your wishes, that are so kind to me, and so much intended for my happiness. I do not love suspense; but, indeed, last night I was too much surprised, too much overcome, by what occurred, that, exhausted as I naturally was by all our pleasure, I could not tell you what I wished: indeed I could not, dear Plantagenet!'

"My own Venetia!"

"So I hope you will always deem me; for I should be very unhappy if you did not love me, Plantagenet—more unhappy than I have even been these last two years: and I have been very unhappy, very unhappy indeed, Plantagenet."

"Unhappy, Venetia! my Venetia unhappy!"

"Listen! I will not weep: I can control my feelings. I have learnt to do this; it is very sad, and very different to what my life once was: but I can do it."

"You amaze me!"

"Venetia sighed, and then resumed, but in a tone mournful and low, and yet to a degree firm.

"You have been away five years, Plantagenet."

"But you have pardoned that."

"I never blamed you; I had nothing to pardon. It was well for you to be away; and I rejoice your absence has been so profitable to you."

"But it was wicked to have been so silent."

"Oh, no, no, no! Such ideas never entered into my head, nor even mamma's. You were very young; you did as all would, as all must do. Harbour not such thoughts. Enough! you have returned, and love us yet."

"Love! adore!"

"Five years are a long space of time, Plantagenet. Events will happen in five years, even at Cherbury. I told you I was changed."

"Yes!" said Lord Cadurcis, in a voice of some anxiety, with a scrutinising eye.

"You left me a happy child; you find me a woman,—and a miserable one."

"Good God, Venetia! this suspense is awful. Be brief, I pray you. Has any one —"

"Venetia looked at him with an air of perplexity. She could not comprehend the idea that impelled his interruption.

"Go on," Lord Cadurcis added, after a short pause; "I am, indeed, all anxiety."

"You remember that Christmas which you passed at the hall, and walking at night in the gallery, and——"

"Well; your mother—I shall never forget it."

"You found her weeping when you were once at Murringhurst. You told me of it."

"Ay, ay!"

"There is a wing of our house shut up. We often talked of it."

"Often, Venetia; it was a mystery."

"I have penetrated it," replied Venetia, in a solemn tone, "and never have I known what happiness is since."

"Yes, yes!" said Lord Cadurcis, very pale, and speaking in a whisper.

"Plantagenet, I have a father!"

Lord Cadurcis started, and for an instant his arm quitted Venetia's. At length he said, in a gloomy voice, "I know it."

"Know it!" exclaimed Venetia, with astonishment; "who could have told you the secret?"

"It is no secret," replied Cadurcis: "would that it were!"

"Would that it were! How strange you speak! how strange you look, Plantagenet! If it be no secret that I have a father, why this concealment then? I know that I am not the child of shame!" she added, after a moment's pause, with an air of pride. A tear stole down the cheek of Cadurcis.

"Plantagenet! dear, good Plantagenet! my brother! my own brother! see, I kneel to you—Venetia kneels to you! your own Venetia! Venetia that you love! Oh! if you knew the load that is on my spirit, bearing me down to a grave which I would almost welcome, you would speak to me—you would tell me all. I have sighed for this; I have longed for this; I have prayed for this. To meet some one who would speak to me of my father—who had heard of him, who knew him—has been for years the only thought of my being, the only object for which I existed. And now, here comes Plantagenet, my brother—my own brother; and he knows all, and he will tell me: yes, that he will! he will tell his Venetia all—all!"

"Is there not your mother?" said Lord Cadurcis, in a broken tone.

"Forbidden, utterly forbidden. If I speak, they tell me her heart will break; and, therefore, mine is breaking."

"Have you no friend?"

"Are not you my friend?"

"Dr. Masham?"

"I have applied to him; he tells me that he lives, and then he shakes his head."

"You never saw your father; think not of him."

"Not think of him!" exclaimed Venetia, with extraordinary energy. "Of what else? For what do I live but to

think of him? What object have I in life but to see him? I have seen him—once."

"Ah!"

"I know his form by heart; and yet it was but a shade. Oh, what a shade! what a glorious, what an immortal shade! If gods were upon earth, they would be like my father!"

"His deeds, at least, are not god-like," observed Lord Cadurcis dryly, and with some bitterness.

"I deny it!" said Venetia, her eyes sparkling with fire, her form dilated with enthusiasm, and involuntarily withdrawing her arm from her companion. Lord Cadurcis looked exceedingly astonished.

"You deny it!" he exclaimed. "And what should you know about it?"

"Nature whispers to me, that nothing but what is grand and noble could be breathed by those lips, or fulfilled by that form."

"I am glad you have not read his works, said Lord Cadurcis, with increased bitterness. "As for his conduct, your mother is a living evidence of his honour, his generosity, and his virtue."

"My mother!" said Venetia, in a softened voice; "and yet he loved my mother!"

"She was his victim, as a thousand others may have been."

"She is his wife!" replied Venetia, with some anxiety.

"Yes, a deserted wife. Is that preferable to being a cherished mistress? More honourable, but scarcely less humiliating."

"She must have misunderstood him," said Venetia. "I have perused the secret vows of his passion; I have read his praises of her beauty; I have pored over the music of his emotions when he first became a father:—yes, he has gazed on me—even though but for a moment—with love! Over me he has breathed forth the hallowed blessing of a parent! That transcendent form has pressed his lips to mine, and held me with fondness to his heart! And shall I credit aught to his dishonour? Is there a being in existence who can persuade me he is heartless or abandoned? No! I love him! I adore him! I am devoted to him with all the energies of my being! I live only on the memory that he lives, and, were he to die, I should pray to my God that I might join him, without delay, in a world where it cannot be justice to separate a child from a father."

"And this was Venetia—the fair, the serene Venetia—the young, the inexperienced Venetia! pausing, as it were, on the parting threshold of girlhood, whom, but a few hours since, he had fancied could scarcely have proved a

passion; who appeared to him barely to comprehend the meaning of his advances; for whose calmness or whose coldness he had consoled himself, by the flattering conviction of her unknowing innocence. Before him stood a beautiful and inspired maiden, her eye flashing supernatural fire, her form elevated above her accustomed stature, defiance on her swelling brow, and passion on her quivering lip!

"Gentle and sensitive as Cadurcis ever appeared to those he loved, there was in his soul a deep and unfathomed well of passions that had been never stirred, and a bitter and mocking spirit in his brain, of which he was himself unconscious. He had repaired this hopeful morn to Chisbury, to receive, as he believed, the plighted faith of a simple and affectionate, perhaps grateful, girl. That her unsophisticated and untutored spirit might not receive the advances of his heart with an equal and corresponding ardour, he was prepared. It pleased him that he should watch the gradual development of this bud of sweet affections, waiting, with proud anxiety, her fragrant and her full-blown love. But now it appeared that her coldness, or her indifference, might be ascribed to any other cause than the one to which he had attributed it,—the innocence of an inexperienced mind. This girl was no stranger to powerful passions; she could love, and love with fervency, with devotion, with enthusiasm. This child of joy was a woman of deep and thoughtful sorrows, brooding in solitude over high resolves and passionate aspirations. Why were not the emotions of such a tumultuous soul excited by himself? To him she was calm and unperturbable; she called him brother—she treated him as a child. But a picture, a fantastic shade, could raise in her a tempestuous swell of sentiment, that transformed her whole mind, and changed the colour of all her hopes and thoughts. Deeply prejudiced against her father, Cadurcis now hated him, and with a fell and ferocious earnestness that few bosoms but his could prove. Pale with rage, he ground his teeth, and watched her with a glance of sarcastic aversion.

"You led me here to listen to a communication which interested me," he at length said; "have I heard it?"

"His altered tone, the air of haughtiness which he assumed, were not lost upon Venetia. She endeavoured to collect herself, but she hesitated to reply.

"I repeat my inquiry," said Cadurcis. "Have you brought me here only to inform me that you have a father, and that you adore him, or his picture?"

"I led you here," replied Venetia, in a subdued tone, and looking on the

ground, 'to thank you for your love, and to confess to you that I love another.'

"'Love another!' exclaimed Cadurcis, in a tone of derision. 'Simpleton! the best thing your mother can do is to lock you up in the chamber with the picture that has produced such marvellous effects.'

"I am no simpleton, Plantagenet," rejoined Venetia, very quietly, 'but one who is acting as she thinks right; and not only as her mind, but as her heart prompts her.'

"They had stopped in the earlier part of this conversation on a little plot of turf, surrounded by shrubs; Cadurcis walked up and down this area with angry steps, occasionally glancing at Venetia with a look of mortification and displeasure.

"I tell you, Venetia," he at length said, 'that you are a little fool! What do you mean by saying that you cannot marry me, because you love another? Is not that other, by your own account, your father? Love him as much as you like, is that to prevent you from loving your husband also?'

"Plantagenet, you are rude, and unnecessarily so," said Venetia. 'I repeat to you again, and for the last time, that all my heart is my father's. It would be wicked in me to marry you, because I cannot love you as a husband should be loved. I can never love you as I love my father. However, it is useless to talk upon this subject. I have not even the power of marrying you if I wished, for I have dedicated myself to my father in the name of God; and I have offered a vow, to be registered in heaven, that thenceforth I would exist only for the purpose of being restored to his heart.'

"I congratulate you on your parent, Miss Herbert.'

"I feel that I ought to be proud of him; though, alas! I can only feel it. But, whatever your opinion may be of my father, I beg you to remember that you are speaking to his child.'

"I shall state my opinion respecting your father, madam, with the most perfect unreserve, wherever and whenever I choose; quite convinced that, however you esteem that opinion, it will not be widely different from the real sentiments of the only parent whom you ought to respect, and whom you are bound to obey.'

"And I can tell you, sir, that, whatever your opinion is on any subject, it will never influence mine. If, indeed, I were the mistress of my own destiny—which I am not—it would have been equally out of my power to have acted as you have so singularly proposed. I

do not wish to marry, and marry I never will; but, were it my power, or in accordance with my wish, to unite my fate for ever with another's, it should at least be with one to whom I could look up with reverence, and even with admiration. He should be at least a man, and a great man; one with whose name the world rung; perhaps, like my father, a genius and a poet."

" 'A genius and a poet!' exclaimed Lord Cadurcis, in a fury, stamping with passion; 'are these the terms to use, when speaking of the most abandoned profligate of his age? A man whose name is synonymous with infamy, and which no one dares to breathe in civilised life—whose very blood is pollution, as you will some day feel—who has violated every tie, and derided every principle, by which society is maintained—whose life is a living illustration of his own shameless doctrines—who is, at the same time, a traitor to his king and an apostate from his God!'

"Curiosity, overpowering even indignation, had permitted Venetia to listen even to this tirade. Pale as her companion, but with a glance of withering scorn, she exclaimed, 'The passionate and ill-mannered boy! words cannot express the disgust and the contempt with which you inspire me.' She spoke, and she disappeared. Cadurcis was neither able nor desirous to arrest her flight. He remained rooted to the ground, muttering to himself the word 'boy!' Suddenly raising his arm, and looking up to the sky, he exclaimed, 'The illusion is vanished! Farewell, Cherbury! farewell, Cadurcis!—a wider theatre awaits me! I have been the slave too long of soft affections—I root them out of my heart for ever!' and, fitting the action to the phrase, it seemed that he hurled upon the earth all the tender emotions of his soul. 'Woman! henceforth you shall be my sport! I have now no feelings but for myself. When she spoke, I might have been a boy;—I am a boy no longer. What I shall do I know not; but this I know, the world shall ring with my name. I will be a man, and a great man!'

Acting on this high resolve, his lordship soon astonishes the world as a poet, after having played the well-known Byron-pranks at Cambridge of keeping a bear to stand for a fellowship, &c. When next we meet him, he is the rage; and the story of Lady Caroline is told with great effect. All the men admire him, or hate him—which, to Byron, was quite as agreeable; all the women do as they usually do towards a remarkably fine lion, who, in addition, is young, and a lord.

Still, Cadurcis is not happy. His vanity is satisfied, but his heart and soul are lonely. In high spirits and in low—flirting with the women or mystifying the men—seemingly enjoying, or scorning, or hating, and, in reality, doing none of all these, except by fits too vehement to last—his thoughts for ever revert to one loved object. Need we say that this is Venetia? Well, she, after having deeply suffered in health, has arrived in town with Lady Annabel. Dr. Masham is also in London; he is now a bishop; the Herberts and himself having been latterly in high favour at court. The bishop and Cadurcis meet at dinner; and, in the course of the evening, the latter presses the dignitary with questions about Venetia, and declarations of his unaltered love for her. The bishop, who had discouraged the passion when Cadurcis was eighteen, on the ground of youth and inexperience, does not see much cause for confidence when the three intervening years have done so much to turn the head of so very excitable a person as his lordship. But Cadurcis is not to be easily discouraged. True, he finds Lady Annabel cold and repulsive, estranged by his "terrible and fatal gift of imagination" (as the author, with some truth, designates the exaggerating faculty); for her ladyship sees in this the counterpart of the fascination to which she herself succumbed, and dreads that her daughter may form a union unfortunate as her own. The wife who cannot understand her husband, is a mother who will not understand the lover of her daughter, because he possesses a spirit for inquiry, and a vigorous intellect for the pursuit of such inquiry. Genius is, however, a difficult thing to baffle; and Cadurcis being too great a lion to be excluded from any domain which he is bent on entering, contrives to meet Venetia at the house of her aunt. In the short conversation he there has with her, he removes the only ground of difference that had ever existed between them—he expresses his warm admiration of her father. At parting, she apprises him that she is not allowed by Lady Annabel to read his poems; whereupon we have a picture of a poet's inspirations, followed by some stanzas very well worthy of the occasion. Our only objection to these stanzas is, that they force a comparison with that unapproachable poem, "I had a

dream," &c. 'To have risked this, we take to be an error in judgment. The same remark applies, though not so strongly, to the stanzas "On the night our daughter was born," in the first volume. Both poems, judged by their own merits, will be pronounced beautiful; but when we have the idea that Byron and Shelley are the bards supposed to sing, we do not like to see any one doing duty for them. The stanzas perform the operation for which they were intended—they turn Venetia's head. To be adored by him whom all adore, is a homage proverbially very difficult to withstand. And, indeed, Venetia has no disposition to withstand it;—she loves Cadurcis; and Lady Annabel, seeing this, is determined to settle the business by a *coup de main*. This is effected in the following scene. Her ladyship tells some home-truths, though we think her too hard on the transfigured mortals who are gifted with the "vision and the faculty divine."

"'Mother, I repeat I have no thought but for you,' said Venetia. 'My own dearest mother, if my duty, if my devotion can content you, you shall be happy. But wherein have I failed?'

"'In nothing, love. Your life has hitherto been one unbroken course of affectionate obedience.'

"'And ever shall be,' said Venetia. 'But you were speaking, mother—you were speaking of—of my—my father.'

"'Of him,' said Lady Annabel, thoughtfully. 'You have seen his picture?'

Venetia kissed her mother's hand.

"'Was he less beautiful than Cadurcis? Was he less gifted?' exclaimed Lady Annabel, with animation. 'He could whisper in tones as sweet, and pour out his vows as fervently. Yet what am I!—O my child!' continued Lady Annabel, 'beware of such beings! They bear within them a spirit on which all the devotion of our sex is lavished in vain. A year—no! not a year, not one short year!—and all my hopes were blighted! O Venetia, if your future should be like my bitter past!—and it might have been, and I might have contributed to the fulfilment!—can you wonder that I should look upon Cadurcis with aversion?'

"'But, mother, dearest mother! we have known Plantagenet from his childhood. You ever loved him; you ever gave him credit for a heart—most tender and affectionate.'

"'He has no heart.'

"'Mother!'

"'He cannot have a heart. Spirits like him are heartless. It is another impulse that sways their existence. It is imagination—it is vanity—it is self, disguised with glittering qualities that dazzle our weak senses; but selfishness, the most entire, the most concentrated. We knew him as a child—ah, what can women know! We are born to love, and to be deceived. We saw him young, helpless, abandoned;—he moved our pity. We knew not his nature: then he was ignorant of it himself. But the young tiger, though cradled at our hearths and fed on milk, will in good time retire to its jungle and prey on blood. You cannot change its nature; and the very hand that fostered it will be its first victim.'

"'How often have we parted,' said Venetia, in a deprecating tone, 'how long have we been separated, and yet we find him ever the same—he ever loves us. Yes, dear mother, he loves you now, the same as in old days. If you had seen him, as I have seen him, weep when he recalled your promise to be a parent to him, and then contrasted with such sweet hopes your present reserve—oh, you would believe he had a heart—you would, indeed!'

"'Weep!' exclaimed Lady Annabel, bitterly; 'ay, they can weep. Sensibility is a luxury which they love to indulge. Their very susceptibility is our bane. They can weep; they can play upon our feelings: and our emotion, so easily excited, is an homage to their own power, in which they glory.'

"'Look at Cadurcis,' she suddenly resumed; 'bred with so much care; the soundest principles instilled into him with such sedulousness; imbibing them apparently with so much intelligence, ardour, and sincerity—with all that fervour, indeed, with which men of his temperament for the moment pursue every object: but a few years back, pious, dutiful, and moral; viewing, perhaps, with intolerance too youthful all that differed from the opinions and the conduct he had been educated to admire and follow. And what is he now? The most lawless of the wild; casting to the winds every salutary principle of restraint and social discipline, and glorying only in the abandoned energy of self. Three years ago, you yourself confess to me he reproached you with your father's conduct: now he emulates it. There is a career which such men must run, and from which no influence can divert them: it is in their blood. To-day, Cadurcis may vow to you eternal devotion; but, if the world speaks truth, Venetia, a month ago he was equally enamoured of

another—and one, too, who cannot be his. But grant that his sentiments towards you are for the moment sincere; his imagination broods upon your idea, it transfigures it with a halo which exists only to his vision. Yield to him, become his bride, and you will have the mortification of finding that, before six months have elapsed, his restless spirit is already occupied with objects which may excite your mortification, your disgust, even your horror.

"Ah, mother, it is not with Plantagenet as with my father. Plantagenet could not forget Cherbury; he could not forget our childhood," said Venetia.

"On the contrary, while you lived together, these recollections would be wearisome, commonplace to him. When you had separated, indeed, mellowed by distance, and the comparative vagueness with which your absence would invest them, they would become the objects of his muse; and he would insult you by making the public the confidant of all your most delicate domestic feelings."

Lady Annabel rose from her seat, and walked up and down the room, speaking with an excitement very unusual with her. "To have all the soft secrets of your life revealed to the coarse wonder of the gloating multitude; to find yourself the object of the world's curiosity—still worse, their pity, their sympathy; to have the sacred conduct of your hearth canvassed in every circle, and be the grand subject of the *pros* and *cons* of every paltry journal—ah, Venetia, you know not, you cannot understand, it is impossible you can comprehend, the bitterness of such a lot."

"My beloved mother," said Venetia, with streaming eyes, "you cannot have a feeling that I do not share."

"Venetia, you know not what I had to endure!" exclaimed Lady Annabel, in a tone of extreme bitterness. "There is no degree of wretchedness that you can conceive equal to what has been the life of your mother. And what has sustained me—what, throughout all my tumultuous troubles, has been the star on which I have ever gazed? My child! And am I to lose her now, after all my sufferings, all my hopes that she at least might be spared my miserable doom! Am I to witness her also a victim!" Lady Annabel clasped her hands in passionate grief.

"Mother, mother!" exclaimed Venetia, in agony, "spare yourself—spare me!"

"Venetia, you know how I have doated upon you; you know how I have watched and tended you from your infancy. Have I had a thought, a wish, a hope, a plan—has there been the slightest action of my life, of which you

have not been the object? All mothers feel, but none ever felt like me: you were my solitary joy."

Venetia leant her face upon the table at which she was sitting, and sobbed aloud.

"My love was baffled," Lady Annabel continued. "I fled, for both our sakes, from the world in which my family were honoured; I sacrificed, without a sigh, in the very prime of my youth, every pursuit which interests woman. But I had my child—I had my child!"

"And you have her still!" exclaimed the miserable Venetia. "Mother, you have her still!"

"I have schooled my mind," continued Lady Annabel, still pacing the room with agitated steps; "I have disciplined my emotions; I have felt at my heart the constant, the undying pang, and yet I have smiled, that you might be happy. But I can struggle against my fate no longer. No longer can I suffer my unparalleled—yes, my unjust doom. What have I done to merit these afflictions? Now, then, let me struggle no more—let me die!"

Venetia tried to rise; her limbs refused their office; she tottered; she fell again into her seat with an hysterical cry.

"Alas, alas!" exclaimed Lady Annabel, "to a mother, a child is every thing; but, to a child, a parent is only a link in the chain of her existence. It was weakness, it was folly, it was madness, to stake every thing on a resource which must fail me. I feel it now; but I feel it too late."

Venetia held forth her arms; she could not speak; she was stifled with her emotion.

"But was it wonderful that I was so weak?" continued her mother, as it were communing only with herself. "What child was like mine? Oh! the joy, the bliss, the hours of rapture that I have passed, in gazing upon my treasure, and dreaming of all her beauty and her rare qualities! I was so happy! I was so proud! Ah, Venetia, you know not how I have loved you!"

Venetia sprang from her seat; she rushed forward with convulsive energy; she clung to her mother, threw her arms round her neck, and buried her passionate we in Lady Annabel's bosom.

Lady Annabel stood for some minutes supporting her speechless and agitated child; then, as her sobs became fainter, and the tumult of her grief gradually died away, she bore her to the sofa, and seated herself by her side, holding Venetia's hand in her own, and ever and anon soothing her with soft embraces, and still softer words.

"At length, in a faint voice, Venetia

said, 'Mother, what can I do to restore the past? How can we be to each other as we were? for this I cannot bear.'

" 'Love me, my Venetia, as I love you. Be faithful to your mother; do not disregard her council; profit by her errors.'

" 'I will in all things obey you,' said Venetia, in a low voice; 'there is no sacrifice I am not prepared to make for your happiness.'

" 'Let us not talk of sacrifices, my darling child: it is not a sacrifice that I require. I wish only to prevent your everlasting misery.'

" 'What, then, shall I do?'

" 'Make me only one promise: whatever pledge you give, I feel assured that no influence, Venetia, will ever induce you to forfeit it.'

" 'Name it, mother.'

" 'Promise me never to marry Lord Cadurcis,' said Lady Annabel, in a whisper, but a whisper of which not a word was lost by the person to whom it was addressed.

" 'I promise never to marry, but with your approbation,' said Venetia, in a solemn voice, and uttering the words with great distinctness.

" The countenance of Lady Annabel instantly brightened. She embraced her child with extreme fondness, and breathed the softest and the sweetest expressions of gratitude and love."

This resolve is communicated to Cadurcis by Venetia herself. His lordship has proposed that they should marry in spite of Lady Annabel, and live with her father, Herbert.

"The countenance of Venetia was quite pale, but it was disturbed. You might see as it were the shadowy progress of thought, and mark the tumultuous passage of conflicting passions. Her mind for a moment was indeed a chaos. There was a terrible conflict between love and duty. At length a tear, one solitary tear, burst from her burning eyeball, and stole slowly down her cheek; it relieved her pain. She pressed Cadurcis' hand, and speaking in a hollow voice, and with a look vague and painful, she said, 'I am a victim; but I am resolved. I never will desert her who devoted herself to me.'

"Cadurcis quitted her hand rather abruptly, and began walking up and down on the turf that surrounded the fountain.

" 'Devoted herself to you!' he exclaimed with a fiendish laugh, and speaking, as was his custom, between his teeth,—'Commend me to such devotion. Not content with depriving you of a father, now, forsooth, she must bereave you of a lover too! And this is a mother, a

devoted mother! The cold-blooded, sullen, selfish, inexorable tyrant!'

" 'Plantagenet!' exclaimed Venetia, with great animation.

" 'Nay, I will speak. Victim, indeed! You have ever been her slave. She a devoted mother! Ay! as devoted as a mother as she was dutiful as a wife! She has no heart; she never had a feeling. And she cajoles you with her love, her devotion—the stern hypocrite!'

" 'I must leave you,' said Venetia; 'I cannot bear this.'

" 'Oh! the truth, the truth is precious,' said Cadurcis, taking her hand, and preventing her from moving. 'Your mother, your devoted mother, has driven one man of genius from her bosom, and his country. Yet there is another. Deny me what I ask, and to-morrow's sun shall light me to another land; to this I will never return; I will blend my tears with your father's, and I will publish to Europe the double infamy of your mother. I swear it solemnly. Still I stand here, Venetia, prepared, if you will but smile upon me, to be her son, her dutiful son. Nay! her slave, like you. She shall not murmur. I will be dutiful; she shall be devoted; we will all be happy,' he added, in a softer tone. 'Now, now, Venetia, my happiness is on the stake; now, now.'

" 'I have spoken,' said Venetia. 'My heart may break, but my purpose shall not falter.'

" 'Then my curse upon your mother's head!' said Cadurcis, with terrible vehemency. 'May Heaven rain all its plagues upon her! The Hecate!'

" 'I will listen no more,' exclaimed Venetia indignantly, and she moved away. She had proceeded some little distance, when she paused, and looked back: Cadurcis was still at the fountain, but he did not observe her. She remembered his sudden departure from Cherbury; she did not doubt that, in the present instance, he would leave them as abruptly, and that he would keep his word so solemnly given. Her heart was nearly breaking; but she could not bear the idea of parting in bitterness with the being whom, perhaps, she loved best in the world. She stopped; she called his name in a voice low, indeed; but in that silent spot it reached him. He joined her immediately, but with a slow step. When he had reached her, he said, without any animation, and in a frigid tone, 'I believe you called me?'

"Venetia burst into tears. 'I cannot bear to part in anger, Plantagenet. I wished to say farewell in kindness. I shall always pray for your happiness. God bless you, Plantagenet!'

"Lord Cadurcis made no reply, though for a moment he seemed about to speak: he bowed; and, as Venetia approached her aunt, he turned his steps in a different direction."

Cadurcis hurries to town, is visited by Lady Montecagle, disguised as a page—a scene, by the way, very strikingly told—has a duel with Lord Montecagle, whom he wounds severely; the scandal is exaggerated; Cadurcis is cut in the house of lords, hooted and fiercely menaced by the rabble; and, in revenge for all this, he leaves England just as the capricious public have come over to his side of the question. Meanwhile, Venetia's health is evidently sinking under the sacrifice which her mother has extorted from her. At the opening of the third volume, we find her in a villa on the Lago Maggiore, where Lady Annabel has been advised to pass some time, to aid the restoration of her daughter's health. From this spot they proceed to Arqua, and, on visiting Petrarch's abode, they hear of a German gentleman, its actual occupant, who is doing wonders of benevolence to all around him. In his absence they are shewn through the dwelling, and, deeply impressed with the character they have heard of the German, they proceed on to Rovigo, where the great event of Venetia's life awaits her. The travellers take shelter from a furious storm in a large old palace, now serving as an inn. Here—but the author can tell his own story to much better purpose than we can. We omitted to mention, that Venetia had once, when a girl, seen the picture of her father.

"The storm still raged; Venetia had quitted the saloon in which her mother and herself had been sitting, and had repaired to the adjoining chamber to fetch a book. The door of this room opened, as all the other entrances of the different apartments, on to the octagonal vestibule. Just as she was quitting the room, and about to return to her mother, the door of the opposite chamber opened, and there came forward a gentleman in a Venetian dress of black velvet. His stature was considerably above the middle height, though his figure, which was remarkably slender, was bowed—not by years certainly,—for his countenance, though singularly emaciated, still retained traces of youth. His hair, which he wore very long, descended over his shoulders, and was originally have been of a light golden colour, but now was severely

touched with gray. His countenance was very pallid,—so 'colourless,' indeed, that its aspect was almost unearthly; but his dark blue eyes, that were deeply set in his majestic brow, still glittered with fire; and their expression alone gave life to a visage which, though singularly beautiful in its outline, from its faded and attenuated character seemed rather the countenance of a corpse than of a breathing being.

"The glance of the stranger caught that of Venetia, and seemed to fascinate her. She suddenly became motionless; wildly she stared at the stranger, who, in his turn, seemed arrested in his progress, and stood still as a statue, with his eyes fixed with absorbing interest on the beautiful apparition before him. An expression of perplexity and pain flitted over the amazed features of Venetia; and then it seemed that, by some almost supernatural effort, confusion amounting to stupefaction suddenly brightened and expanded into keen and overwhelming intelligence. Exclaiming, in a frenzied tone, 'My father!' Venetia sprang forward, and fell senseless on the stranger's breast.

"Such, after so much mystery, so many aspirations, so much anxiety, and so much suffering, such was the first meeting of Venetia Herbert with her father."

We have not space for the scene that follows between the father and daughter. Lady Annabel, becoming uneasy at her daughter's absence, is told that Venetia is in the apartment of a strange gentleman. She requests to be shewn to the room.

"The waiter threw open the door of Mr. Herbert's chamber, and Lady Annabel swept in with a majesty she generally assumed when about to meet strangers. The first thing she beheld was her daughter in the arms of a man, whose head was bent, and who was embracing her. Notwithstanding this astounding spectacle, Lady Annabel neither started nor screamed; she only said in an audible tone, and one rather expressing astonishment than agitation, 'Venetia!'

"Immediately the stranger looked up, and Lady Annabel beheld her husband!

"She was rooted to the earth. She turned deadly pale; for a moment, her countenance expressed only terror, but the terror quickly changed into aversion. Suddenly she rushed forward, and exclaimed in a tone in which decision conquered dismay, 'Restore me my child!'

"The moment Herbert had recognised his wife, he had dexterously disengaged himself from the grasp of Venetia, whom

he left on the chair; and meeting Lady Annabel with extended arms, that seemed to deprecate her wrath he said, 'I seek not to deprive you of her; she is yours, and she is worthy of you; but respect for a few moments the feelings of a father who has met his only child in a manner so unforeseen.'

"The presence of her mother instantaneously restored Venetia to herself. Her mind was in a moment cleared and settled. Her past and peculiar life, and all its incidents, recurred to her with their accustomed order, vividness, and truth. She thoroughly comprehended her present situation. Actuated by long cherished feelings and the necessity of the occasion, she rose, and threw herself at her mother's feet, and exclaimed, 'O! mother, he is my father; love him!'

"Lady Annabel stood with an averted countenance, Venetia clinging to her hand, which she had caught when she rushed forward, and which now fell passive by Lady Annabel's side, giving no sign, by any pressure or motion, of the slightest sympathy with her daughter, or feeling for the strange and agonising situation in which they were both placed.

"'Annabel,' said Herbert, in a voice that trembled, though the speaker struggled to appear calm, 'be charitable! I have never intruded upon your privacy; I will not now outrage it. Accident, or some diviner motive, has brought us together this day. If you will not treat me with kindness, look not upon me with aversion before our child.'

"Still she was silent and motionless, her countenance hidden from her husband and her daughter; but her erect and haughty form betokening her inexorable mind. 'Annabel,' said Herbert, who had now withdrawn to some distance, and leant against a pillar, 'will not, then, nearly twenty years of desolation purchase one moment of intercourse! I have injured you. Be it so. This is not the moment I will defend myself. But have I not suffered! Is not this meeting a punishment deeper even than your vengeance could devise? Is it nothing to behold this beautiful child, and feel that she is only yours? Annabel, look on me, look on me only one moment! My frame is bowed; my hair is gray; my heart is withered: the principle of existence waxes faint and slack in this attenuated frame. I am no longer that Herbert on whom once you smiled, but a man stricken with many sorrows. The odious conviction of my life cannot long haunt you; yet a little while, and my memory will alone remain. Think of this, Annabel, I beseech you think of it. Oh! believe me, when the speedy hour arrives that will consign me to the grave,

where I shall at least find peace, it will not be utterly without satisfaction that you will remember that we met if even by accident, and parted at least not with harshness!'

"'Mother, dearest mother!' murmured Venetia, 'speak to him, look on him!'

"'Venetia,' said her mother, without turning her head, but in a calm, firm tone, 'your father has seen you, has conversed with you. Between your father and myself there can be nothing to communicate, either of fact or feeling. Now let us depart.'

"'No, no,—not depart!' said Venetia, frantically. 'You did not say depart, dear mother! I cannot go,' she added, in a low and half hysterical voice.

"'Desert me, then,' said the mother. 'A fitting consequence of your private communications with your father,' she added, in a tone of bitter scorn; and Lady Annabel moved to depart; but Venetia, still kneeling, clung to her convulsively.

"'Mother, mother, you shall not go; you shall not leave me; we will never part, mother,' continued Venetia, in a tone almost of violence, as she perceived her mother give no indication of yielding to her wish. 'Are my feelings, then, nothing?' she then exclaimed. 'Is this your sense of my fidelity? Am I for ever to be a victim?' She loosened her hold of her mother's hand; her mother moved on; Venetia fell upon her forehead and uttered a faint scream. The heart of Lady Annabel relented when she fancied her daughter suffered physical pain, however slight; she hesitated, she turned, she hastened to her child; her husband had simultaneously advanced; in the rapid movement and confusion her hand touched that of Herbert.

"'I yield her to you, Annabel,' said Herbert, placing Venetia in her mother's arms. 'You mistake me, as you have often mistaken me, if you think I seek to practise on the feelings of this angelic child. She is yours; may she compensate to you for the misery I have caused you, but never sought to occasion.'

After maintaining her scornful reserve for some time longer, Herbert's expostulations and Venetia's entreaties are too much for the haughty spirit of Lady Annabel. She sheds tears.

"This evidence of emotion which, in such a spirit, Herbert knew how to estimate, emboldened him to advance; he fell on one knee before her and her daughter; gently he stole her hand, and pressed it to his lips. It was not withdrawn, and Venetia laid her hand upon

theirs, and would have bound them together, had her mother been relentless. It seemed to Venetia that she was at length happy; but she would not speak,—she would not disturb the still and silent bliss of the impending reconciliation. Was it then, indeed, at hand? In truth, the deportment of Herbert throughout the whole interview, so delicate, so subdued, so studiously avoiding the slightest rivalry with his wife in the affections of their child, and so carefully abstaining from attempting in the slightest degree to control the feelings of Venetia, had not been lost upon Lady Annabel. And when she thought of him, so changed from what he had been, gray, bent, and careworn, with all the lustre that had once so fascinated her, faded, and talking of that impending fate which his wan, though spiritual, countenance too clearly intimated, her heart melted.

Suddenly the door burst open, and there stalked into the room a woman of eminent, but most graceful, stature, and of a most sovereign and voluptuous beauty. She was habited in the Venetian dress; her dark eyes glittered with fire, her cheek was inflamed with no amiable emotion, and her long black hair was disordered by the violence of her gesture.

"And who are these?" she exclaimed in a shrill voice.

"All started,—Herbert sprang up from his position with a glance of withering rage. Venetia was perplexed, Lady Annabel looked round, and recognised the identical face, however distorted by passion, that she had admired in the portrait at Arqua.

"And who are these?" exclaimed the intruder, advancing. "Perfidious Marmion! to whom do you dare to kneel?"

"Lady Annabel drew herself up to a height that seemed to look down even upon this tall stranger. The expression of majestic scorn that she cast upon the intruder made her, in spite of all her violence and excitement, tremble and be silent; she felt cowed she knew not why.

"Come, Venetia," said Lady Annabel, with all her usual composure; let me save my daughter at least from this profanation."

"Annabel!" said Herbert, rushing after them. "Be charitable, be just!" He followed them to the threshold of the door; Venetia was silent, for she was alarmed.

"Adieu, Marmion!" said Lady Annabel, looking over her shoulder with a bitter smile; but placing her daughter before her, as if to guard her. "Adieu, Marmion, adieu for ever!"

This new shock has an almost fatal effect on Venetia. She is taken by

her mother to Venice, and is on the point of death, when Herbert makes a last effort at a reconciliation. He writes to Lady Annabel, praying for permission to spend his few remaining days under the same roof with his wife and child. Venetia, her suffering and all but dying daughter, seconds the entreaty: Lady Annabel yields, and her daughter's rapid recovery is her reward. They all retire to a valley of the Apennines, where a most sweet picture is presented of their mode of life; the interest of which is much heightened by the arrival, from Athens, of Lord Cadurcis and his cousin, George Cadurcis, a frank-hearted sailor, whom we have forgotten hitherto to mention. Cadurcis and Herbert, being congenial spirits, jump to intimacy at once; and George Cadurcis, having been a great favourite with Lady Annabel in London, materially assists in removing former prejudices from her mind as to his cousin. His lordship's suit to Venetia is renewed under the happiest auspices, when Cadurcis and Herbert are drowned in a squall, under circumstances identical with those which deprived the world of Shelley. Indeed, we suspect it is an exact description of the scene of that deplorable event. After this, Lady Annabel, Venetia, and Captain, now Lord Cadurcis, return to Cherbury, where the history ends by Venetia becoming in due time Lady Cadurcis: a consummation which may displease some readers, but in which it is possible the author meant to afford his heroine, after the harassing trials she had undergone from being the daughter of one man of genius and the beloved of another, the haven of a simple, affectionate, and manly heart—a far securer anchorage than "wonderful" men for the most part can, or, at all events, do provide.

We must now conclude, by commending *Venetia* to our readers. If we have gone somewhat more at length than is usual with us, when treating of works of this description, it is not only that the author is of "mark and likelihood" enough to justify our so doing, but because we see a "set" made at him by the Whig-Radical reviewers. Those respectable gentlemen must not expect to have it *all* their own way. They are marvellously thin-skinned when any of their own faction fall under critical castigation, crying out

that Literature should be of no politics! This is pure fudge. In this country, politics will always have a material influence on the literature of the age; and, at the outset of this article, we shewed that the force of the Conservative party is nowhere more manifest than in the spirit pervading the literary works of the most powerful minds amongst us. But, conceding to the Whig-Radicals that Literature should be of no politics, how will they explain their illiberal and virulent treatment of every production given by Disraeli to the world? It is for his politics, and his politics alone, that they misrepresent and vilify him. It is, therefore, not only proper, but an imperative duty, that we should see fair play. This we have endeavoured to do in the present article; this we

shall continue to do on every successive appearance made by the author, of equal claims on our attention with the work just reviewed. We hope he will continue to be the means of broadcasting through the land, in this delightful form of fiction, the sound old English feelings and principles which give the tone to his two last works. And if

“another day should come,
Fitter hope and nobler doom,”

—if he should succeed in the avowed object of his ambition, it will be matter of gratifying retrospect, that, in a station comparatively private, he employed his leisure and his talents in disseminating the political and moral truths which he will then be enabled, even more influentially, to enforce.

LORD CARNARVON IN SPAIN.

LORD CARNARVON'S work has made a hit, at which we are exceedingly pleased. We have treated the noble author, perhaps, with something like neglect, in not having sooner stamped the seal of our approbation upon his labours; but we wished to let his genius have fair play, and allow the world to judge, unflattered by our opinion, of what he has done. The trial has been made. Unaided by the fostering hand of criticism, his lordship has run the gauntlet of the town; and he has so far exceeded all competition in the race, that his is the only work habitually quoted, when the subject of the war in Spain is in discussion. We shall now proceed to examine the cause of that success, and to prove, by a close investigation of the facts which Lord Carnarvon has adduced, and the reasoning he has brought to bear on them, that he is a master of his subject, and that the public have been in the right in selecting him as an authority. In so doing, we mean no offence to the writers who have preceded his lordship. They have their merit, and, no doubt, they know it: let that consciousness be their reward. We do not heed a repeater when the town clock strikes. So the minor poets

must not be scandalised, if we overlook their labours to devote the attention of a few pages to the important publication now before us.

The first volume of Lord Carnarvon's work is occupied with a narrative of incidents personal to himself, both in Portugal and Galicia. Some of these incidents are of a soul-stirring nature; and the reader will accompany the author with an interest worthy of the spirit in which the events are written: but it is not our intention to pursue that route. Our object is of a higher caste; and we turn to that portion of the volumes devoted to an inquiry into the cause of the civil war in Spain, and the rights of the belligerent parties.

It is now nearly five years since the first trumpet of war was sounded between the friends of legitimacy and the partisans of revolution in Spain, and nearly four years since hostilities were actually declared. Since that period the breach has become wider and wider; the grounds of dissent enlarged; private wrongs superadded to public injury; murder, robbery, and confiscation introduced; and every misery that could distract a nation let loose, without the slightest prospect of an accom-

* Portugal and Galicia, with a View of the Social and Political State of the Basque Provinces; and a few Remarks on recent Events in Spain. Murray. 1837.

modation appearing. The day of settlement is further removed than ever; and from the folly of Great Britain in having interfered on the one hand, and the dark spirit of the contending parties on the other, there seems to be no hope of an adjustment. In the commencement of the dispute, a marriage—which is the only practical mode of terminating a family quarrel—might have been resorted to. The son of Don Carlos might have been betrothed to the daughter of Ferdinand, and thus the claim of both parties centered in the same house; but the hatred of the Neapolitan and Portuguese princesses repudiated that expedient when it was practicable; and now it cannot even be mentioned, as the Carlists and *Mistinos* are alike determined to admit of no accommodation.

For the purpose of understanding the Spanish question clearly, it is necessary to consider that for centuries the *salique* law did not prevail in Spain, and that women have occasionally occupied the throne down to the year 1713. We make that admission *con toda franqueza*, as Spaniards say, for our object is the search of truth; and we like to give our adversaries, at starting, all the advantages they might extract in the course of the dispute. In that year, namely 1713, Philip V. determined to alter the law of the succession; and having called together the ancient cortes of the kingdom by *estamentos*, namely, the nobility, clergy, and people, he submitted to them the various reasons of state which rendered it necessary to exclude females from the throne in future. At that period there was no female right existant—there was, consequently, no wrong inflicted on any living person; and the cortes, being satisfied with the wisdom of the law, gave their consent to it in a formal manner. The *salique* law was proclaimed, and the monarchy subjected to a new organisation.

The succession continued on that basis until the year 1789, when Charles IV. took it into his head to revert to the original order of descent; and he convened a few deputies of cities—not a general cortes—to whom he submitted a proposition for doing away with the law of Philip V., and retaining the prior order of succession. He did not promulgate nor publish that law: he merely placed the documents relating to it secretly in the archives of

state, from which they were extracted not forty years after. But even if the law was made with all the necessary forms, an existing right was overlooked; and that was the right of Don Carlos, who was born in 1787, *two years prior to the act*, and who was heir presumptive to the throne, in case his elder brother Ferdinand died without male issue. We do not wish to torment the general reader with a tedious examination of Spanish laws, and a laborious inquiry into the legality or illegality of the proceedings of 1713 or 1789. The case is in reality within a nutshell; and we are sure our friends will thank us for placing the abstract question of right in the simple form that it can be understood by all.

Ferdinand was married three times, and there was no other male heir to the throne but Don Carlos, who possessed the entail in default of male issue; and if the king had died, as it was expected, a widower, the evils which have since fallen upon Spain would have been averted. But, unhappily for that devoted country, a daughter of the house of Naples, an intriguing, bad-hearted, ill-tempered woman, Doña Carlotta, the wife of the king's second brother, Don Francisco de Paula, whose children would be next in succession, conceived the bold idea of marrying Ferdinand to her sister, the present queen-regent, then one of the loveliest blossoms that ever sprung from an Italian soil. She was prompted thereto, not only by her own indistinct ambition, but by hatred to the Princess de Beira, the mother of the Infant Don Sebastian, married to another Neapolitan princess, whose influence at the court of Madrid was considerable, and who held, as the sister of the late queen, an unbounded ascendancy on the mind of Ferdinand. Thus ambition on the one hand, and the jealousy of two women on the other, have been the causes of that desolating contest which now rages in Spain, and the termination of which seems to be further removed as the warfare is prolonged.

Ferdinand married Christina of Naples; and, by the persuasion of his beautiful wife, and the intrigues of Doña Carlotta, was induced to make a will in 1830, excluding his brother, Don Carlos, from the throne, and nominating his infant daughter as his successor, in accordance with the al-

tered law of succession of 1789, then for the first time made public. The will was spoken of in the circles of the court; but the people paid very little attention to it, as it was considered more in the light of an idle exertion of authority in Ferdinand, than that of a fixed determination to change the established order of succession. The unconcern with which Don Carlos treated the subject also tended to compose the mind of the nation; for as he did not think fit to take any active part, in the shape of remonstrance or otherwise, to protect his rights, it was naturally supposed that these rights were not attacked; and the will was regarded as a whim of the moment, which would be revoked when more serious thoughts arose. The result justified this calculation; for in August 1832, when the king was taken seriously ill at La Granja, the summer palace of the royal family, near Segovia, the first thing he did was to revoke that testament, and by a codicil to restore the succession to its usual order. This was so much in accordance with the natural course of events, that the queen did not make the slightest objection, nor did Don Carlos come forward to urge his claims. Every one felt that the alteration of the order of succession was illegal and uncalled-for; and the return to first principles and to common sense excited no surprise. Happy would it have been for Spain if Ferdinand, who lay for twelve hours in a state of suspended animation, and whose death was firmly believed by every person about the palace, as well as communicated by the foreign ambassadors to their courts, had passed into eternity at that period. But fate destined that he should revive, to leave a lasting curse to that nation over which he had ruled with a hand of iron.

While these events were occurring at La Granja, the queen's sister, Doña Carlota, was in Andalusia; but some of the persons attached to her interest sent off a courier, apprising her of the situation of the king, and the change which he had made in the succession. Her rage, on receiving the despatch, cannot be described. She stamped and bellowed—called the king a *c-r-o*, the most violent word in the Spanish language, and in use only among the dregs of society—cuffed the ears of her husband, Don Francisco, whom

she accused of being a fool, as well she might; and she set off post for Madrid, determined, if the breath was still in the royal body, to extract from Ferdinand the revocation of the codicil. She did arrive at La Granja at the very nick of time; and making up to the king's apartment, met the minister Colomarde in the anti-chamber, to whom she administered two blows on the face from her heavy hand; and then threw herself upon the king, loading him with every foul epithet, and accusing the queen, her sister, of treason to her children, and to the country. In short, her audacity prevailed; the ministers of the king were disgraced, the codicil formally revoked, and the young infant of two years old declared to be heiress to the throne, to the exclusion of Don Carlos. The magnanimity of Don Carlos shone conspicuously forward on this occasion. Though acquainted with all that was going on, and entreated by his partisans to interfere for the protection of his rights, he declared that he was but the *subject* of the king; and whilst his brother lived he would neither interfere, directly or indirectly, with the conduct of his government. In vain the consequences of this forbearance were pointed out,—in vain the intrigues of Doña Carlota were explained; he stood resolved upon a mistaken principle, and allowed his inheritance to be despoiled, without making the least exertion to prevent it.

Queen Christina assumed the government, dismissed Alcudia and Colomarde, and formed a new cabinet, at the head of which was placed Zea Bermudez, then minister at the court of St. James. Under the guidance of that most subtle personage, she contrived, gradually, to change the whole administration of the country; to remove from the palace and body-guard of the king every person suspected of being favourable to Don Carlos; and from the civil and military governments of Madrid, and the provinces, all the authorities in whom confidence had been placed by Ferdinand. The great difficulty which attended this operation was the danger of admitting the Liberals who were equally obnoxious in the opinion of the queen, and of Zea Bermudez, as the Royalists; and Spain, in the commencement of 1833, presented the curious circumstance of a total change being effected in the *per-*

some of the palace and the army, without the slightest alteration being made in the spirit of the government. Zea Bermudez was, of course, prodigal of promises.—What despot is not? He invented the phrase of a *despotismo ilustrado*, or enlightened despotism; and promised to give free institutions, as soon as they could be introduced with safety to the state.

The great object of the queen, and of her minister, was to remove Don Carlos from the kingdom; for it was evident to all, that if the Infante should be in Madrid when the death of Ferdinand took place, he would, as a matter of course, take possession of the throne; and that the people would protect him, in despite of all the changes that had been effected in the civil and military administration. They dare not, however, take so bold a step as the expulsion of Don Carlos; but the Infante himself had the weakness to lend a helping hand to their intrigues. In consequence of some insult offered to the Princess de Beira, he went in person to the king, and declared that he would withdraw to Portugal. Ferdinand charged him, on his obedience, not to leave the kingdom; but Zea Bermudez, hearing of the altercation, waited immediately on the king, and convinced him of the numerous advantages that must ensue from removing the Infante from his party, and the pretence that his residence in Portugal would give hereafter for quarrelling with Don Miguel, should a rupture with the brother of the Princess de Beira suit the cabinet of Madrid. Ferdinand assented to this reasoning, and Don Carlos received the royal permission to go to Lisbon. The day he set out his partisans were in despair. They saw clearly all the consequences of his imprudence; and a dark cloud came over their spirits, which still holds its baneful influence. A train of military posts was kept up from Madrid to Badajoz. The departure was announced to take place at break of day, and every precaution was used to prevent demonstrations of national feeling on the road; but the people were cast down: they fancied that Don Carlos was voluntarily abandoning them; they suffered him to pass unobserved; and they prepared to submit to the new order of things in patience, and in silence. It was only at Toledo that any thing like an opposite

feeling was displayed; but there it was instantly put down, and most of the great cities followed that example.

Indeed, the conduct of Zea Bermudez was prudent in the extreme; well calculated to impress the people at large that the change was to be beneficial to them, and not injurious to vested rights, or discordant with ancient prejudice. He repulsed all advances from the returned Liberals, maintained the government on its former basis,—substituting persons who were attached to the queen for those who were suspected of being favourable to Don Carlos; but he did not alter principles, and he scrupulously observed the engagements with Portugal and Don Miguel; though England and France tried every persuasion to induce him to withdraw the Spanish minister from Lisbon, and though Sir Stratford Canning resorted to every diplomatic artifice for that purpose. It may be said that Sir Stratford Canning overshot the mark, by the violence of his manner, the exuberance of his irritable temper, and the unwise expedient which he resorted to, of making a party with the queen and the Liberals against Zea Bermudez. But, be the causes what they might, Zea remained true to Don Miguel, and refused to make any concession to the bloodhounds of 1823, with whose savage nature he was acquainted from hard experience.

Don Carlos being expelled, the next thing necessary to be done to give a legal sanction to the claim of the infant heiress, was to call together the cortes of the kingdom, for the purpose of taking the *jura*, or oath of allegiance to her, as Princess of Asturias. It was at that time demanded of Zea Bermudez, why he did not convoke the general cortes by *estamentos*, and take its opinion on the question of succession. But he evaded that simple mode of determining the right, which would have satisfied all Europe, and stamped the claims of Don Carlos with a formal reprobation, by saying that the act of Charles IV. was legal in 1789, and that it was not necessary to revive the subject. He then set about preparing the country for the ceremony of the *jura*; and he changed in every town the heads of the municipalities who were to return the deputies, in order that none but those in whom a strict obedience would be found should be returned. But even then many dif-

difficulties were to be surmounted, as some of the deputies were obstinate enough to speak of having their own way; and it was not till an advanced period—1833, that the cortes met for the purpose of taking the oath of allegiance to the Princess of Asturias. This mockery of a cortes satisfied the cunning of the queen and her prime minister; but no reflecting person was deceived. The people of Spain openly laughed at its hypocrisy, while the ministers of foreign courts treated it with total disregard. The title of the young queen cannot be freed from the taint given to it by that proceeding; for, if the act of 1789 was legal in all its parts, why should it not have been submitted to the approbation of a solemn cortes, called during the lifetime of King Ferdinand? Surely, the facts of the ancient mystery being still kept up, and the shadow, not the substance, of a cortes being assembled, are the best proofs that the change of the law was in itself informal, as well as contrary to the spirit of the nation.

Don Carlos protested on that occasion, in a manner worthy of his Castilian blood; and that protest was laid hold of by Zea Bermudez, who saw the king's health declining, as a pretext for removing the Infante from the Peninsula altogether, and for quarrelling with Don Miguel, whose power he found was daily vanishing before the persecution of England and of France. Don Carlos refused to leave Portugal, — Ferdinand died,—the young queen was proclaimed,—the *fueros* of the Basque provinces were denounced,—and the first blow of that war was struck, the echo of which was heard all over Europe, and disregarded only at Madrid. If Don Carlos had crossed the frontier immediately on hearing of his brother's death, he would have been hailed in every part of the country, and conducted under triumphal arches from Badajoz to Madrid. But he hesitated at the moment of action, and lingered in Portugal for communications being opened by agents who deceived him, and for a declaration on the part of Saarsfield, who was prepared to act for him, if the communication with which a special messenger was charged by Don Carlos had been delivered. Zea Bermudez and the Queen Regent were fully aware of the instability of their position, and both would have abandoned the ground of contest, if Don

Carlos had shewn activity on his side. But the precious moments were allowed to pass; and Zea prepared, with the usual determination of his character, to confirm the power with which he was invested. To his courage and zeal the queen is indebted for the throne. Had any other Spaniard occupied his post, he would have given way to the Liberals, who spared no exertions to arrive at power; and their presence in the administration would have struck such a terror into the people at large as must have produced a reaction. Zea Bermudez, however, steered the middle course, and, while keeping the returned emigrants at bay, endeavoured to strengthen the hands of the government, physically as well as morally, and to employ the despotism of Ferdinand against the despotism of Don Carlos. An opposition, however, arose from a quarter where he least expected it. Llauder, the captain-general of Catalonia; and Quesada, the captain-general of Castile, conspired against him. They overthrew him. The system which he had organised of an enlightened despotism was subverted, and the first rush of the waters of revolution took place.

We have brought down the source of events to the commencement of the year 1834, for the purpose of making the extracts which we are about to use from the powerful work of Lord Carnarvon better understood. We will then find, at the period when we take up the narrative from his lordship, Don Carlos hovering on the frontier of Portugal, and a few Basque peasantry in arms, with a sort of mixed feeling of loyalty to the king's name, and of attachment to their *fueros* which were suspended by the constitution of 1820, and threatened by the unconstitutional act of General Castaño immediately after the king's death. Two questions will naturally arise before proceeding with the subject: the one, whether Don Carlos was legally excluded from the throne by the act of 1789 and 1833, and whether the Basque people are justified, in consequence of the violation of its *fueros*, in resisting the authority of the queen, to which the rest of Spain had submitted. On these points we will allow the Earl of Carnarvon to speak:

"When King Ferdinand died, the nation was much divided in opinion upon the succession. The Constitutionalists

warmly professed their allegiance to the queen, from a well-grounded conviction that the questionable nature of her daughter's title would eventually compel her to look to them for assistance, and consequently embrace their views, although her natural disposition and original intentions indisposed her to such an alliance.

"On the other hand, many persons of moderate opinions were disgusted by the mode in which the nomination of the infant princess had been effected, and by the circumstances with which it was attended; while the greater portion of that considerable party, which adhered to the ancient institutions of the country, beheld with indignation the sudden change effected in the succession,—denied, with Spanish pride, that the allegiance of the nation could be transferred at the beck of any individual,—maintained that the ancient kingdom of Spain could not be disposed of as a private estate,—declared the princess's appointment an infraction of the Treaty of Utrecht, and looked upon the royal testament as the result of a conspiracy to defraud the rightful heir, and of an unworthy influence exercised upon the almost unconscious mind of the dying king.

"But, in spite of the irritation generated in the minds of a large party by the transaction in question, unless the Carlists or Royalists had been enabled to muster a majority in support of their cause, so effective, not only from numbers, but also from union and organisation, as to have crushed at once the claims of the infant princess, the queen's party were sure, under the circumstances of the moment, to retain the ascendancy.

"They were not only in possession of supreme power at the critical period of the royal demise, but had administered the government for a considerable time previous to that event; they were therefore fully prepared for the coming emergency, and all the resources of the state had been long directed to the attainment of a single object. During the king's last illness large gifts were bestowed on the wavering, and larger promises made. Devoted adherents of the queen were promoted to every department, both civil and military, and the co-operation of the army was secured.

"But in spite of these precautions the standard of insurrection was erected in the northern provinces of Spain when the king died. It was argued for a long time in this country that the queen's government was generally beloved; because, during the early period of the struggle, the insurrection did not materially exceed the limits of the Basque provinces and Navarre. Unquestionably,

particular causes connected with their political and social system peculiarly indisposed the Basques to the Christiano government; but it was rather illogical to suppose that her majesty had any real hold upon the affections of the people generally, because in other parts of the country they were not in open arms against her authority. The amount of popularity enjoyed by a government in disturbed times cannot be precisely determined by the extent of insurrection, which usually depends, and, I may say, always in Spain, on causes by no means obvious in the first moment of inquiry.

"The Royalists, restrained by the honourable scruples of Don Carlos from asserting his claims, at a time when the army was officered by men devoted to his cause, were unable to resist a government which had been permitted to adapt their measures to the coming struggle, and which was consequently, when the late king died, provided with the means essential to the maintenance of their position, and backed by all the resources of the state. Disorganised, and to a great extent paralysed by the circumstances in which they were placed, the Carlists felt the danger of their position, and therefore the expediency of concealing their sentiments—a caution peculiarly advisable in Spain; for, strange as it may seem to the more moral politicians of the north, it has been the policy of the Spanish constitutional governments of 1822 and of the present day, to tolerate the worst excesses of the populace against men suspected of no active interference in public matters, far less of any positive offence against the state, but convicted, in their opinion, of entertaining a secret and unpardonable attachment to the old institutions of the country. The local authorities, complying with the wishes rather than with the instructions of their superiors, refuse to investigate the disorders, and the government either passes over in silence or coldly deplores in some official document the excesses it has really encouraged. To suppose that the power of the Royalists was extinguished, or the queen's government popular, because the Carlist strength was not actively developed in every province of the kingdom, was an inference wholly unsupported by the historical experience of the country."

The noble author does not argue the question of the succession with all the force that he is capable of using, because he feels that a mere abstract point of legitimacy cannot determine in the present day the fate of nations. But he shews enough to make us understand that the alteration of the

order of succession shocked the feelings and prejudices of the people of Spain, and that the mode of effecting that alteration was deficient in form and solemnity. His lordship is more diffuse when he comes to explain the privileges of the Basque.

"I know it is sometimes said that the Basques are not contending for their privileges; and, in confirmation of this statement, it is asserted, that they had taken up arms before any overt act against their liberties was committed by the queen's government. A slight investigation of facts will show the value of this position. No direct infringement of their laws may have been actually perpetrated, upon King Ferdinand's death; but men were restored to favour throughout the country who had been notoriously hostile to their rights, and who had assisted in the scheme for their subversion during the Revolution of 1820. The language, too, of the court and of the ministers, with reference to the Basque privileges, was not ambiguous, even in the first days of the queen's accession. Yet, with such strong incentives to revolt, the insurrection in Biscay was so inconsiderable, that it was completely kept in check by a force of a thousand men, till Castañón formally put down the *fueros*, and followed up this outrageous measure by trampling upon their rights in practice as well as on paper, by invading their properties, and inflicting death contrary to the laws of the land, and without the intervention of the ordinary tribunals. From that moment the people rose *en masse*; the insurrection, till then partial, became general and irrepressible; and to such an extent is the love of their ancient liberties interwoven with their allegiance to Don Carlos, that an accurate observer of events, just returned from the scene of action, declares that if this prince, worshipped as he is in Biscay, were to retire from the field, the Basques would continue the struggle for their own independence.

"A statesman can form no satisfactory opinion as to the conduct of the Spanish government, or the justice of the war in which we are unhappily engaged, unless he thoroughly comprehend the nature of the rights in question. He will then determine whether rights of that description were ever yet in the history of the world enjoyed for centuries by a manly people, and then resigned without a struggle.

"The three provinces of Guipuzcoa, Alava, and Biscay form an integral part of the Spanish monarchy, but have for ages

possessed the rights, and been governed by the laws, of free men.

"The province of Guipuzcoa enjoys in many respects the same privileges as Biscay. We are told by the Marquis de Mondexar, in his historical memoirs of the life and actions of Alonzo the Noble, eighth prince of that name, that the province of Guipuzcoa, possessed at the commencement of his reign by the King of Navarre, although governed in fealty by different rich men of the land, 'became, in the year 1200, united with Castille, through the will of its inhabitants.' He afterwards states 'that the people sent envoys to King Alonzo to treat of their intentions, signifying that, if he would come among them to concert and agree respecting their union, they would separate from Navarre.' The King of Castille gladly responded to their wishes, and repaired to Guipuzcoa, where, in the terse language of the historian, 'they settled their matters and covenants.' He subsequently adds, 'The conditions of this contract, eventually signed and concluded on the 8th of October, 1238, corresponding to 1200 of the Christian era, are preserved in the usual instrument afterwards published by Father Luiz de Vega, a Jeromite monk, and quoted by Estevan di Garibay, in his 'Chronicle.' 'It would be superfluous,' concludes the marquis, 'to repeat the conditions, when it will suffice to say that the same exemptions and privileges which they still enjoy were granted to the natives.'

"In virtue of this compact the Guipuzcoans still hold their privileges, and the charter granted by King Alphonzo details the circumstances which led to the Union, and is or was preserved, till lately, in the general archives of the province. This singular and interesting document sets forth that the Guipuzcoans were induced to withdraw their allegiance from the King of Navarre, and transfer it to the Sovereign of Castille, because the Navarrese monarch, in direct contravention of their laws, and disregarding their ancient right of free election, had illegally endeavoured to nominate, by his sole authority, a chief magistrate for their state, to the exclusion of the individual chosen by their general assembly, held annually at Tolosa and Durango, according to the ancient custom of the land. Upon this account they withdrew their fealty from him, and transferred it to the King of Castille, who, in return, guaranteed to them their ancient rights, and confirmed them by a charter.

"The province of Alava has its own constitution; not, however, differing substantially from those of Biscay and Gui-

purge. In 1334 this province acknowledged Alfonso XI. as their lord. The king was empowered to treat with this sovereign, as their lord, found him at Burgos, where they made him a formal tender of the county. He immediately hastened to Arriaga, where the general assemblies of the country were convened on great occasions, and there, in the presence of the hidalgos, and the prelate of Calahorra, and the assembled people, he entered into a solemn compact, that neither he nor his successors would ever alienate any part of the land of Alava; that neither he nor they would ever give laws to the Alavese, but would engage to maintain, for the benefit of all, the *fueros* and freedom of the country, as then established. That the Alavese should be exempt from every sort of contribution and personal service from which they had been free before; and that the hidalgos should retain undisturbed possession of their lands, woods, and forests. That although the king reserved to himself the lordship, and the justice, and the ox of Murch, the governors of their towns should be spontaneously chosen by the freemen of the soil. That the merino, or judicial officer, appointed by the crown, should be a noble of Alava; and that, except in certain specified cases, he should not proceed against any of his countrymen, unless they had been previously committed by their own alcaldes. That the king, having no dominion over the province, as property of his own, should not be at liberty to give possession of it to any individual, nor even to issue orders for the erection of any town or village.

"Finally, they declared that, in case these rights, or any portion of these rights, should be intruded, the nobles, or infanzones, should be forthwith absolved from their sworn allegiance, and each and every Alavese be authorised to take up arms, pursue, and kill the offender. To these articles the king subscribed; and upon these terms it is stated, in the lofty style of Castille, that 'the hidalgos consented that we should have the lordship of the county of Alava, and that it should be royal, and they put it in the crown of our kingdoms for us, and for those who shall reign after us, in Castille and Leon.'

"Biscay retains its ancient laws, customs, and tribunals, and is governed by its own national assemblies; it yields contributions to the sovereign as a free gift; it arranges its own taxation; it has no militia laws; it is exempt from the odious system of impressment for the navy; it furnishes its own contingent of soldiers and sailors; it appoints its own police in peace; it provides for its own

defence in war; no monopoly, royal or private, can be established in Biscay; no Biscayan can be required to contribute to the crown of Castille a greater amount of taxation than that paid formerly to their lords, a sum now reduced to a stipulated duty on the iron foundries, and to certain tithes and rents.

"The king, as lord, can only nominate Biscayans by birth, to ecclesiastical appointments in Biscay; their alcaldes are freely chosen by the people. No Biscayan, resident in any province of Spain, can be tried, either civilly or criminally, by the laws of Castille, but the case must be referred to Valladolid, to be there determined by a tribunal of Biscayan judges, and according to the laws of Biscay.

"The house of the Biscayan is his castle, in the most emphatic sense of the word. No magistrate can violate that sanctuary; no execution can be put into it, nor can his arms or his horse be seized; he cannot be arrested for debt, or subjected to imprisonment upon any pretext whatever, without a previous summons to appear under the old tree of Guernica, where he is acquainted with the offence imputed to him, and called upon for his defence; he is then discharged on the spot, or bailed, or committed, according to the nature of the crime, and the evidence adduced against him. This, the most glorious privilege that freemen can possess — this, the most effectual safeguard against the wanton abuse of power — this, a custom more determinately in favour of the subject than even our own cherished Habeas Corpus, was enjoyed by the Basques for centuries before that far-famed guarantee of British liberty had an existence in our islands: and yet a right which we esteem so inappreciable at home, we are labouring to subvert in a foreign and, till now, a friendly land."

Lord Carnarvon then proceeds to explain the manner in which the parliament of Biscay was convoked; after which he makes a general *resumé*, to which we call the special attention of the reader:

"It may then be justly said that, before the queen's accession, the Basque provinces were freer than the freest canton in Switzerland. Like the Swiss in character, their political position in some respects resembled that of the Swiss cantons, at the time when the unjust ambition of Austria compelled them to assert their lawful rights. Like the cantons, the Basque provinces were bound to each other by strong ties of interest and affection. No change could take place in any of the provinces without the previous consent of its own inhab-

bitness; no contribution levied upon them without the sanction of their own representatives was legal. These were privileges secured to them by their respective and nearly similar constitutions—constitutions which required, by precise and positive enactments, every Basque subject, from the highest to the lowest, to resist, even unto the death, any encroachments upon their liberties, whether proceeding from the Spanish government or from any other power. To which were those brave Biscayans, whom his majesty's ministers designate as rebels, bound to adhere, in the crisis which has arisen,—to the common, and also to the written law, to the immemorial law of their country, or to the arbitrary edicts of a government of yesterday, based, as I hope to prove, neither in reason nor in legal right? A determination to resist external aggression, and to preserve their national rights, are the great pervading principles which influence the present conduct of the Basques, and have animated them from the earliest period of their history.

"Theirs are privileges, and theirs, indeed, a country, worthy of defence, alike against the despotic and the democratic tyrant; and when I call to mind the high spirit of that people, and contrast the once flourishing condition of those provinces with their present desolation, my heart swells with sorrow and indignation. When, formerly, I crossed the frontier of the Basque provinces, I felt myself at once on a free land, amid a race of men possessing and deserving freedom. The erect, not haughty carriage, the buoyant step, the frank and manly, yet respectful greeting, and the whole bearing, spoke of liberty long enjoyed, well understood, and not abused. Such were the Basques, trained to habits of self-reliance by centuries of self-government; freemen in spirit, not in name alone; drinking in with their mothers' milk a love of justice and a reverence for the law; in thought sober, yet independent; and wholly without fear, except the honest fear of doing wrong; models of ancient manners, and not unfrequently of manly beauty; faithful friends; generous hosts; simple yet inflexible observers of their word; following with fervour, but without intolerance, their fathers' faith;—they were the Tyrolese of Spain, and, I might add, the flower of Europe. Lambs in the hour of peace, yet lions in the field, with them the household charities and patriotism went hand in hand; in them the bravest yet the kindest spirit, the mildest yet the proudest virtues, were combined. Never, perhaps, existed a more perfect union of the qualities which

should adorn a people: the identity of freedom so distinctive of the Swiss, and the unconquerable affection of the Tyrolese to his hereditary princes, were, by a happy and most unusual combination, united in the Basques.

"How well I recollect that beautiful and joyous country, before it groaned beneath the scourge of civil war! Those lowlands, rich, luxuriant, and proving, by their high cultivation, the prosperous state and unfettered industry of the people; those highlands, rich in wood and water, and a loyal population; those antique mansions, retaining the character of an earlier age, where the gentlemen of the country lived—not crowding into towns, as in other parts of Spain and of the continent, but residing on their estates, benefiting the neighbourhood, and obtaining the rich return of local love and respect, a habit arising from the security of the country, and the long prevalence of free institutions. Their estates, handed down from generation to generation from a remote antiquity, are not regarded with a jealous eye by a people enjoying the largest measure of freedom compatible with the public good, and who are at once too happy to envy their superiors in station, and too rational to suppose that an aristocratic influence is naturally hostile to their interests. On the contrary, the public feeling flows in a very different channel; and the man who sells his feudal and turreted mansion incurs the certain disapprobation of his neighbours, is supposed to have compromised the just dignity of his position, and to have entailed upon his relatives a family disgrace.

"The proprietors of these castellated abodes were formerly revered as the chiefs and elders of the district; great respect was paid to their opinion, which, indeed, was considered decisive on many points of private difference and local interest; and even now they are treated with high distinction, and enjoy a solid influence.

"Under a social system so constituted, and when such was the habitual feeling of the inhabitants in relation to each other, it is scarcely necessary to say that, before the breaking out of the actual revolution, the Basques were happy, attached to their proprietors; free from those jealous animosities which, in many countries, array class against class; elevated, for the most part, above the pressure and temptations of poverty; possessing a healthy and temperate climate, a country and a dynasty to which they were passionately attached, and institutions which left them nothing to reform and little to desire, they were

exempt from all the ills that 'kings can cause or cure,' and were, and had been for ages, blessed beyond the ordinary lot of mortals. The eastern sage, who vainly sought a virtue unattainable by man, and the Abyssinian prince, who roamed the world in quest of perfect happiness, might have met rejoicing in the valleys of the Basque, and have indulged, at least for a season, in the fond belief that they had found at length the objects of their search."

The oath of the sovereign of Spain, as señor of Biscay, is exceedingly characteristic. Lord Carnarvon gives a copy of that taken by the celebrated Isabella, before she came to the throne of Spain :

"I, as princess and lady of the said towns, lowlands, and lordship of Biscay, with all places adjoining and adhering to the same, I bind myself once, twice, and thrice, once, twice, and thrice, once, twice, and thrice, according to the *fuero* and custom of Spain, on the hands of Gomez Manriquez, knight, man, and noble, who receives this my homage; and I swear to our Lord God, to the holy Virgin Mary, and on the sign of the cross +, which, corporally, I touch with my right hand, and on the words of the Holy Gospels, in whatsoever place they may be, to maintain firm, good, valid, and binding, now, and for all time to come, the said privileges, general and special, *fueros*, usages, and customs, franchises and liberties, of the said towns and lowlands, of the said county and lordship of Biscay, and of all places adjoining and adhering to the same."

He then describes the manner in which her consort Ferdinand, in the year 1476, swore to the *fueros* under the old oak-tree of Guernica :

"Immediately after the king our lord had taken the oath, on the said day, the 30th of July, 1476, the king our lord went out of the church; and under the tree of Guernica, which is near the said church, his majesty sat on a chair of stone, which is under the said tree, covered with royal pomp of gold brocade: and the said corregidor, and the *alcaldes del fuero*, and the prelate of the church, and the *procuradores*, and the deputies emanés, and the knights, and the esquires, and the *hidalgos* before mentioned, spoke out, and said for themselves who were present, and for those who were absent, that they received him as the King of Castille and Leon, and the Lord of Biscay."

Lord Carnarvon continues to bring down the history of the Biscayan suc-

cession to the present period; and then, with a spirit worthy of an English statesman, exclaims :

"Did human laws ever rest upon a more legitimate basis? Were the liberties of freemen ever bequeathed from sire to son in such unbroken succession, or maintained with such determination for so great a length of time? Every incident in the origin and progress of the Biscayan constitution that could make engagement sacred, or give confidence and stability to transactions between public bodies, has combined to give a character of legal and established right to the liberties of that nation."

"Here is prescription, in its most venerable shape, for the lovers of antiquity; here is a revolutionary title for the friends of the sovereignty of the people; here are privileges, confirmed over and over again by the monarch, and asserted by the people with unvarying energy and success in every age, and under every variety of circumstance. In whatever light, according to whatever political bias, men may please to consider the question, to this conclusion fair judging persons must arrive—that, if solemn and repeated confirmation, if the most remote prescription, can avail to make any title indisputably good, the privileges of the Biscayans are unassailable in principle, and cannot, therefore, with the faintest semblance of justice, be abolished, or even modified, without their own consent, expressed by their own assemblies."

We wish we could devote more space to this admirable discussion on a most touching subject, the traditional liberties of the Basque; but we are compelled to turn to those chapters in which the policy of England towards these provinces is happily exposed. We have strong feelings on the subject of the civil war, and the manner in which our intervention has been conducted; but we cannot express them more forcibly than by using the language of Lord Carnarvon :

"To an Englishman acquainted with the real merits of the war, it is a new, a bitter, a humiliating sensation, to feel that in the fortunes of his British countrymen he cannot sympathise—he cannot wish for their defeat: in such a cause, how can he hope for their success? The proud distinction between French and English victories in later times—between the fields of Austerlitz and Waterloo—lies even less in the comparative splendour of those great achievements than in the different motives by which the im-

pulling powers were actuated. Great Britain fought to rescue, France to enslave, the world. Little as we have been as yet accustomed to the sight, I can but ill endure to see oppression and the British name go hand in hand. I cannot desire for England the brightest laurels, if they be not pure. If our expedition fail, failure will be attended with national disgrace. If, after months of humiliation, it succeed, the triumph of three powerful nations, leagued against a land of mountain-patriots, will afford little scope for exultation; and I shall not envy the feelings of any Englishman returning from the subjugation of a free and gallant people.

"If, then, the cause for which we have unsheathed the sword does not deserve our support, the mode of administering our assistance has been equally unworthy of a great nation. Had the interests of England and of justice—for I will never admit that, in the eye of a comprehensive statesman, those interests can be disunited without incurring danger as well as infamy—had those interests required, on our part, an active intervention in the affairs of Spain, the policy of our government was obvious, and the country would, undoubtedly, have responded to their appeal. If, on the contrary, those interests were unaffected by the existing struggle in Spain, neutrality was the safest, as it was unquestionably the easiest, line to adopt. But the government steered a middle, and most unhappy, course: they set in motion a machine which they did not even profess to regulate in its after progress; they commenced operations over which they could exercise no subsequent control; they committed the country to an important line of policy; they took the first and easiest, but the most critical, because the involving step. Then, when foresight, skill, and system were most requisite for the prosperous execution of their schemes, they shifted the responsibility from their own to other hands, and became unaccountable for the consequences of their own acts: for how can a government be considered answerable for the conduct of an army, or the success of an expedition, neither controlled by the eye of the executive, nor supported by the resources of the state? They urged upon others the prosecution of an enterprise, from the responsibility of which they shrunk themselves; they resolved upon war, yet abandoned the direction of that war; by sending out, or at least stimulating, a British force to invade a foreign country, they staked the national honour and influence; they should have felt those sacred interests might be compromised by the miscon-

duct of the men, or the incapacity of the officers employed, yet the government and the country would be left without remedy. The crown had abdicated all authority over that portion of its subjects, but still the nation might suffer by their acts.

"Under such an improvident system the national honour, the national arms, must be exposed to defeat: an English officer is placed under the immediate control of a foreign general, and his most strenuous exertions and best-considered schemes may be, as they have been, thwarted by the jealousy, or defeated by the folly, of his superior. Are these the influences by which a British legion should be surrounded? Is this the state to which a British officer should be reduced? Is this a position in which the king and the country should be placed? Should the honour and influence of Great Britain be consigned to any guardianship but the responsible advisers of the crown? The national honour is our dearest possession; and shall that alone be placed out of the pale of constitutional law?"

His lordship next touches on that most dangerous topic, the "Durango decree"—a decree which no Englishman can defend; though, at the same time, he is forced to admit that Don Carlos was placed in a most excusable situation when he proclaimed it, and that, as señor of Biscay, the Infante was bound to administer the laws of the province, by which the life of any stranger landing on the coast in arms was forfeited. Lord Carnarvon treats the subject with good sense.

"I am not supporting the decree of Durango; I sincerely wish it had never been issued. It is severe in principle, and has been severe in its operation. But, before we load Don Carlos with abuse, it may be well to inquire whether he possessed the power, even if he had the wish, to exercise in our favour the blessed prerogative of mercy, surrounded as he was by partisans galled by our interference, and smarting under the recent butchery of their friends.

"It must not be forgotten, that the Christinos originally confined the benefits of the Elliot treaty within the narrowest range, and have subsequently acted upon it according to the strictest and harshest interpretation of which it is susceptible. It must be remembered, that our present government had sent an officer to the head-quarters of General Rodil during the period of his greatest atrocities, thereby affording an indirect but powerful sanction to the slaughter of

every Carlist who fell into his hands; and, above all, it must be recollected that the old Biscayan law proclaimed death, which even the sovereign could not legally remit, against every invader of the soil. Undoubtedly that law, 'more honoured in the breach than in the observance,' was, in a great measure, suspended by the Eliot treaty; but public opinion was sensibly alive in Biscay to the very intelligible difference drawn by Don Carlos, when he communicated the benefit of the convention to the Christino forces and refused it to the British legion. The Basques, at the period of the signing of the convention, submitted to a departure from their old enactment, because the treaty was in their opinion fair and impartial, and secured the same advantages to both of the contending parties; but equally convinced that a foreign force was excluded from the protection of the cartel by the whole tenor and animus of the transaction, they were unwilling to sacrifice an iota of their ancient law to benefit a host of foreign invaders, without some reciprocal advantage in return for that concession.

"It is easy for men who have never known the miseries of civil war to censure the exasperated feelings of the Basques; but a people, struggling *pro aris et focis* cannot afford to be generous; and a British population, opposing a foreign enemy on their native soil, and in defence of their native rights, would, I suspect, under similar circumstances, pursue a similar course. Our officers of the legion went out to carry desolation into the heart of a friendly land, for purposes of amusement—to acquire a little distinction; and, as we were told by our government, to become practically acquainted with the art of war: while they were actuated by motives so light, and so little in accordance with a Christian policy, the Basques were struggling for all that is most dear to the heart of man; and, in the deep and stirring emotions produced by such a contest, were indifferent, when vanquished, to the boon of life, and, when victorious, had little inclination to stretch a point of law or grace in favour of men who, themselves possessing an ancient and an honoured constitution, left their own country to deprive others of that inestimable benefit.

"But if the censure lavished by our ministers upon the Durango decree were only dictated by honest indignation for wrong, why did acts committed by the constitutional leaders, and sanctioned by the constitutional government, and precisely parallel in their nature, excite no corresponding sympathies? When a Frenchman, enlisted in the service of

Don Carlos, was put to death by the queen's generals, on the ground that France being at peace with Spain, he was justly doomed to die by that law of nations which he had infringed, not a doubt was cast on the propriety of the act, not an expression of censure escaped the lips of our government. When the same act was repeated on a greater scale by Lopez Baños, long after the signing of the cartel, the same indifference was shewn by our ministers. In the summer of 1835, a Pole and some Frenchmen, persons of birth and education, who had landed in Spain to join the standard of Don Carlos, were taken by the Constitutional authorities; and, notwithstanding the humane remonstrances ineffectually made by some officers of the British legion, were deliberately shot by order of the commandant of Santander, who pleaded in his justification the general but positive instructions of his government. His majesty's ministers cannot deny these facts; and yet they impute blame, and in no measured language, to an unfortunate prince, for doing that which the allies whom they support have done, and which they must, therefore, be supposed to have tacitly sanctioned."

In addition to this reasoning, we may add that Don Carlos, so far back as June last, when the British marines were expected to take a part in the operations, specially excluded all persons belonging to the service of the king of England from the operation of the Durango decree. And it is a fact—an undeniable fact—that General Villa Real, in the battle of the 16th of March, drew off his victorious army from that part of the field where the marines were retreating, to prevent his master being compromised with the English government by their inevitable destruction. A great deal of idle boasting has taken place with respect to 600 marines stopping the rush of 15,000 Carlists; but the thing is ridiculous, and the true reason for the Carlist's moderation in the moment of triumph is that which we have assigned.

Lord Carnarvon details, in a very reasonable manner, the persecutions which the Spanish church has met with in the progress of the revolution; and the great influence which such repeated acts of barbarity must have, in alienating the minds of the people from the government who connived at these cruelties, and who stripped the monks and nuns of their possessions for the sake of the plunder their convents and

lands afforded. He relates the circumstances under which seventy old men were murdered in June 1835, at Madrid, in the noon-day, and within hearing of the home-office, where M. Moscoso de Altamira, minister of the interior, was concealed; and then refers to the massacre of the monks at Saragossa, Barcelona, and Malaga. He does not, however, sufficiently explain that the contract made with the unfortunate survivors, when they were expelled from their convents by Mendizabal in 1836, has been unfulfilled; and that the allowance of ten-pence per day, which was promised to them in lieu of their rich lands, has not been paid. Time alone will reveal the robbery, both public and private, which took place on the suppression of these buildings; and it is only when the mistress of a prime-minister is seen in the Prado, loaded with the stolen diamonds of the Virgin de Atocha, that we understand the use that the plunder has been applied to, and the state necessity which gave the project birth.

From the murder of the friars, there is a natural transition to the massacres of the Carlist prisoners in every part of Spain. The killing, in cold blood, of O'Donnell and two hundred prisoners in the castle of Barcelona, the governor and the guard offering no resistance to the bloodhounds, is fresh in the recollection of the public. The butchery of the Carlist officers taken in the Catalanian expedition, in defiance of the Eliot convention, at Saragossa, cannot be forgotten; nor the shooting of M. de la Houssaye in Santander. Even at this hour the same enormities are committed; and it is but a few days since that a number of Carlists were put to death in Estramadura:—*simply shot*, as one of the queen's advocates, we remember, urged in defence of that murder. In this list, the murder of Cabrera's mother must not be overlooked; and that, notwithstanding the mock reprobation of the British government to the cabinet of Madrid, the monster Mina, who ordered the execution when his subaltern declined to act, was continued in the chief command of Catalonia to the hour of his death.

But enough of such an appalling part of the subject. The march of the Spanish liberals has ever been marked by blood; and we shudder at the

prospect of retaliation which rises before us, should the Carlists be in a condition to make reprisals. We do not claim more virtue, humanity, or forbearance, for the Carlist Spaniard, than for the liberal; but we cry out against the madness of the British government, which has allowed its good name to be compromised by the latter, and has, by taking the guidance of the revolution in its hands, made itself accountable for all the crimes committed by its ally.

We think our readers will cordially agree with the concluding passage of Lord Carnarvon's book, with which we close our extracts:

"But, at all events, the time has arrived when every dispassionate man must, I think, be convinced that British subjects should cease to participate in a contest sullied by such atrocities; and that Great Britain should renounce her homage to that blood-stained giant of democracy, whose growth we have inconsiderately fostered in Spain, whose tremendous developement we are witnessing, and whose still increasing ascendancy may, in its indirect results, be most injurious to our interests. But, more than all, it is time to close a page of British history, which, at once recording the injustice of our conduct, and the reverses of our arms, may gratify the lover of poetical retribution, but is fraught with humiliation to every Englishman who remembers with pride the fields we won, and the cause for which we fought, in the same country that has recently witnessed the progressive decline, if not extinction, of our influence, and the tarnished lustre of our name."

We can add nothing to the high character we have given of this work, than to recommend it to every person who desires to be made acquainted with the true state of the Spanish question. The history of the *fueros* of the *Provincias Vascongadas* is one of the most curious that can be read; and Lord Carnarvon deserves great credit for having amassed such a quantity of valuable records to illustrate that part of the question. If that respect alone his book stands unquestionably before all competition; and we are certain every person who reads it will wonder, not at the blindness of the British government, but at its iniquity for having sanctioned any attack on privileges handed down from father to son, and so dear to the people of the provinces.

An attempt to answer Lord Carnarvon has been made, under the supervision of Mendizabal, at Madrid, by advice of Lord Palmerston. We will not insult the common sense of our readers by quoting a line from that miserable pamphlet.* It is a paltry piece of sophistry, written by a person sufficiently acquainted with the facts to be able to pervert them; and who has not scrupled to substitute the grossest assertions for the true reading, whenever his masters required it. It is evidently composed in the interest of people implicated in Spanish bonds; for it concludes with the modest proposal of England granting another loan to the Spanish government, and sending out a body of troops to quell the Carlist revolt. The discussion of such a project for one hour in the house of commons would have answered all the purposes of the author of the pamphlet, for an instantaneous advance of Spanish stock must have been the consequence; but, happily, it was so scouted when first inci-

dentally introduced, that no mention of the subject has been formally made: and the pamphlet is already numbered with the dead. Numbered with the dead assuredly it must have been, if a reply to it,† which has just appeared, does not again lend it a temporary interest. The author of the reply attaches too much value to the Palmerstonian bantling; for every person acquainted with either the diplomacy at Madrid, or the course of the civil war, was convinced that it was a mere stock-jobbing experiment.

Our object being to review Lord Carnarvon's work, and not to discuss the Spanish question generally, we do not notice the events which have lately occurred in the Basque provinces, or the new character that the civil war has taken. We need only say, that every hour confirms the soundness of his lordship's views; and we look for a triumphant reply to the sophistry of his opponents in the second edition of the work, which is now preparing for publication.

* The Policy of England towards Spain.

† Answer to the Foreign Policy of England towards Spain. By a Nobleman.

THREE MISCELLANEOUS SONNETS.

BY SIR FERGERTON DRYDGES.

I.—1505.

DULL labour's product slow, so highly prized
 By artificial heart, too often chills
 The faculties, whose fire of fruitful force
 The bosom animates, and lights the brain !
 Yet is not plodding toil to be despised,
 If not beyond his boundary he wills
 His arms of impotence. He has his course
 Prescribed — all further effort will be vain.
 But who is dark, will found a strange conceit
 Upon his darkness ; and thus, being blind
 To his own vacancy, will seem to greet
 Wealth in the shadows of a barren mind.
 The fertile genius sees so far, that he
 Mystifies over the past and all futurity !

II.—1506.

We are strange creatures — fickle, restless, blind ;
 Wishing in discontent for what is not ;
 Seeking the future, through the present time
 So precious ; and our being soon will end.
 There is no soundness in the barren mind !
 As soon as past experience is forgot,
 When most it suits us we forsake the clime,
 And for the ill that sleeps our treasures spend.
 Whence comes our imperfection ? Was it sin
 Of our first parents ? When we would be good
 We cannot ; Virtue, when we strive to win,
 Returns upon us sure the wicked mood :
 Only by fits we pure or great can be —
 Our reigning nature is depravity !

III.—1507.

There is no perfect joy in state of earth !
 The charm for ever in possession dies.
 Then comes the sickness, disappointment, spleen ;
 And, as we fiercely hoped, we lonely pine.
 We are condemned to a degraded birth ;
 As we embrace the golden cloud it flies.
 'Tis vain a splendour is before us seen !
 'Tis vain the heavens in all their glory shine !
 An evil spell is in our being's frame —
 A subtle poison in our spirit's fire !
 We mount, borne upward on the ethereal flame,
 But burn our wings, and with the blaze expire :
 A mingled child of clay and holy light,
 Thou canst enjoy no bliss till hence thou take thy flight !

JUNE SONNETS.

BY SIR MORGAN O'DONERTY, BART.

I.

THE pleasant month of June with pleasant smile
 Begins its progress. All the plagues of Spring
 (Not worse were those which smote the Egyptian king
 At Moses' bidding on the banks of Nile) —
 Hail, snow, sleet, lightning, ravaging the isle —
 Have had their ample swing, and now are done.
 Another and worse plague will soon be gone —
 The verminous plague that doth the land defile —
 The plague of locusts. Need I say I mean
 The jobbing robbers of the Whiggish crew, —
 A race more gnawing, hungry, and obscene,
 Than Amram's¹ son with potent rod updrew ;
 Devouring every thing of fresh or green
 With tooth untired, and hunger ever new.

II.

Good was the omen on th' auspicious night²
 When kept was fair Victoria's natal day² —
 London in gas, and oil, and tallow gay,
 Looked a vast isle of artificial light :
 Anchors, and crowns, and roses, beaming bright ;
 Stars, garters, and triangles, shone around ;
 Lions or unicorn, all chained and crowned,
 And other blazonings — yellow, green, red, white —
 Dazzled the air. But, more delighted, we³
 Welcomed one blazing letter, every where
 Playing a double duty. Hail, great V !³
 V ! ministerial sad majority —
 Mark of the unhappy FIVE ! With grim despair
 Did Melbourne and his men that symbol see.

M. O'D.

*Crown and Sceptre, Greenwich, Friday.*¹ See Milton :

"As the potent rod
 Of Amram's son in Egypt's evil day" —
 and so forth.

² Here the injudicious will explain,
 that they have found that figure of Hi-
 bernian rhetoric called a bull. It may
 be so: but I do not think that ever
 countryman of mine made so fine a bull
 as to perform a *serenade* at eight o'clock in
 the morning, as was done at Kensington
 in honour of the princess. I suppose the
 overture of the opera is henceforward to
 be called *matins*.

³ It is requested that those gentlemen
 who, like Mr. Weller, prefer calling V a
vee, will be so good as to extend their
 favour by calling "we" "*vee*," for that
 will balance the rhyme. It certainly is
 what the newspapers would call a strange
 coincidence, to find V staring the mi-
 nisters in the face all over London on
 the night of the morning that witness
 their beautiful majority of 5. We need
 think that the princess, however, do not
 may live — and long may she — long she
 forget the number of the Whig muster
 on the morning of the 24th of May, 1837.

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